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LIPPINCOTT'S

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A

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OF

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AT ANCHOR.

A NOVEL.

BY

JULIA MAGRUDER,

AUTHOR OF "ACROSS THE CHASM."

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1887.

AT ANCHOR.

CHAPTER I.

SO differently does the passage of time impress itself upon the old and the young that Dr. Gray, who had spent the years between fifty and sixty upon an isolated grazing farm in the West, felt himself still a stranger and a new-comer there, while his eldest child, a girl named Stella, to whom the same period of time represented the vivid, impressionable era between eight and eighteen, felt as if this had been always her home, and looked back upon the early years spent in the city with a sense of vagueness that was like the recollection of a dream.

Stella not only thoroughly knew this lovely, wild, free country, so far from the jar and fret of crowded cities, but she thoroughly loved it too. Once she had been impatient of its social aridity and mental limitations, and had been very glad of the release from these afforded by an invitation, from a sister of her mother's, in New York, to spend a month there. She had been, then, only sixteen, and her ardent temperament had been fired at the prospect before her as nothing had ever fired it yet, but at the end of the month Stella had come home with all her tastes and wishes altered,—longing only for a continuance of the old, free, open, active life, and setting her face against every suggestion of ever leaving it again. She was Dr. Gray's only child by his first marriage, and seemed in some way to have a peculiar claim upon his tenderness. He was a reserved man, and showed his feelings

little, but he was a kind husband and father, giving no one occasion to doubt his devotion to the somewhat uninteresting though eminently domestic lady he had chosen for his second wife, or the three sturdy boys she had borne him. Still, toward Stella, his only daughter, he seemed to hold himself differently, and, although the girl was on excellent terms with her step-mother, her father was her most intimate friend and was always the recipient of such slight confidences as she had to make. But when Stella came back from New York, although she made an effort to entertain them all, by telling of the sights she had seen and the sounds she had heard, she had no special confidences for her father, although he had a feeling that there was a nameless something about her that had need of explanation. She was more inclined to solitude than before,—spent more time alone in her room, and roaming over the wide fields or along the quiet river-banks with no companionship except her own thoughts,—and seemed somehow to have lost something of the light-heartedness heretofore so characteristic of her. In spite of all this, however, she was more loving to her father than ever, and more ardent in the expression of her affection for him.

"I never mean to leave you while I live again, papa dear," she would say. "I would like to forget that I had ever been away from you or known any other existence than this dear, simple, country life with you and mamma and the boys."

It was a pleasant thing to Dr. Gray to hear these words, for the most of his own life had been spent in the midst of the amusements and advantages of the city, and he sometimes felt that he had been selfish to condemn this young girl to the isolation of her present existence, and he was glad to know she felt it to be no hardship.

Dr. Gray had been, up to the last ten years, in circumstances of affluence and ease, and when at about the same time he lost the greater part of his fortune by disastrous investments and his health became seriously impaired, so that a more assiduous devotion to the duties of his profession seemed scarcely feasible, he had invested the remainder of his fortune in a large grazing farm in the West, and taken his family there in the hope of re-establishing his own health and finding a career for his sons. Mrs. Gray, who was one of the women who have no life outside of home, was equally satisfied in all places, and, as the experiment had proved most successful in promoting the doctor's health and there seemed to be a fair field ahead of the boys, the only qualms the good father had were in regard to Stella. He knew how sweet and love-compelling the girl's nature had been from a child, and he had foreseen that she would grow into a lovely woman, both as to character and appearance, and he thought it his duty to give her what are called

"opportunities," so he had been very glad when the visit to her mother's sister in New York was planned, and took care to see that Stella's wardrobe was ample and appropriate. She was only sixteen, however, and had the simplest tastes, and so, on her return, she had surprised him by giving back about half the money he had provided her with, and assuring him she had not needed it. Her aunt, whose principles were much opposed to the premature entrance of young girls into society, had approved the simplicity of Stella's tastes, and had advised her to put away her extra money until she should be eighteen, when she proposed that Stella should return to New York, spend the winter with her, and make her *début* into society.

The anticipated winter had come and gone, finding and leaving Stella at Grassmere, her own safe home. Mrs. Lacy, her aunt, had written for her urgently, and could scarcely be made to understand that the only obstacle that lay in the way of this young girl's enjoyment of a brilliant winter in New York society was the young girl's own disinclination. Her father wrote that he was perfectly willing and left the matter entirely to Stella, and Stella persistently declined. All this would seem very unnatural in a healthy, attractive young girl if she had had no reason beyond what appeared; but I must do Stella the justice to say that, although it lay very far under the surface, she had a reason.

CHAPTER II.

THE tract of land long known as Grassmere was a finely-located farm, stretching far and wide over great undulating fields, bounded on one side by a short range of hills, that were high for that country, one of which furnished a shelter from the sweeping winter winds for the big, rambling farm-house, half old and half new, and wholly inharmonious, that nestled down at its feet, not far from where the river ran. It was not a great, wide, expansive river, suggestive of the traffic of countries and the risk of lives, but a tranquil little landlocked stream, whose gentle waters rippled of peace and quiet and repose. Stella loved to watch its course from the window of her little bedroom, and she knew its cherished face in every expression, whether ruffled into superficial little frowns by the play of the hurrying winds, which were never strong enough to stir its placid bosom, or soothed into serene repose by the golden sunshine which seemed to shed upon it such a spell of calm that even the gently-flowing current in the centre seemed to move as if stealthily and to gurgle in a whisper. But better still did Stella love

to thread her way along its blooming banks, unconscious of the possibility of harm, and find some sheltered nook, where she could sit for hours, in the glow of the gracious sunshine, and watch the river and the sky, and dream long quiet dreams.

I will try to give you some idea how Stella looked, as she sat one evening on the river-bank. It isn't likely you have ever seen two such pairs of eyes as Stella's, and you are lucky if you have seen one. They are the rarest eyes of all,—deep, dark-lashed, tender blue; such eyes as have been compared, mistakenly, to sapphires, for sapphires give the idea of transparency, and these eyes appear to be deep beyond fathoming. In color they resemble more a bit of pure lapis-lazuli, but there that likeness must end too, for they look soft and tender and infinitely changeful. All this will tell you nothing unless you have seen a pair of eyes like Stella's; and if you have, you will prefer your memory of them to my description.

On this especial evening Stella wore a white dress. It was summer-time, and warm even here. There were no frills and ruffles to this simple gown,—only a plain hemmed skirt, falling full and free from the waist, round which a sash of the same material—a soft, washable cotton fabric—was tied, hanging in a big bow behind. A little transparent white kerchief surrounded her throat, just now a little sun-burnt, in spite of the fact that Stella's customary summer head-gear was a blue gingham sun-bonnet. Not unfrequently, however, it happened that, as now, this severely utilitarian article of dress was resting upon Stella's lap instead of her head. That she had been wearing it, however, the curly roughness of her hair bore witness. It was not banged or frizzed in any way whatever, but drawn tightly back in all its wavy brownness and twisted into a close knot behind. For the rest, Stella's little nose was at once irregular and captivating, her mouth and teeth were the ideal of what a healthy, youthful creature's ought to be, and her pure complexion and sound young figure admirably matched her features.

Stella was sitting very upright, on a ledge of rock, with her hands clasped around her knees and her eyes fixed on the water. Her attitude betokened activity of thought rather than lethargy, and suddenly, at the occurrence of some vivid memory, her face flushed hotly, and she shook her head impatiently, as if trying to throw off a vexing thought. This little vexing thought was an old enemy of Stella's, which she had been trying for four years to vanquish. Many a time she thought she had disarmed, if not destroyed it, but it had the most amazing power of lying quiet for a while and then rising in greater force than ever and asserting its disturbing dominance. Now, for instance, a sudden flash of memory had shown her a great luxurious drawing-room, brilliantly

lighted and fragrant with hot-house plants, in which a tall gentleman in evening dress and a slim girl in white found themselves for a moment alone, on the eve of the young girl's departure for her distant home. This gentleman had been very kind and pleasant to her during her month's visit. One memorable evening he had taken her to an opera, and another equally memorable time he had taken her to drive; and although both in the theatre and the park she had seen many men who were in other eyes than hers his equals in appearance and manner and all exterior points, to this young girl he had been pre-eminent. At the thought of going home she had minded most the parting with this gracious new-made friend, but, at the same time, something suggested to her that if he liked her as much as she liked him, perhaps he would say they need not part forever; and the young girl had been so utterly foolish as to think he would say so. But now he was telling her good-by, without a word of future meeting, though he took both of her hands and held them close in both of his, and asked her if she was sorry to part from him, and sought her eyes with his and made her look at him, although she was ashamed for him to see the tears that she had vainly tried to keep back. At sight of these he had drawn her closer and looked at her so tenderly that she had half believed he was going to kiss her, but just then a step was heard approaching, and he had said nothing more except good-by and gone away.

That young girl—was it herself or not herself?—had gone home the next day, with only two distinct consciousnesses in her mind,—that she was wretched, and that her father must not see her wretchedness. She had succeeded in keeping her secret very well, until there was no secret to keep. For the time was long past when she had felt herself so miserable, and now she believed herself happy. And yet this evening, more than for over a year past, she felt that she *was* that girl,—not an altered and radically different creature, but the same. Lately her memories of that scene had roused within her only indignant anger, and a burning sense of shame which her expanded womanhood had taught her, for having shown such feeling for a man who evidently had none at all for her, and who would only laugh at, or, worse still, pity her for it. But this evening—such tricks do our own hearts play us!—as Stella looked away across the water she seemed to see again those fond and penetrating glances; and as she listened to the rippling stream and the lullaby of the mother-birds in the branches overhead, she heard, instead of them, the tender cadence of a sweet, caressing voice, and her hands, as they tightly clasped each other, seemed conscious of a loving pressure.

Far away, across the river, beyond the most distant fields, the full moon was silently lifting itself into sight, at first but a little disk that

seemed to peep up from beyond the farthest stretch of land, to make sure that the sun had quite gone and it would not be blamed for trespassing. There being nothing in view but a brilliant after-glow on clouds and plains, the lady-moon took courage, and, waxing every moment bolder, stood revealed, at last, in all her meek majestic beauty. Fading sunlight and dawning moonlight seemed in league, this evening, to cast upon the world that subtle spell of which the young and ardent weave their visions. The gentleman that Stella had known and parted from so long ago was no longer anything in her life but a mortifying memory; but his had been the hand that had first opened to her the gates of romance through which there sometimes entered into her heart a nameless feeling that bore her upward out of the reach of the common daily round and made her whole life one supreme aspiration. She felt it keenly now. The world was so gracious and fair and lovely; there was such promise of good to come, in the face of the sky and the sounds of approaching nightfall. And yet how lonely, how utterly left to herself she felt!

A sound quite out of harmony with the tranquil summer evening aroused her. There were footsteps coming. Only one of the boys, perhaps, or one of the tenders of the cattle. She stood up, startled, but not alarmed, and, as she turned to look, a great bound of her heart almost stifled her. Standing a few paces off was a man, evidently a gentleman, dressed in a gray flannel shirt, knickerbockers, and long yarn stockings, a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels. A second glance showed Stella that his face was quite unfamiliar: it was only the erect carriage, the startled pause, and the gesture with which his sun-helmet was instantly removed that had made the girl fancy him to be the object of her recent thoughts.

"Excuse me," the stranger said, "but will you tell me if I am in the right road? I am looking for Dr. Gray's."

In the gathering twilight the stranger had not observed the house, though it was quite visible to Stella's eyes, and she answered, promptly,—

"I am Dr. Gray's daughter, and am just going home. I will be glad to show you the way."

The stranger thanked her, and went on to say,—

"My name is Bertrand. I am one of the four purchasers of the Westfields tract of land, and I suppose in this country I may call myself your neighbor in spite of the intervening miles. One of our number has been a little out of sorts, and so two of us volunteered to get a doctor for him. He doesn't know of it, and would have forbidden our doing so, but, as we've never known him to knock under before, we were sufficiently alarmed to make active steps seem expedient.

My comrade is behind somewhere,—or possibly ahead of me. I got off my horse to look out for some game, but I have been unsuccessful."

At this point they both caught sight of a man riding one horse and leading another, off in the fields to one side of them, but, as he was taking the proper direction to the house, his friend made no effort to accost him.

"My father is not a practising physician," said Stella, feeling very much at her ease with this straightforward young gentleman. She was going on, when her companion said, regretfully,—

"I am exceedingly sorry. I only heard of him as Dr. Gray, and I so hoped he would come over and see our friend; but if, as you say, he doesn't practise——"

"Oh, pray come and see him," said Stella. "I think he would certainly go; and I know he would be distressed if you went back. Besides, you are a long way from home, and you might lose your way if you attempted to return to-night."

"We are very ignorant about this country, I and my partners," answered the young man, smiling, "and I am afraid we have given proof of it by undertaking to ride over here so late and go back by moonlight. The distance does not amount to very much: the difficulty is in the risk of losing the way."

At this point they came up with the other man, who, having recognized his friend, had halted his horses and waited. He was not a little surprised when the two came near enough for him to get a distinct impression of Bertrand's companion.

"Ah, Estcott, you're ahead of me!" exclaimed Bertrand, coming up. "Allow me to present my friend Mr. Estcott, Miss Gray."

Mr. Estcott sprang from his horse, revealing a duplicate of his friend's costume, worn upon a very much smaller person, and as he doffed his white helmet Stella could dimly see an intelligent though plain face, with very dark eyes and hair and complexion.

Her acknowledgment of the introduction was civil, but rather hasty, and she immediately followed it by a request that they would fasten their horses and follow her into the house. On the porch they encountered Dr. Gray, to whom Stella at once consigned her two companions and passed on, vanishing within the wide old hall.

As soon as the visitors had briefly stated the object of their coming, Dr. Gray decided, almost without consulting them, that they were to stay where they were for the night. He promised to return with them in the morning and see their friend, saying he had been intending, ever since their arrival in the neighborhood, to call upon them, and had only been prevented by a stress of business from doing so before.

"They'll have to go into your room, Stella," Mrs. Gray said, desperately: the one casualty they were unprepared for at Grassmere was guests, and poor little Mrs. Gray was very helpless out of her settled routine. "The spare room is all upset, for I never dreamed it would be needed. You can go into the little hall-room for to-night, can't you?"

"Oh, certainly, mamma," said Stella; "but don't you be worried about entertaining these gentlemen. If they hadn't been prepared for roughing it, they never would have come out here; and as for providing for their comfort in the style they have been accustomed to, that it would be nonsense to attempt."

"How do you know what they have been accustomed to?" said Mrs. Gray. "It isn't safe to judge by looks."

"I think it's safe in this case," said Stella, "at least so far as to say that these two men are gentlemen who have been accustomed to ease and elegance all their lives."

So she made her sweet, old-fashioned bedroom prettier than usual, with some freshly-gathered flowers, and when the two young men found themselves within it, when they went up for a moment before tea, they gave vent to the amazement it aroused in them by only half-suppressed ejaculations.

"By George!" said Mr. Bertrand.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Estcott.

"But *won't* Hobart and Unc. be disgusted?" said Bertrand next.

"I really think," returned Estcott, "that it would be as well not to go into the particulars of our visit. Hobart, as likely as not, would cut our concern and return to New York: you know that was his reason for preferring to buy a ranch farther West and in a more remote locality: he wanted to do the thing thoroughly, or not at all. I can hear him exclaiming that he *can* stand the civilization of New York, but not the civilization of these parts!"

"Do look here, will you, at the contents of this book-shelf,—Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning, and Longfellow, if you please! and the pictures, too,—the Huguenots, here, and Romeo and Juliet."

"'A little rudimentary,' would be Unc.'s comment, I fancy," said Estcott.

"And here we have Max and Thekla," went on Bertrand. "I really think your idea is a good one, Estcott. We had better suppress all particulars. Unc. is not likely to go about very much, even when he gets well and strong again,—dear old man,—but I'm sure if he once knew it was possible to run up against this sort of thing he'd never leave the place."

"Evidently this is the young girl's room," went on Bertrand. "It's

too bad we should turn her out. I'd far rather they had let us sleep in the barn. I wish you had seen her when I came upon her. I frightened her sadly, poor little thing!—but not much more than she frightened me. I assure you it was several moments before I was convinced it was all real. I caught sight of her first sitting on a rock, with her hands clasping her knees and her eyes gazing out at the water, looking so still and dreamy; and the next instant she had sprung upright with such an alert air and well-carried little head that the change was wonderful. But there's the supper-bell, and we must go down."

At table, Stella sat between two of the boys, and occupied herself chiefly in suppressing their noisy talk and supplying their wants in the way of hot muffins and butter and milk, so as to preserve some resemblance to decorum, and all this filled up her time so completely that she had nothing to bestow upon the guests except an occasional demure glance, and even that was generally in the nature of a swift investigation as to whether it had been observed that Tommy was choking with laughter and muffin combined, or that Jim had tipped his chair backward and nearly overturned the table. These, the two elder boys, were dreadfully uncouth, and Stella had tried in vain to counteract the association of the herdsmen and hands about the farm, whose manners and methods seemed to Tommy and Jim so much more worthy of emulation than the more controlled usages of the members of their family. The youngest boy, who sat on one side of his sister, was a gentle, unobtrusive child, on whom she now and then turned an approving smile, as he sat up and ate his supper with much decorum and the air, it must be confessed, of a small prig. Bertrand, who was nearer to Stella than his friend, made one or two efforts to talk with her, but her replies were only monosyllables, and her attention was so evidently monopolized by the boys that he decided to defer his conversation until after supper. Estcott, for his part, was doing his duty bravely by his hostess, who, if he had but known it, would have better liked to be left alone.

And it happened after supper that the opportunity Bertrand had counted on never came. Dr. Gray took them off into the porch to enjoy a smoke in the moonlight, and they sat there talking until very late, and when they came in the ladies had retired. As it was planned that they were to set off very early in the morning, both young men acknowledged rather ruefully that their chance of seeing the daughter again was probably gone.

"Did it strike you," said Bertrand, when they were in their room together, "that perhaps the excellent doctor connived at this result? I rather believe that he knew we wanted to see the girl again, and, knowing as little of us as he does, he was more than willing that our

wishes should be frustrated. I don't blame him, I'm sure; for we may be arrant scamps for what he knows. I wonder if we couldn't discover some common friends, if we tried."

"Don't try, for heaven's sake!" said Estcott. "Remember what Hobart was saying last night of his experience of the smallness of the world. If we tell him we have discovered a civilized family in some of our nearest neighbors, he will tell you he is in mortal terror lest they should turn out near relations on his hands. And as for Unc., I shudder to think of his observations on the subject! Well, considering the fact that our two partners embarked in this enterprise for the purpose of admission into a state of uncivilization pure and simple, it *is* a little hard; though, for my part, I think it will sweeten my daily toil for the whole time to come, just to be able to reflect that there is such a lovely maiden as that within a day's riding."

CHAPTER III.

When Dr. Gray returned from his visit to Westfields, as the young strangers' place was called, the evening meal was over, and Stella went into the dining-room with him to preside over the supper that had been kept for him.

"I hope you have had a pleasant day, papa," she said. "You look as if you had."

"I have indeed," said Dr. Gray: "it's been a rare experience to come into my life now. They are four as fine fellows as I ever came across, if appearances are to be trusted. The two who were here are the youngest,—one of their partners being, I suppose, thirty-five, and the other nearer to fifty. This one, by the way, whose name is Bell, seems to be the head of the concern. They all call him 'Uncle,' or 'Unc.,' and are plainly devoted to him. He is the one that's been sick; and you should have heard him scold them when he found they had been for a doctor. They tried to pretend that I had only come to make a friendly call, and had given me that cue beforehand; but it didn't go down with the old fellow at all. He is fat and ugly, and has a great rough shock of hair and a grizzly, shaggy beard, and was a great contrast to the young fellows; but they seem all to dote upon him, and took his berating like three lambs, and then set to work with the utmost humility to try to persuade him to let me prescribe, which he flatly refused to do. He wasn't going to die yet, he said, and if he did it was his own affair, and if his time had come he had no intention

of hanging back. I came forward here and waived the whole thing, establishing myself in their tent quite as if I had merely come to make a visit, and thereby making a demand upon his hospitality, which the old fellow couldn't ignore; but all the while I kept my eye upon him, and before I came away I managed to get a word with him in private, when I told him that it was all very well to talk about dying, but that a sickness neglected very often turned into chronic ill health, with death only at the end of long years of pain and uselessness, and by these representations got him to let me examine and prescribe for him. I don't think it is anything very serious now, but it might easily become so, and I warned him that he was in no condition for hard work, and I think I convinced him of it. Some men—and he's one of them—can be frightened a great deal sooner by the suggestion of prolonged sickness than death. I told him if he didn't want to be an incubus upon somebody's hands he had better face the fact that he would have to take some care of himself; and I found that had its effect. Two of the men rode part of the way back with me; and if you could have heard the anxiety they expressed about that rough old fellow, and the gratitude they showered upon me for having persuaded him to give over hard work for a time and agree to rest and take care of himself, you'd have thought he was their sweetheart. They acknowledged that one cause of their agreeing so quickly to stay all night, last night, was because the others would not be able to go to work without them, and 'Unc.' would be forced, therefore, to rest."

"What sort of work, papa?" said Stella. "What do they do?"

"Why, you'd be amused," said Dr. Gray, smiling. "They have bought an enormous tract of land and stocked it superbly. It reminded me of 'the cattle upon a thousand hills.' Well, they have got a lot of buildings to put up, of course, and they are living in tents for the present. They are going to build all the cattle-sheds and farm-buildings first, and, last of all, a house. They are hauling their own lumber from a distance of thirty miles, and, if you'll believe me, those swells get up at four every morning and start off with their teams and never knock off work until sun-down. It's funny to look at their hands. Unc.—as they call him—could never have had very delicate ones, and his show no scratches; but the other fellows were laughing at theirs, all scarred and cut, with handling the logs, but so white and delicate. They're confident, however, that before the hauling is done they will match Unc.'s own, which seems to be the goal of their ambition.

"He says he told them," Dr. Gray went on, "that they were not fit for hard work, and that men couldn't go straight from an endless succession of balls, and dinners, and club card-parties, and dancing at-

tendance on ladies, to this sort of thing; but they said they would show him whether they could or not, and one of the young fellows said he flattered himself they were showing him; but Unc. was plainly not for easy dealing, and said it was too early to settle the question yet. I suppose they must be rich fellows, for I never saw such a camping paraphernalia in my life. When I went into what they call the toilet tent, their dressing-cases and appliances were perfectly bewildering. Unc. explained to me that none of these luxuries belonged to him: they were the property of the youngsters, he said; he hadn't anything of the sort. 'That's because nature made *us* with imperfections which require palliatives,' the oldest of the three others said, and then he added that Unc. supposed that he was giving him a wholesome lesson in humility whenever he included him in the term youngsters, not realizing that he had reached an age when youth was no longer an opprobrious term, but rather the contrary; though he can't be over thirty-five or -six," the doctor added, "and he's by all odds the best-looking of the lot."

"What was his name, papa?" said Stella. "You haven't mentioned it."

"Let me see," said Dr. Gray: "the one they call Unc. is named Bell, and the two that were here are Bertrand and Estcott. I do believe I've forgotten the other fellow's name; but I have his card somewhere. I'll get it for you while you fill my cup."

Stella poured the coffee and handed it to him, and as she did so he put into her hand a small visiting-card on which was engraved,—

"Mr. Charles E. Hobart."

When Dr. Gray looked up, after his first draught from the fresh cup of coffee, he found, to his amazement, that Stella had vanished. Had some one called her suddenly away, without his hearing it? He was certainly growing a little deaf. Beyond this, he thought no further of the matter.

Stella, meantime, had flown swiftly up the long old staircase and shut herself in her own room. She held the little card in her hand, and read the name over and over again. What a strange, strange chance it was that had brought Mr. Hobart across her path again! How she hoped she would never see him! If he ever should come to the house she would probably be able to avoid it, and there was no chance of her meeting him elsewhere. She really felt as if she could hardly bear to meet him again. Not that she retained a vestige of that old childish sentimentality about him; but it made her cheeks hot to remember that she had cried at the thought of parting with him, and that he had seen her tears! How foolish, how unmaidenly, he must have thought her! She dared not hope that he had set her conduct

down to childishness, though she *had* been the merest child then, and now that she was a woman she saw how inexcusable and silly her conduct had been. Well, she would do her best to avoid him, but if she should meet him she would then do her best to convince him that she was a different being from that ridiculous, sentimental child! Perhaps he would not recognize her; she had altered and even grown in the past four years, and it might be; but then she thought of the utter impossibility of her having forgotten him. His image, tall, elegant, full of a strange repose that she had seen in no one else, rose before her mind's eye now, and, supposing his memory to be even half as good as hers, that hope was out of the question. She seemed to see before her now the keen, dark face, with the penetrating eyes, whose beauty only those on whom he had looked tenderly could guess, the refined features, the well-kept dark hair and moustache, the exquisite white teeth, on one of which there was a little flaw that she knew well, and the slow smile. She seemed to hear the low, clear-ringing voice, and to feel the caressing hand-clasp. And to think he was again so near her! Was there ever anything so wonderful? At one moment she felt sorry, and asked herself why she was not glad, and at another, when she felt glad, she accused herself for not being sorry.

Your perceptions are not of the most delicate order, reader, if you think Stella was in love with this man. It was not that. He was simply the manly ideal of a fastidious and ignorant young girl with an enthusiastic temperament and keen sensibilities. She would probably have admired him as much had he never taken the pains to notice her; but since he had been kind and thoughtful of her, he had won from her a stronger feeling than admiration, and even set vibrating within her certain chords that lay very close around her heart: but what might have been never was, and now the strongest feeling she had about him—stronger than her perception of his charm or her recollection of his kindness—was intense indignation against him for having made her cry, and mortification at his having seen her weakness. There was only one reason for her really wishing to see him, and when she thought of that she felt impatient for the meeting; and that was that he might be made aware of the wide difference between the foolish child of four years ago and the matured young woman of to-day! Perhaps, if she could persuade him of that, it would be worth while to endure the undesirable agitation of meeting him. For it would agitate her, and she was getting on so contentedly and quietly now, so firmly settled in the old monotonous routine of home-life. But, no matter what her inward perturbation might be, she was not afraid of self-betrayal. She had implicit trust in the strength of her incentive to calmness and composure.

CHAPTER IV.

In a region so sparsely settled as that in which the scene of this story is laid, churches are generally few and far between, and the spiritual needs of humanity are entirely subservient to their physical wants, both being more or less in abeyance to the all-absorbing consideration of the care of the animal creation, whose well-being or the reverse makes all the difference between success and failure.

Dr. Gray, who was a good churchman, had long ago had himself appointed lay-reader for this section, and was very scrupulous in the discharge of his duties. There was a school-house in the neighborhood, that was opened for only about two months out of the twelve; but all the year round the attendance of the public was invited there on Sundays, and generally there was a fair congregation. To the regular church service there was always added a sermon, selected from some favorite author of the doctor's, which was far ahead of anything any resident clergyman they could have had would have given them. The service and sermon were followed by a short Sunday-school session for the children, during which the parents chatted in groups outside or remained to be edified within, as they chose. With the exception of Dr. Gray and Stella and the boys, the congregation, both big and little, consisted entirely of a class known farther west as cow-boys, and a few small farmers and their families. It was understood that in the course of time the bishop was to make them a visitation, but, as this contingency continued to appear rather remote, it required a great effort, as well as a consistent example, on the part of Dr. Gray, to keep his recruits together. He proved equal to the demand, and was so conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and so ably seconded by Stella, who might be said almost to compose the choir, that the attendance of the congregation had been a rather more steady thing than is commonly the case in such undertakings.

It was an exquisite Sunday morning, and the blessed Sunday calm that, in crowded cities, shows itself by the silence of the mighty voice of trade, and a certain freshness of attire and relaxing of expression in the people that pass to and fro along the streets, was manifested in this isolated region in a brooding stillness over the face of nature, hardly less significant. The cows, with faces at all times as solemn as if every day were Sunday, seemed for the most part to prefer, on this day, even to the luxuriant feast spread out by acres before them, the more meditative form of dining known as chewing the cud, and one could even fancy that they had an air of conscious decorum in the fact of not grazing. The vast, far-reaching plains seemed to lie stiller than

usual, under the pervading glory of the still sunshine. Even the little streams had a subdued Sunday gurgle in their sound, and the great crows and buzzards that looked like small sparrows far up in the blue tilted their outstretched pinions sideways, and described great crescents in the air, with a semblance of awe and solemnity that almost made their every motion seem an act of praise. The nearer birds flew by with an unusual sedateness, as if they were going to church, and twittered so gently that their songs seemed hymns. One provident bird-father, whose brood was too young for ecclesiastical observances, flitted through the mild air with a worm in his beak, and as he lighted beside the grassy nest he chirped so reprovingly at the greedy motions of his young that one might have thought he was reminding them to be temperate in their meats and drinks on Sunday and not disgrace their pious church-going mother. The very flowers seemed to bloom with a milder beauty than on week-days, and one could fancy that their odors smelt of incense. The great, majestic cloud-banks piled high up away in the west were as white and still as marble, and looked as if they might be temple walls.

Very different were the humble temple walls beneath, where Dr. Gray was reading the word of God to a handful of uncouth worshippers, too ignorant and untaught to do more than grasp at its spirit, which seemed clearest to their minds, perhaps, when Stella sang. Dr. Gray was reading out a hymn now, in a fine impressive voice, when there was a slight stir near the door, and two young men entered softly. Stella glanced toward them, and then let her eyes fall. She dared not look again; her whole mind was concentrated on the necessity to be calm and to carry out her part as if nothing had happened. When Dr. Gray finished reading the hymn, the little congregation rose, and Stella rose with them. She did not look toward the door, but she dimly perceived that the two strangers had risen also and were waiting with the rest of the congregation. What were they waiting for? A sudden blur of mind had caused her to forget for an instant, but now, as she remembered, she lifted up her pure young voice and sang:

> Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
> Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
> I see from far thy beauteous light,
> Inly I sigh for thy repose:
> My heart is pained, nor can it be
> At rest, till it find rest in thee.

It seemed the very spirit of the blessed tranquillity that brooded over the face of nature on that day,—a verbal expression of the aspiration pervading earth and air and sky; and Stella's voice, true, steady,

clear, and artless, as well as Stella's reverent face, might well have helped to bear the lesson home.

Perhaps the two strangers had felt that there was a message in the exalted loveliness of that serene summer Sunday, and it may be they better understood now that this message was, "Lift up your hearts."

A few voices had joined in with Stella's, but they were mostly the low, muffled tones of men, who were too timid to go any further than was necessary to show that they were obeying Stella's frequent urgent request that they would "try;" and they seemed no more than a subdued accompaniment to the girl's thrilling tones.

When the service was over, and the greater part of the congregation had gone outside, Dr. Gray opened the Sunday-school with a short prayer, and then, leaving the catechising of the children to Stella, he went out to welcome the visitors, who were Mr. Bertrand and Mr. Hobart.

They were in their flannels and long stockings, as usual, and were half inclined to apologize for not dressing,—a necessity which had not occurred to them beforehand,—and half ashamed to explain to Dr. Gray the object of their mission. It seemed they had been on their way to his house, when some one had told them that he would be found at the school-house, a little nearer at hand, and so they had come here, not, in reality, to attend service, but to see Dr. Gray, the object of their visit being to ask him for some further medical advice concerning their partner, Mr. Bell. They were obliged to act surreptitiously, or they might be forbidden to act at all, Unc. was so autocratic. He had improved rapidly, it seemed, under Dr. Gray's treatment, and they were most anxious that it should be continued. All this was explained by Bertrand, while his friend stood by in silence; but, now that he had finished, Hobart, who had had time to contemplate and master his amazement in recognizing Stella, said, simply,—

"I have just been telling my friend that Miss Gray, your daughter, proves to be an old acquaintance, whom I have been indescribably astonished to see in this unexpected way. I met her, several years ago, at Mrs. Lacy's house in New York, and I hope she may not have forgotten me."

"Forgotten you! I dare say she remembers you well enough, and will be glad to find you out in the person of a new neighbor. Well, we may get used to most other things, but the strange meetings that come about in this life of ours will give us food for surprise as long as we live, I suppose. Stella will be done with the children presently, and will find it a pleasant surprise to encounter an old friend outside."

"'Acquaintance' she will probably call it," answered Hobart; "but

if she is kind enough to remember me at all, I shall feel greatly obliged to her. And somehow the word acquaintance seems to have no meaning in the life we lead out here."

"Oh, no," said Dr. Gray, heartily: "you must consider that you've left that word behind you. If we are not enemies in this country, we are friends. But Stella seems to be a long time over her lesson to-day. Would you like to go inside and hear the children sing?"

The question was put with such absolute simplicity and good faith that both young men hastened to accept, with a manner that implied that he had hit upon the thing in all the universe most in keeping with their aspirations.

"You must go in very softly," said Dr. Gray, "and not let her know you are there, else she might be too bashful to go on. *I* love to hear the singing, but I shouldn't wonder if my fancy for it is because Stella does the most of it."

The door stood open, and the two young men, accompanied by Dr. Gray, entered as softly as possible. Stella was standing with her back to the door, and the children were ranged in a long irregular line, facing her.

"Now, children, you know this," she was saying, encouragingly. "Do sing out, and say the words plainly. Now begin." And, raising her sweet voice rather softly, she began.

The children, led by her, went through the verses of the little hymn, and then Stella proposed another, and went from that to another, until Dr. Gray saw fit to curtail the exercises. As soon as he walked up, Stella motioned to the children to kneel for the concluding prayer, and when she knelt the young men down near the door fell softly on their knees also. There was a moment's stillness after the benediction, and then, as the little congregation rose, Stella turned and faced the young men. The surprise she felt at seeing them flushed her cheek for an instant, as she had kept the children unusually long, hoping the strangers might take their departure, and when her father had returned she had felt certain they were gone. Her self-possession returned to her quickly, however, as she walked down the old school-room, holding the hand of her smallest pupil, and not meeting the gaze of Hobart, which was fixed upon her.

She was dressed in a repetition of the white costume she had worn upon the rocks that day, save that this one was fresh and that one tumbled. Where the ends of her little fichu were tucked away in her dress, there were some sprigs of maidenhair fern that one of the children had brought her, having heard her one day express a fancy for the plant. The blue sun-bonnet had been discarded in favor of a straw

hat with a white scarf around it that partly shaded her face. Hobart, who remembered her as being pretty, was unprepared to find her now beautiful. He had preceded her from the room, as if it had been really a church, and stood waiting. As she came out, he stepped forward, holding his hat in one hand and extending the other, and saying, frankly,—

"Have you forgotten me, Miss Stella Gray?"

Stella looked at him, then gave him her hand, and answered, coolly,—

"Not at all, Mr. Hobart. I remember you very well."

Bearing in mind the fact that Hobart believed Stella to be up to this moment unsuspicious of his presence, it was a little disconcerting to be greeted so coldly; and in any case she might, he thought, have been more cordial. He even fancied that her manner to Bertrand was more friendly; and Bertrand was the acquaintance of an evening! How changed she was! Not the same creature at all as the vivid, ardent little thing who used to seem to him so full of feeling and emotion. She looked so stately now, and carried her head so high, that it seemed impossible to hope to awaken in her any responsive feeling, while of old he had felt that he could, if he chose, control every vibration of her tremulous emotion, and had been rather proud of himself that he had resisted the temptation that had often presented itself, in his rather intimate intercourse with the Lacys, to draw forth from the enthusiastic child some expression of feeling for himself. He had not, as Stella thought it possible, forgotten their parting and the young girl's agitated grief, and it just occurred to him now that perhaps she remembered it also, and bore him a grudge, such as very young ladies are liable to, for having seen the betrayal of her emotion.

Dr. Gray, who seemed to take it for granted that the two must have much to say to each other, had turned off with Bertrand.

"I saw your aunt, Mrs. Lacy, a month ago," Hobart said, merely because it was necessary to say something. "She was then about to leave for the sea-shore,—for pleasure, I suppose, as she looked too thoroughly well to go for health."

"I have not heard from her for some time," Stella replied.

"I suspect you are under her displeasure," returned Hobart, smiling. Stella divined the smile, and knew just what it meant, though she was not looking at him. "She told me some time ago that she was quite angry with you for the pertinacity with which you refused her invitations to return to New York, although, as far as she could see, you had no reason except disinclination."

"She found me out, did she?" said Stella, merrily. "Poor Aunt Mamie! she does so hate not to have her way."

"And yet," said Hobart, directly, ignoring her last sentence, "you seemed sorry to leave New York."

"He might at least have spared me this!" thought Stella; but before she could reply Hobart went on.

"Perhaps I make a mistake in reminding you of it," he said, "as I believe very young ladies resent nothing so much as being thought emotional. It seemed to me natural enough that a quiet little country maiden who had spent a month in the midst of the delights of city life with a kind, indulgent aunt should feel regretful at the thought of leaving it all, and if the two tears I happened to see on the brink had really been shed, and followed by others, it would have been nothing strange."

He was furtively watching her face, beneath its hat-brim, as he spoke, and he saw the look of relief that it showed at these words, though he had not the remotest conception of the vast extent of that relief, or how heavy and sore had been the burden he had lifted from her heart. For his own part, he was perfectly aware that he had given an impression of the memory the circumstance had left upon his mind which was at variance with the reality. He knew those tears *had* been for him, and he was not ignorant of the fact that the little thing had been very fond of him, and might easily have been made more so, but he thanked his stars that he had made no effort to bring about this result, and could not accuse himself of having trifled with her for one moment even, unless he had gone a shade too far in taking leave of her so affectionately. It seemed incredible now to remember how responsive she had been to that half-careless fondness. Could this tall young maiden, looking as unapproachable as Diana and as cool as any wood-nymph, be the same?

Dr. Gray and Bertrand now came up, the former saying, in a tone that seemed to admit of no refusal, that the gentlemen must by all means return to dinner with him. Bertrand looked at Hobart, who was on the point of declining, when Stella, in obedience to a look from her father which escaped the observation of the young men, hastened to second the invitation, which was accepted.

"As Stella and I are walking," said Dr. Gray, "we will either have to follow you on, or else one of you gentlemen can lend me a horse and walk with my daughter."

Hobart fancied that the girl's eyes made choice of Bertrand, so he said he would give place, and went off to where the horses had been tied, and, mounting, rode away with Dr. Gray beside him. The distance was scarcely a mile, through lovely verdant fields, and the equestrians, who rode slowly, were in sight all the way.

CHAPTER V.

"How awfully odd it seems, your knowing Hobart!" Bertrand began, as they were walking on together. "Your father's name had suggested nothing to him."

"Quite naturally," said Stella, smiling. "There isn't much significance in Gray."

"You met him in society in New York, did you?" asked Bertrand.

"I met him at my aunt's house four years ago, when I was considered ineligible for society. He was intimate at the house, and used to come familiarly when I was allowed to appear. In that way I got to know him pretty well."

"Four winters ago I was still at college: so there would have been no chance of my meeting you. But Estcott knows Mrs. Lacy. Did you ever meet him there?"

"No," said Stella, "I met very few gentlemen. Are you all four New-Yorkers?"

"Three of us are. Mr. Bell, whom we all call Unc.,—short for Uncle,—is from nowhere in particular, or rather from every country on the habitable globe. I wish you knew him; though perhaps a young lady would see little in him to fancy. None the less he's the grandest fellow alive."

"I suppose you all find it necessary to be very fond of each other, living together as you do."

"Yes; it's the only way to keep from hating each other violently. But really I don't think four fellows could be got together who could suit each other better; though the real secret of our harmony is Unc.'s control of us all. He keeps us pretty closely under whip, except Hobart, whom he allows some license to, because he says he can stand it. He thinks Estcott and me a couple of infants. Don't you think Hobart's awfully good-looking?" he said, suddenly. "I believe he looks handsomer, if anything, in his rancher's costume."

Stella was saved the necessity of a reply by the eagerness with which the young man went on:

"He was looking over a lot of old letters the other day, in clearing out his desk, and he suddenly brought to light a photograph of himself that was the swellest thing you ever saw. I think it had been returned to him by some girl he had had an affair with, for it fell out of the folds of a letter, and I picked it up. It was a full-length picture, taken in full evening dress, his hair parted clean in the middle, as he wears it, and everything so well done about him. Unc. took pos-

session of it, and nailed it up against our brick chimney, and scratched under it, in chalk, 'Cow-boy Charley.' (His name is Charles, you know.) I often fancy how some poor girl, who has doubtless spooned and mooned over it no end, would be shocked to see it with its present surroundings and legend."

When he looked at Stella's face, he was surprised to see that she was not laughing. The emotion his story had aroused in her was something very far removed from mirth.

"How do you know it ever belonged to a lady?" she asked.

"I don't know it, but I have confidence in the correctness of the conjecture. Hobart used to be perfectly deadly to the ladies, and might be still if he wanted to; but he gave up flirtation several years ago, for some reason. I have never found out what it was. I am sure if the ladies were as kind to me as they invariably are to him I'd not forsake their standard."

When Stella and Bertrand reached the house, she left the latter on the porch with the two gentlemen who had arrived first, and went in to see if her services were desired by Mrs. Gray. The boys, who had gone home directly after Sunday-school, had brought the intelligence of the strangers' presence at church, and Mrs. Gray had foreseen their being asked to dinner, and was busy making things ready for them, for such servants as were procurable in that region were not to be left for a moment without watching. Hobart, it happened, was so situated in his seat on the porch that he could see along the passage upon which the dining-room opened, and as he talked with Dr. Gray and Bertrand he furtively kept his eye upon this passage, in and out of which Stella was flitting. There was no other word to describe the girl's light-stepping, free, unconscious motions, and her simple dress, with its full short skirt, seemed the one of all others suited to her.

When the gentlemen were presently summoned in to dinner, Hobart took some pains to get himself placed beside Stella, but it seemed to be understood that her seat was always between two of the boys, and he found himself compelled to give it up. His next thought was to be seated opposite her, and this he managed to effect. As he watched her during the meal, it became evident that her manner toward him had altered slightly. She was perceptibly less stately, and did not seem now to avoid his gaze, and all this suggested to Hobart that perhaps she had taken more seriously than he could have supposed the fact of her having shown her childish fondness for him; and now that he had succeeded in concealing from her his real understanding of the matter and putting it on other grounds, he resolved not to refer to it again.

When the meal was ended, and they all rose, Dr. Gray frustrated Stella's intention of remaining behind, by saying to her,—

"I am going to leave the gentlemen for a little while to you, Stella, while I go off to the barn to see that things are all right.—I find it necessary," he remarked to his guests, "to exercise a personal supervision in everything, with such labor as we get here."

"I am sure you are very right," said Hobart, as they all came out into the hall together. "I wish you'd give Bertrand a lesson in supervising while Miss Gray takes care of me in-doors. That sort of thing falls mainly to him in our concern."

Bertrand at once acceded. He had had the privilege of Miss Gray's society on the walk from church, and it seemed only fair that Hobart should now have his innings. He had not failed to yield a hearty tribute of admiration to the young girl's sweetness and beauty, but his admiration was of that tempered quality which a man with a preoccupied heart accords to a woman who is not *the* woman. All the men at the ranch knew of Bertrand's engagement, for he made no secret of his hope that this business venture might warrant him in marrying in the course of another year and bringing home a bride. The four friends had each an equal share in the ranch, but the difference lay in the fact that with Bertrand that share represented all he had in the world, while Estcott had as much again in two other investments, and Hobart was rich. As to the fourth partner, Bell, nobody knew what his circumstances were. He had inherited a considerable fortune years ago, but, with the most frugal personal habits, he yet spent a great deal of money, and did not hesitate to dig deep into his principal when occasion required. He never told what he did with his money, but occasionally people whom he had helped would disobey his emphatic instructions, by telling how he had lavishly paid off a friend's debts, or given some young fellow a start in life, or endowed with a modest establishment a young girl cousin, whom he knew little about, except that the barrier of poverty stood in the way of her immediate marriage to a worthy though impecunious young man who loved her. A few such items as these had reached the ears of his friends, and had added to the hearty enthusiasm they already felt for the older man; but not one of them would have dared to betray his knowledge to Unc.

When Hobart and Stella were left alone together, the latter led the way into the big, dim, cool old parlor, with its ugly, comfortless-looking furniture and air of utter unsuggestiveness. She asked him to sit down, and tripped across the floor to let in a little more light through the closed blinds, and then returned, and seated herself near him on one of the stiff hard chairs, upon which she rested as prettily as a bird

on a twig. Hobart, meanwhile, was running over in his mind how he could choose a subject that it would please her to talk upon. An instinct warned him to avoid old times, and he said, tentatively,—

"I suppose you take a great interest in this little congregation and your father's strong efforts in behalf of those about him here: don't you?"

"Why, of course!" said Stella, smiling. "How could I help it? It is the only way in which the feeling of really helping and doing something ever comes to me. I suppose a man knows all about that feeling, and it therefore has not the same charm; but there is so little for me to do, that I don't know how I should get along without the Sunday-school and services; and when it has happened that real good has come to people from papa's unremitting efforts, it is something worth feeling to remember that I have had a hand in it indirectly. You have no idea what up-hill work it was at first; but papa always said if we resolved in the beginning to be content with small results if we didn't have big ones, that would keep us up to the mark; and it has."

"Why did I never hear you sing in New York, nor ever even hear of your voice?" said Hobart.

"Because I never sang there, I suppose," said Stella, "and Aunt Mamie never thought of asking whether I could or not. Besides, I would never have dared to sing before her."

"As you haven't the slightest idea how misplaced such a hesitation is, I shall not blame you for it," said Hobart, "but I should like to think your voice would have the cultivation it deserves. Surely when you go to New York again you will have lessons?"

"When I go to New York again I shall,—probably!" laughed Stella.

"What does that mean?"

"It means a very remote chance."

"But you surely mean to go back, some day?" Hobart said.

"No, I don't. I mean just the contrary."

"Then where do you mean to go?"

"Nowhere," said Stella.

"Not at present, perhaps," said the young man; "but some time—and before long, I hope—you will want to go out and see the world."

"Oh, I've seen the world," said Stella, at which *naïve* acknowledgment her companion slightly smiled, "and I didn't like it. This is much nicer, I think."

"Are you only making fun, or are you in earnest?" Hobart asked. "I really am anxious to know."

"I am entirely in earnest," said Stella. "I *don't* care anything about New York. Do you?"

"But New York is not the world; and, besides, you have seen next to nothing of New York. You haven't the faintest idea of what it is in its social aspect, or what are the manifold pleasures and amusements it affords."

"You have, I suppose," said Stella. "It is probable that you know all about it, in such aspects as these."

"Yes," admitted Hobart, "I know it pretty well. I ought to, at any rate."

"And you have travelled abroad, perhaps," said Stella, "and know other countries too?"

Hobart, although he began to see her drift, was obliged to admit this also.

"And yet, after it all, you seek a refuge here! You would not do so, I suppose, unless this life made an appeal to you stronger than the other,—unless it seemed to you best. Then why may I not accept the verdict of your experience, since it coincides with what my strongest instincts teach me?"

"I confess myself floored, so far as the argument goes," said Hobart. "Yet it is out of the question that the results of my life can have any value as a guide to yours. If the circumstances and experiences which I have known, since I was the age you are now, could be yours for the years that must intervene before you arrive at my present age, you, with your nature and character, and with the radical difference made by your being of the opposite sex, might—indeed, would—reach very different results."

"Do you think yourself any the better for the life of wide experience you have had?"

Hobart hesitated a moment.

"You are determined to go deep, Miss Gray," he said. "I wish I could believe you were in fun, as people mostly are when they talk upon these subjects. Then I should know better how to answer you."

"I am not in fun," said Stella, "and although you can of course decline to answer at all the questions I put, I should think it very unfair of you to answer them insincerely."

Evidently she was thoroughly in earnest, and as Hobart looked into her candid eyes he felt no longer any disposition to jest.

"You may ask me any question you choose," he said, "and I pledge myself to answer truly, or not at all."

In the pause which had preceded this remark, Stella had had time to reflect that she had allowed herself to betray a degree of earnestness

and ardor for which she now felt some qualms. So, instead of speaking, she only leaned back in her stiff little chair and shook her head.

"I am waiting to be questioned," said Hobart, smiling.

"I don't think I have anything to ask," she said.

The young man looked disappointed.

"Why?" he said, rather eagerly. "I can see you have a reason."

"If I have any, beyond my own irrational impulse, it is a sort of fear of——" She broke off suddenly.

"A fear of what?"

"Well, of being laughed at," said Stella.

"Is it possible you can believe I would laugh at you?" said Hobart, regretfully.

"Well," said Stella, who really longed to go on, and yet was terrified at the thought of doing something odd, "I don't think I shall have the courage to proceed until you have answered the question as to whether you think yourself any better off for what you have seen of the world."

"If I said yes," answered Hobart, "wouldn't that be to admit that I believed myself to have been, during these years, mounting an ascending scale from ignorance and innocence to knowledge and excellence? If so, I cannot truthfully say it. I don't pretend to have improved my time or made good use of my opportunities, but how far the fault lies in me and how far in circumstances I am unable to decide."

"Do you ever fancy," said Stella, forgetting the rather singular part she was playing, in her strong interest in the subject under consideration, "that you would have made a great deal more of your life under other circumstances which you can imagine?"

"Oh, frequently! If everything had been different with me, I should have been no end of a fine fellow."

"Do you mind my asking how old you are?" said Stella.

"I'm not sure but I do. Still, I will respect my pledge. I am thirty-four."

"I thought you rather older; but surely that is young. Why do you speak as if the *impulse* of life was over with you?"

"I don't speak so, and I don't feel so in the least; but I will confess, since we have got to such plain speaking, that what you have said of yourself makes somewhat that sort of impression on me. You have announced your intention to cling deliberately to a life of utter stagnation, which cannot, in its nature, furnish your life with any real impulse or inspiration."

"I do get a little suffocated now and then," said Stella, "but the reflection that I am of the sex of whom little is required is a great

comfort to me. I know my preferring to live and die just where I am, rather than face the world and its dangers, is pure cowardice, and if I were a man it would kill me to feel this; but, being a woman, I console myself with the reflection that weakness and cowardice are my sex's attributes."

She rose to her feet, as she finished speaking, and, with the air of stateliness which her slim figure always had when she was standing, she looked the reverse of weak or cowardly. She was, in reality, not a tall young woman, but her erectness made her look taller than she was. Hobart recognized a certain power in her which she was unconscious of herself, and it seemed to him impossible that this fine young creature should be cast for an insignificant part in the drama of life.

"Shall we walk toward the barn and look papa and Mr. Bertrand up?" said the girl, with a sudden change of tone that surprised her companion, and, without waiting for his reply, she led the way from the room, and Hobart was obliged to follow. Was she perhaps a little bored? he wondered. It seemed hardly possible, with the ardent manner he recalled. That manner now, however, was nothing but a memory, for the young woman at his side had not a vestige of it.

"I will show you the way and find them for you, if I can," she said, as she paused in the hall to look about for a hat. Her own had been put away up-stairs, and there was only the blue-checked sun-bonnet in sight; but when she had taken this up and carried it with her she suddenly found it impossible to put it on, and preferred to bare her lovely skin to the sun's full rays, to the alternative of sacrificing her dignity so far as to assume this sun-bonnet. She had never felt it to be a sacrifice of dignity heretofore, but then she had never before been in a presence that made her feel conscious of the fact that she had absolutely outgrown her childhood and must be equal to the demands made upon her as a woman. She left the talk almost entirely to her companion, as they went along, and did not even look at him, which gave him all the better opportunity of looking at her. With her face fearlessly bared to the full light of the afternoon sun, without even the shadow of the straw hat-brim she had worn in the morning, she passed with the composure of unconsciousness the ordeal of the young man's scrutinizing gaze. Little need had she, he thought, to flinch at such a test! The absolute realness of her beauty, the fineness of her skin, the pureness of her contour, the tints in hair and lips and eyes, came out the more noticeably by reason of the strong light thrown upon them, and as the young man looked he saw, or fancied he saw, beyond all these, a new charm of expression. She looked animated, and he thought he might almost say happy.

It was indeed a happiness to Stella, in her vacant, arid, unsuggestive life, to come in contact with a mind that responded to her own; and since this young man had so fortunately misunderstood the meaning of those mortifying tears shed long ago, why should she not enjoy his society as occasion offered? As long as her pleasure in his companionship was intellectual only, there was no reason against it; and if she should ever find there was the least danger of the lines being crossed by either of them (a thing that seemed in the region of the impossible) it would then be time enough to retreat; for of all the perils which Stella could conjure up as among the possible calamities the future might hold for her, there was not one that she would have recoiled from in such terror as that.

CHAPTER VI.

During the weeks and months that followed, there was a good deal of intercourse between the Grays and the young men at the ranch, and not uncommonly when the weather was fine two of the young men rode over to the school-house to the morning service. Mr. Hobart and Mr. Bertrand proved to be musical, and now whenever either of them came he would take his seat quite naturally in the choir and give Stella the support of a strong voice, which was a great help and pleasure.

But Stella had had a greater pleasure almost than this in the beautiful songs which Mr. Hobart had taken the trouble to teach to her. He was an accomplished musician, and took great pains with his pupil; and many an evening was delightfully whiled away, Hobart playing the accompaniments on the rather tuneless old piano, and sometimes joining with Stella's clear soprano his tender barytone. The young men knew the way between the two places now well enough to find it by moonlight or starlight, and although their chief had never been prevailed upon to join his juniors in their visits to Grassmere, it was known that he highly approved of them, and even encouraged the attendance of the young men at church.

"Unc. goes on the principle of the famous old Methodist preacher," Bertrand said, talking to Stella one evening on this subject, "who always told his people, 'Don't do as I do; do as I tell you to do.' He utterly eschews the society of ladies himself, and never goes to church, but he is perfectly delighted to find that these opportunities are open to us, and insists upon our availing ourselves of them as fully as possible. He does not permit any laxity in our work; but, on the other hand, he

sees to it that we keep up the habits of civilization as far as possible, and is the most circumspect of our party respecting table manners and such-like forms. He says he doesn't mind degenerating himself, and would comfortably give himself up to it if he didn't have us on his mind. I don't think he feels much anxiety about Hobart. He can work as hard as any of us, but he has his own way of doing everything, and is never anything but his own self, no matter what he's doing. Estcott and I often wonder what brought Hobart out here. It was all natural enough for the rest of us. It suits Unc. down to the ground, and Estcott has always been mad about sport and adventure and all that, while I, for my part, have my own reasons for wanting to make money as fast as possible and set up a house of my own, and this seemed the straightest and surest road to that end that presented itself. But Hobart had none of these reasons. I always thought he was a confirmed devotee to society and club life, and I rather wondered at it when Unc. agreed so promptly to take him in as a partner. I thought we should all regret it; but Unc. is pretty apt to know what he's about, and now we wouldn't be without him for the world. I have always fancied, however, that there was a love-affair at the back of Hobart's turning rancher, and that Unc. knew all about it; but this, of course, is only conjecture."

The young man liked nothing better than to get into long and confidential talks with Stella, and was tacitly conceded by all to be her especial friend of the three. He had long ago confided to her the details of his love-affair and his hope now of its speedy consummation, and had taken the greatest delight in the thought that "Bessie" was to have a congenial woman-friend at hand,—a thing so far beyond the expectation of either of them,—and the most cordial messages had already passed between the two young ladies. These facts put Stella's intercourse with Bertrand on a more familiar footing than the one that existed between her and the other young men, and all this led to the belief, received by every one, that Bertrand was her favorite.

With Hobart, however, there was the bond of music; and how strong and subtile a one that is, those who know will testify. Perhaps both of them found a certain amount of effort necessary to keep themselves from being more moved than either wished when they sang together. If they had been entirely uncongenial, and had never had a moment's real companionship of mind and spirit, there were certain songs they sang together that must almost necessarily have awakened sympathy, and that of a kind that had nothing to do with a similarity of intellectual tastes.

One lovely evening, when summer had given place to autumn, Hobart and Stella were together at the old piano, where they had been

going over and over a new song he had brought her. Presently he lifted his hand and closed the sheet.

"That will do for that," he said; "and now you must reward me for my instruction." And, without any further hint of his purpose, he struck a few familiar chords, and soon their voices were blending sweetly in the strains of that most sympathetic song, "I would that my love." Tenderly, wistfully, their voices lingered upon the passionate, plaintive words, and both were sad that the song should cease. In spite of this, however, its last notes had scarcely died away when Stella said, abruptly,—

"Singing enough! That will do for this evening. How warm it is!" And, with a sort of hurried air, she stepped out into the porch.

Scarcely less subtile than the music's spell were the dreamy influences of the placid twilight. As Hobart followed her and seated himself beside her on the porch, the utter stillness and serenity of the scene spread out before them, the distant murmur of the river, which could be faintly heard, the tremulous croaking of the frogs, which the distance softened almost into melody, the sleepy twitter of the little mother-birds as they hushed their broods to rest, and all the other nameless sounds and sights of a lovely country twilight, seemed to combine their forces to create in each of their hearts a feeling it was hard to deny expression to. But Hobart had learned to be very wary in his intercourse with Stella: she was so acutely sensitive, and recoiled so instinctively from any sign of the slightest breach of the cool friendliness which had now been long established between them, that he had learned how important it was that he should keep his distance. Still, they had never before been together just as now,—with the potent spell of the music mingled with the not less potent influences of the still, sweet solitude of this autumn gloaming. There came no sound of human voice or motion from the house. Every one seemed to have gone and left them quite alone.

When the silence between them had lasted so long that it seemed a necessity to break it, Hobart felt a strange reluctance to introduce any topic which should be discordant with the spell by which he felt himself encircled; and yet the suggestions that arose within him were such as he feared to utter. He was saved the necessity of making a choice, for Stella herself spoke.

"I wonder why Mr. Bertrand does not come," she said.

The topic, being so intensely unpersonal to himself, was not a very acceptable one to the young man at that moment, but suddenly he saw a way to make it serve a purpose.

"Bertrand told me he would probably be late," he said. "He

was to go first to the post-office for his letter. This is what he calls 'his *day*,'—as if all the others were nights; and so I suppose in a certain sense they are; and a very lucky boy he is to have one day in the seven. I admire Bertrand's way of being in love, there is something so undisguised and simple about it. You don't know what a pleasant little body Miss Parke is! I think they will make a charming couple, and would like to see the nuptials hurried up. My idea would be to build a house for the whole of us and establish the little bride as mistress, but Unc. won't hear of it. He says she must have a chance to see the difficulties in the way of housekeeping here first, and that she shall not be burdened by such responsibilities from the start: so Bertrand is to put up a cottage first, and then, if she smiles upon the notion, we may build the big house for us all afterwards. He thinks she would like it, but Unc. wouldn't even let him broach the subject to her. He says it must hold over until we have made friends with her and she with us. Her friends in New York consider her quite mad, to consent at all to share such a wild life as this with any man; but, although she is naturally a timid little thing, the strength of her attachment has put a wonderful power in her, and she is evidently prepared to face all obstacles for the sake of spending her life with the man she loves. And Bertrand will prove worthy of it all. He was always a good fellow, but his engagement has brought him out wonderfully and improved him in every way. His little sweetheart believes him to be the embodiment of goodness and wisdom, and it is really a pretty sight to watch the effect of her confidence upon him. Unc. says he wishes we were all engaged, since he sees its influence upon Bertrand. But then Bertrand is young!"

There was something in this last sentence that grated upon Stella. She couldn't bear to have the feelings and condition of this young man taken simply as the symptoms of adolescence. She wondered if there could be truth in the idea. Her own ignorance was so great that she could not decide the question; but she would not believe such a thing.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was silence for another little space, which Hobart broke by murmuring half under his breath the beginning of the song they had been singing,—

"I would that my love could silently," etc.

He sang the words most tenderly, and lingered upon them as if

there were some spell about them; and Stella, who had adopted Bertrand's notion that he had been disappointed in a love-affair before entering his present life, felt certain that he uttered those tender words now in memory of a woman he loved. She glanced across at his figure, dimly outlined in the fading light, and caught a suggestion, too, of the expression of his face, which she fancied was very sad. She had schooled herself into a habit of distrust of this man, but it contradicted her instinct, and lately she had had much ado to preserve toward him the mental attitude she had laid down for herself. Although constantly on the lookout for signs of duplicity or unreality, she had found not one, and had been obliged to decide that they existed with regard to his love-affairs only. She had heard of such cases, where men were thoroughly trustworthy in everything else. She wondered intensely now whether Mr. Hobart was unhappy,—whether any woman had treated him badly and ruined his life perhaps. Oh, what a sad thing that must be,—to have the interest and spirit taken out of everything at one blow! She would hardly own to herself how real her conception of it was. She was thinking now only of how sorry she was for him, and how she wished he could be happy. It seemed *too* sad.

The twilight, meantime, had deepened, and the stars were coming out and faintly lighting up the sky. The stillness, too, had deepened, and they seemed more solitary than ever, sitting alone together in the calm sweetness of the quiet night.

"Miss Stella," said Hobart, presently, breaking the stillness with a voice too low and soft to sound discordant, "I've been thinking about you, and I'm almost bold enough to tell you my thoughts. Do you feel yourself in a forgiving mood, in case they should seem to you presumptuous?"

Stella could not answer immediately. It was the first time he had called her "Miss Stella" since the old days when he had treated her almost like a child, and she was, in spite of herself, moved by it. In a moment she found voice to say,—

"You may tell me your thoughts as freely as you please, Mr. Hobart. I am not likely to be angry."

Her companion was perhaps a little surprised at this, as Stella would undoubtedly have been herself, but for a most unwonted preoccupation. It was not at all the answer she would generally have made.

"I was thinking, for one thing," Hobart said, "that I would give a great deal to have some insight into the thoughts that have occupied your mind as we have been sitting here together in the twilight; for an hour like this is apt to break through the restraints imposed by discipline, and the mind is apt to be arbitrary and follow its own bent. You, being

a person of habitual self-control, are not often betrayed into impulsive thinking, perhaps, and yet I feel that if I could penetrate the secret of the last half-hour's reflection with which your mind has been engaged, I should know you better from that revelation than from all the other intercourse we have had. All this, however, is only on the way to what I wished to say, which is this. You are making a mistake—I am certain of it—in cramping and proscribing yourself as you do. You ought to try your wings a little and go out and see the world. If you had here full employment for your energies it would be different; but it is all wrong that you should be simply stagnating through the best years of your life. I wish you would make up your mind to spend this winter in New York."

"Are these the best years of my life?" said Stella. "Do you really believe that? I always feel as if I were only living through them on the way to something else."

"That is a very delusive feeling, and may go on indefinitely, until some day you may wake to find that youth is gone, with all its possibilities, which cannot come again. Middle age and even old age may be good, but youth is the golden time, and you are letting it slip away from you as if you could recall it any moment at will. If there was work for you here,—work for head and hands and heart,—I should not speak to you in this way: the whole mistake is in the inertia of your existence. And you are not a woman to sleep through life. Sometimes I think perhaps you have dreams, and sometimes I think not. One thing, however, I know without speculation. Somewhere in this world a woman's destiny awaits you,—a destiny you have every requirement for. If ever a woman was made to bless, to purify, to sweeten, to ennoble life for man, you were. I believe you would deny and controvert the idea, but your mission is to marry; and out in the great world the spirit which would emanate from you and such as you is needed by both men and women. I have a feeling that the world has need of you, Miss Stella, and that you are wrong to hide your light. I was thinking just now of what the end of it all would be if you drifted on as now; and you don't know how I recoiled at the thought of your going on through life in your present isolated, passive way, or how strongly I feel it my duty to remonstrate. And now," he said, after pausing slightly, "perhaps you are angry with me, and think I had better have held my tongue."

"I am not angry," Stella answered, in a tone that proved the truth of her words, "and I think you must be very kind, or you would not take interest enough to think out all this for my sake; but I cannot see the thing as you do. The thought of going out into the great world

and trusting myself to its tender mercies terrifies me. I have always told you I was an arrant coward; and, besides, Mr. Hobart, it seems a little strange that you should so strongly remonstrate against my submission to a life that my circumstances have placed me in, when it is, in all essentials, the same as the life you have sought out and chosen for yourself above all others."

"There are a few strong points of difference," he said. "One is that this life gives me work to do, and employment for my hands; but a yet stronger difference is that I have had the opportunities I think desirable for you. I have been in a position to judge of the rewards the world has to offer, and I have concluded that the best it has to give a man is work; and in my case manual work seemed the most appropriate. I have only been here a few months, it is true, but I feel myself, for the first time in my life, anchored, and my expectation is to stay here. If you, for your part, will spend this winter in New York, and after that decide to come back and remain here, I shall question your decision no longer, but shall then regard it as an intelligent choice rather than a blind acceptance of an existence which you lack the courage to compare, by real experience, with other modes of life."

"And you have really decided on that,—to stay here always?"

"I have quite decided on it, and I do not think I shall change. I prefer it to any other life that is possible to me."

"Oh, poor fellow!" thought Stella, "he must have been shamefully treated! I suppose he never wants to run the risk of meeting the woman who has spoiled his whole life for him."

"You do not ask for explicit reasons," Hobart said, breaking in upon her thought. "I rather fancied that you might, and I had meant to tell you that if you went for the winter to New York and came back in the spring I would give them to you then. They are at my tongue's end now, but I choose to keep them back for the present. When you have seen a little more of the life in which my lot, for the most part, has been cast, I think you will better understand and enter into these reasons."

There was a moment's silence, which Hobart broke by saying,—

"I hope you give me credit for unselfishness, at least, in wanting to send you away. Don't you think it *is* very unselfish of me?"

"No," said Stella: "I don't believe unselfishness has anything to do with the matter. If there was the slightest reason why you should wish me to stay, I don't think you would urge me to go."

She said it as simply as possible, and gave not the faintest intimation, by manner or tone, that her heart felt slightly aggrieved,—a thing she would not have owned, even to herself, for one moment. Hobart,

however, was not so wary. His voice sounded a little hurt as he answered,—

"You misunderstand me quite——" He was about to say more, when footsteps were heard approaching, and Stella exclaimed, "Here is Mr. Bertrand at last!" and got up to greet him.

"I brought your mail also, Miss Stella," said Bertrand. "There are some letters and papers for your father, and there is a letter for you. And, Hobart, there's something of some sort for you, which is a good deal more than you deserve, as you never write to people. May we come inside, Miss Stella, to the lamp?"

Stella led the way, and when they had gathered around the hall table, Bertrand distributed the mail. Dr. Gray's mail was put aside, and then Stella's letter was handed her, and a letter and packet fell to Hobart's share. They were both addressed in the same hand,—a female one.

"Mine is from Aunt Mamie," said Stella, looking toward Hobart and speaking very gayly. "Suppose it should be an invitation?"

"I'm afraid you would never have the courage to own it to me if it were," answered Hobart, smiling: "you'd have a sort of feeling that I would make you go."

Stella broke the seal and began to read the letter, while Hobart opened his. Bertrand, meantime, had seated himself a little apart, and was eagerly perusing a letter of his own.

When Stella finished hers and looked across at Hobart, she found that his eyes, instead of being on the sheet he held before him, were fixed intently upon her.

"What news?" he said, speaking with an earnestness that his smile could not disguise.

"You would be amused," said Stella, "and really it does seem a rather singular coincidence; for I have not heard from Aunt Mamie for an age. She is not very insistent, but the way is open for me to go, if I choose. You may see what she says." And she handed the letter across to him. As she did so her eye fell upon the open letter in his hand.

"Shall we exchange?" said Hobart. "Not that I think you'll find anything to interest you in my letter, though it is from a woman who is thought to have a genius for letter-writing. Do take it. I'd like you to read it, as a type of that sort of writing. It is good of its kind."

Stella, who had refused at first, took the letter, when thus urged, and began to read it. It was written in a very dashing and beautiful hand, and in a tone of brilliant banter. The writer began by reproach-

ing Mr. Hobart for his long silence, and said he deserved to be forgotten for it, but that, although the will was not wanting, the way could not be found, and he had been cropping up in her mind so often lately, she had concluded to exorcise the evil spirit by burning a little incense at his shrine and sending him a copy of a new volume of poems, contributed by several different writers, who all wrote anonymously and who were—in one instance at least—particularly anxious to know if they could be picked out by those who ought to know them. The writer then proceeded to inquire how much longer he proposed to keep up this preposterous farce and live outside of a society and atmosphere which it was impossible for him to do without,—a thing he would be sensible to acknowledge in the beginning instead of the end,—and wound up by assuring him that if he would return to his friends and his clubs and his habitual pursuits all would be forgiven and no questions asked.

When Stella finished reading it, and looked up, she found that Mr. Hobart had again been before her, and was watching her as she read.

"What impression does a letter like that make on you, Miss Stella?" he asked. "I am curious to know."

"It is very clever," said Stella. "Who is this lady?"

"Some one you will probably meet in New York this winter, if you go, and whom you'll hear of as exceedingly intelligent and wonderfully charming. That is her reputation."

"Is she pretty?" Stella asked, and then blushed at the silliness of the question.

"Pretty is not the word. She would scorn it. Superb comes nearer the mark."

"And she writes poetry?"

"So she seems to insinuate. I propose to leave the volume of verses with you, and let you find out the poetry for me, if there is any there,—that is, if you will allow me, and if you would like to save a busy man a hard job. But now about your letter. Aunt Mamie evidently has no notion of prostrating herself further in the dust before you; but she certainly gives you the opportunity of going, if you wish to. What do you mean to do? Come outside and tell me. Never mind Bertrand: look at him, please."

The young man, forgetful of his surroundings, was lounging comfortably on the hall sofa, with his back to the light, literally devouring the manifold closely-written sheets of which his letter consisted. The expression of his face was contented in the extreme, and the eyes that scanned the sheets in his hands were very tender.

"Not that he hasn't read it once already!" Hobart said, as Stella followed his lead and stepped out into the porch. "He walked his horse, I know, for the first mile or so, and dropped the bridle on his neck; and I shouldn't wonder if he found himself lost when the last page was ended,—which may account for his being late. Unc. says we would be in danger of forgetting there is such a thing as domestic happiness in the world, and of disbelieving utterly in love's young dream, if it were not for Bertrand, and that he keeps up the tone of the ranch more than the rest of us all put together."

He turned an instant and looked over his shoulder into the hall, from whence the sound of voices now issued. Then he said, suddenly,—

"There is your father. He will look after Bertrand, and you can come with me for a little stroll. The moon must be coming up by this time, and we'll go and have a look at her."

CHAPTER VIII.

STELLA wanted to rebel, but somehow she could not. There was a something in the air to-night that seemed to hold her under a spell, and Hobart had a way of speaking as if he felt he must be obeyed, which she wondered at herself for not resenting. As they stood for a moment in the light from the hall, Stella looked full at him, but, finding that her eyes were met by his, she turned away. She could not divine what his thoughts of her might be, but something—perhaps the ardent interest that animated his face—made the impression of his beauty very strong upon her just then. It was nothing but natural, Stella often said, that she should feel an admiring interest in such a handsome, elegant young man, but it would be exceedingly unnatural, so she would assure herself, that an elegant young man who had seen women as plenty as flowers in May should take more than the most casual interest in such an unpretending little creature as herself. These things she was strongly resolved to impress upon herself and bear continually in mind. She had had a salutary lesson early in life, which it behooved her to remember, and it had served its purpose well.

When Hobart and Stella had descended the steps and stood outside the house, alone in the stillness, the young man, with a bolder action than he had ever used to her before, reached out and took her hand and drew it within his arm, and guided her steps toward the river.

As they emerged from the shadow of the house, the radiant moon,

already quite far from the horizon, burst upon their sight. She scarcely showed her one day's waning, and looked still entirely round, and her full resplendent gaze seemed to fall upon the two young people tenderly. They had reached a low fence which skirted the premises on this side, and, as they paused and rested against it, Hobart said,—

"This place and all its surroundings are inexpressibly restful and lovely to me. All this stretch of fertile green country, with the long line of hills on one side and the river on the other, seems to be made for serenity and peace. As I rode over it with Bertrand when we were spying out the land, this influence possessed me so strongly that I told Unc., in describing it to him, that it was a veritable 'haven under the hill,' and I seemed to have no power to resist the gentle winds that wafted me hither. After I had seen it, I made up my mind at once to come. I thought even then that my destiny seemed to urge me to it; now I am certain of it, or, rather, what I feel now is that there was a Providence in it. I am sure that is how you would put it."

Stella made no response. She was looking downward, toward the placid little stream, across which the moon had made a path of silver.

"And yet, though I think this place so sweet," the young man went on, "I want to send you away from it. I am eager to know what your decision will be."

"You forget," said Stella, "that the question has never been agitated except in your own mind. I always knew the way was open if I chose to go, but I never did choose. Why should I then decide upon it now?"

"Because it is right; it is best: believe me, it is," he said, earnestly. "It is my solemn duty to tell you so."

"Do you wish for it so much?" she said. "What a philanthropic gentleman you are!"

"You may jest if you please, but I at least am in sober earnest. I *do* wish it much. I wish it intensely,—more than I have wished for anything for many a long day. I want you to go, but I also want you to come back."

His tone was very fervid as he said the last words, and the moonlight showed her that his face was fervid too.

"If I go, perhaps I shall stay," something prompted her to answer. "Perhaps I shall never come back."

"I know it," he responded; "I know perfectly how possible that is; but I want you to go. And I want you also to go soon. What I wish most is that you had been and were now returned, and that you were telling me after, instead of before, your experience of the world, that you liked this best and chose your lot here."

There was something in the young man's manner that caused Stella a feeling of genuine alarm, and for the first time in her recent intercourse with him a movement of distrust was aroused within her. His words, she knew, might mean little as well as much, but there was no mistaking the fact that he was strongly moved, or else that he wished to appear so, for Stella tried to persuade herself that she believed him only feigning. His look was concentrated and fervent, his tones were ardent; and all this was the more significant because his usual bearing toward every one was so composed and self-contained. A sudden agitating apprehension took possession of her, and she moved off in the direction of the house. When Hobart came up with her, he took her hand again and placed it in his arm with a firm movement which she felt powerless to resist, and they walked back in silence. When they reached the steps, he held her still for a moment, while he bent his eyes upon the downcast ones that would not meet them, and said, lowly,—

"If you remember how I have urged you to go away, you will, I trust, remember also how I urge you to come back. Some day my meaning may be clearer to you, but now I can only say that if you ever come to understand me in this matter you will do justice to the motives that have guided me."

Stella made no answer, but, feeling herself no longer hindered, she mounted the steps and joined Mr. Bertrand and her father in the hall. Hobart immediately declared they must be going, and in a very few moments Stella was listening to the sound of their horses' feet lessening rapidly in the distance, and reflecting that he had taken no leave of her, except to make her a formal bow in farewell.

The little package addressed to him was still upon the table, and Stella took it up and carried it off to her room.

CHAPTER IX.

During the long and restless hours in which Stella lay awake on the night that followed her conversation with Mr. Hobart recorded in the last chapter, she was agitated and disturbed almost more than she had ever been before. The more she strove to give place to the instinct which assured her that the young man was to be trusted and had spoken from the promptings of a sincere and kindly heart, the more her pride urged on her the remembrance of what had happened long ago, and this, in connection with the hints let fall by his friends as to his supposed disappointment in some recent love-affair, wrought upon her so

that, now that she was out of the presence which always inspired her with an instinctive trust, she convinced herself that Mr. Hobart had been only playing off on her some of the skilful wiles that he was wont to practise on young ladies. The fact that they were delicate and intangible made them all the more to be feared, and more than all when Stella forced herself to question her own heart did she see reason to fear herself, and before sleep came to her pillow she had so far changed her point of view that her whole mind was bent upon the thought of accepting her aunt's invitation. She could hardly wait until breakfast was over, next morning, and her father for the moment disengaged, to go to him with her aunt's letter and urge him to allow her to go to New York. To her intense relief, she found him entirely willing, and he even put no obstacle in the way of her earnest wish to go at once. He had to take a short journey by rail himself, he said, within the coming week, and he would see her started on her long one. The consideration of dress and such-like preparations offered no obstruction, as all that was to be attended to in New York, and the income from Stella's own moderate fortune, inherited from her mother, was ample for the supply of her simple requirements. She was feverishly impatient until every preliminary had been arranged, and longed to be on the way immediately, now that it was decided that she was to go.

When the letter to her aunt had been despatched, announcing her expectation to arrive in New York on a certain evening, and the few simple preparations had been set on foot and everything was put in working order for the trip, the young girl became conscious of a reluctance to leave home that was so strong that, but for the fact that her reluctance to remain there was stronger, she could never have gone. Especially she hated the thought of being separated from her father. Sad indeed is the lot of the human being who has not some one anchor to cling to in this life. Stella's anchor was her father. She felt a sort of terror in the act of cutting loose from him; but she felt also that the force that now impelled her to part from him was the stronger motive of the two. Still, as far as possible, she kept near her father during these few remaining days they were to have together, even joining him in his rides about the place and the neighborhood. He called to her one morning, when she was sewing in her room, to ask if she would not like to take a long ride with him, and when she joyfully assented he told her to get ready as quickly as possible, and in a quarter of an hour she was neatly equipped in her habit and cantering along beside him. The roads were smooth and level, and generally they rode too rapidly to talk, but when they sometimes drew rein and walked their horses for a while they fell into the pleasant chats that

both of them were always glad of an opportunity to have. The weather was bracing and inspiring, and both father and daughter were conscious of a feeling of enjoyment.

When they had performed their errand, Dr. Gray, instead of turning immediately homeward, said he had something else to see to, not over a mile farther on, and turned aside into a road that Stella did not know. She was busily talking, however, and felt no curiosity as to their destination, until she found herself close upon a group of tents, not far from which some huge buildings were in process of erection, rising out of great piles of lumber. At once it flashed across her that this was Westfields, and she knew by the direction they had come that it could be nothing else.

"Oh, papa!" she said, protestingly, "why did you bring me here?"

"I wanted to give you a little surprise, my dear," he answered. "You needn't be alarmed. All the men, except Bell, are off at work, I know, and I particularly want to see how Bell is coming on. The fact is, the old fellow is a perfect trump, and I've failed so entirely in my efforts to induce him to be sociable that it occurred to me that the ladies at my house might be the bugbears, and I thought I'd like to show him a specimen, that he might see they were not formidable. Here he is. Now make yourself as charming to him as you can. He's such an old fellow, you needn't mind."

"My daughter, Mr. Bell," he went on presently, when that gentleman, with an awkward, shuffling gait, had hurried up.

The astonished "Unc.," with an air of solemn politeness, possessed himself of the bridle of Miss Gray's horse and begged her to allow him to help her to alight; but Stella, who had keen instincts as well as keen eyes, somehow divined that he considered her distinctly out of place and gave her small thanks for coming.

"I had rather not get down, papa," she said, half timidly. "I don't mind waiting, and I suppose you won't be long."

"The fact is, Stella has fallen unwittingly into a little trap I set for her," said Dr. Gray. "She simply agreed to accompany me on a ride, not knowing where I was going, and I found myself so near you that I thought I would not let the opportunity pass of seeing how my remedies had acted."

This put a new face upon the matter, and, now that it appeared that the young lady had been the subject of an amiable imposition, and that her father had perhaps an insufficient understanding of the delicacy of her feelings, she became the object of real instead of pretended solicitation on the part of her host.

"Miss Gray must by no means refuse the hospitalities of Westfields," he said. "We have a large debt to repay on that score; and although all three of my partners are absent, I should fare ill at their hands on their return if I failed to do the honors, to the best of my ability, to such welcome guests."

Stella felt it would be ungracious to refuse his invitation further, and let him assist her to dismount, after which she gathered up her habit and followed him into the principal tent, which was fitted up apparently for dining-room and sitting-room. As her eyes wandered around its walls, she was much amazed at the convenience and completeness of the camping-out equipments with which the ranchers had provided themselves. "Unc.," as she found herself instinctively thinking of him, was not dressed, like the others, in prairie costume: indeed, she could scarcely imagine him so jauntily apparelled. He wore a rough gray suit, a good deal the worse for wear, with the regulation trousers and a sack-coat, and showed a certain slovenliness of attire that contrasted strikingly with the scrupulous neatness of the other three gentlemen. He was ugly, too,—though far from disagreeable-looking,—and had a manner that was at once awkward and kind. His face was strong and his bearing polite, and he was evidently a gentleman, but not what is called, in the jargon of the day, "a swell."

"Miss Gray must by all means have some refreshment after her drive," said Mr. Bell. "What is it ladies like? A cup of tea, isn't it? Our cook is just at present pressed into service elsewhere, so I shall have to make it."

He produced a little tea-service, of a kind at once pretty and serviceable, and, lighting the spirit-lamp, set the water to boil, and placed the tea-caddy in readiness. Then he insisted that the horses must be watered and fed, and excused himself to go and see to it. It was so unmistakably a pleasure to him to perform these hospitable acts that both Dr. Gray and his daughter had too much tact to forbid them. As soon as they were left alone, the father said,—

"Now's my chance to get in a word professionally. It requires some manœuvring to doctor this fellow, and I always have to get my information incidentally. He looks a vast deal better under my treatment, and I mean to keep it up. I shall tell him you are glad of a little quiet rest after your long ride, and shall keep him out awhile and try to find out what he needs further. He was getting into a poor state of health; and he's not a man to be easily spared."

"He's just an old dear," said Stella, warmly. "I was provoked with you at first, papa, for bringing me here, but I don't mind him any more than if he were an old woman, and I'm so glad I've met him."

No sooner did Miss Gray find herself alone in the tent than she rose and walked over to the rude mantel-shelf, above which there was an object which she had been conscious of ever since her entrance, but which she had until now avoided looking at directly. It was the photograph of Hobart that Bertrand had described to her, and underneath, as he had said, was scrawled the inscription "Cow-boy Charley." A radiant smile of pure amusement overspread the young girl's face as she looked from the writing to the card. If ever a man looked as if he were fitted by nature to circumstances of luxury and ease, assuredly the young gentleman before her looked it, to the last detail of person and costume. And yet Stella Gray smiled again when she remembered how his prairie dress seemed also to suit him, for the image in her mind was no less admirable and attractive than the one just now before her eyes. As she stood gazing at the picture, a gentle hissing sound caught her ear, and she discovered that the teakettle was boiling. Drawing off her gloves, with a smile of amusement, she proceeded to make the tea, and just as she was pouring the steaming water into the pot, her head on one side and her slim body in a charming poise, she looked up, attracted by a sudden sound, and saw Charles Hobart standing in the door of the tent and gazing at her intently.

"*Am* I dreaming?" he said, as if half under his breath, standing motionless as if afraid to break the spell. Then he smiled and began to sing softly the refrain of one of the songs he had taught to her:

> "Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain.
> Oh, do not wake me. Let me dream again."

Stella blushed rosy red under his intent gaze and burst into a little half-frightened laugh.

"You were supposed to be at the antipodes," she began.

"So I was," he put in. "I've been for many a day at the antipodes of such a scene as this. I didn't have an idea that a tent could, all in a minute, turn into a home, and I assure you it's a most bewildering transformation-scene. Oh, if you knew how tired I am," he added, coming into the tent and throwing himself upon the lounge, "and how I long for a cup of that tea!"

You have already some idea of what an unconventional young lady was Miss Stella Gray. All her delicacy was in instinct, not training, and there was no instinct within her now that offered the slightest opposition to her pouring Mr. Hobart a cup of tea and carrying it over to him, with a merry unembarrassed smile.

"If you looked into that chest you would find some crackers," Hobart said, in an appealing tone, as if he hardly dared to hope she

would do it; but Stella laughed gayly, and tripped away, holding up her habit in one hand, and presently returned with the crackers on a small plate. She shoved the table a little nearer to him, and set the plate down at his elbow.

"And now," said Hobart, "if you would make yourself a cup of tea and come and sit down and drink it with me, I should say you were quite the best little woman in the world."

Stella tripped away again, and began to pour another cup of tea. She had not forgotten that she was going away. Indeed, it was because she vividly remembered it that she abandoned herself now to the full enjoyment of this little episode. She saw that Hobart was enjoying it, and, although he would forget it by to-morrow (according to her fancy that the parts played by women in his life were the very slightest of all his impressions), it would be a pleasant memory to take with her into the barren waste of worldliness to which she was going. As to what Mr. Bell might think, if he should happen to come in upon this free-and-easy course of things, that embarrassment was never even suggested to her mind; nor did it occur to her to feel any qualms concerning Hobart's opinion, and, if it had, she must have felt how useless these would be.

When she brought her cup of tea, and seated herself on a folding chair that stood near Hobart's lounge, her first glance at him showed her that his eyes were closed.

"Have you gone to sleep, Mr. Hobart?" she said, the smile on her face sounding in her merry voice.

"I'm so glad you spoke to me," he said, opening his eyes and looking full upon her. "I don't know what made me shut my eyes, unless it was a sort of feeling that the dream would last longer if I paid it that tribute; and then I was afraid to open them, lest I should see the home shifted off and the tent restored. But here you are, sitting opposite, drinking your tea with me quite sociably, and ready to give me another cup by and by, and it's no dream at all! You won't catch me so much as winking again. I shall not give you that much chance to be whisked away; for I have seen no sign of how you got here, and I suppose the fairies must have brought you."

"You may harbor that delusion if it pleases your fancy," she replied, "but I cannot prevent your having a substantial proof of my manner of exit, for here comes papa, with Mr. Bell, and we must soon be going."

The two gentlemen were surprised, but they showed and had no other feeling, when they found Hobart quietly sipping his tea with Stella. The young man explained that one of the wagons had broken

down, and, as he had been able to get it only as far as the blacksmith's shop, and it could not be ready to use until next morning, he had been obliged to take a half-holiday, and had ridden home.

"Just fancy my emotions, when I got here tired and worried, to find a ministering spirit with a rejuvenating potion in her hand ready mixed for me! I have taken it, and am another man. Try its effect, doctor. Let me hand you a cup. And, Unc., now you do as I tell you: sit right down on that stool, and let Miss Gray mix and administer it to you. It will give you a new sensation, which reaches farther than a new prescription, even though the latter may be of our good doctor's own composing."

It was pretty to see the young girl, with a merry appreciation of the joke, anticipating and meeting all the wants of the overpowered gentleman who was in reality old enough to be her father, and whom she evidently regarded in the light (never grateful to bachelorhood of any degree) of an amiable old man. First he must have a more comfortable seat, and change to this one which she placed nearer the table; then his cup must be rinsed with hot water, to insure the tea's being hot; then he must by no means mix it for himself, but let her do it, with a due regard to the correct order of sugar, tea, and cream; then more crackers must be brought for him from the chest; and, in conclusion, he mustn't say "If you please" and "Thank you," but just drink his tea and be comfortable.

When the two elders had been established at the table, with their frugal repast before them,—to which Dr. Gray refused to allow anything else to be added,—Stella was reminded that the agreeable little episode was almost over, by her father's looking at his watch and saying that they must mount as soon as he had finished his tea.

"Then mine must be the privilege of getting your horses," Hobart said. "Would Miss Gray care to come with me and have a look at our stables? They are more imposing than the frugality of our residence might lead one to suppose."

Besides the predominating motive, which need not be described, the young man had a secondary one in making this proposition, which consisted in the reflection that poor old Unc. would inevitably miss the flavor of his cup of tea, if he did not indeed choke himself with it, unless the disconcerting vision of that radiant young maiden's presence were removed. It was an unwonted sight to Unc., and the young fellow thought it hardly wonderful that it should threaten to turn his head.

When Mr. Hobart and Miss Gray had turned their backs upon the tent and were walking off toward the stables, both of them felt that the little comedy was played out and reality had returned. Stella, for her

part, was reflecting that she must tell him she was going to New York, while he, for his, had almost forgotten the existence of the metropolis and his recent anxiety that Stella should visit it. As Stella accompanied him through the great buildings and inspected all their arrangements, which were on a scale so much grander than any she had ever seen before, New York and all its liabilities and accompaniments seemed farther off than ever and more unwelcome to her memory. Her own little horse, which seemed rather restive in its strange stall, recognized her and gave a whinny of delight as she came near, pricking up its delicate ears and pawing impatiently. All the hands being away at work, Mr. Hobart had to saddle and bridle it himself, and, as Stella stood by, the animal rubbed its head affectionately against her, while its young mistress responded by caresses and endearing words.

"I really think Lorna will miss me when I'm gone," she said. "She's the most loving little soul imaginable, and I know she will wonder that I stay away from her so long. Don't you believe animals do wonder?"

"Are you really going away?" said Hobart, taking no notice of her question, and looking up at her quickly as he was buckling the girth.

"Yes, I'm really going," she answered. "I have acted according to your advice, you see!"

"So you have," he answered, his eyes bent now upon his work. "And how long do you suppose you'll stay?"

"Oh, quite indefinitely," said Stella. "Papa advises all the winter. He seems to think, with you, that it is a more fitting sphere for me. I hope your combined wisdom may effect a happy result upon my future."

"Why do you go, if you don't want to?" said Hobart, impetuously. "Why should you be overruled by the judgment of others, when it is a case you can best decide upon yourself? I said I thought you would be wise to go; but I don't know. I suppose you have been guided by your own lights heretofore, and Heaven knows they have led you better than mine have led me. Perhaps I gave you bad advice. Is it because of what I said that you are going?"

Stella shook her head.

"No," she said: "I want to go. I didn't at first; but I do now. I begged papa to consent to it."

"And it is now definitely settled?"

"Quite. I have written to Aunt Mamie to meet me."

"And when do you leave?"

"On Monday."

"Well, I've got my wish sooner than I expected; and yet so un-

reasonable are we mortals that—do you know?—I am not glad you are going. I am even very sorry. You thought Lorna would miss you. Have you ever cared enough about it to think how it will be with me?"

Stella's heart was beating oppressively, but she had a consciousness within her which was a complete armor against such darts as these. She called to her aid all her pride as she answered, carelessly,—

"I cannot conscientiously say that I have, Mr. Hobart. My own family and Lorna have had the monopoly of my solicitude in that regard, with the exception of a small remnant of my Sunday-school class."

"You are not kind when you speak like that, Miss Gray; and when you are not kind I always think you are not sincere. However, although I accept my snubbing, there is a grain of comfort in it. Your family, Lorna, and the Sunday-school class are likely to remain *in statu quo*, and you'll have to come back to them; for I fancy the sense of being strongly needed would act powerfully upon a nature such as yours. Would it not?"

There was something almost solemnly earnest in his manner and tone as he said this, and Stella dared not meet his eyes. She was toying tenderly with Lorna's mane, and kept her gaze fixed there.

("What an adroit flatterer he is!" she said to herself, disdainfully. "Practice makes perfect, I suppose! Many a silly girl—such as one I can recall—has been taken in by words and tones like these, and he no doubt counts upon their serving his purpose now. If so, a surprise awaits him!")

"Just at present," she answered, laughingly, "I am most strongly needed by papa, who is, no doubt, wondering at my delaying so. Come, Lorna, we are going home." And, turning, she left the stable, while Hobart led the horse out by the door that led directly from the stall. When he came up to where she stood awaiting him, she said,—

"I don't see any place to mount. Is a city man up to our country custom of offering a lady his hand for the purpose?"

Her tone was light and her manner gay, but Hobart looked grave.

"I am not a city man," he said,—"the imputation sounds unjust to me already,—but here's my hand, Miss Gray, for any purpose by which it can render you a service."

He held out his strong right hand, browned and somewhat hardened now, and Stella put her little foot in it and vaulted lightly into her saddle. Lorna capered a little when she felt her young lady's weight upon her back once more, but Hobart offered no assistance and expressed no alarm. He somehow seemed to feel that Lorna was more her friend

than he, and that she trusted herself more willingly to the fiery little animal, who showed indeed a wonderful responsiveness to her gentle tones and touches.

They turned toward the tent in silence, Stella walking her horse, so that Hobart easily kept pace. He *must* indeed be tired and overworked, she thought, for his face, as she now glanced at it furtively, looked careworn and clouded.

"Miss Gray," he said, suddenly, when they had almost reached the tent, "if I should write to you after you've been gone awhile, should you be angry?"

Stella's heart said no, and bade her own how welcome such a letter would be, so far away, but Stella's pride dictated a very different response, and Stella's lips said, coldly,—

"Write to me? For what? I can't imagine what you could have to say."

When Hobart opened his lips to speak, a moment later, it was not in answer to Miss Gray, but to call out to her father, who now emerged from the tent, that his horse was all ready in the stable and he would bring him up immediately. Both of them, in their preoccupation, had forgotten the good doctor and his horse.

When Hobart came rapidly up, a few moments later, leading the doctor's horse, his manner had changed. The seriousness had given place to a more formal bearing, perfectly self-possessed and also perfectly cordial. He thanked them both for the pleasure their visit had given, asked the day of the month (a matter as to which he avowed himself now habitually in the dark), declaring that he would like to mark it with a white stone, if he could form any idea of the character of the process, asked Stella if she would not leave some tangible token of her presence behind her, that they might have some hope of inducing Estcott and Bertrand to believe them when they told their partners what had happened, and was altogether so easy and gay that the girl felt almost hurt, and resented his manner so far as to turn rather grave herself. Even Unc. seemed very loath to part with her, and asked her if she never meant to come again.

"Angels' visits are few and far between," said Hobart. "Miss Gray perhaps means hers to be unique. Luckily for us, however, one such visit may prompt a thousand memories; and until we have forgotten that she has been with us and lightened our darkness and sat under our shelter and made our tea and mingled her smiles and glances with it, her presence will seem to linger round us still, and Unc. and I will be in a position to accord the deepest pity to the loneliness of Estcott and Bertrand."

Dr. Gray had shaken hands with both men cordially, and was mounting his horse, when Stella held out her hand to Mr. Bell, and said, almost timidly,—

"I am going away for a long time, Mr. Bell, to see my aunt in New York. Good-by."

There was a sort of appealingness in her tone that might have seemed singular to the man she addressed, but for the fact that he considered everything a woman did that, and only took this along with the rest. Hobart, however, heard that little tender tone, and wondered what it meant. Was she less callous than she wished to seem? and did she perhaps want to feel that she would be kindly remembered by some of those she left behind? It might be so; and, please Heaven, she should never want a solace or a joy that he could give her! So when she had taken leave of Unc. he came up beside her and took her hand a moment and said, most gently,—

"Good-by, Miss Stella. We will never forget you for this visit, if you should never think of us again. If the New-Yorkers do not treat you as they should, remember Unc. and me, and what a welcome awaits you in the haven under the hill."

He smiled as he ended, and dropped her hand; but as Stella caught a last glimpse of him before Lorna bounded away, as he stood with his handsome head bared and his eyes uplifted, the grave look had returned, and with it an expression that made her think of what he had said about her responding to another's earnest need.

But she could not tolerate that thought. It weakened her purpose for the future and unsettled everything in the present: so, by way of stilling the insistent memory, she invited her father to a rapid gallop, and under the influence of Lorna's swiftest speed the disturbing spirit was subdued.

CHAPTER X.

"You *are* the oddest girl," said Mrs. Lacy, emphatically, addressing her niece Miss Gray, a few mornings after the latter's arrival in New York, as the two ladies sat together in a cosey morning-room. The weather was cold, and an open fire blazed cheerfully in the grate. "All these years, in which I have been begging and beseeching you to come across from that barren waste and stay with me, you have seemed wedded to that desolate existence, and now no sooner is the desolation removed by the arrival of four agreeable gentlemen than you turn your back upon them and bethink yourself of your aunt's despised

hospitality! I can tell you it isn't every day in the week that such a quartet as that is got together, even in New York. Mr. Bell, whose people I know, has the reputation of being rather a crusty old creature, but very clever, and a gentleman, and I believe also a scholar. Archy Bertrand, though engaged, and very much engaged, would always be companionable to an attractive young lady; while Estcott, being of an excellent family and a marriageable age, with money enough and brains enough to make him worth considering, would have been rather an interesting neighbor for most young ladies. And as to Mr. Hobart——"

Mrs. Lacy paused, while Stella waited with concealed eagerness.

"Well," she said, presently, "what about Mr. Hobart?"

"My child, you are simply too ignorant to appreciate Charles Hobart; and that is the only excuse for your indifference about him. The most fastidious circles of New York, as well as those of every other city where he has been known, delight to honor Charles Hobart, and feel his society a privilege. He is so talented, so clever, so delightful in conversation, that he used to be the very life of the select small dinners we used to have when he was here, and his appearance is so handsome and so far more than handsome that it was a pleasure to watch him in a ball-room even after he gave up dancing. Oh, and then he was such a treasure at the sea-shore, and such a jewel in the quieter and more difficult relations of private intercourse, and people liked him so immensely and favored and spoiled him so boundlessly; and what did it all come to? He calmly took himself off to the barrenness and obscurity of those Western wilds, not even taking leave of his friends, except a favored few, of whom I was one, to whom he wrote short notes of farewell, saying nothing of the probable duration of his absence, and omitting, either from accident or intention, even to give his address! *I* think it was very ungrateful, though he spoke in the sweetest way of his appreciation of my kindness to him, and I know he felt every word of it, for he *has* a heart, in spite of all his enemies and even his friends may say to the contrary."

"Mr. Bertrand told me," said Stella, after there had been a little pause between them, "that he had an idea that some disappointment in a love-affair was at the bottom of his embracing his present life."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Lacy. "The idea has suggested itself to me as a possible solution of the mystery; but if it's so, his friends in New York know nothing of it, and I can't see that any one more than forty others among his lady friends has grieved for him especially. Still, he's not the man to expose his feelings to the public gaze, or to care about a woman who would do so either: so there the

mystery rests. One thing, by the way, I will say, in the way of prediction: after you have gone through a season in New York and seen the best it has to offer in the matter of the masculine element, you will go back home with an appreciation of the supreme charm of your next-door neighbor which you never had before. I'd venture a good deal on that."

"Well, wouldn't that be a happy state of affairs?" said Stella, lightly. "It is always a fortunate thing to be satisfied with one's surroundings."

"I can't fancy Charles Hobart in that life," Mrs. Lacy went on, musingly. "How does he look? What does he wear?"

"He looks extremely well and healthy, though he is considerably bronzed," said Stella, "and he wears, for example, a blue flannel shirt and knee-breeches, with long blue yarn stockings and low-cut shoes, and what is called a Tam O'Shanter cap, or Scotch bonnet."

"What a beauty he must look!" said Mrs. Lacy, enthusiastically. "I hadn't thought of him in that costume, and his figure is so straight and strong that it would suit him perfectly."

"I don't know about his being a beauty," said Stella, feeling resentful at the term, "but he certainly looks uncommonly well in his prairie dress; and you've no idea how he works!"

"Works, indeed!" said Mrs. Lacy, scornfully. "Doing the part of an Irish laborer! I've no patience with such folly! But come; we are wasting our time in discussing that benighted young man. We must dress and go out. The dress-maker must be hurried with your work, for several invitations have already come that I mean you to accept; and since you've chosen to turn your back upon such attractions at home, I must try and make it up to you."

The acceptance of the invitations alluded to introduced Miss Gray to many new acquaintances and opened before her an ever-widening perspective of entertainments and new friends which bade fair to occupy her attention to the last moment and give full employment to her energies and interests. Among all the people whom she met, however, there was only one who seemed likely to become her warm and familiar friend; and this was Mr. Bertrand's little *fiancée*, Miss Bessie Parke. She had called upon Stella promptly, and the two girls had found so much to talk about, having been both primed for each other beforehand by the young man who was the ardent lover of one and the ardent friend of the other, that they never wearied of each other's society, and, as Stella soon confided to Miss Parke, she found nothing so delightful and joy-giving in all her experience of New York as the charming ready-made friend who was prepared at once to enter into all

her interests and pursuits. Miss Parke's engagement was so well known that there were no aspirants to her favor in other than a friendly light, but of these there were many, as she was just the sort of sweet, amiable, warm-hearted, restful little creature to be friends with everybody. It seemed possible now, from the encouraging tone of Bertrand's recent letters, that they might be able to afford to be married in the spring; and, if so, they would be neighbors very soon.

"Do you think you will like the life?" said Stella. "It is very isolated and monotonous, and I don't believe you can have an idea of it beforehand."

"Do I think I shall like it?" said Miss Parke, opening her eyes very wide and laughing brightly. "Oh, you innocent Stella! Shan't I have my dear boy with me all the time? and shan't we be all the more to each other by reason of our isolation from other society? and shan't I find employment for all my time and all my energy in making his home cheerful and sweet and pretty for him, and beguiling his leisure hours with books and talks and house-decorating and every sort of delightful thing which several lives could hardly suffice for! Oh, Stella, you haven't an idea what it is to care for any one as I do for him and as he does for me; and as for doubting whether I should like the life or not, with Archy with me, why, I should have no doubt about Sahara as a place of residence under the circumstances, if we were secure of an umbrella to hold over our heads and an occasional sip of water. I shouldn't dare to talk in this way to any one but you, for fear I'd be called an idiot; but you know, I hope, that it is in reality the soundest sense. Don't you believe it?"

"Yes," said Stella, gravely, "you and Mr. Bertrand seem to me about the wisest as well as the happiest people that I know."

There was undoubtedly a tinge of sadness in her tones, and a certain something in her manner that Bessie had perceived before and did not quite understand. It seemed very dreary to this sympathetic young creature that there should be any one in the world outside of the happy valley that love had made for Bertrand and herself, and she put her tender arms about the rather stately maiden standing before her and said, wistfully,—

"Oh, Stella dear, I wish you and somebody could be as happy as Archy and I. It seems almost wicked for us to monopolize it all; and so few people are very happy: don't you think so?"

"Not many, I think, in the way that you and Mr. Bertrand are."

"But there *is* no other way," cried Bessie, ardently: "everything else is the merest sham." And she ran on into a long exposition of the views held by her lover and herself, which would probably prove

less interesting to the reader than it did to the ardent young girl who listened eagerly, though still with that undefined seriousness, to it all.

"Oh, Bessie," she said, at the close of their interview, "do let me give you one piece of advice. Marry just as soon as you can, dear, and never mind about arrangements."

"As if we would!" said Bessie, scornfully. "Arrangements, indeed! Papa requires—and Archy would be unwilling not to give—a voucher for his ability to supply bread and butter for the future; and now that he has put his capital into a safe investment, with the likelihood of its making him a fair return and giving him congenial employment, we are perfectly happy."

"You are a lucky little woman," said her friend, "and Mr. Bertrand is a lucky man; and, what's more, both you and he deserve it all. But such happiness as yours is not for everybody." And with these words she rose to go, for the occasion of this conversation had been a morning visit made by Stella to her new friend.

Mrs. Lacy was a great favorite in society, which owed her indeed a good deal for the frequency and variety of her efforts in its behalf, in the shape of entertainments of various kinds. Her house was a popular one, and her friends were legion. As a consequence of all this, Mrs. Lacy's young guest was the object of much attention in society, which would have been the case, to some extent, if her personal attractions had been small. As they were, however, the reverse of small, in reality, and as Stella generally rewarded by her own personal graces the attention bestowed upon her for her aunt's sake, and as many people who were unmoved by that consideration were attracted and enchained by the young girl's beauty and charm, she soon became one of the most popular figures in society, and, as a consequence, was frequently an admired subject of the observation of that ever-expanding social evil, the newspaper correspondent. As newspapers were almost the only messengers from the outside world that found their way to the solitude of Westfields, they were usually read by one or another of the four men rather exhaustively, and various were the items concerning the beautiful and much-admired Miss Gray which were read out around that distant camp-fire. Unc. invariably received these announcements with marked interest, and would remark that it was not often that popular taste rested upon such a good foundation, or express the hope that those foolish people would not turn the pretty little creature's head, alternating with a candid avowal of his satisfaction that she was getting the admiration that she deserved, etc. Bertrand delighted in it all, being more kindly disposed toward Miss Gray than ever, since his little sweetheart's letters had described enthusiastically their growing inti-

macy; while Estcott, who was rather more outside the subject than the others, expressed his pleasure in the fact that Miss Gray seemed to be enjoying herself so much, but rather wondered that she should be called a beauty. Mr. Estcott himself was a very small and slender man, and admired nothing so much in women as muscle and adipose, and Stella's slim loveliness was very far from his ideal. Hobart alone of the four men was non-committal, usually receiving these reports and opinions concerning Miss Gray in a silence that his three friends interpreted each after his kind. Bertrand, who always felt himself in a position of having to reach up to Hobart's level in most things, fancied he might possibly be restrained by the reflection that the subject was almost too delicate a one to be discussed, however respectfully, by four men around a camp-fire; while Estcott was of the opinion that Hobart's standard being difficult, Miss Gray fell short of it, though he did not care to say so, and Unc., for his part, sought for the reason deeper yet, and kept an unusually watchful eye on his favorite partner, suspicious, but by no means convinced, as to his almost marked reserve in regard to Miss Gray and her attractions.

CHAPTER XI.

One day the papers brought the news of a great fancy-dress ball given by Mrs. Lacy in honor of her young guest, and of course the costume and appearance of the recognized star of the occasion were described at length. She had appeared in the character of Undine, and her costume, designed by her aunt, was given in all its bewildering details of water-green draperies, with sea-weed simulated by trailing Southern moss, and ornamentation of pearls and pink coral and tiny shells. Hobart read the description to himself before the others had seen the papers, and found himself wondering whether it had been written by a woman or a man. The minuteness of detail as to costume seemed to suggest the former, but the enthusiasm of tone where the young girl's personal grace and beauty were touched upon seemed to point to the latter inference. At all events, he did not like it. For a man to discuss so publicly a subject so sacred seemed to merit a punishment nothing short of castigation, and even from a woman it was indelicate and utterly out of taste. What right had he to feel so strongly about it? None, he told himself over and over again, and less than none! Why did papers print such rubbish? and why, above all, was he fool enough to read it, and even scan every column to look for it? And what effect would it all have on Stella,—modest, gentle,

womanly Stella, who was not to be spoken of except with reverent breath and delicate thought? Why did he urge her to go to New York? and what might they not make of her there, among them all? There were men and women spoken of in the very same article, who had been invited by the hostess to meet and know her niece, whom it made Hobart hot to think of as coming near to dear, tender, modest little Stella. How would they talk to her, and what would Stella think of their talk? Oh to have her back again, here in the solitude and safety of her own distant home, with the sewing to be done for her little brothers her chiefest care, and her father and step-mother and the Sunday-school children and his three partners and Lorna and himself as all her world! Would she ever care for that world again?—or would she be spoiled for it? Would she come back with her natural and healthy appetite for the simple pleasures of her country life quite dulled and blunted, and with a craving for the stimulating influences of her recent exciting existence? Well, suppose she should! Who was to be thanked for it? Had he not urged her to go, and had he not thought chiefly of himself in doing so? His motive had been one that he had thought fine at the time,—a feeling that it would be unfair for him to take advantage of the girl's ignorance and inexperience by giving way to the alluring voices that were forever urging him to allow himself to love this sweet woman and win her love in return. He was used to easy victories over the feelings of women, and he was afraid of the very power within him, and dared not permit himself to take one single step. In this case, it is true, he had felt less confidence in himself than he had ever felt before, but surely, surely he might have won her! She who was all loveliness and sweetness would surely be amenable to the voice of love, and, oh, what wondrous things he could tell her about what their lives might be together,—things he had never even thought of in his inmost soul before! And what a need he had of her, and of her influence on his life! That had been dimly in his mind when he had told her he knew that appeal would be a strong one to her. Oh, it was maddening to reflect that, possibly, but for his own folly Stella might be near him now, instead of so far, far away both in spirit and in body, and she might be perhaps already his, wooed and won, instead of what she seemed now, a distant and constantly-obscured star. And yet, on the other hand, her staying might have wrought him only wretchedness and disappointment, for he had received but scant encouragement to go further when he had occasionally made the slightest advances to her; and when he had asked her, at parting, in a way any woman would understand, whether he might write to her, her manner had been careless and hard. A woman who was even

capable of learning to love him could scarcely have treated him in just that way, he thought. And so it was, confused and saddening and uncertain, the only positive thing in it all being that he loved her, and that he missed her and longed for her so that life was not life without her!

CHAPTER XII.

WHETHER it was due to the fact of Mrs. Lacy's popularity, or Miss Gray's personal attractions, or the usual zest of society for novelty, or a mixture of these three elements, certain it is that Stella became a very prominent figure in society, and was extolled by the newspapers so generally, for the attributes and accomplishments she did not possess as well as those she did, that information concerning her movements and the admiration she excited was not lacking to the far-distant friends at Westfields.

It may seem a little strange that of the four gentlemen there the one who manifested the greatest delight and interest in reading these accounts was the usually imperturbable Unc. He even evinced a sense of proprietorship in the object of all this adulation, and was wont to herald his readings from the newspapers on this subject with such remarks as, "Here's something more about our little lady!" or, "Who do you suppose heads the list of the figures described at the Charity Ball as most admired for their beauty and costume? Why, no other than our little lady herself, in a costume said to beggar description!"

A close observer—had such an individual been loitering about Westfields, where the gentlemen had gone into winter quarters, with monstrous wood fires, around which they gathered, to talk and read and smoke, when the toils of day were over—would possibly have noticed that Unc. had some choice as to his audience when he read these extracts and made these observations. His auditors might be more or less than the three partners, but one thing was essential,—Hobart must be of the number. But then Hobart was given up to be Unc.'s pet and favorite of them all, and that was perhaps sufficient explanation. The same mail that brought the paper containing the account of Stella's appearance at the Charity Ball brought also to Bertrand a long letter from his little *fiancée*, giving her own account of the matter, and describing Stella with a warmth of feeling that not even the newspaper correspondent's pen could equal. Unc., who was the confidant (in the absence of the female element in their lives) of all three of the young men, was favored by Bertrand with the reading of the less personal por-

tions of this letter, in which were contained the references to Stella. "She was the loveliest thing I ever looked at, in her white and gold costume," wrote the ardent little Bessie, "and people were raving over her, and half the men present quite crazy to dance with her. I hardly ventured to claim her attention at first, as she was so surrounded, and stood at a distance for a while, watching her. I was with papa, who admires her as much almost as I do, and presently she spied us and came over to where we were, taking the first arm that was offered to her, without seeming to notice whose it was, as she has such a way of doing. I never saw anything like her indifference to men. It happened that some one had stepped on my dress and torn it, and when Stella came up I was lamenting it, and she insisted on going to the dressing-room to fasten it up. I did not want to take her away; but she will always do as she chooses, and would go with me. When we got to the dressing-room, it was empty, and Stella went to work at once and fixed my dress for me, and when it was done I begged her to go back, as so many people would be wanting her in the ball-room; but, instead of complying, she put her hands on my shoulders and looked at me intently and said no, there was nobody in the ball-room, or anywhere else for that matter, that really wanted her, and then asked when I had heard from you, and why we didn't make haste with our wedding, and began to talk about Westfields, and her own home, and how lovely the country was, and said somebody had called it once 'the haven under the hill,' and that was how she always thought of it; and I noticed, when she said this, that the tears sprang to her eyes, and she told me that when I drifted out of the wild tempestuous life of New York into that blessed place of rest I would be so happy and would understand perhaps why it was that she loved it so much; and then I asked her why she didn't go back to it, if she was happier there, and when her visit was to end, and she said she couldn't go back, and that maybe she never would, but all the same I was the luckiest girl on earth, with the life I had cut out before me, and she should have no patience with me if I delayed my marriage, for things were so uncertain, and something might happen, and talked on so strangely that I am almost sure she is not happy. I have often suspected it, but I can get no clue to the truth. She threw her arms around me suddenly and kissed me, and I thought she was going to cry, but she drew herself away and went off with the gentleman who had been waiting for her outside; and when I saw her next, she was looking so lovely and serene, and people were watching her with such admiration, and I'm sure no one there but me had any idea she was not enjoying all the attention she received; but I knew that, for some reason, she had no

heart for it. What can the reason be? Can you help me to guess it? Her mind is preoccupied, and she only tries to enter into the life here, and cannot succeed."

When Bertrand finished reading this long extract to Unc., the latter made no comment, except to say that if he ever proved himself unworthy of the nice girl who wrote him such letters he'd have to answer for it to him, and then fell to a discussion of the plans for the cottage, which it was now settled was to be put up as soon as spring opened, for the occupancy of the bride; and this topic proved so absorbing that Bertrand soon forgot the subordinate matter of Miss Stella Gray's eccentric state of mind. With Unc., however, it was very different. The subject lingered in his thoughts and would not be dismissed; and when Bertrand and Estcott had gone off that night to have a conference with some of the hands as to some work that was to be done on the morrow, and he and Hobart sat around the big blazing fire, it seemed to take entire possession of him. He was smoking a short pipe, and puffing away serenely, as his eyes rested scrutinizingly on Hobart's face. Hobart, who was not smoking, sat gazing intently into the fire with relaxed features, and that absolute unconsciousness of self which is only possible when in the company of one who is entirely trusted. To be with Unc. was to Hobart almost like being alone, so far as any need of restraint was concerned.

"Hobart," said Unc., presently, taking his pipe from his lips and speaking with such quietness that his companion felt so little disturbed that he did not even move the direction of his eyes, "what do you think you'll do about renewing when your first year's time is out?"

Hobart turned a sudden, penetrating glance upon him, and said, rather sharply,—

"What's put it into your head to ask me that? The year isn't up for some time yet, and there's plenty of time to come to a decision."

"Oh, certainly," said Unc., "there's time enough. I only thought perhaps you *had* been thinking of it, and that maybe you'd want to sell out, as of course you've a right to do."

"Can you possibly tell me what has put that notion into your head?"

"The idea that it was in yours, I reckon," answered Unc., puffing away placidly at his pipe.

"And what made you think it was in mine?" said Hobart, in a more trenchant tone than he had ever used to Unc. before, within the latter's recollection.

"The fact that you have lost heart in your work."

Unc. was, after all, rather a soft-hearted old soul, and he now, in his turn, bent his gaze upon the fire, with a wish to avoid meeting

Hobart's look, since he had a feeling that it might not be as kind as usual.

"Who says I've lost heart in my work?" said Hobart, in a tone so keen that Unc. felt glad he had looked away from him.

"Nobody says so but me," retorted Unc. "I don't know that the others have noticed it, but it's so plain to me that I don't think you'll deny it. I thought you were going to turn out a first-rate man of business and show you had the grit I always believed was in you, but you've broken down early."

"I haven't broken down at all," said Hobart, indignantly. "If I've neglected my work in any particular, I'd like you to tell me when it was."

"Oh, I don't say that," said Unc., mildly: "you've done your full share of the work; but how? I'd rather you'd left it alone. You work as though it were a hard task, and not as you used to work; and, whatever the other fellows may feel about it, I don't like any such half-hearted doings around me."

The younger man's brows contracted into an angry frown.

"You'll excuse me for saying, Bell," he answered, "that your opinions as to the manner in which I do my work are quite apart from the subject, so long as I take my share of the business, which you cannot accuse me of not doing, and your over-critical expressions in the matter seem to me hardly warrantable."

When had one of his own boys called him "Bell" before? It seemed odd to the old fellow, and almost painful,—especially to come from his pet boy of them all! He took no notice of it, however, but smoked on in silence for a few moments, and then he said,—

"Bertrand's marriage, of course, will make some difference. That's got to come off as soon as possible. There's no reason why it should not be in May. Such a girl as that is not going to mind enduring a few hardships, or indeed a good many, for the sake of the man she loves. We'll all have to bend our powers to get a shanty knocked up for them as soon as possible, and we must try to make it look as pretty as we can; but a space enclosed is all some women want to make a home. It makes me think of that time the doctor's little daughter made tea in our tent. I wish you could have seen how you two looked when I first caught sight of you! You had been tired out, you recollect, and had thrown yourself down on the lounge, and she had brought you your tea, and was sitting down by you, drinking hers, and looking as sweet as any flower, and talking to you; and it's mighty pretty to think that's how Bertrand and his little sweetheart'll be, year in and year out."

A host of varying emotions had passed across Hobart's face while Unc. was speaking, not one of which had escaped the notice of the seemingly unobservant smoker, who had drawn into the shadow, where he could not well be seen; and when the speaker ceased, a look that Unc. plainly saw to be artificial settled on the face of the younger man, as he answered, in a superficial, half-cynical tone,—

"Exceedingly pretty, theoretically; but, for my part, I am aghast at Bertrand's boldness. Fancy expecting any woman who has had any experience whatever of the luxuries and comforts, to say nothing of the enjoyments, of New York life, to settle down to such an isolated, monotonous existence as we are living here, and continue to be happy in it! As soon as the novelty wore off,—and I'd give her from spring until winter for that,—she would inevitably detest it and cry to be remanded to civilization; and no one could blame her if she did. I only hope Bertrand will be prepared for spending next winter in New York; for I make a prediction that that's where he'll spend it."

"If he does, it will be of his own choice, then," retorted Unc., "for this girl, I'm inclined to believe, loves him very unselfishly, and would be willing and happy to live anywhere with him, for the sake of being together. I'm not too crusty an old bachelor to believe in the existence of women such as that. But, apart from all this, you make a mistake in supposing this life is necessarily repulsive to a woman. Look at the doctor's little girl. Was any bird in the trees ever happier than she, in her home life here?"

His eyes were watching keenly every sign in Hobart's face, and he did not fail to detect a change that passed across it as he uttered those last words.

"Granted," answered Hobart, composedly; "but that was the bliss of ignorance. Now that she knows something of the enticements of the world, and has been the object of the world's delightful adulations, it's quite a different matter; and so, I fancy, you'll find out."

"On the contrary," returned Unc., puffing at his pipe and speaking with the utmost composure and deliberation, "she doesn't like New York, and isn't happy there, and her heart turns so wistfully back to the far-off home and friends that she pauses in the midst of the excitements of the most brilliant ball of the season, of which she is one of the most brilliant features, to think tenderly of those she has left behind, and to speak out the voice of her heart and say the lot she conceives to be the happiest is a little home with a loved companion in a region she names, with tears in her lovely eyes, as 'the haven under the hill.'"

The speaker had proceeded to the end deliberately, with no inter-

ruption of the tranquil style of his narration, though no shade of the ever-increasing excitement and wonder of his companion's face had escaped his watchful eyes; but when he ended with the mention of the name by which Hobart himself had described that region of country, the young man's face expressed such absolute bewilderment that he seemed scarcely in possession of his rational senses.

"Where did you learn all this?" he said. "I must be dreaming."

"I rather think you are, my boy," said Unc., gently. "A man who sees before him the possibility of securing such a prize as this, and has not the courage to go through thick and thin to grasp it, but quietly abandons the field to other competitors, who are sure to be many and ardent, while he sits passive at home, must, I think, indeed be dreaming. It makes one wonder whether he deserves it, or whether he really desires it."

"Oh, Unc., dear, dear old Unc.," said Hobart, eagerly, striding across to him and putting both hands upon his shoulders, while he bent his fervid eyes upon his friend's kind face, "how have you found my secret out? What has given you this supernatural insight? I willingly bare my heart before you, and own to all the passionate love I feel; but of her you can know nothing: you must be only guessing when you say she is not happy, and thinks of us and home, in the midst of her brilliant existence there. Dear, good old Unc., don't keep me in suspense, but tell me what you know and what you suspect."

"I know," said Unc., kindly, "that you love this gentle girl with all your heart,—a heart I know to be a big and noble one,—and I know it is a sort of love to stand this hard world's wear and tear, though it has been resisted strongly and hardly owned to your own soul, even yet. I knew all, the day I found you in the tent together, and I think that was the day you knew it first yourself."

He paused, and looked intently into his friend's excited face, and, though there was no answer to his look in words, the wondering corroboration of the eyes that met his gaze gave all the assent he needed.

"So much for what I know," he said. "What I suspect is that that gentle Stella, though perhaps she loves you not as yet, might still be won to do so. At one time I am sure it might have been; but that was before you had coldly stood aside and let her go away without so much as reaching out a hand to stop her. That is a thing, I fancy, which a woman, whose heart is even vibrating toward a possible dawning love, would not very readily forgive; and I don't say your way will be smooth and easy: I only say it seems to me a thing worth bearing hardness for. For the rest,—as to the girl's wistful turning

toward the thought of home, even in the gayest of the scenes by which she is surrounded, and as to her speaking of it, with tearful eyes, in the language I have quoted, that is not suspicion, but knowledge."

He drew his friend down to a seat beside him then, and told him as accurately as he could all that Bessie Parke had said in her letter to Bertrand; and before the two men parted for the night it had been agreed that Hobart was to set out for New York within the week.

"But all must be done warily and gently, my boy," said Unc. "We may both be doomed to disappointment; for I should feel it, in my own way, too, if she denied you; and I have a notion, in that case, the little thing would never want it known, even by us, for fear we might judge her harshly: so not a soul besides myself must guess the object of your journey."

"I am sure you are right," said Hobart, "but I don't see how it can be managed."

"Leave it to me," answered Unc. "I'll set the ball in motion. Some of us ought to go on, in the course of time, to see about a lot of new machinery and other things, before the summer season opens. It would seem as if Bertrand ought to be the one selected; but he, we all know, has an object in saving all he can, and his time for going, anyhow, is not so far away: so I'll just say to Estcott and him that I know you wouldn't mind undertaking the matter, and of course the money wouldn't count to you; and I think that'll pave the way and take the edge off the surprise of your going immediately."

"Dear, good, faithful old Unc.!" said Hobart, tenderly; "and to think that not half an hour ago I called you 'Bell' and felt quite angry with you! Will you forgive me, old fellow, and try to understand that it was only because I am not, never was, and never can be worthy of your friendship? Suppose it all turns out well! Suppose the bewildering vision of happiness that rises before me should be realized! What would I not owe to your affection and your wisdom, and how could I ever repay it?"

"Ah, well," said Unc., smiling, "by proxy, perhaps, if you felt yourself in person unworthy. A smile from a certain little lady, and perhaps a word of thanks, would go far; and I fancy a place by your fireside occasionally, and a kindly welcome by a sweet young woman such as that, who had made happy the friend whose happiness is almost the most cherished wish of life to me, would not leave in my heart much sense of undischarged obligation on your part. You don't know what it is, Hobart, to look at happiness entirely from an outside view. It's been many a day since I have seen it any other way; but a man who loves another man as I love you has reason to thank his God

for much. It keeps the heart unembittered, and the fountains of being, in some sense, pure; and in the end, old fellow, I shouldn't wonder if my debt to you is greater than yours to me. I want you to remember this, and bear in mind that if your mission to New York fails—as fail it may—you've got old Unc. to take into consideration, and you mustn't forget how much he counts on you, and that if he saw you giving up it would be a shock he couldn't stand. It almost frightens me to think of what you have at stake." He paused a moment, and then went on in a lowered tone: "It was just the same with me once, long ago, and I lost. As I say, it was long ago; but from that day to this I have never felt I could have anything to lose again, until now I come to think about what it would be to me to see your life the awful blank that mine was when that blow came. I think if I had had a friend that loved me as I love you it mightn't have been quite so hard; and I want you, whatever happens, to remember that there's one affection in this earth that cannot fail you."

Hobart, deeply moved, was listening to this timidly-uttered confidence with all the reverence and sensibility he would have felt at a young maiden's confession of a first and tender love. Even in such a moment as the present was in his own life, he forgot himself and his passionate hopes and fears, to ask, almost in a whisper, while his heart beat loud and his voice trembled,—

"Where is she, Unc.? Living or dead?"

"Living," he answered, in a steady voice, although his tone was low, as if from reverence. "She is married to a good man, who loves her, and she has sons and daughters growing up around her. I have never seen her since, and I never expect to see her again, but I feel this world to be a better place because she lives in it, and please God it may treat her kindly and she may live a happy life and die in the peace of God and man, as she deserves!"

"Oh, Unc.," said Hobart, fervently, "tell me a little more,—just this. Does she know anything of what your life has been? Has she the least idea what an incentive she has been to you, and how your whole existence has been one long act of self-forgetfulness? I know now, what I have sometimes wondered, where the inspiration of your thoughts and deeds has come from, and I cannot help feeling that, somehow, she too ought to know."

"She knows nothing about me," he replied. "I have sometimes wondered if she remembers me, even, and I cannot be sure, though I hope she does, or would if any one should utter my name before her. But she has not so much reason to remember me as you suppose, for what I felt for her I never told her, and I don't think she ever even

suspected. It had come upon me like a flash the first time I ever saw her, and had grown and strengthened every day. There was a little while in which I believed she might return my feeling, and during that time I was happy,—enough so, I have often thought, to put up willingly with what came after; but then the man came in her way whom she afterwards married, and I saw then clearly enough that any hope of mine had been vain; for she was not—as I had thought possible—of a nature to conceal her feelings, and her interest in him was very plain almost from the first; and when he asked her, as he soon did, to marry him, she was not long in making up her mind. That is why I trust for you, my boy, that your happiness may not be long in coming. I believe she will know her mind. But here come Bertrand and Estcott," he said, as footsteps were heard. "You may leave all necessary arrangements to me. I think I can make it all seem to come about naturally. God bless you, my boy! I think you will get the happiness you deserve."

The two men clasped hands fervently, and Hobart ret[illegible] to his place, and when Bertrand and Estcott entered they found [illegible] so exactly as they had left them that no suspicion that anything more than the usual quiet talk had taken place in their absence ever crossed the young men's minds.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a long journey from Westfields to New York, and ample time was afforded by it for the manifold changes of mood which are apt to beset a man whose mind is absorbed in the consciousness that one of the most important issues of his life is before him. It was even more than this to Hobart, for he held this to be superlatively the important issue of his life; and before he reached his journey's end, the high hope with which he had set out had given place to the most painful misgivings. The more he thought about the little scene with Stella which Miss Parke had described to Bertrand, the more he perceived that it was capable of a general and indefinite as well as a special and particular interpretation. True, it proved convincingly that Miss Gray had not found entire content and satisfaction in her present experiences, and was, at times at least, possessed by the sense of their insufficiency; but that might be only a passing mood, and how could he tell that he, with all his love, had the power to make her happy? Perhaps—he *would* force himself to face that possibility—the unrest in her heart was due to some all-potent spell in which he had no part! It was

overwhelming to him to think of how natural that would be. With her beauty, her goodness, her supreme sweetness, she was born to awaken love, and other men besides himself must have loved her, and it might be that when she had spoken in that strange way to her friend that night she had been in that self-contradictory state that belongs peculiarly to the moment in which one heart is drawing near, in tremulous and wondering approach, to another heart that is coming to meet it. Hobart could understand how that state of mind might be mistaken, even by itself, for unhappiness, and he felt that there was deep significance of some sort in the words that Stella had spoken that night. By the time he reached New York his spirits had ebbed so low that he was ready to wish himself back at Westfields, and but for his dread of Unc.'s reproaches he felt almost sure he would have gone. It did seem so preposterous for him to suppose that Stella—radiant, beautiful, incomparable Stella, whom all men must do homage to—should have kept [illegible]f for him, or should even be in a state of mind and feeling to m[illegible] possible that he could win her.

H[illegible] already like a stranger in New York, as he drove to his hotel and dressed and dined. The few casual acquaintances he met were not on such terms with him as even to have missed him, and they nodded to him or shook hands carelessly as if they had seen him yesterday. One man detained him to say, "Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays!" but was too engrossed with some end he had in view to wait for any explanation of the fact, and the world appeared to be getting on so well without him that there seemed no place for him in it. He thought half longingly of the rest and quiet of Westfields, but at the same time the place seemed changed to him now, and he felt that if Stella denied him he could never go near it again. Would she deny him? Possibly, conceivably, by some blissful, wonderful chance, she might not; and a gleam of delicious hope shot up in his heart. At all events, there was but one thing to do,—and hesitation would be unmanly,—"to put it to the touch and win or lose it all."

After dinner, which he took rather early, he went out for a walk, thinking he would drop in at the club, but caring little for the people he should meet there. I wish I could show him to you, reader, as he took his way along the familiar streets, making one of a fashionable-looking crowd, among which he felt himself such an alien, but in which he looked, in bearing and dress and manner, so fine a representative that civilization and its garments and observances seemed justified by such as he. He looked wonderfully the same, however, as in his prairie costume, being of that class of people whose individualism is at all times paramount in effect to their accessories and surroundings.

On the avenue he met with several friends who had known him well enough to miss him and gave him a cordial greeting, but he was strangely preoccupied and disinclined to talk. His Western life of regularity and activity had freshened him wonderfully, and one of his friends told him he looked ten years younger and vowed he had roses in his cheeks,—a slander on the healthy pallor of his skin, from which the summer's sun-burn had not quite worn off.

"I *am* younger," he answered, smiling, "by much more than ten years, too, for that would put me at twenty-five, and I feel sixteen as compared to such an old fellow as you,—though we used to be the same age, I believe."

The man he addressed was named Harvey, and when both had been younger he had rather contested with Hobart the honor of being the foremost figure in their special set,—a circumstance they both laughed at in more recent years, though the old feeling still obtained so far that Harvey had a consciousness of being more exclusively looked up to by the *jeunesse dorée* since Hobart had gone away. Still, he was glad to see him back, and gave him a hearty greeting.

"You're just in time for Mrs. Tremaine's grand blow-out," he said. "I'll mention to her that you are in town, as I am on my way there now. I suppose a card sent to the club would reach you?"

"Yes, thank you very much," said Hobart. "You are very kind to bestow your noble patronage upon an errant cow-boy, and he appreciates it, I assure you. I'm out of the way of balls, however, and am not sure I could screw myself up to the point. When is it to be?"

"To-night," returned his friend; "and as for not going, why, that's simple nonsense. You needn't stay it out, unless you choose; but don't leave until you've seen the new beauty that is stirring us to the centre just at present. She's a niece of Mrs. Lacy's, and a perfect gem." With these words Mr. Harvey hurried away.

The next object upon which Hobart turned his somewhat absent gaze was a handsome carriage, drawn up to the side-walk, and he suddenly perceived that the livery worn by the coachman and footman was familiar. He had just time to recognize the Lacys' equipage, when the footman sprang to the ground to throw open the carriage door for a lady who was descending the steps of the house before which the carriage stood. He was some little distance off, and his motions seemed to drag, instead of quickening, as his eyes rested on a vision of a tall young lady, in a gorgeous costume of dark velvet and fur, with a sweeping train caught up in a rich mass by a daintily-gloved hand, as two delicate little feet bore her down the steps and across the pavement to the carriage, into which she stepped and was rapidly whirled away.

"The new beauty! Mrs. Lacy's guest!" reflected Hobart, as he walked along, keeping his eyes upon the carriage which was lessening in the distance. "At least there is no access of self-consciousness about her,—not so much as a look to the right or the left, to see who was near by, to observe her sumptuous beauty! If she had seen me, would she have looked glad, I wonder? For she *didn't* look glad: a change would have had to come. Oh, Unc., dear old fellow, I fear we're a couple of fools; and I had better have borne my loneliness, as you have done!"

"Why, Mr. Hobart! Where on earth did you come from? How awfully nice to see you! How awfully well you look!"

These enthusiastic exclamations were uttered by a pair of trim-looking, stylish young ladies, who broke in suddenly upon Mr. Hobart's reflections and showed such genuine pleasure in meeting him that it made an appeal to his kindness of heart which he could not resist. So he turned and walked with them half a square or so, to the door of a house where they were going to call. Even in that short distance the all-important topic of the ball was introduced, supplemented by a mention of the beautiful Miss Gray, whose name seemed to be on everybody's lips. Somehow it made the young man seem very lonely, as he turned and retraced his steps, and the thought that Stella could possibly care for him seemed every moment more presumptuous. He was marvellously humbled by the discipline of his recent experiences, and he questioned himself wonderingly as to where his old self-confidence was gone.

Perhaps it might have been to some degree restored if he could have seen the effect produced by the announcement made by the two young ladies with whom he had just parted upon the group of ladies assembled informally at afternoon tea.

"Charles Hobart! Dear me! what a piece of luck!" said the hostess. "A man worth taking the trouble to talk to is such a rarity in society now. And has he come to stay? and will he be at Mrs. Tremaine's? Did you ask him?"

The speaker was one of the leaders of the literary society of the city, and had been recognized as the author of the most admired verses contributed by the ladies of her circle to a volume of anonymous poems published not long since. She made no ineffectual attempts at being considered young, but affected instead the maturer charm of developed intelligence and taste, which she honestly deemed to be infinitely the more potent. She had always shown a great appreciation of Hobart, and no one doubted the sincerity of her present expressions of delight at his return. Others besides herself of the ladies assembled in her drawing-room that afternoon felt an added interest in the ball by reason

of Hobart's expected presence there, and the fact could not have been disputed that he had been cordially remembered by many friends in his old home, in spite of the absorbing interests from which he had chosen to exclude himself.

As the young man walked along, now and then exchanging greetings with acquaintances, and dropped in awhile at the club, where his welcome was certainly cordial, as such things go, he felt all the time as if he were getting farther and farther away from Stella, and the fact that he had actually seen her would have seemed a baseless fancy, had it not been for the accelerated beating of his heart every time he recalled the impression of that lovely vision; for Stella in her furs and velvets was not less beautiful than Stella in her short blue flannel and kerchief. Indeed, to his starved eyes she seemed even more so.

But how was he to overcome this sense of distance? Why not go to Mrs. Lacy's at once and ask for her, in the hope that she was now returned and would receive him? But he reflected that she had been visiting, and was going to a ball that night, and he fancied Mrs. Lacy would see that she spent as much as possible of her afternoon in resting, for Mrs. Lacy would be much concerned that she should look her best that night: he was sure of that. Besides, he rather preferred to be so situated as to be able to observe Stella first from a distance, that he might form a more definite idea of what her thoughts and state of mind might be, for he had learned to believe in his power to read her face, in the days gone by.

But when the evening hours put him in possession of a card to Mrs. Tremaine's ball, accompanied by a scrawling line insisting on his presence, he felt the strongest hesitation about going, and sat in his room and smoked and ruminated until his mood, in process of time, reacted on him, and he felt so ashamed of his timidity that he got up resolutely and began to dress for the ball.

When he had finished, the mirror showed to him a figure we have already seen materialized in the old photograph that hangs at Westfields,—a figure so well made and elegant that the severe costume it wears seems only to enhance its charm, while its attitudes in movement and its bearing in repose seem to have acquired a wonderful new-born grace, to be accounted for, in part, by the stronger healthfulness of his physical frame, as well as by a less material influence that has made its impress chiefly in the expression of his face.

CHAPTER XIV.

If Hobart felt indeed any sense of timidity as he threaded his way through the thronged apartments at Mrs. Tremaine's that evening, he showed no signs of it. He came late, after the dancing had been some time in progress, and most of the men present were put to some disadvantage by the freshness of his new-made toilet, to say nothing of the distinguished personal charm which his old friends said among themselves was more marked than ever.

"Yes, he's handsomer than ever, if anything," said Mrs. Tremaine, to whom he had been talking for the first five minutes of his presence at the ball, and whom he had now left to speak to an old lady, with white hair and a cap, who had recognized him with delight and beckoned him to her side, exclaiming, as he reached her,—

"Charley Hobart, you dear fellow! What a treat to my old eyes! You don't know how I've had you on my mind! I couldn't hear where or why you were gone, and I've been tormenting myself for fear you were in some trouble or danger, and here you are, looking as a man might look who had been taking a holiday in Arcadia. No need to ask you how you are!" And the old lady, who had known him since he was a baby, showed such evident joy in seeing him again that the young fellow's heart warmed up and he seemed to feel it a sort of omen that Stella would be propitious.

And where, all this time, is Stella? There she is,—not dancing, but sitting in the full light of the great ball-room chandelier, on a sofa with Bessie Parke, whom she has summoned to a seat beside her, and who is doing her best to meet the requirements of the situation, which involve rather more fluency of speech than she can readily command—for she is naturally shy and reserved—to bear even a minor part in the task of entertaining so many young gentlemen as have gathered around the sofa.

Stella has changed her furs and velvets for a pure-white costume, neither elaborate nor splendid. The texture, which is wonderfully fine and soft, is too dense and dull for silk, and too light for velvet. It seems as if its existence might have been inspired by the demands of Stella's gentle, tender, womanly beauty, whose most distinctive trait is simplicity. Her gown, in this case, has been of her own selecting, Mrs. Lacy having allowed herself to be overruled. The neck and arms, entirely without ornament, are bare, and the fine lace which edges her pointed bodice looks creamy against their fairness. Her hair, drawn off her face in the old simple way, with only its rough curliness to

break the severe outline of her head, is in the same close knot behind, and but for the lengthened skirts from which her dainty little feet peep out in front, while they sweep away in a flowing train behind, and the manner of wont and usage with which she is accepting the homage paid her, she might seem the same girlish, ignorant little Stella who lives so tenderly cherished in Hobart's loving heart.

If it was clear that she had grown accustomed to being an object of attention and interest to others, it was quite as clear, even to Hobart's jealous eyes, that her consciousness of this fact had not detracted from her naturalness, which was as marked as ever. Indeed, it was the more marked by reason of the contrast to those about her. It was no wonder, perhaps, that Miss Gray was so often said by ladies to be odd. Certainly she looked absolutely different from any one now within range of comparison with her.

Hobart had first caught sight of her while talking to old Mrs. Lawrence, and ever since his heart had been going first fast and then slow, with such an agitating tumult that he felt his breath come half stiflingly, although he gave no outward sign and listened with apparent interest to the old lady's garrulousness, even murmuring a word in response now and then, as he waited for Stella to see him. But Stella, who was inexperienced in the far-reaching habit of vision which characterizes most acknowledged beauties, confined her attention to those nearest her, giving a great part of it to the little friend at her side, whose shyness she kept in mind. So Hobart, although he scarcely moved his eyes from her face, and was near enough to be instantly recognized if she had looked that way, found the moments slipping by without a sign for him, and felt, somehow, almost as far away from her as ever.

"Oh, here you are at last !" cried a familiar voice in his ear, and, turning, he saw Harvey coming toward him. "I've been looking for you everywhere. I want to take you around and show you the lions. —Don't you think he ought to be very grateful to me, Mrs. Lawrence? You know he's become a confirmed rustic, living on a ranch in the West; though I will say his appearance, for a cow-boy, isn't bad," he ended, good-naturedly, evidently yielding a willing tribute to his friend. "You'll excuse him, won't you, Mrs. Lawrence? I want to present him to Miss Gray. She's from the West, or somewhere out there, herself, by the way, and perhaps I shall win a somewhat higher degree of her favor than I've been able to secure heretofore if I introduce this rustic to her notice. She doesn't seem over-delighted with any of us New York men, and the secret may be hid in the fact that she has a predisposition to cow-boy society."

He was rattling on in the mere spirit of nonsense, but a moment later he had reason to be surprised at the unconsciously prophetic nature of his words. When he came up to where Stella sat, and said, suddenly, "Miss Gray, will you let me present my friend Mr. Hobart?" a rush of color such as he had never before seen in Stella's placid cheeks came bounding into her face, and she started to her feet in animated surprise, as Hobart said, quietly,—

"So glad to meet you, Miss Gray," taking her hand and smiling, while his manner explained to every one present the fact that he and Miss Gray were old acquaintances. He was in reality not less stirred than Stella at this meeting, and when his eyes encountered hers, and their hands touched, the bounding of his pulses warned him that he would need to be very wary if no one was to suspect his feeling. He had the advantage of previous preparation on his side, besides long social training, and so, although there had been a little gleam in Stella's eyes at seeing him which seemed as much like joy as surprise, and delicious thoughts of happiness had been set astir within him, he felt the necessity of diverting the attention of those about him from Stella's evident agitation and putting their intercourse on a perfectly natural basis.

"Miss Gray and I are next-door neighbors," he said, smiling, "or so we call ourselves in spite of the miles that separate her residence from mine.—I have news from home for you, Miss Gray, if you'll come away somewhere apart from this noise and hear it. That is," he said, with a sudden doubt in his voice, "unless you want to dance."

At this there was a general laugh.

"Next-door neighbors in your country must keep themselves very ill informed of each other's doings, if you don't happen to know what we've all ascertained to our cost,—that Miss Gray doesn't dance," said Mr. Harvey.

"There has never been any occasion of my obtaining the information," answered Hobart. "We don't have balls.—Will you come with me, Miss Gray, or shall I keep my tidings until to-morrow, when there will not be so many demands upon your attention?"

"I will come now," said Stella; and when he offered his arm she put hers within it and they walked away.

What a wonderful thing it seemed to both of them to be together in this strange new world, so utterly unlike the scene of their last experiences! And yet how natural! Many an eye followed them as they walked down the long room and into the hall beyond; and indeed it was no wonder, for they were a goodly pair to look upon. Sweet, tall, lovely Stella,—how beautiful she looked in her long white robe, and how

truly her own simple self, in spite of all changes of time and scene! Hobart, now that he found himself alone with her, could keep down no longer the hungry longing of his heart, and as he closed the door of the room behind them, he laid his right hand upon the little trembling one within his arm, and bent his eyes upon her with a regard so fervid and intense that it required all her force—all the memory of the childish self-betrayal which rankled in her spirit yet—to keep her from looking up and showing him the secret of her heart in her eyes.

The music and the hurrying sounds of the dancers' feet came to them faintly here. That closed door seemed to shut them in another world, which was bewilderingly sweet, but of which she was afraid. But now to the tender touch and the potent presence there was added a sweet caressing sound, and a voice that she loved to hear—whether she chose to own it to her heart or not—said, lowly,—

"Stella!"

Her heart throbbed, and she trembled; but once before this man had conquered her by the subtile influences of his tone and touch, and she remembered that time, and kept her lids lowered, and would answer him by neither word nor sign.

"Stella," he said, again, "my life has been miserable for the lack of you. I have come all this way to speak to you,—just to tell you that I love you with every fibre of my heart, and to ask for your love in return."

Still there was no answer. A long breath that seemed to tremble through her shook her frame, and he knew that she was agitated and disturbed, but whether he might dare to soothe and comfort her he could not tell. A moment's breathless stillness followed, and then he loosed her hands, and, reverently touching her fair face with a hand that was tremulous too, he forced her to look up at him, and when once he had read the tender message of those sweet uplifted eyes he knew it all, and that his happiness was come to him!

Silently, tenderly, he strained her to his heart, and bent his head to kiss away two overwelling tears that trembled on her lids.

"If I had claimed you long ago, my Stella," he said, lowly, "and had kissed away the tears that rose for me in the lovely eyes of a dear young girl who once came very near to caring for me four whole years ago, I should have been truer to the dictates of my heart. When I think of how I love you now, it would be false to say I loved you then; but none the less those tearful eyes, uplifted to me in a tremulous affection inexplicable to your own young heart, marked an epoch in my life, and kept my heart free for the entrance of the real true love when it came to me, all unexpectedly, four years after. This is

what I have been burning to tell you, darling one. Surely, now that you love me really, we may talk about that far-away time and be glad together over it. Stella, are you glad for what you let me see then?—that I had the power to move and agitate you? Surely you will be when I tell you that the only two beings who have ever had the power to touch *my* heart, since first I looked upon your lovely face, were the girl Stella of four years ago and the woman Stella of to-day. Look at me, my Stella, and tell me, are you glad?"

Stella raised her eyes and looked at him, as she was bidden, and those eyes said, as plainly as any words, "I am glad indeed."

"Oh, but how I have suffered!" said Stella's voice, presently, low and tremulous, in her lover's ear. "I never dreamed that this could come,—that you would love me indeed!"

"But the wonderful part is that my beautiful Stella loves me. You have said it, Stella, with your true, true eyes! An hour ago I was almost ready to start off to the ends of the earth, never to return. I could never have borne the sight of the places we have known together."

"Oh, Mr. Hobart," said Stella, with a sudden eagerness that made her voice sound half frightened, "I feel as if this could not last,—as if in a moment I must waken from a lovely dream,—and I want to make haste and tell you——" but her voice faltered, and she stopped.

"Go on, Stella; go on. I am longing to hear you," the young man whispered. "What is it you want to say?"

"That I think you are good and dear and noble above all men alive,—that I have thought so always, though I did my best to stifle the voice within me; but now that is too little to say. Before the lovely dream is broken, I want to tell you that I love you with my whole, whole heart."

He drew her close to his breast, and held her there a moment, safe and still. It did not seem a time for speech, and the only words that broke the holy silence were a fervent, low "God bless you!"

CHAPTER XV.

Summer has come again; not the summer of houses and cities and crowded streets, but the summer of green fields and blooming flowers and open skies and singing birds. The world is fair to look upon, in its gayly-tinted summer dress, and the sounds that linger in the still, mild air—ripple of waters and song of birds and distant lowing of cattle—are sweet to hear.

Surely nowhere in all the land are sights more lovely or sounds more sweet than here, in this placid country-side, far away from the turmoil and strife of the crowded marts of men. It is a spot familiar to you, reader, and if you remember the face of nature here you will remember too the man and woman who stand together on the threshold of a snug new house with clambering vines and plenitude of flowers, although you see them in far different guise from that in which you saw them last. The man, in his suit of blue flannel, made in the rustic style that advanced civilization now decrees to be the most elegant as well, has summoned to his side a gentle creature, clad in a simple short white dress, with a kerchief around the throat, and the two stand together on the vine-draped porch and look abroad upon the emerald fields and sapphire skies, with the river on one side and the long low hill on the other, that form the setting of their home. The structure included in that name is still a new one, in which they have been domesticated only recently, but Hobart and Stella have lived and moved in the thought of it ever since the night of Mrs. Tremaine's ball. Vast was Mrs. Lacy's amazement when Stella told her of her engagement, and to this day she persists in the opinion that, charming and pretty as the girl undeniably is, her having won the heart of such a man as Hobart was an immense advance on anything she had ever expected from her. But then everybody, with perhaps one exception, knows that Mrs. Lacy has always had an overweening estimate of Mr. Hobart's attractions.

"I often think," says Hobart, smiling, as he puts his arm about his wife's waist and draws her to his side, "how the sentiments we have uttered all our lives as the merest truisms, without any special understanding of them, become so replete with wisdom and discrimination when the significance of their application to our own lives is felt. What commonplace words they used to seem to me when I heard people say, 'There's no place like home,' and how little I understood that they expressed the absolute truth that all the kingdoms of the earth are worthless in comparison! And I never should have known it, Stella, but for you, who are my home; for without you our dear little house would be but a structure of timber, instead of what it is."

Stella, who looks wonderfully girlish in her simple dress, draws a little closer to him and gives no articulate answer. All around them are the peaceful influences of a tranquil summer evening, and her happy spirit seems to partake of this content.

"I often think I am too happy, living my life out hour by hour with you," said Stella.

"And sometimes I fear I am too selfish, keeping you so wholly to

myself," replied her husband; "and then I think of the flourishing state of the Sunday-school, and of the class of boys who are so preternaturally ignorant that they know a little less even than their new teacher himself,—and of the pleasure your good father finds in coming to our fireside, and the comfort my Stella manages to bestow upon mamma and the boys just of a kind that is needed,—and of the advantages we confer upon our nearest neighbors over the hill, and, above all, of dear old Unc.; and it seems to me that I do not quite absorb my Stella's wonderful capacity for bestowing comfort and joy, since all of these, in some sense, share it with me. And *à propos* of all this, by way of being a little diffusive in the present moment, suppose we ride over and see Bertrand and Mrs. Bessie, and leave Unc. to keep house for us."

The proposition was joyfully accepted, and in a little while young Mrs. Hobart came out equipped in a charming new riding-habit, made with a sensible short skirt that was never in the way, and, tripping down the steps, she put her foot in her husband's hand, the action being accompanied by a look of mutual consciousness which made them both smile gayly, and sprang lightly upon her horse's back. This horse was no other than our old friend Lorna; and as Stella patted her and spoke to her caressingly, while her husband was mounting, the pretty animal arched her neck and curvetted with such a plain indication of pleasure in these endearments that Hobart said, smilingly,—

"Even Lorna comes under your happy spell, you beneficent witch! I don't know that I care about your being the least bit more diffusive than you are!"

What a glorious canter they had over the springy turf! and how glad Bertrand and Bessie and Estcott were to see them! For after "the Hobarts" marked Unc. for their own, "the Bertrands" took pity on the other benighted bachelor and made him welcome beneath their roof, and the business went on prosperously with the quadruple partnership unbroken. And what a delicious ride home they had in the deepening twilight, through which they dawdled and lingered like a pair of lovers as they were! And how pleasant it was to see the joy in dear old Unc.'s face as he came out to greet them and help the little wife to alight!—a privilege Hobart stood aside to allow. Unc. was positively wearing a very presentable suit of clothes, though still of his own style and cut, and his hair was quite smooth. Indeed, there was a general air of physical and mental well-being that was different from the Unc. of old. He never failed now to amble along, after his more deliberate mode of progress, in the wake of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart when they went to church on Sundays, and he had been the principal mover

in the enterprise of getting a resident clergyman, as well as the most liberal contributor to the church that was soon to be erected near the site of the old school-house. So Stella mused in her heart with thankful joy on the happy change in Unc., and loved to think it had a spiritual no less than a mental and a moral side.

"Have we kept you waiting, Unc.?" she said, brightly, as she sprang to the ground, supported by his strong hand. "Tea will be ready very soon, and I'll promise you an extra good one to-night, to reward your patience."

The little cap and whip and gloves were thrown aside, and Stella, still in her short habit, flitted about the cosey dining-room, assisting and supervising her rather inefficient little waitress, while the two men, in the deepening twilight, sat on the porch and watched her moving here and there, in the light, within the room. Her hair, rougher than usual from the contact of her cap, stood out lightly around the outline of her head, and the light from the lamp shone through it in a way that suggested to her husband the idea of a nimbus. It was too foolish a thought to be uttered, and he kept it to himself, but the suggestion was due perhaps more to the prompting of his heart than to his vision; for to him this radiant, pure, and lovely being seemed to partake of the nature of angels more than of men. None but a human being, however, could have brewed such a cup of tea, and ordered and administered such an appetizing little supper, as she presently summoned them to partake of. When it was over, and the busy housekeeper's duties were done for the night, and Unc. had gone off to have a quiet smoke by himself, Stella came out to her husband in the porch. He threw his cigar away and rose as she approached him. The night was a lovely one, and the tranquil scene stretched out before them was bathed in a flood of moonlight. They had a fashion, at such times as these, of pacing up and down together as they talked, and now Hobart put his arm about her waist, and up and down, up and down, they walked, from one end to the other of the long porch, talking in tender low-toned words of all the quiet, humdrum interests of their simple lives. But the love that burned within their hearts made glorious to them every common thing, and lifted the every-day trivialities of life into the regions of high thinking which in this instance, as in so many others, went hand in hand with plain living.

"I expected so much in my married life," said Hobart, as they paused at one end of the porch, leaning against the railing and looking out across the lovely moonlighted fields, "that almost any one would have told me I would have to be in some measure disappointed. It would have made no difference; for, in spite of all, I should have

expected in my marriage with you, my Stella, the full measure of what your love has realized. Look back awhile," he added, earnestly, "to the day of our wedding, when we thought our love so perfect and complete, and compare that day with this. Don't you feel the difference?"

"Deeply,—thoroughly," said Stella. "The untested, ideal life was very weak beside the proved and realized one. Oh, how I wish the sad and disappointed people in the world, who have married for ambition or money or worldly position, could in some way be got to understand what marriage in its true essence and on its true basis is! How changed the face of creation would be!"

On and on they talked of this and kindred subjects, with a zest that never wearied, for these things were the very passions of their hearts; but into the deep communings of those fervid souls we will not venture to intrude. Better to leave them so, faithful and good and happy, a blessing to each other and to all who come within the range of their influence, living out their tranquil lives together in the haven under the hill.

THE END.

'ZEKIEL'S INFIDELITY.

MISTIS, I raly wish you'd hol'
A little conwersation
Wid my ole Zekyel 'bout his soul:
Dat nigger's aggiwation
Is mos' done worrited me to death,
Raslin' wid 'im at ev'y breath.

Dat evil sinner's sot he face
Gin ev'y wud I know;
Brer Gabriel say he's fell from grace,
An' hell 'll git him, sho'.

He don' believe in sperits,
'Skusin' 'tis out a jug;
Say 'tain' got no mo' merits
Den a ole half-cured lug;
'N' dat white cat I see right late
One evenin' nigh de grave-yard gate
Warn' nuttin' 'cep' some ole cat whar
Wus sot on suppin' off ole hyah.

He oon't allow a rooster
By crowin' in folks' do'
Kin bring death dyah, an' uster
Say 'e wish mine would crow;
An' he even say a *hin* mout try,
'Cep' women-folks would git so spry,
An' want to stick deeselves up den,
An' try to crow over de men.

Say 'tain' no good in preachin';
Dat niggers is sich fools,
Don't know no mo' 'bout teachin'
'N' white folks does 'bout mules;
An' when brer Gabriel's hollered tell
You mos' kin see right into hell,
An' rambled scriptures fit to bus',
Dat hard-mouf nigger's wus an' wus!

Say *quality* (dis is mainer
  'N' all I'se tole you yit),
Say 'tain' no better 'n 'arf-strainer,
  An' dat *his* master 'll git
Good place in heaven—po' white folks, mark!—
As y'all whar come right out de ark,
An' dat—now jes' heah dis—dat *he*,
A po'-white-folks' nigger, 's good as me!

He's gwine straight to de deble!
  An' sarve him jes' right, too!
He's a outdacious rebel,
  Arter all I'se done do!
I'se sweat, an' arguified, an' blowed
  Over dat black nigger mo'
'N' would 'a' teck a c'nal-boat-load
  Over to Canyan sho':—

I'se tried ref'ection, 'twarn' nowhar!
I'se rastled wid de Lord in prar;
I'se quoiled till I wuz mos' daid;
I'se th'owed de spider at his haid;
But he ole haid 'twus so thick th'oo
Hit bus' my skillet spang in two.

You kin dye black hyah and meck it light,
You kin tu'n de Ephiope's spots to white,
You mout grow two or th'ee cubics bigger,
But you carn't onchange a po'-white-folks' nigger!
When you's dwellin' on golden harps and chunes,
A po'-white-folks' nigger's thinkin' 'bout coons;
An' when you's snifflin' de heaven'y blossoms,
A po'-white-folks' nigger's studyin' 'bout possums.

Thos. N. Page.

THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

POWER, whether it be mental, social, or merely financial, always endows its possessor with a certain fascination which makes his personality at once interesting. The writer of a famous book, the leader of a brilliant coterie, the owner of vast wealth, seems by some subtile process to have a glamour cast over the trifles of his daily life, so that his very moods and fancies, the idlest utterances from his lips, have for the majority of people an interest born doubtless of the sort of curiosity about those whom the world calls "great" which is in some degree to be found in every mind, and seems to me harmless enough, unless it becomes intrusive.

The tourist whose breast is conscious of the most intensely republican spirit pauses before the long glass screen which shuts off the general public view from the private portion of the Executive mansion in Washington, and wonders how and where "they" live,—the President and his family? Have they hours for social intercourse? Do they chat about ordinary topics such as interested them a year ago and will interest them two or three years hence? Does the mistress of the White House move and live and have her being like other simple young matrons? Or is there a touch of royalty in this half-seclusion which the nation grants the President and his family? Are any of the splendors within those closed portals regal? Is she, the sweet girlish mistress of the house, an inaccessible, remote being surrounded by the divinity which doth hedge a king?

It is a fortunate circumstance that some of Mrs. Cleveland's predecessors established precedents which make social and domestic life at the White House more endurable than in the days when the President's wife was expected to return calls and accept almost every invitation offered her. The first lady of the White House, Mrs. John Adams, complained bitterly of the work involved in returning calls, and young Mrs. Tyler made merry over her fatigue in travelling in the "city of magnificent distances." But, startling as some of the innovations were at the time they took place, the present lady of the White House has to be thankful for the freedom left to her. She may visit her friends if she likes, but is not compelled to go through the dreary formality of returning calls that constitutes a part of the social bondage of fashionable life.

The home of the President is now nearing the centenary of its existence. Its story includes much that politically and socially is both

dramatic and picturesque, in spite of the facts that our stern republicanism forbids our endowing it with any of the attributes of a "palace," as it was called at first, and that it changes owners, as a rule, every four years. The White House has seen the rise and fall of so much in the nation's history, the ebb and flow of so much public and popular feeling, so many high hopes and ambitions brought to fruition or laid low in despair, every corridor and staircase, every hall-way and reception-room, bears mute testimony to so much that has to do vitally with lives as well as facts in the progress of the century, that it seems to me of all historic dwellings the most inclusive in its suggestions.

The aspect of Washington must have been dreary enough when the first lady of the White House arrived there. Mrs. Adams's letter dated November 21, 1800, describing the forlorn journey which she took between Baltimore and Washington, affords an amusing contrast to what the President's wife would encounter to-day. But the Federal City had only been a short time in process of building. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, in voting a sum of money for the erection of a suitable house for the President in Philadelphia, had hoped that George Washington would establish the seat of government in the Quaker City, whither he had removed after a year's residence in New York. But the old University was the structure built for this purpose; and Washington decided, with his usual prudence in money-matters, that such a building would entail too great an expense in furnishing and in subsequent occupation. He therefore rented a house of Mr. Robert Morris, in Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth, on the south side, which he furnished handsomely but with no attempt at anything like splendor. A very aged lady told me that she remembered hearing from her mother of Mrs. Washington's prudence in the arrangement of the household linen,—her discussions as to how much fine napery would be required, how many state dinners, etc. On every Friday evening Mrs. Washington held what was then called a "drawing-room," which assembled early, retiring before half-past ten. Once the guests lingered after the clock had struck ten, but the President's wife moved forward and reminded them that the general always retired punctually at ten o'clock. At that time the lady of the mansion always remained seated, the guests being arranged in a circle, around which the President passed, speaking a word or two to every one. Full dress was required of all. Those admitted to the levees were obliged to have a certain station or proper introduction. Being a Virginian, and administering his office so soon after breaking away from English rule, Washington naturally had special livery and a certain amount of formality in his household, which Mrs. Washington is sup-

posed to have enjoyed. An old lady who lived in New York when I was a child used to relate her impressions of President Washington in her own childish days. He walked out daily, she said, with his secretary, who was dressed carefully in black and wore a cocked hat. This lady's mother used frequently to call upon Mrs. Washington, who invariably returned the visit on the third day. Mrs. Washington was always accompanied by the President's secretary, and preceded by a footman, who knocked at the hostess's door and announced Mrs. Washington's arrival. When she drove out, her servants wore liveries of white and scarlet or white and orange. Although no formal regulations had then been made for state dinners, Mrs. Washington decided to give a large party the day before the close of her husband's administration; and in the records of the time—which are, unfortunately, so meagre that the compiler has to search for items and facts among letters and irregular memoirs—it is interesting to find the list of guests on this occasion. The Listons, Wolcotts, Pickerings, McHenrys, Cushings, Binghams, Adamses, Jeffersons, were present, together with the foreign ministers and their wives and certain church dignitaries. Mrs. Washington endeavored to preserve the usual formalities, but every one felt the occasion to have its pathos. On the removal of the cloth, the President rose, quite unexpectedly saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity and wishing you all possible happiness." Bishop White, who was present, records this, and adds the comment, "This put an end to all pleasantry, and forced the tears into many eyes."

General Washington having decided upon the site of the White House or Presidential mansion, a prize of five hundred dollars was offered for the best plan. James Hoban, a young Irish architect then in Baltimore, submitted a sketch which was approved and accepted. Either because Hoban's knowledge of architecture was limited or because of his instinctive sense of the fitness of things, his plan presented a dwelling solid in structure, ample in dimensions, but with nothing pretentious about it. The Duke of Leinster's house in Dublin was the model, the width of its staircases and door-ways, the length of its halls, and the convenience of its corridors furnishing Hoban with suggestions for what the dwelling of the President of the United States ought to be. In Philadelphia a certain amount of splendor had been almost forced into republican society, but Mrs. Adams, the first mistress of the present White House, was compelled to suffer many restraints from the poor accommodations of her dwelling. She greatly enjoyed the spectacular in social movements, as all persons of vivid natures are sure to do, and this element in her character no doubt

redeemed the first days of the White House from much that would otherwise have been intolerably stupid.

The first reception held in the White House by its first mistress took place in the Oval Room, which is now Mrs. Cleveland's library. Mrs. Adams, as she said of herself, was "a mortal enemy to anything but a cheerful countenance and a merry heart," and she at once infused into the White House during its first *régime* a spirit of kindly hospitality which never since has failed. Her accomplishments and thorough *savoir-faire* did more towards forming social precedents than we at present appreciate. She united strong common sense and democratic feeling in the exercise of her duties with the manners and the grace of a court belle and an exquisite refinement of feeling which prevented her from going to extremes in anything. Certain formalities, however, which belong to Mrs. Adams's period were later abandoned by "Dolly" Madison. Mrs. Madison during the absence of Mrs. Jefferson's daughter had frequently presided at the White House before her husband was President. She possessed the rare faculty of harmonizing discordant elements in any company over which she presided,—a faculty to be prized in the wife of the Chief Magistrate at a time when political feeling ran high. As she decided to exchange the rigid ceremonials of certain occasions at the White House for all the ease and freedom consistent with good breeding, it will be seen that to carry out her innovations successfully it was necessary for Mrs. Madison to combine the various elements which go to making up a perfect lady. At the first reception she held in the White House she is described as wearing a yellow velvet richly embroidered in pearls, and looking at first sight so magnificent that only her charmingly gracious and gentle manner made it easy to approach her. All too soon came the British army into Washington, when the White House for a short time was a scene of horror. During the worst day—August 23—Mrs. Adams wrote almost from hour to hour to her sister, at one time ("Wednesday morning, twelve o'clock") describing her sensations as she is turning her spy-glass in every direction, watching the approach of her husband, at another (three o'clock) reporting herself within sound of the cannon. Finally, when flight from the White House was imperative, she saved Washington's portrait, the servants breaking the heavy gilt frame with an axe and removing the canvas.* The Executive mansion at that time was partially injured by the British troops, and its walls were blackened. As it was found impossible to remove all traces of the fire except by a new

* The tradition that Mrs. Madison removed the picture with a pair of shears is incorrect.

coat of white paint, the building was restored in this way, and hence acquired its present name. Doubtless the fact that Mrs. George Washington's home in Kent County had been known as the White House gave new significance to the title.

Mrs. Madison brought to the White House a spirit which Mrs. Fremont, who knew her well in her old age, rightly calls the *courtoisie de cœur*. She united to this natural instinct of sympathy with others the refinement of early associations and education, and she was by nature possessed of so much beauty and talent that her old age and poverty detracted nothing from her charming manner and stately appearance or her power of making those around her happy. When Washington Irving brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Madison the young author was enchanted by the prompt courtesy and kindliness of his reception, and wrote of a dinner at the White House with much enthusiasm. Mrs. Madison always took the head of the table, Mr. Madison the middle, and one of the secretaries the foot. Conversation was kept lively and interesting by the genial hostess. No mistress of the White House can be said to have rivalled Mrs. Madison in charming affability of manner until the *régime* of Mrs. Robert Tyler. The Tyler administration of course was the result of the death of General Harrison in 1841. As Tyler was a widower at the time, his daughter-in-law presided at the White House. Perhaps the best illustration of what the social requirements of such a position ought to be may be found in Tyler's words soon after hearing of his accession to the Presidency. Calling his daughter-in-law to him, he said, "It is, I trust, scarcely necessary to say that as upon you will presently devolve the duty of presiding at the White House, you should be equal and untiring in your affabilities to all; you should remember that nothing betrays a little soul so much as the exhibition of airs or assumptions under any circumstances."

Such words did not fall on barren soil, for Tyler's daughter-in-law was one of the remarkable women of this century. The daughter of Cooper the tragedian and Eliza Fairlie, whose marriage was one of the sensations of their day, she had been brought up by her parents with the greatest care. She had been on the stage for a short time, acting with her father when his affairs were at their worst.

Mrs. Tyler reached Washington when the spring season had so far deepened that the Capitol City was at its fairest. So young and beautiful and vivacious a mistress of the White House had never before been seen, and indeed the impressions made by her have only been revived in Mrs. Cleveland. From Washington young Mrs. Tyler wrote almost immediately to her sister,—

"What wonderful changes take place, my dearest M——! Here am I, *née* Priscilla Cooper ('nez retroussé,' you will perhaps think), actually living in and, what is more, presiding at——the White House! I look at myself, like the little old woman, and exclaim, 'Can this be I?' I have not had one moment to myself since my arrival, and the most extraordinary thing is that I feel as if I had been used to living here always, and receive the cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, the heads of the army and navy, etc., etc., with a faculty which astonishes me. 'Some achieve greatness, some are born to it.' I am plainly born to it. I really do possess a degree of modest assurance that surprises me more than it does any one else. I am complimented on every side; my hidden virtues are coming out. I am considered 'charmante' by the Frenchmen, 'lovely' by the Americans, and 'really quite nice, you know,' by the English. . . . I have had some lovely dresses made, which fit me to perfection,—one a pearl-colored silk that will set you crazy. . . . I occupy poor General Harrison's room. . . . The nice comfortable bedroom, with its handsome furniture and curtains, its luxurious arm-chairs, and all its belongings, I enjoy, I believe, more than anything in the establishment. The pleasantest part of my life is when I can shut myself up here with my precious baby. . . . The greatest trouble I anticipate is paying visits. There was a doubt at first whether I must visit in person or send cards; but I asked Mrs. Madison's advice upon the subject, and she says, return all my visits by all means. Mrs. Bache says so too. So three days in the week I am to spend three hours a day driving from one street to another in this city of magnificent distances. . . . I see so many great men and so constantly that I cannot appreciate the blessing! The fact is, when you meet them in every-day life you forget they *are* great men at all, and just find them the most charming companions in the world, talking the most delightful nonsense, especially the almost awful-looking Mr. Webster, who entertains me with the most charming gossip."

Miss Lizzie Tyler, the President's daughter, assisted in receiving with her sister-in-law. She was called "the young princess," from her exceedingly charming manner. Between her and Mrs. Robert Tyler was the most delightful sympathy. The latter seemed as pleased with the young woman's social success as though she had been actually her own sister. When Lizzie was married, Mrs. Tyler wrote of the wedding with enthusiasm, commenting on the loveliness of the bride, the first ever married in the White House, and the last until the recent wedding of Miss Folsom and Mr. Cleveland. Washington was unusually gay during these happy years in Mrs. Tyler's life. She thoroughly enjoyed everything she saw, people and events passing before

her vividly, since she was conscious that they made up the history of her time, and in her charming letters come allusions to the change in her own position which show that in the midst of her enjoyment of her advantages at the White House she forgot nothing in the past. Writing on one occasion of a ball at the Assembly, "I spent a delightful evening," she said. "As I declined dancing, I had the pleasure of talking to many grave Senators, and among the rest had a long conversation with Mr. Southard. As we stood at the end of the room, which is the old theatre transformed into a ball-room, he said, 'On this very spot where we stand I saw the best acting that I ever witnessed.' . . . Though my heart told me to whom he alluded, I could not help asking him 'what was the play, and who the actor.' 'The play was Macbeth; the performer, Mr. Cooper.' I could not restrain the tears which sprung to my eyes as I heard my dear father so enthusiastically spoken of. I looked around, and thought that not only had papa's footsteps trod those boards. I looked down at the velvet dress of Mrs. Tyler, and thought of the one I wore there six years before as Lady Randolph, when we struggled through a miserable engagement of a few rainy nights!"*

The President soon after married the brilliant daughter of his old friend Hon. David Gardiner. The tragic death of this gentleman on the steamer Princeton had awakened public interest in the bereaved family, which culminated in the marriage of the President to Julia,—a striking parallel to the events which formed the recent romance of the White House. To this period we must hasten, although the intervening years are full of social interests in Washington, to say nothing of the tragedies which have passed into history.

In the year 1875 the family of Mr. Oscar Folsom, a genial, generous, and companionable gentleman, were residing at the Tifft House in Buffalo, when the carriage in which he was driving was suddenly overturned, and Mr. Folsom was killed almost instantly. On that day his wife and little daughter chanced to be out of town; but the

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* My own remembrance of Mrs. Robert Tyler may be of interest, since it has to do with a recent period. During my childhood she was a frequent visitor at my father's house, and I recall her charm of manner, her still beautiful countenance, and her remarkable ability at dramatic recitation. With her came frequently her daughter, the one whom during the Presidential period Bodisco used to refer to as the "empress of a baby," and whose passion for music was evinced almost before she could speak plainly. I recall her, some fifteen years ago, as a most beautiful and very youthful looking woman, the same type of blonde that her mother had been, with piquant features, profuse golden hair, and the most charming blue eyes. She appeared successfully on the stage in New York several times, and has since, I believe, resided in Alabama. Her mother was then a widow, and had suffered much during the civil war.

dying man was promptly cared for, and his close friend and companion, Mr. Grover Cleveland, immediately took upon himself thought and care for the widow and child.* The little girl—Frances—was born in the year 1864, on the 21st of July, and her childhood had been passed in a simple, light-hearted fashion, the friends of those days learning to love her for the same simple sincerity of character that has made her since her entrance into the life of the nation so charming a mistress of the White House. Her education began in Mrs. Brecker's French kindergarten. After her father's death she became a pupil of the high school in Medina, where for a few years she and her mother resided, passing their summers at Folsomdale in the large old-fashioned country-house of her grandfather. Returning to Buffalo, the young girl entered the Central School, and quickly gained promotion in her classes. Finding that her Christian name "Frank" occasioned her being constantly entered on the lists of the boys in the school, she determined to alter it to "Frances," the final result of which is the more womanly name by which she now desires to be known. The babyish *sobriquet* of "Frankie" has not been used since she left the nursery, except in the public prints, and is extremely distasteful to her.

From Buffalo Miss Folsom's Central School certificates admitted her to the Sophomore class at Wells College, where she readily won many friends. As one of her school-mates has remarked, from first to last Frances Folsom "had the allegiance of the school," graduating in June, 1885, with the approbation and affection of teachers and pupils alike. Mr. Cleveland's guardianship of the young girl was well known. During the second year of her college life hampers of flowers came regularly from the conservatories of the Executive mansion in Albany, and on the day of her valedictory a superb stand of white flowers near her was the tribute of the President, sent directly from the famous plants in the White House at Washington.

The honors of the White House were at that time done by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the sister of the President, who invited Mrs. and Miss Folsom to visit the Executive mansion in the winter of 1886. Miss Cleveland presented the charming young lady who assisted her at certain receptions as "my little school-girl," but it was a family secret, wisely kept as such in order to avoid publicity, that the President and Miss Folsom were engaged. So carefully was this guarded

* It has frequently been stated that Mr. Cleveland supported the family of his friend; but this is entirely untrue, Mrs. Folsom's means being adequate for all the requirements of her family, while her father-in-law, Colonel John Folsom, was a man of property sufficient to have assisted her in the education of her children had there been the slightest need of it.

from the public that within three weeks of the marriage some of the bride-elect's most intimate friends were not aware of the engagement. Early in the spring of 1886 Miss Folsom and her mother went abroad for a short trip, visiting France and Italy, but avoiding as much as possible social attention, which would inevitably have resulted in intrusive discussion of the fact of the public honor awaiting her. American girls in Paris had long since made the fact of elaborate shopping unnotable: therefore Miss Folsom was able to procure her trousseau without exciting much comment. In Naples she encountered an old friend, who, having heard some rumor of her approaching marriage, asked her if such an event was soon to take place. Miss Folsom laughingly remarked that she would let her know in good time. The friend then requested her to promise to spend the honeymoon at Deer Park if she married President Cleveland. This was the reason for the selection made of that delightful spot in which the President and his bride passed the first two weeks of their married life. Passage was taken by Mrs. Folsom and her daughter on the Noordland; but, although many of the passengers suspected the state of affairs, all were too delicate to make any direct inquiry, and the young lady appeared as usual, affable and uniformly agreeable, ready to be considerate of others, and genial in her way of receiving the attentions of the ship's company or the cabin-passengers. As a device for killing time, one afternoon during rough weather Captain Codman suggested that each of the cabin-passengers should write a little story or set of verses to be read aloud for the edification of all. This resulted in a manuscript pamphlet called the "North Atlantic Spray," some numbers of which were read each evening. On one occasion the captain produced four pages of foolscap closely written, which he announced as a story called "Little Moll," written by Miss Folsom. The *naïve* plot was substantially as follows:

A reporter on a famous New York newspaper has for his almost daily occupation work in the criminal courts. The ferreting out of crime and the arrest of criminals and their daily punishment are hour by hour reported by the young man. Stories of crime black and foul as were ever written are daily unrolled before him, until his belief in human nature nearly perishes. But his faith is preserved through meeting a poor news-girl who comes and goes daily to the office for copies of the journal on which he serves. The sequel can be imagined. The reporter, steeped as he is in visions of the world's iniquity, and in daily danger of his life (since he had incurred the enmity of the criminal classes), has his life saved by "Moll." In return he places her at school, and ultimately marries her, after which we may suppose he leads a life in which the devious paths of the reporter are shunned.

The story was charmingly written, and showed decided literary ability. Indeed, Mrs. Cleveland has from early years exhibited what would have been developed into a talent for literature had the events of her life called it forth. She has the rare gift of expressing herself fitly and agreeably in a letter, a faculty decidedly uncommon with Americans, unless they have been long influenced by cosmopolitan traditions, but which is part of the grace of foreign life. There should be nothing studied either in the speech or the written words of a lady or gentleman, nothing apparently perfunctory; and the same *courtoisie de cœur* which dignified Mrs. Madison and made those about her happy is the best guarantee for what is essentially "polite." Mrs. Cleveland appreciates this, apparently, as perfectly as did the dear "Dolly" of the early White House days.

Directly the Noordland arrived, Colonel Lamont, who has added to his multifarious duties the part of confidential and discriminating friend, received Mrs. and Miss Folsom and conducted them to the Gilsey House. Here the President arrived soon after. His visit to New York was ostensibly to assist at the celebration of Decoration Day, but by this 30th of May it had become generally known that he was to be married, and, for the first time in the annals of the historic dwelling of our rulers, arrangements were made for a wedding to be celebrated in the Executive mansion itself.

If the public had felt itself defrauded of the dear enjoyment of chronicling the every movement of people conspicuous, it must have appreciated the delicacy which made Miss Folsom shrink from comment or public notice, and, as it was within a day or two a recognized fact that the wedding was close at hand, there was all the effusion that could be desired in the way in which Miss Folsom's movements were thenceforward watched. Miss Rose Cleveland, as hostess of the White House, made every preparation to receive Miss Folsom and her mother on the day of the wedding. In the early morning she met the ladies and their party at the Washington station, which was thronged with people anxious to see their President's bride. What they beheld was a tall, slenderly-built, and beautiful girl, with a manner of extreme simplicity and dignity, who seemed ready to be kindly in her mute observance of the welcome accorded her, yet was too reticent for much demonstration of feeling.

The Blue Room, formerly occupied by Miss Nellie Grant, was prepared for the bride's reception. During the eventful day the President continued to attend to public affairs, with only occasional interruptions from those engaged in preparing for the wedding-ceremony or for a brief time of recreation with the family circle when he and

Miss Folsom together addressed certain boxes of wedding-cake to be sent with their autographs to her particular friends. So informal had they desired the wedding to be that the President himself wrote certain invitations, the following of which may be taken as a specimen:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, May 29, 1886.

"MY DEAR MR. ——:

"I am to be married on Wednesday evening, at seven o'clock, at the White House, to Miss Folsom. It will be a very quiet affair, and I will be extremely gratified at your attendance on the occasion.

"Yours sincerely,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

At six o'clock on the afternoon of June 2, a detachment of police entered the White House grounds, to clear the portion of the premises directly south of the mansion, and soon afterwards the members of the Marine Band were admitted to the vestibule. By seven the invited guests arrived, entering the Blue Room on the first floor, the southern end of which was completely banked with flowers. The wedding-procession started from the western corridor on the upper floor. The President came down the staircase, his bride leaning on his arm, the members of the family following, and the strains of the Wedding March ushering them into the Blue Room, where at five minutes past seven o'clock the ceremony was performed. The observances which followed were such as would characterize any home wedding. A supper or collation was served, and an hour later the bride and groom started for their honeymoon at Deer Park, which was conducted as simply as possible. Walking, driving, and fishing were the recreations of the party. They had sought seclusion, but at the same time they did not shun visits from intimate friends, and they could not escape the reporter. On her return to the White House Mrs. Cleveland immediately inaugurated the hospitalities which she has since then so pleasantly dispensed, by a ball at which she wore her wedding-garments of white silk with the necklace of diamonds which was her husband's gift.

Following certain established rules, each mistress of the White House is at liberty to make innovations which have a bearing upon her own methods of daily life. Mrs. Cleveland's days of reception are somewhat different from those of her predecessor; but, while thoroughly dignified and appreciating her position, she is not inaccessible to any one who has a reason for seeing her. Her daily life is varied by certain visits to intimate friends, private luncheon- and tea-parties, evenings of pleasant social intercourse, which divert the

monotony of the public receptions, and levees, which of course she holds with as much regard for popular feeling as ever Mrs. Robert Tyler displayed.

The White House has undergone few changes of late years, except in furnishing. Entering the main door-way, you find yourself in a spacious vestibule, where there are always attendants in waiting who understand their duties thoroughly and treat every one with respectful attention. Directly the visitor's business is understood, the attendant ushers him, according to the nature of his errand, either to the public offices or to the private reception-room beyond the fine glass screen protecting the vestibule, as it is called, from the private hall, and shutting off the public from the personal portion of the dwelling. The ante-room for official visitors is up-stairs, to the left of the public staircase, a commodious and bright apartment, wherein those waiting for responses to business demands may be seated. Below this is the famous East Room, which the first lady of the White House devoted to laundry purposes, which Mr. Monroe's children used as a play-room, and which later was developed into the gorgeous apartment now open to visitors for certain hours of the day and used as a public drawing-room. Beyond the glass screen a corridor of fine proportions terminates in the conservatories at one end, the Green Room at the other. The Blue Room and Red Room are *en suite*, all three rooms having been upholstered, decorated, and furnished most artistically. The Red Room, used as a reception-parlor by the ladies of the family, presents the usual evidences of home life, with the elegance in finish and ornamentation now so common in American households. The Blue Room is a triumph of artistic decoration, a silvery net-work on the blue ceiling and rich hues in the furnishings and few ornaments of the room impressing the beholder with an idea of splendor. In the Green Room beyond, the tones are more subdued, and, as tropical plants and natural flowers are profuse on all sides, the general effect is very beautiful. Above the Blue parlor is the Oval Room, which Mrs. Cleveland occupies as a family sitting-room, and which is large and finely furnished. There are only seven sleeping-rooms: so that at present no place exists for the proper reception and entertainment of foreign visitors. The cheerless aspect of the Executive mansion has long since vanished, and something like home life within its walls is possible.

The state dinners occurring at certain intervals are still more or less public. These occur in the large dining-room beyond the Red Room. Directly across the hall is the family dining-room, charmingly furnished, which witnesses a pleasant party for the eight-o'clock breakfast, the mid-

day lunch, and the six-o'clock dinner. A competent housekeeper regulates the affairs of the *ménage*, but Mrs. Cleveland takes an active interest in all that is going forward. Her own methods of life are very simple. She is an early riser, fond of reading and informal visiting, interested in the affairs of the nation in a way suited to her years. Personally she is a woman whose charm can by no means be understood through the medium of photography. The first impression she creates is of a girlish figure, tall and willowy, with a well-shaped and well-poised head, soft brown hair, brilliant eyes under finely-marked brows, and a mouth and chin absolutely faultless. The character of the face, if girlish, is intelligent and thoughtful. Although the dimples come readily, the smile is exceedingly sweet, and seems a fitting accompaniment to her extremely well modulated voice. Not a trace of affectation or stiffness is there in her manner, but instead a *savoir-faire* which is remarkable in one so young, unless indeed we accept the natural conclusion that it is instinctive.

The mistress of the White House stands in a position more trying by far than that of any crowned sovereign in Europe. Everything and anything is expected of her. She must unite all the qualities which go to make up a thorough lady; she must pass the ordeal of hours of what may be called public servitude without betraying the least fatigue or inhospitality, whether her guests at a crowded levee come from the wild woods or from the most cosmopolitan centre; she must understand the art of informal receptions,—must be, like foreign royalties, "gracious," "condescending," and "amiable," and at the same time be thoroughly democratic; otherwise she will be severely handled by all the "sovereign people" who constitute themselves her critics. She has not the refuge of seclusion or of divine right which belongs to a queen; and yet her very critics demand from her as much as though she had been born to the purple and received the training necessary for the duties of her station. Happy are we, therefore, when our ladies of the White House possess the inherent sense of the fitness of things which makes Mrs. Grover Cleveland so admirable in her public position, so considerate and unselfish in private life!

Lucy C. Lillie.

THE UNPOPULAR KITCHEN.

FROM the housekeeper's narrow point of view it is perhaps admissible to speak of the difficulty of obtaining suitable household help as an evil; but when a little more perspective is taken, this great want of the kitchen is seen to be a necessary feature of our vigorous and hasty growth as a nation.

When we were young and rustic and simple we had no "servant-girl problem" to puzzle over. Then help was obtainable at the house of some neighbor who happened to have a surplus of daughters, no one deeming that she who left her father's roof lost any prestige by the act.

But this system, which governed the wants of a thriving and industrious people, has passed away or been relegated to far-outlying rural districts. With the rapid increase of wealth, houses enlarged and multiplied, and luxurious and fashionable habits grew upon us, till the demand for household help greatly exceeded the supply. The result was inevitable. We had to accept the only help that offered, the pressure being such that few could afford to draw the line at skilfulness or efficiency. So the tidy American kitchen passed into the keeping of the ignorant and untrained immigrant, with whom the daughters of American farmers and mechanics could not and would not affiliate, and domestic service grew to mean to the American girl the very lowest step of the social ladder.

The general ignoring by writers on domestic science of this gulf which was, so to speak, fixed between kitchen and parlor in the early part of our national life lies at the bottom of much of the fruitless discussion on this subject; fruitless, because the poor American girl, as appreciative of social advantages as her richer sister, is not to be driven into undesirable and unpromising employment by any specious argument based on the supposition that life is a mere question of bread. Life—our glowing, plastic American life—is to her what it is to others, —the scene of a struggle for place. To the persistent question, Why do you prefer the starvation wages of shop or factory to well-paid domestic service? she answers, and answers pertinently, For the same reason that a millionaire's daughter chooses to marry a bankrupt nobleman instead of a wealthy butcher or tradesman. And while there may be those who will say that in both instances there is deviation from sound sense and a wholesome view of life, it must be admitted, nevertheless, even by the most radical, that the error, such as it is, con-

sists in mistaken judgment, not in being possessed of aspiration. The feeling that prompts one to seek and cling to what is felt to be good and elevating is one that distinguishes civilized beings from savages. Better a people feverish with hope and faith, willing to endure present ill for future benefit,—not always practical in the ordinary sense,—than a people whose wants are all immediate and for the direct benefit of the individual self; better, also, that material good should occasionally be discounted in favor of that good which cannot be eaten like pottage or reckoned in dollars and cents.

And, after all, in what is the poor daughter of America, with her scorn of personal comforts purchased by servility and loss of individual freedom, different from her brother the working-man? He prefers hardship to luxury when the latter costs him the best attributes of his manhood, and with axe in hand seeks the frontier, leaving to foreigners the easy occupations of coachman and butler. Had he been content to be sleek and well-fed,—a dependant at some rich man's house,—where would have been our wealth-breeding mines, grain-planted prairies, and reaches of railroad? Surely those who deprecate the "silly pride" which determines the American girl's aversion to domestic service are, Esau-like, permitting the wants of to-day to blind them to the needs of the morrow, forgetting that what the individual loses in personal comfort through voluntary sacrifice goes to the strengthening and dignifying of the national life and character.

If American labor did not seek the lines of employment offering the greatest number of possibilities for social advancement, as it does, instead of those offering the highest immediate remuneration, as many contend it should, I hold that the prospect of a high future civilization for us would not be promising. The degree of culture that characterizes a people is proportionate to the intensity and duration of the struggle which developed that culture. Let it be borne in mind also that in the elevation of society the efforts of the weaker as well as the achievements of the stronger stimulate general exertion: hence any falling back or yielding of aspiration in the lower ranks must weaken the tension of effort and tend to hasten a condition of comparative fixity. The servant-girl problem may, therefore, be said to be the nucleus of the great class problem which sooner or later will work out its own solution; for the pressure and final settling that will give us our own countrywomen for domestic servants will assuredly stratify society from top to bottom.

But let us not suppose that because of this inevitable settling of our social foundations an aristocracy such as is known in Europe is about to be developed on our Western continent. The national demo-

cratic instinct will doubtless preserve a plane of equality where man may always meet man on a common footing, so that whatever our upper class may prove itself, it is not probable that it will have either legislated privileges or titular distinctions. European social rank is a decided variation from the more ancient caste of the Brahman; the American may be expected to be a variation from and an improvement upon the European. While it is true that shrewdness, perseverance, and vigor—the qualities that won ages ago in the Old World—are at work shaping destiny here, it must be seen that here these qualities are directed to the securing of higher objects. Assuming that our civilization is still in its childhood, and comparing it with the like early stages of older systems, the differences will all be seen to lie in our favor. Money-getting, with all its dishonest practices, is a higher form of brutality than the wholesale plundering and slaughtering of the defenceless; political trickery is less objectionable than assassination; impure legislation is better than feudal tyranny; and trial by jury, however corrupt the panel, is preferable to the old appeal to sorcery to settle a matter of guilt or innocence. With such a start ahead of the beginnings of older civilizations, would it not be strange indeed if the United States did not develop tests of superiority finer than any to-day applied to mankind? —strange and contrary to reason if, in the coming culture, moral courage and high character—rarest of rare qualities—do not do for the man what cunning, bloodthirstiness, and strength of limb did for him of old,—noble achievements in science, statesmanship, art, literature, and beneficence constituting the nobility of the nobleman?

That the struggle that will bring about this high social and moral state of society will be long and severe no one can doubt who notes the equipment of the masses for it. When, therefore, it is taken for granted that only the few will reach the top, we cannot escape looking at the grim other side of the picture, in which the many fail more or less hopelessly. In other words, we see men and women with aspirations half realized and work half achieved crowded out of favorite pursuits by men and women more eminently fitted for those pursuits, the latter having been acted upon in the same manner by persons of yet higher qualifications. For the law of fitness holds nothing too sacred for removal in the interest of that which is a little better.

In the treatment of our subject so far, passive submission to the law of national development has been kept in view. We cannot check the multitude in its headlong pursuit of the prizes of life, and I have endeavored to show that it would not be best to do so were it possible, and that for the troubles of the kitchen no one in particular is responsible; but that we can do absolutely nothing to ameliorate the existing

state of things is far from being asserted. The remedy, however, must be through a gradual reversion of all that brought about what is now endured with so much complaint and bad grace. And, first, we must begin to discriminate between housemaid and housemaid,—between work well done and utter incompetency,—and thus remove the low social dead level of domestic service which our early lack of discrimination engendered. In the constitution of things there is no more reason why one should consider himself "lucky" in having secured a good cook or chambermaid than in having purchased a fine picture. In the latter case it is presumed a high price has been paid to a master of the brush, and no notion of chance as a factor in the purchase associates the artist with a daub.

If, against such discrimination, it is urged that it would aggravate the present distress by adding innumerable inconveniences, the reply is an admission of involved inconvenience. The householder who determines to have either a good servant or none will sometimes be obliged to accept the latter alternative, and a general determination of this kind among employers would doubtless occasion much distress among a class of inapt domestics, who in their strait might possibly be driven to earn their bread in some coarser out-door field. But that this state of things would be worse than the present is not at all apparent. The sieve, the scale, and the measure have been found necessary in the adjustment of the commonest of our every-day transactions. Only in the kitchen, which in the process of our hasty and unsymmetrical growth has been left behind, have the lines of discrimination been trampled down. If it can be shown that the health and well-being of the family are less important than that coals should be regulated by a grate or that masonry should be paid for by the cubic foot, the present system may well be left to correct itself; but otherwise there should be no hesitation in calling things by their proper names and demanding of the house-servant ability to do what she undertakes.

Jane Ellis Joy.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 4.

SOCIAL LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

I SUPPOSE I can best give you an idea of university life here by taking an imaginary student through the many trials and tribulations that await a young man who has never left home before.

The time, then, is the latter part of September. I am an "old man," and am supposed to be at the dépôt, which is about half a mile from the university. As the train pulls up, I see a young man get off, stretch himself, look around with a vacant air, as if he wonders where that plague-take-it university is, anyway, and whether this beastly town affords any means of conveying himself and baggage out there, or whether he will have to "foot it." I step up and ask if he wishes to go to the university. A bright smile suffuses his face, and he replies, with a cordiality only begotten by a kind inquiry when one is a stranger in a strange land, "Yes. Can you tell me the best way to get there?"

"I am going up now, and, if you want to, you can have your baggage sent up, and I shall be very glad to show you up myself."

He thanks me, but fears he is giving me too much trouble. I make him easy on this point, and, after confiding his baggage to a trustworthy drayman, we start on our way. By the time we reach the college I have learned his name and a good deal about him, and have, in return, stuffed him with tales of the university, until he is wild to be a full-fledged student. If he has not, by letter to the proctor, bespoken a room beforehand, I take him to that functionary's office, and, through the knowledge acquired from past experience, manage to secure him one of the best rooms to be had,—either on the Lawn, in House F, or on Monroe Hill. I take him up to his room, which we find furnished in the following Spartan style: one bedstead, one small deal table, two chairs, and a looking-glass that gives back two faces, very much distorted, to the gazer.

I immediately order the man in charge to put the mattresses, etc., on the bed, and when that has been done the student has all the comfort he may expect at the hands of the boarding-house-keeper, who furnishes the room in this style and gives board for eighteen dollars a month, or about four dollars and a half a week.

But none of the students leave their rooms in this condition. For as soon as they once more get possession of their trunks, and have procured a wash and a change of linen, off they go down to the post-

office, situated just outside of the university grounds, and around which are clustered half a dozen book-stores and general furnishing-stores, which adopt that precept, so often inculcated in our youth, "See a stranger and take him in," and here they lay out all their ready cash in furniture for their rooms.

I go around with my new acquaintance, and give him my advice, in the patronizing manner usual from an old man to a new one, as to what he will and what he will not need to make him comfortable. A carpet, pair of curtains, easy-chair, perhaps two, coal-scuttle, etc., table-cover, lamp and oil-can,—and there you are. He has them sent to his room, the number and locality of which he has forgotten, but I inform the merchant for him. Then I leave him, after receiving the warmest thanks, and after each has expressed a hope of meeting again next day. He returns to his room, and at supper-time enters bashfully and fearfully the large dining-hall, where thirty or forty luckless youngsters, as green if not greener than he, are collected for the first time. The dining-room contains a dozen round tables, each of which will seat ten, and around which are placed wooden stools screwed to the floor for purposes of safety. He drops into the first seat he comes to, too frightened to venture farther, and if there are many "old men" in the room they immediately begin to "grin him;" that is, they strike on their plates with their knives and forks, beat with their feet, and shout at the top of their voices, in the effort to make their victim grin. Woe to him if they succeed; for in that event the same thing will be repeated three times a day, until he ceases to notice it.

Next day I meet him again, wandering about the grounds and buildings and trying to look as if he is enjoying himself. I show him everything of interest, and, meeting some of my old friends, introduce him, and soon we are all on a friendly footing. Within the first two weeks of the opening of the session it is considered perfectly correct to speak without an introduction, but after that time never, except under special circumstances. I have sat by a man for a whole session, in a class-room, and never said a word to him. And I knew two men last session who lived within two rooms of each other, and never spoke until the last day of the session, when they happened to meet in a mutual friend's room, who introduced them.

The men to whom I have introduced my friend soon introduce him to others, and in the first two weeks he has ample opportunity to make the acquaintance of his neighbors, and, if he likes them, to get a seat at their table. He now begins to feel more at home. If he is a pleasant, agreeable fellow, he will become an object of interest to the fraternities, which are a large factor in university society. These dif-

ferent clubs, of which there are fourteen, I think, averaging about twelve members, embrace over half of the men at the university, and in all college matters by far the more influential half. There are, however, a great many nice men who do not join the fraternities, either because they have not been asked by the one they prefer, or because they disapprove of the fraternity system on the ground that they prevent outside and general friendships. Here, however, they are mistaken. A great many of my best friends are members not of mine, but of other and rival fraternities.

I take my club-mates around to see my new friend, and, if the general opinion be favorable, proceed to "twig" him, or, in plain English, to ask him to join my fraternity. He probably hesitates, thanks me for the honor, and asks time to consider. If he is asked by some other good fraternity before he decides, it is uncertain how long it will take him to make up his mind. At last a decision is reached, he lets the successful "twigger" know, and generally the first intimation the unsuccessful club has of its defeat is the sight of the rival badge on the left breast of its "goat."

And now his social pleasures begin. He may have letters of introduction to one or more of the professors, but in any event some of his new friends take him to call. In the neighborhood of the university is collected a set of the prettiest, most stylish, and altogether most charming young ladies it has ever been my lot to associate with. Most of the professors give a number of small receptions at the beginning of each session, and, as our friend has been fortunate enough to get a "bid" to one of these, he comes rushing over to our room to ask whether he ought to wear a dress-suit, whether there will be dancing, whether a black necktie will do as well as a white one, etc. The questions a young man can ask when on the eve of his first appearance among strangers, whose manners and customs he seems to think must be entirely different from those in vogue anywhere else in good society, are innumerable. We tell him that dress-suits are never worn here except at germans, and that otherwise he must dress just as if he were going to a party at home. He turns away with a half-concealed sigh of disappointment; for he had evidently intended to make many a "mash" in that new dress-suit. But off he goes, at last, to dress, and we to mature our plans for the night's campaign.

We first visit the rooms of all our acquaintances, and inform them of the fact that our new man has a "bid," and that he must be initiated into the mysteries of a "dyke." This project meets with general acceptance, and preparations are forthwith begun for this time-honored and purely local institution. Dyke is said to be derived from the

Greek verb δείκνυμι, to "show," to "point out,"—I suppose from the action of pointing with the right hand at the victim as you scream, "Dyke!"

The preparations are made by procuring all the old horns, some of them six, eight, and ten feet long, that we can lay our hands on; all the coal-scuttles, not in actual use, for drums; and old clothes, wrapped around sticks and saturated with oil, for torches. With this paraphernalia we collect around the door of our innocent friend, and, making the rest conceal themselves behind pillars, trees, and everything else available, I go into his room and watch him dress, talking all the time in the most unexcited way possible. At last he is ready. I stay behind to blow out the lamp, as he goes out of the door. I hear the words "Here he is, boys!" "All right," and a hurried "Why, what's the matter? What are you going to do?" His questions are unheeded, and, after a momentary halt to give the fifty torch-bearers time to apply a match to the combustible material on the ends of their poles, the prolonged shout "Dyke! dyke! dyke!" is heard echoing and re-echoing up and down the arcades, rousing all students, especially the new ones, from their studies. The cry spreads like wildfire, and is taken up from room to room, house to house, range to range, until the venerable old walls seem to shake with the din. Amid the shouts, the blowing of the immense horns, and the beating of tin pans, the victim, in the hands of his quasi-friends and by the glaring light of torches, now increased to perhaps a hundred, is rushed around the lawn, around the ranges, and then up the middle of the campus, and is finally placed upon the topmost step, leading to the rotunda porch, some fifteen or twenty feet above the sea of upturned faces, which seem to be so cruelly enjoying themselves at his expense. Some kind friend behind him takes off his hat for him, another catches him back of the neck and compels him to make a bow. The cries of "Speech! speech!" make the welkin ring and the windows in the old dome rattle. If he is a wise young man, he will keep silent; if not, he will attempt to speak; but he will never get further than the first word, to be deafened by the applause. In some ten minutes he is considered to have had enough. The audience take him down, put on his hat, and rush him down the middle of the lawn at full speed. When the house at which the entertainment is given is reached, the two hundred men (for I have frequently seen that many engaged in a dyke) form a double line extending fifty or seventy-five yards, and the luckless victim is rushed through by two captors, right up into the house, little pitied by, but affording much amusement to, the girls assembled at the windows. But when, despite Scylla and Charybdis, he has safely reached his haven, they make up for their heart-

lessness by being doubly sweet to him; and as he wends his way homeward, somewhere about the witching hour of twelve, he declares that for such pleasure he would suffer it all again.

He soon makes the acquaintance of most of the young ladies in the neighborhood, if he is a "calicoist" (which implies a greater lover of the fair sex than of his studies), and pursues their acquaintance, or not, as his own sweet will may dictate.

A german club is generally formed in the early part of the year, and gives a german about once a month, though last year it gave eighteen. This club is composed of the dancing girls as well as young men: the latter have to sign a pledge not to drink a drop of any kind of liquor from twelve o'clock of the day of the german until twelve the next day. This prevents any disorderly conduct, and makes the germans much less objectionable than formerly to the quiet citizens, who were liable to be disturbed at all hours by the uproarious germanites after the dancing was over. Our young friend, if fond of dancing, joins, and goes in for an amusement in which only the dancing girls engage. If however, he is not a disciple of Terpsichore, and is still fond of ladies' society, he has an equal number of beautiful and accomplished girls, who will talk, walk, ride, or flirt with him, but disapprove of dancing.

If our friend is not susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, he is by this time deep in his studies, getting quite interested in some ancient Greek, Latin, or Hebrew novelist, or else is just beginning to see the beauty of solid geometry, law, or anatomy. If he does not care to study, he will find many who are only too glad to teach him how to spend his money, and frequently to spend it for him. But we will not suppose our friend has such a disposition as either to be afraid of the girls or his studies. For it very frequently happens that the best students do a good deal of "calicoing."

About this time he is asked, either by a friend or some person specially appointed for the purpose, to unite himself with the Y. M. C. A., which is the oldest college Y. M. C. A. in the world,—having been founded in 1858 and having been kept up ever since. If he is a member of any established church, he rarely hesitates to take advantage of this opportunity to show his interest and join in the only religious work of the university; for the Y. M. C. A. is the only authorized religious organization here. It raises, by subscription from all the students, the salary of the chaplain, who is chosen biennially by the faculty from the four denominations, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal. Taking into consideration the fact that all religious exercises are voluntary, we are very proud of the fifty men that appear

at prayer-meeting, and of the one hundred and thirty whose names we have on our roll. Our friend is also asked to join the Temperance Union, which has for its object the furtherance of the cause of temperance by means of a total-abstinence pledge lasting until the end of the session. It is also a debating society, and, this year, has about twenty-five active members, besides a good many more who have signed the pledge but do not care to take an active part in the proceedings.

He is certainly expected to connect himself with one of the literary societies, and in doubt comes to me for my advice and opinion on their respective merits. And I proceed to give my ideas on the subject, as follows. The "Wash." is composed almost entirely of hard-working men, who mean to get all the good they can out of everything, and therefore their debates are really instructive and interesting. As a natural consequence, they pay less attention to society politics, and their elections create little excitement in college. The "Jeff.," on the other hand, professes to be the "swell" society, and to have the more popular and influential men enrolled among its members. The debates are paid little attention to during the year, and consequently every one is surprised to see such a good display in the contest for the medal. But this is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that a majority of the brightest intellects of the three hundred or more students is here collected. The election for Final President in the Jeff. constitutes one of the greatest excitements of the year to the sixty or eighty members of that society. The candidates begin their canvass two or three months before the election, and sometimes as much as a year before. The contest is waged with such bitterness that warm friendships are frequently broken, never to be renewed. Here we encounter the most objectionable feature of the system of secret fraternities. The average fraternity man does not vote according to his own opinion as to the fitness of the candidate for the position, but entirely as his fraternity goes. Of course there are exceptions, but they are rare. This arouses ill feeling and jealousy between fraternities, which is very apt to lead to open breaks. I suppose the men would form themselves into cliques if fraternities were not allowed, and the same bad result would follow. But why is it that the young men of this country cannot carry on the simplest and most unimportant election without employing all the tricks, and frequently the dishonorable combinations, that so strongly characterize the average politician of to-day? Can they find no better model after which to copy? Frequently as many as thirty men are rushed into the society, simply for the purpose of voting for the Final President; but this year a law was passed to the effect that no man could vote for Final President unless he had been a member four months

previous to the election, and thus this objection has been virtually done away with. After hesitating awhile, our friend decides to join the "Jeff." and help reform the present state of things, and possibly get the Final Presidency.

We suppose now that about a month has passed since the beginning of the session. Most of the verdancy has worn off our *protégé*, and he is able to scramble along for himself about as well as any one else. Some evening when he is hard at work preparing his lectures for the next day, a knock is heard at his door, and in answer to his loud "Come in," three or four of his new friends enter, and, after a "Good-evening, old fellow: are you in for some fun?" seat themselves wherever room can be found,—some on chairs, some on the bed, and one or two on the trunk,—and unfold their scheme. Within the last day or so a young fellow has arrived who is in danger of being eaten by the cows, so "green" is he, and consequently it would be a sin and a shame not to initiate him into the order of the "Sons of Confusius." The scheme is adopted unanimously. One of the men has already introduced himself to his victim, and on the first opportunity presents his friends. All are cordial and pleasant, talk a great deal about the honor of being asked to join a fraternity, and soon convince him that it is the highest aim of a university student to join one of those mystical bodies. When his mind has been prepared for the acceptance of any rite or ceremony, one of the number is chosen to "twig" him, and he gives his willing consent to be initiated, without asking about the standing of the Sons of Confusius. A night is appointed for the ceremony. At the given hour you may see ghostly figures wending their way towards the dissecting-hall, which is the scene of the initiation. The victim is brought in on the shoulders of five of the tallest men, his eyes blindfolded, and his head inclined towards the ground at an angle of about fifteen degrees. There are fifty or sixty men present, all dressed in white sheets, with their faces concealed by masks. A dim light, emanating from the eyes, nose, and mouth of a skull filled with alcohol sprinkled with salt, pervades the room. Against the wall stand three or four skeletons in the most natural attitudes. On the floor and upon the tables lie human bones. After doleful wails and cries from the spectators, the eyes of the victim are unbound, and he finds himself in a dimly-lighted room, surrounded by a crowd of spirit-like forms and face to face with a grinning skeleton. Brave must he be who does not feel a disagreeable sensation at such a moment. But, having declared his willingness to go through with the initiation, the dread of ridicule prevents him from retracing his steps. A half-hour is spent in absurd and, to the lookers-on, highly diverting ceremonies. The victim is then

taken outside, put in one of the strongest blankets, and given a little tossing, though not enough to hurt him.

This and the Dyke are the only approaches to hazing that I have ever heard of here; and this mock initiation occurs only at rare intervals, when an unusually "green" boy falls into our hands. As a rule, the old students are kind and considerate towards the new men, and do what they can to help them over the first two weeks of homesickness and loneliness. There is none of that class-feeling which plays such a prominent part in the life of most other colleges and universities, and after the first month or two the newly-entered student has just as good a standing in college as one who has been here one or two years; though, of course, the longer he stays the more friends he will have, and the better known he will be.

As I walk with my friend one afternoon, he asks, with what he intends to be an undemonstrative face, what I think of the "Eli Bananas," and requests me to tell him something about them. In reply, I inform him that it is a club of college students founded in 1878 at the White Sulphur Springs, at one time having several chapters, but now merely local. It was founded for the purpose of promoting sociability and good-fellowship among the members; and from its original object it has hardly swerved a jot up to the present time. The club has two initiations during each session, one in the fall and the other at Easter. Up to a year ago a large wine supper was given on each of these occasions, at which there were few who did not get quite "happy" before the night was over. But last year they adopted the plan of giving a german at Easter instead of a supper, which change seems to meet the approval of all. This club embraces the most popular and influential men of each fraternity, and, as the fraternities themselves have already picked them over very carefully, there is no excuse for the "Elis" ever having anything but the flower of the university. The "Elis" do much towards breaking up any fraternity feeling that may exist, since frequently the leading members of rival fraternities are thrown together intimately here and form firm friendships. It is considered a very high honor, I believe, to be asked to join this "upper ten," and there are never more than eight or ten admitted during the year. They boast that no one has ever refused to join them when asked. But, if that is so, I will venture to assert it is because they take very good care to be certain of their man before asking him.

My friend then asks if I think it possible for a man to join them and still be free from dissipation. I tell him yes, but that there is much more temptation for a member of a club like this than for an outsider. He informs me that he has been asked to join the "Elis,"

and, unless I advise him strongly to the contrary, he thinks he will give them an affirmative answer. I tell him I have given all the objections I have to the club, and that he must decide for himself, which he immediately proceeds to do; for he announces that evening his intention to join the "Eli Bananas" at their next meeting.

Here I have represented a man who has the honor offered him,—does not run after it. But, I am sorry to say, this is by no means universally the case; for some men will toady, fawn upon, and cringe in the most disgusting manner to those whose influence they wish to employ in getting into this club. Fortunately, fellows of this sort rarely meet with success in their endeavors, but only with the just contempt of their companions and the loss of such good standing as they had possessed before their vain attempt to soar to higher heights. Popularity, here as elsewhere, must seek, not be sought.

Since I have succeeded in getting my young friend into the "Elis," I think that he is now fully able to take care of himself; and, as his life after this is exactly like that of all the rest, I shall abandon him, and hereafter speak in a more general manner.

There is comparatively little interest taken in athletics of any kind; still, we have a gymnasium fairly well equipped, and out-door sports in which some very good records are made; and we had some years ago a boat club whose crew carried off the challenge cup at the State Regatta five times in succession. But since the cup was lost in '84 no crew has been sent to represent the university at the annual meeting of Virginia oarsmen. There is a base-ball team, chosen from really good material, but they and the rest of the college men take so little interest in the national game that they hardly ever practise, and won't go to the necessary trouble to have their grounds put in good order. The professors discourage the students going away from the university to play, and the natural consequence is that the game soon loses interest and supporters, since there is no competition.

The average man's daily routine commences with breakfast at half-past seven, and from that time until eleven or twelve at night he is hard at work, either preparing or reciting his lectures, with the exception of an hour for dinner and another for supper, and in most cases a third for exercise.

His opportunities for enjoyment are few, consisting of perhaps an hour's chat and smoke in some companion's room immediately after supper, and an occasional entertainment or visit to some of his lady friends. As a great many of the young ladies in the neighborhood live in the professors' houses, they are almost our next-door neighbors, and it takes little time to pay a call. I have frequently paid two calls after

tea and then gotten in three hours' study before bedtime. There is little stiffness in the society here, and many young men are privileged to drop in to tea or dinner without an invitation at almost all the professors' houses. Two friends have little time to see each other, except in the hour before and after tea, and if their rooms lie far apart this is almost impossible: so frequently one may go three or four days without seeing an intimate friend, unless both happen to have the same class.

In the lecture-room the professors treat the students as gentlemen, to whom politeness and consideration are due, and the students consider their professors their best advisers in time of trouble or when they wish help, and try to spare them annoyance when possible. I shall now touch upon that crowning jewel in the diadem of this grand old university,—that, in fact, which has given her the reputation, of which she is so justly proud, of sending from her halls men noted for their sense of honor and self-respect: I refer to the honor system, which has been in vogue here for more than forty years. A student's word is considered by the professor as good as his bond, and on an examination there are no watchful teachers ready and glad to detect fraud, but a notice is simply put upon the blackboard, requesting those standing the examination to append to their papers the statement that they have neither given nor received assistance. The student who signs this statement is considered to have pledged his honor. There has been only one case, to my knowledge, of cheating at examination, and on that occasion the students were so indignant at the confidence reposed in them being betrayed by one of their number that they held a mass-meeting and sent him away before the faculty could interpose. I have known of several cases of men caught cheating at cards or at something else dishonorable, and in every case the culprits were treated in the same way.

It is impossible to overestimate the benefit to the student and professor from this kind of honorable, friendly intercourse, which is one of the characteristic features of the University of Virginia.

As the session draws to a close, the men who have not been spending much time on their studies during the year get tired, and the longing to see home is not counteracted by the hope of reward in their classes, so very naturally they begin to drop out and wend their way homeward, and thus by the time the final examinations are upon us there are few left who are not making the most of their time in preparation.

These final examinations begin about the middle of May, and occur at intervals of two days until the last of June, when there reigns the wildest excitement as the different lists go upon the bulletin-board, an-

nouncing the names of the successful candidates for degrees and diplomas. Then is the time for true friendship to appear, for on one side is the successful friend for whom you must wear a happy, delighted expression, and on the other the friend who has "busted" and needs all your sympathy and comforting assurances. The excitement even seizes the fair ladies of the community, so that you hear nothing from morning till night but queries as to the results of the examinations.

On the last Sunday in June is delivered the final sermon before the Y. M. C. A., by some noted divine invited for the purpose. On Monday and Tuesday nights respectively are held the final celebrations of the "Wash." and "Jeff." Societies. Tuesday morning is devoted to the joint celebration of these two societies, when they are addressed by some man of prominence either in politics or literature.

On Monday morning and Tuesday afternoon are given two germans, where may be seen some of the fairest daughters of the South and the prettiest dancers in the world.

Wednesday is the final day of the session, and early in the morning the young men who have won their degrees, professional or academic, may be seen flitting about in their dress-suits, and those who will take diplomas dressed in their best for the gala occasion.

At ten o'clock the procession forms on the beautiful sward in front of the rotunda, the Board of Visitors in the place of honor at the head of the line, then the professors, next the graduates, by classes, and last of all the men on whom are to be conferred degrees.

Weber's band at a given signal strikes up some familiar march, and forward moves the line, up the long steps, down the long, broad passage, and into the Public Hall, with its thousand expectant faces and happy hearts. After all the diplomas and degrees have been conferred on the happy recipients, the session is declared at an end.

Then is introduced the orator of the day, chosen from among our distinguished alumni. After listening for an hour to an interesting speech, and cheering as much as the exhausted and weakened state of our lungs will allow, we disperse, with sad hearts at the thought that this delightful session has come to a close. We no longer remember our trials and difficulties and our hours of toil, but only the happy, thoughtless times in which we have let books go to the winds, and the many warm friendships we have made.

On Wednesday night occurs the greatest event of the Finals, in the opinion of the dancers,—the final ball.

The large library, a circular room fifty feet in diameter, with a dome roof having a pitch of about thirty feet, is used as the ball-room. Little alcoves surround it, which afford a splendid opportunity for flirtations

and nice comfortable chats, which you may be sure are liberally patronized between the dances. The floor is like glass, and as the fairy feet glide in such perfect time over its smooth surface in response to the strains of those beautiful waltzes, we think it must all be a dream, and that we will surely have to go through with the same old routine tomorrow.

The ball breaks up about daybreak, and on the early train depart most of those who have participated in it. Those last hand-shakes and farewell words make us realize for the first time that in all probability we shall not see these familiar faces back next year, but shall have to make new friends and lose them again just as we are doing now.

Next year will be very much the same sunlight and shadow as this has been, just as much work and as little fun, or, as it seems to us from our present stand-point, just as much fun and as little work.

J. B. Minor, Jr.

THE PASSING OF THE SINGER.

HE came alone, the pale singer,
'Long the dusty road to the town:
His feet were worn and his heart was torn,
His eyes were wide and brown.

He paused in the street of the city,
And hope sprang up amain:
To the surging throng that hurried along
He sang a plaintive strain.

But some had to buy in the market,
And others to sell in the shop,
And many to play, and a few to pray,
And none had time to stop.

So they did not hear the music,
They did not turn to look,
Save a woman worn, and a lover lorn,
And a student over his book.

Men had no time to listen,
  And he no heart to wait:
So he hushed his song and passed along
  Out through the city gate.

He went alone, the pale singer,
  'Long the dusty road from the town:
His cheeks were thin, and tears stood in
  His eyes so wide and brown.

And the woman's lip was trembling,
  As she turned from her work to look:
The lover lorn forgot to mourn,
  And the student closed his book.

When the sunset gates were opened,
  And the western skies aflame,
From over the hill to the city still
  A magical music came.

Men cried, "Do you hear the music?"
  They were resting after the day.
"That singer sweet to our city street
  Shall come and dwell for aye!"

Far over the land they sought him,
  Sought till the night grew late;
But the weary feet of the singer sweet
  Had passed the sunset gate.

Then back to the streets of the city,
  Back to its tire, they came;
And eyes were wet with a sweet regret
  As they spoke the singer's fame.

He passed alone, the pale singer,
  And no one turned to look,
Save a woman worn, and a lover lorn,
  And a student over his book.

Now ever in hush of evening
  Men sit with lips grown dumb,
As over the hill to the city still
  The songs of the singer come.

Charles Washington Coleman, Jr.

WEST POINT, THE ARMY, AND THE MILITIA.

THE Board of Visitors to the National Military Academy in 1883 told all that they had learned about the school, or cared to say about it, in two printed pages: they were impressed with the perfection and beauty of everything, and had nothing to suggest.

The report of the Board of 1884 contains some thirty pages, including the oration which one of the Visitors delivered to the cadets and which the other eleven Visitors voted to make a part of their report. This Board mustered up courage enough to make a few suggestions, albeit with great diffidence, as they confess. They recommended increasing the size of the band and teaching more Spanish. Some committees were more radical in their suggestions, but the Board, as a whole, could not go beyond the recommendations in favor of more Spanish teaching and a brass band of forty pieces. As a whole, the Board viewed the horsemanship of the cadets with astonishment, and of the training and development at the Academy they were satisfied "that there is nothing in all the civic colleges and universities at all equal to it." In fact, the Visitors, petrified at the accomplishments of the cadets, observe, "It may by some be questioned whether or not it is necessary, in order that a young man may become a good officer, that he should know as much or be able to do as much as he is made to do and is taught at West Point."

The Visitors of the next two years went to work with an evident purpose to find out whether the Military Academy were really abreast of the times, and, if not, wherein it could be improved. But in reading their painstaking reports two or three things must be borne in mind. No Board of Visitors present at an educational establishment merely during the examinations can get much information about it. It is certain that no virtue that the school possesses will be permitted to escape their attention, and it is equally certain that any fault that they discover must be too large and obtrusive to be covered up by the faculty even for a few days. The Military Academy and its graduates do not come into competition with the civic colleges and their graduates, and it is almost impossible to find any means of comparison to assist one in getting at the relative value of the methods employed at West Point.

Then there are features peculiar to the Military Academy that must be borne in mind. It is a professional school, designed to train youths to be army officers. After military science and tactics, engineering must

be the leading study in such a school. Hence various branches of mathematics predominate to a very marked degree in the curriculum.

Now, if we turn to the report of the Board of Visitors for 1885, we find the following which the Secretary of War picks out and quotes in his annual report:

"At the present time no theoretical instruction whatever in military subjects is given during the first two years at West Point. In the third year twenty-three hours in all are devoted to recitations in infantry, artillery, and cavalry tactics, and it is not until the fourth (and last) year that professional topics are reached. In the opinion of the Board, all changes that may be made in the course of study hereafter should be directed to the end of allowing more time to be devoted to the study of the science and art of war in all its relations, to the theory of tactics in its broadest form, and to those professional studies which more directly fit the graduated cadet for military service."

Turning now to the report of the Board of Visitors for 1886, we find the following:

"There is one fact, however, no less apparent to the Academic Board than to the Board of Visitors, and that is the necessity for remodelling the course in practical engineering. The text-books in use are not up to the knowledge of the day, nor do they grasp the subject-matter with the force that is required. . . . It is suggested that an officer of engineers, experienced in field operations and especially qualified by thought and study for such duty, be detailed for duty at the Academy to aid the professor of engineering in revising the course."

A military school where military studies are almost ignored, and where, in spite of the fact that everything is sacrificed to mathematics, the practical engineering is so far behind the times that even a Board of Visitors observe it, invites some more thorough scrutiny than a dozen guests of the faculty are able to give it during the period of the annual examinations. The Board of 1884 thinks that there is nothing in all our civic colleges to compare with West Point, where a few more musicians in the brass band and a little more teaching of Spanish are alone needed to insure absolute perfection, but the Board of 1885 is frank enough to recognize the fact that West Point has been standing still while the civic colleges have been developing wonderfully in the last forty years. The report says,—

"From its foundation up to within the last thirty years or so, the Military Academy was not only a special school for war, but also the best technical academy in the country in such subjects as engineering, mathematics, physics, etc. Since this date a great number of admirable technical schools of special subjects have been established, which devote

from two to ten times as much attention to a particular study as can be given it at the Military Academy. It is therefore plain that the Academy is not to be regarded as a technical school of mathematics, physics, chemistry, or engineering. It is primarily a technical school for war."

Although the full Board of 1884 was appalled at the vastness of the erudition of a graduate of the Military Academy, a committee of the Board indulged in the following criticism:

"They incline to doubt the wisdom of the course pursued in the somewhat technical instruction given in English, including rhetoric, and to suggest for consideration the question whether better results might not follow from devoting much time to reading aloud from acknowledged English classics, and the writing of simple themes, which last should be examined and commented on by the instructors."

The same thing seems to have been in the minds of the Visitors of 1886 when they asked, concerning what is called the ethical course,—

"Has experience shown that the text-books in this course are the best calculated to give to the minds of the cadets that polish which cannot be extracted from pure mathematics? Is there not lacking at the end of the course that habit of clear enunciation and that power of constructing the English language so essential to a finished education? On the contrary, is there not developed, from one cause or another, a habit of hesitation in speech, a useless repetition of words, and a want of confidence in the methods and manner of stating conclusions to which the mind has arrived?"

Some knowledge of United States history is required for admission to the Academy, but there is no United States history or study of our form of government in the curriculum. French is taught the first two years, and Spanish the last year. No Frenchman or Spaniard, however, is permitted to meddle with these studies. It is not surprising that a committee of the Visitors of 1884 concluded that "the instruction in the modern languages does not seem to produce satisfactory results." The committee looks on the ability to speak French as only "an elegant accomplishment," but takes a more serious view of speaking Spanish, and urges the employment of a Spaniard to teach pronunciation, with whom it is stipulated the cadets shall come in contact only in the presence of the professor. Under this queer arrangement the construction of the language would be taught by an American, but the "native Spaniard" would be taken out of the apparatus cabinet for the occasion and would pronounce the words. The language of the nation that for more than twenty years has been the foremost military power of the world does not appear anywhere in the course of study.

Although the mathematical studies occupy so much time at West Point, the Visitors of 1885 state that "It is known to the Board of Visitors that the mathematical studies at the Academy are no higher than those of similar schools abroad, and that they are lower than the requirements of many of the best foreign military schools." Only arithmetic is required to be understood for admission to the Academy. To get into the Freshman class of a civic college a youth must pass an examination in algebra and geometry. If these were required for admission to the Academy, much time would be saved. As the cadet gets his appointment a year before entering the Academy, he has a fair amount of time for special preparation. If he is to be educated gratuitously, paid a salary for studying, and provided with permanent employment on graduating, it would be no hardship to require his family to give him a little more than a common-school education before he goes to West Point.

But mathematics take up so much of the time at the Academy that the Board of 1885 tried to find out whether a little calculus or descriptive geometry might not be dispensed with, and for information they applied to the faculty. If a course of study be at fault, or be supposed to be, the faculty is the last body of men to go to for suggestions of improvement. In common fairness to the faculty, it must be assumed that they have done the very best they know how. What is most noticeable in the replies from the professors is the intensity of the conviction on their part that whatever has been must be right. Prof. Michie says, "The present system is the result of careful deliberation and adjustment on the part of the Academic Board [the faculty] for a period of nearly eighty years, and I do not think I have the right to express, as an individual member, any opinion contrary to its judgment, even were I to hold views antagonistic to the system as it now exists." Prof. Bass is entirely satisfied with the present system, and says, "I will simply refer to the fact that after a test of more than forty years, during which the division of time has been essentially the same as now, the United States Military Academy, considering its purposes, is acknowledged to-day by military men of all civilized countries to be the best in the world, and that the officers of the United States army as a class are unsurpassed in their profession by those of any nation." That is a rather sweeping generalization for a professor of an exact science to indulge in; but one cannot help reflecting that there is no civic college in the country whose professors would boast that there has been no substantial change in its curriculum since 1840 or thereabouts.

There are two marked differences between the Military Academy

and civic colleges that deserve attention. All our leading colleges have within twenty years modified their courses of study with a view to developing the individuality of the students: if a man show special talents for mathematics, or geology, or Greek, he is afforded special facilities for perfecting himself in that branch. The army calls for almost as wide a variety of gifts and acquirements as civil life, but every art is employed at West Point to repress individuality and make all graduates as nearly as possible repeats of a given pattern. The cadet who is going into the infantry must study just as much calculus as the unfledged engineer, and the cadet who is to sit in an office and project river and harbor improvements must practise just as much bareback riding as the cadet who is going into the cavalry. The cadets' quarters must not only be kept in order, but they must be kept exactly alike. No picture, map, or ornament may be affixed to the wall, because it would not be practicable to have identically the same pictures, maps, and ornaments in all the rooms. The Visitors of 1885 advised one modification of this regulation,—namely, that a map of the United States, Canada, and Mexico be permanently fastened up in each room. This would preserve uniformity, keep the outlines of his own and the neighboring countries before the eyes of each cadet, and mitigate the mural monotony.

In reply to the questions of the Board of 1885, two professors and an instructor suggested so radical a departure from tradition at West Point, and so marked a concession to modern educational methods, as a modification of parts of the course with a view to special preparation for different branches of the service. Prof. Larned, professor of drawing, suggested that after the second year a class should be divided, the best scholars going on with the present course as a preparation for the engineer and ordnance corps, and perhaps the artillery, and the less scholarly part dropping calculus and taking up military administration, camp and garrison duty, care of the horse and material of war, military supply and services in the field. Some of these branches would seem to be necessary from the fact that the Visitors urge that military hygiene be taught the cadets. Prof. Postlethwaite, professor of history, etc., is not so specific as Prof. Larned, but he inquires suggestively whether all the cadets should be put through the course that is needed by the small number of cadets that go into the engineer corps. Major Stanton, instructor in engineering, thinks it very desirable that in the third year the amount of mathematics should be reduced for cadets who cannot study the highest mathematics with profit. The major had noticed certain defects in the English education of cadets which are commented on by a committee of the Visitors of 1884 and the full Board

of 1886. He says, "Graduates often leave the Academy with inadequate instruction in the English language."

In all civic colleges that can afford it, instruction is given by men of special training in the branches that they teach and by men whose profession, whose life-work, it is to instruct. At West Point there are only eight professors. These gentlemen are assisted by eight assistant professors and thirty-eight instructors, who are army officers, who are detailed usually for four years, and who in the interval between their graduation and their detail as instructors may have been on duty in a fort near a city where possibly they could keep up their studies, or may have been engaged in the intellectual pursuit of chasing the bounding red man over the lava-beds, or hunting him out of his favorite places of retirement in the Sierra Madre Mountains. They may be detailed for duty as assistant professors at West Point to afford them a chance to rest from the fatigues of duty on the plains. At any rate, teaching is not their vocation, and they may or may not have the qualifications of teachers. The Visitors of 1886 say, "Most of them have been proficient while cadets in the several branches to which they are detailed as instructors. Their capacity for instruction, however, has had no opportunity for development, and consequently their being detailed for this duty is purely experimental. The question that naturally presents itself is this: Is not this experimental detail somewhat detrimental to those who are to be instructed?" The Visitors are too modest to offer an answer to their own question, but they observe that "a capacity for teaching does not always accompany the possession of knowledge."

It may be almost impious to suggest it, but the temerity of some of the recent Visitors stimulates boldness in others, and West Point might as well recognize the fact that there are people who question whether the Military Academy has proved itself eminent as a school of engineering. Necessarily the work of our engineers is almost entirely of a civil character. Most of it is the improvement of rivers and harbors. The greatest achievement in this direction, the opening of the mouth of the Mississippi, was the work of a civilian whose project was not approved by the engineers. There are one hundred and nine engineer officers; and one hundred and four civilian engineers, educated at the Troy Polytechnic, the Sheffield Scientific School, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and like schools, are associated with, or employed under, these engineers in the planning and execution of the river and harbor improvements. The works are under the immediate care of civilians, and reports are usually written by civilians and then transmitted to the War Department with a *résumé* and general expression of

approval by the army engineer in charge of the work. The completion of the Washington Monument was under the direction of an engineer officer, but it is reputed that the most difficult engineering problems connected with the structure were solved by an infantry lieutenant who did not have a West Point education and a mechanic who did not have any professional education.

But if our engineers lack anything as scientific men they certainly lack nothing as fighters. General Sherman made some careless remark some time ago about engineers as very useful men to plan fortifications, but not fellows that go out and do the fighting; and in a speech in the Senate a year ago General Logan observed that all nations looked to their cavalry, their infantry, and their artillery for their fighters; they never thought of looking to the engineer corps for officers to lead troops. But it happens that we keep a good deal of our best fighting material in the engineer corps. If one will look through our army register for 1860, he will find, probably to his surprise, that the engineer officers furnished a larger proportion of army and army-corps commanders and distinguished division commanders than the more strictly militant branches of the service. In 1860 there were eighty-nine officers of engineers, and among them were the following: P. G. T. Beauregard, Z. B. Tower, H. G. Wright, A. A. Humphreys, John Pope, William B. Franklin, William F. Smith, Q. A. Gillmore, James B. McPherson, G. W. C. Lee, Godfrey Weitzel, John G. Parke, G. K. Warren, Kirby Smith, and George G. Meade. It is doubtful if a proportionate number of equally distinguished leaders of troops could be picked out of the one hundred and eighty officers of cavalry or the two hundred and ten officers of artillery; it could not be done from the three hundred and forty officers of infantry.

The Visitors of 1886 have tabulated bequests and donations to a number of colleges for the decade 1876–85, for the purpose of showing that West Point has not been treated so liberally as the civic institutions. The comparison is misleading. During the ten years Harvard received $2,303,000; Yale, $1,322,000; Columbia, $1,216,000; the University of California, $1,090,000. These were additions to the endowments: only the interest on these sums could be spent. During the same decade West Point received $3,161,207 from Congress for its current expenses. The annual appropriation bill averages five per cent. on $6,000,000, which may be deemed a pretty fair endowment. The ordinary salaries of their grades received by the eight assistant professors and the thirty-eight instructors form no part of the Military Academy appropriation bills, which alone are considered in the above statement; those salaries are provided in the army appropriation bills. Extra

expenses are cheerfully voted by Congress; the last appropriation bill gives the Academy more than $130,000 for additions to its buildings.

Congress votes about $160,000 a year to pay salaries to the cadets. There is no reason for this. The cadets come from a richer class of families than the students at Princeton and Yale and Amherst. The cadet is guaranteed a situation as soon as he graduates, with a salary sufficient for a young man at the start, and certain to increase, supplemented with the comforts of the retired list. In a period of peace, the army officer is in one of the most healthful occupations to be found anywhere. He is exposed to some discomforts, but not to a high death-rate, and there is some social consideration to make his place desirable.

The Visitors of 1886 are right in thinking, as General Grant did, that more young men ought to have a military education; that the interests of the country would be promoted thereby. The $160,000 a year now paid to cadets would support another military school, say at Rock Island, Illinois, and the government could pick its second lieutenants from a larger body of cadets.

The government now gets its officers, mainly, by an interminable series of blackboard exercises. Many qualities besides scholarship are essential in an officer, but the means for ascertaining these are limited. When Congressmen in all cases selected cadets there was some chance that a part of them might have been picked out for their brightness, manliness, courage, or spirit of enterprise and adventure. But it is becoming common for Congressmen to give their appointments to the successful youths in competitive examinations. The boy who gets a nomination as cadet because he did five examples in arithmetic right instead of four goes to the Military Academy, and is examined some more for admission. Six months later he is examined some more, and perhaps dropped. If not, he is examined occasionally for the next three and a half years, and if he pulls through he gets a commission. He may be conspicuously lacking in some of the most important elements of an officer. As the West Point improvement on the decalogue has rather more than four hundred commandments, for the violation of each of which a certain number of demerits is charged against the cadet, it is possible that some excellent material for officers has been lost to the army because it was not quite pliant enough.

The ranks of the army have few attractions for young men of some intelligence and force, such as would contribute greatly to the value of the army. From two-thirds to three-fourths of the candidates for enlistment are rejected as physically or morally unfit. Of those who are accepted, about fifteen per cent. desert every year; in the white regiments the percentage of desertion is about twenty; in the Fourth Cavalry in a

recent year one-quarter of the men deserted. The great gulf that must be fixed between the enlisted man and the officer is practically bridgeless: occasionally an enlisted man gets a commission; occasionally also an enlisted man is struck by lightning. If the officers were taken from the army, the army would get hundreds of recruits of a very different character from that of the men who now make up the rank and file. After youths, enlisted younger than the present regulations permit, had served in the army one, two, or three years, those who had in them the material for officers would give some evidence of the fact more convincing than the ability to pass a competitive examination in common-school branches. Let the young men selected for officers after service in the army be sent for four or five years to the Military Academy for a higher English and a professional education: the result would be a corps of officers obtained by natural selection, and a body of enlisted men always containing a considerable number of intelligent and ambitious youths fit to be made into officers.

The present system of assigning second lieutenants to the several branches of the army is vicious. Where the graduates of the Military Academy are concerned, it seems to have been invented by a schoolmaster with no idea beyond that of marks and rewards of merit. The graduates are allowed to choose their corps, as vacancies permit, in the order of their class standing. So far as this puts the most promising students in the engineer corps, it is good; further than that, it is bad. Naturally, the men who are allowed the first choice go into the engineer corps: it is the scientific branch of the army; the officers are stationed in the cities and large towns; a corps that has a brigadier-general and forty-two field-officers to only sixty-six captains and lieutenants of course offers a much more rapid promotion than a corps that has only seventy-five field-officers and nearly eight hundred captains and lieutenants. The senior captain of engineers has been a captain only thirteen years; the senior captain of infantry has been a captain twenty-three years, and ninety-nine captains of infantry are senior to the senior captain of engineers. Since the ordnance service was separated from the artillery the latter is not much, if any, more scientific than the cavalry and infantry, but it is uniformly preferred: the artillery does not serve on the frontier; occasionally a young man who might choose the artillery chooses the cavalry in order to go out on the plains, but the American system offers rewards only for longevity, not for daring or enterprise, and service in the artillery is conducive to longevity. The first promotion comes sooner in artillery than in other branches of the service, because there are one hundred and thirty first lieutenants to sixty second lieutenants. Besides, there are only four

captains waiting for each vacancy in the rank of major, instead of ten as in the infantry. Not unnaturally, the artillery gets the preference. Next to the artillery, sometimes in preference to it, the graduates take the cavalry. The dull men, the inattentive men, the men who narrowly escape being dropped from their classes, become second lieutenants of infantry because they cannot get into any other corps. If a cadet be dropped for misconduct or inability to learn his lessons and through political influence get appointed a second lieutenant one or two years in advance of the members of his class who stuck to their work and entered the army by the front door, he is assigned to the infantry. If a non-commissioned officer, necessarily of a rather limited education, and also necessarily rather old for study, get a commission, he is assigned to the infantry. If the President give a commission to a young man who has had no military training or education whatever, but whose father is the chairman of the central committee of his State, the young man is of course assigned to the infantry. Anything is good enough for the infantry. The plain truth is that in any war the infantry is the main part of the army. The cavalry and artillery are merely assistants to the infantry. It is with the infantry that war must be carried on, and the infantry is the best school for general officers. Yet according to our practice it does not matter much about infantry officers: the stupid men and the men whose education and training have been neglected are good enough for infantry officers. The army register of 1886 shows that the forty regiments of our army had fifteen hundred and fifty-one officers, of whom not quite half—seven hundred and forty-five—were graduates of the Military Academy; three hundred and eighty-two came from the volunteer army, two hundred and sixty-three from civil life, and one hundred and sixty-one from the ranks of the regular army.

Over sixty per cent. of the cavalry officers came from the Academy, over sixty-nine per cent. of the artillery officers had the same advantage, and only thirty-five per cent. of the infantry officers are from West Point. It will probably surprise general readers to learn that of two hundred and fifty captains of infantry only thirteen were graduates of West Point; one hundred and fifty-eight came from the volunteers, twenty-five from civil life, and fifty-four from the ranks. Of civilian appointees there were one hundred and ninety-seven in the infantry, twenty-seven in the cavalry, and thirty in the artillery. Of officers promoted from the ranks there were one hundred and twelve in the infantry, thirty-eight in the cavalry, and only eleven in the artillery Of first lieutenants of infantry one hundred and twenty are graduates, seventy-seven came from the volunteers, twenty-five from the ranks, and seventy-six from civil life. Of second lieutenants of infantry one

hundred and thirty-eight are graduates, one came from the volunteers, thirty-two from the ranks, and fifty-nine from civil life. In 1886 the First, Thirteenth, and Twentieth Infantry had no West Point graduate above the rank of first lieutenant, and the Second had none above the rank of captain.

The artillery is the *corps d'élite* of the army. All its colonels, four of its five lieutenant-colonels, two-thirds of its majors, and almost one-third of its captains, are from West Point. The Military Academy furnished ninety-three out of one hundred and thirty first lieutenants and fifty-nine out of sixty second lieutenants. What seems to be the result of this discrimination in favor of the artillery? Prof. Michie, an officer of the army, a graduate of and the senior professor in the Military Academy, informs the public through *The Journal of the Military Service Institution* that the artillery "has steadily deteriorated since the close of the civil war," and is "inactive, inefficient, and wholly unskilled in the use of the modern armament."

An extremely bad form of organization is responsible for much of this, and the practice of keeping the artillery troops cooped up in the coast fortifications and giving ten out of every twelve batteries the weapons of infantry instead of artillery is also responsible; but it is impossible wholly to acquit the officers. If the artillery be the branch of the service characterized by dull routine and stagnation, it ought not to be preferred to the cavalry and infantry by so many graduates of West Point; and if it be the branch of the service that really has the least important functions to perform, why does not the War Department see to it that the comparatively uneducated sergeants who get commissioned and the ready-made officers from civil life are assigned to the artillery regiments, and that the highly-educated young officers from the Military Academy are assigned to the infantry, which really has some military functions to perform in the Indian country and along the Mexican frontier?

These questions suggest, and in fact are partly answered by, a consideration of our system of promotion. This admirable system of rewards for demerit seems to have been invented by some army officers who had more confidence in their physical vigor than in their ability to achieve distinction. Up to the grade of colonel, promotion is rigidly by seniority. Except the generals, higher rank in our army is achieved by existence,—not by meritorious conduct. No daring exploit, no professional accomplishments, can assist a second lieutenant in his excellent ambition to command a company or a battalion. No degree of indolence or inefficiency that falls short of a crime punished by sentence of court-martial can retard his promotion.

When General Miles had to pursue Geronimo he picked out half a dozen captains and lieutenants to lead the small bodies of troops sent into the mountains after the Indians. These officers were selected for their merits. They amply justified their selection. They manifested courage and endurance; they proved themselves capable of seizing every opportunity and making the most of every advantage; they had pluck and the admirable quality of being able to inspire their men with their own zeal; they exposed themselves to dangers worse than death. Their reward consists in a consciousness of duty well done and honorable mention in the report of General Miles. They will not be advanced in rank any faster than the captains and lieutenants whom General Miles would not have cared to send out after the Indians. The senior of the captains will have to wait for forty-seven captains who stand above him on the list to be promoted, retired, or removed by death, before he can reach the grade of major. As this will take about fifteen years, he will probably never get his promotion.

It would be interesting to observe what effect it would have on the army if the men who distinguished themselves in this campaign were advanced to the first vacancies occurring in the grades above them. The "honor men" of the Military Academy would not bury themselves in the casemates that are supposed to guard the harbors of Boston and New York; they would seek assignments to the regiments that had something to do and in which there would be some opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

But, fortunately, courage and enterprise and skill are to be had though they be not rewarded even by the unsubstantial compliment of a brevet commission, which Congress denies to officers who distinguish themselves in Indian warfare. On public grounds the most serious objection to the present system of promotion is that it fills all the higher grades of the army with old men. Our army is larger than is needed for an Indian police; it is not large enough for war. Its size is fixed with a view to its utility as a nucleus for a great volunteer army in the event of war. But its value as a nucleus is greatly impaired by the fact that in the event of war it would have to be thoroughly re-officered. There would be no officers then to spare for volunteer regiments without impairing the efficiency of the regular force. If any one will look over the army register of 1860, he will be struck with the fact that very few of the generals and colonels of the old army took any part in the civil war. Most of the names he recognizes as those of men who distinguished themselves between 1861 and 1865 he finds among the majors, captains, and lieutenants. If war should come now or at any future time while the seniority system of promotion is rigidly maintained, our

experience in 1861 will be repeated. We shall have to retire all our officers who have been accustomed to commands of some size and responsibility, and put divisions under the command of men who never had sixty-five men under their orders at once, and make colonels out of men whose area of authority has embraced fifteen non-commissioned officers and privates.

It is not enough that an officer should have a clear head and reasonably good health. This may be enough for a departmental staff; but for the field, for deeds of dash and hazard, for quickness of movement and nerve in taking chances, something of the physical elasticity and mental temperament of youth or the prime of manhood is necessary. So far as the conduct and well-being of the troops are concerned, more depends upon the captains and lieutenants, with whom the enlisted men come in contact and whose influence they feel constantly, than upon the higher officers. Company officers of middle age, or somewhat past that, are not exactly the men to infuse the ranks with nerve and energy. Of our ten generals, leaving out the staff corps, one is close to sixty-four, one is a little past sixty, and the rest range from fifty-three to sixty, except one, who is in his forty-eighth year, and he was the man that directed the late Apache campaign. At twenty-five he was a major-general of volunteers. Our colonels range from fifty-three to sixty-three, and will while the present system lasts. Most of these men would drop out at once if there were campaigning to do. Our lieutenant-colonels and majors range from forty-five to fifty-five, and the captains, who have to serve right with the soldiers and share their dangers and hardships in case of war, are middle-aged gentlemen averaging forty-three or above that. There are more lieutenants above forty than there are captains under that age.

Compare these ages with those of men who have distinguished themselves in command of troops in actual service. Washington received the sword of Cornwallis at the age of forty-nine, and Lafayette was twenty-four when he led the assault on Yorktown. Nathaniel Greene was forty-one and Henry Knox only thirty-three when the war of independence closed. Andrew Jackson was forty-eight at New Orleans, Oliver Hazard Perry twenty-eight at the battle of Lake Erie, and Winfield Scott twenty-nine when our second war with England closed. Clive conquered India and died at forty-nine. Napoleon and Wellington were forty-six at Waterloo. Murat and Ney died at forty-four and forty-six respectively, and Soult was of about the same age. Grant was forty-three when Lee surrendered. Sherman marched through Georgia at forty-four. Sheridan was only thirty-three at Winchester. Thomas was "the rock of Chickamauga" at forty-seven.

Schofield was thirty-two at Franklin. Terry captured Fort Fisher at thirty-seven. Wright was forty-three when he led the Sixth Corps up to the "death-angle" at Spottsylvania. At the battle of Gettysburg Meade was forty-eight, Hancock thirty-nine, Howard thirty-four, Gibbon thirty-six, Lee was fifty-seven, and Longstreet forty-three. Phil Kearney was killed at forty-seven, James B. McPherson at thirty-six, and "Stonewall" Jackson at thirty-nine. When the war broke out, Beauregard and Early were forty-three and J. E. B. Stuart was twenty-nine. Joseph Wheeler was a lieutenant-general of cavalry at twenty-eight. When the war closed it left Wesley Merritt twenty-nine, Grierson twenty-eight, Custer and Miles twenty-six, and Ranald S. Mackenzie only twenty-five. These youngsters were generals.

The efficiency of the army requires that a considerable number of young and active men should hold high commands. This means that officers who do not get out of the lower grades should be retired considerably below the age of sixty-four. But the practice of filling all the responsible positions of the army with elderly men who would have to retire at once in case of war could be broken up by allowing the President to appoint officers without regard to seniority. He is not fettered by seniority in selecting generals: he should not be in selecting colonels or majors.

The objection to this is obvious: it would set officers and their friends to working for promotions by the use of "influence." The objection is not half so serious as the present difficulty. Besides, officers might easily be recommended for promotion by boards created from time to time for the selection of the most meritorious officers to be advanced.

The army suffers for want of attention to it and interest in it by the nation at large; the nation suffers to the extent that this severance of sympathy impairs the efficiency of the army and represses the military impulses of the people, who rely on themselves instead of a standing army in the event of war; the militia suffers for lack of the spirit and discipline that would be infused into it by a connection with the regular army. For these evils a remedy would be found in territorializing the army and making the militia regiments reserve battalions of the regular regiments. This would also afford the means of introducing the three- or four-battalion formation into our infantry without enlarging the army. The ten companies of each infantry regiment should be consolidated into eight, and these eight divided into two battalions. The other battalions should be militia regiments. Without taking the trouble to apportion the regiments to the several sections of the country with an exact regard to population, the following

arrangement will serve as a suggestion. Let the 1st infantry be known as the 1st and 2d battalions of the 1st New England regiment, and be recruited in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut. A regiment of Maine militia would be the 3d battalion, and a 4th battalion might be supplied by the militia of the other States, though this would probably prove impracticable, and it would be better for each of the four States to furnish one regiment of militia as a battalion attached to this regiment. The 2d infantry would be the first two battalions of the 2d New England regiment, and would be recruited from Massachusetts and Rhode Island. A regiment of Massachusetts militia would be the 3d battalion, and a regiment of Rhode Island militia the 4th battalion. The 3d and 4th regiments would be known as the 1st and 2d battalions, respectively, of the 3d and 4th New York regiments, and the New York militia would furnish the four reserve battalions for these two regiments. In the same way the 5th and 6th infantry would be Pennsylvania regiments, the 7th would be furnished by New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, the 8th by Virginia and West Virginia, the 9th by the two Carolinas, the 10th by Georgia and Florida, the 11th infantry might be the Gulf regiment, and would be recruited in Alabama and Mississippi, the 12th, recruited in Louisiana and Arkansas, might be the Lower Mississippi regiment, the 13th would be the Texas regiment, the 14th and 15th would come from Kentucky and Tennessee, the 16th from Ohio, the 17th from Indiana, the 18th and 19th from Illinois, the 20th from Missouri, the 21st from Michigan, the 22d from Iowa, the 23d, or Upper Mississippi regiment, from Minnesota and Wisconsin, the 24th from Kansas and Nebraska, and the 25th from the Territories and the Pacific coast. This does not provide for two regiments of colored troops. White men and black men serve side by side on our men-of-war, and they may eventually serve in the same regiment, if not the same company, in our army. If the present arrangement is to be maintained, it can be done without preventing the territorialization of the army. If there were not two regiments of colored troops in the infantry and two in the cavalry, the graduates of West Point might not have such a marked preference for the artillery, in which there are no colored troops, as they now have.

Several good results would follow the territorialization of the army. The people would feel an interest in the army that they never have felt in the regular establishment. The army would feel itself to be a part of the nation, as it does not feel now. The militia would be improved in prestige and discipline: it would be more military and less of a lark. There would be a friendly rivalry between regiments from different sections of the country and commonly known by geographical names,

that could not fail to improve the spirit and efficiency of the organizations. Above all else, the army would really be a framework about which to build a great volunteer force. By calling out the militia regiments battalioned with the regiments of the line the fifty battalions of the latter could be increased to one hundred or one hundred and fifty battalions without a particle of change in the organization, and every two or three militia battalions would serve with two regular battalions.

Except a few troops to keep some small bands of possibly hostile Indians in order, it is not worth while for us to keep up any army unless we keep up one that is always ready for service, and that is so organized and officered as to be not only constantly efficient for action by itself, but also in the best condition to leaven the great force of volunteers on which we must chiefly rely in war so long as we happily find it needless to support a large standing army.

Fred. Perry Powers.

GOLDEN NOON.

ADONIS has come back; cicadas sing,
Though twelve months silent, for July is here;
And thou, O Aphrodite, void of fear,
Dost sport in gold; and thou, gold-hearted thing,
O water-lily, drink'st (where reapers fling
Their serried loads of many a barbèd spear)
The scent of new-mown hay; and vague, yet near,
The voices of the noonday chirpers ring:

The sky is blue and gold and pearl-besprent,
High blazes color, larkspur, poppy, pink;
The air is incense; it is joy to live:
Yet only soulless creatures are content.
Alas! in all this splendor we MUST think,
Beyond this beauty what has earth to give?

Maurice F. Egan.

THE FARRIER LASS O' PIPING PEBWORTH.

HUMFREY LEMON, meeting Bered Turnip, before the "Red Deer," doth speak as follows:

Whom have we here? Well, well, by my troth! 'tis none other than Bered Turnip, the farrier, as I do live! Come for an alms-drink, comrade. Would I had as many gold-pieces as we have burnt alnights i' this very tavern! And is it thus we meet after all these years? It doth seem but yesterday that we supped under this very roof as juvenals. Dost thou mind thee o' the night that we gave old Gammer Lick-the-Dish a bath in his own sack, for that he served us in a foul jerkin? By'r laykin, those were days!—Well, well! to meet thee thus! Though, believe it or not, as thou wilt, I had such a pricking i' my thumbs but an hour gone that I was of a mind to roar you like any babe with a pin in his swaddling-bands. Thou wast my beau-peer i' those times; and we are kin by profession, moreover. How be Mistress Turnip and thy eight lads? Ha! ha! Dost remember how old Anthony Butter,—him who was gardener at Amhurste Castle, ye mind,—dost thou remember in what spite he held thee because o' those eight little salads o' thine? A always said a married with an eye to a's posterity; and o' my word a's been cock-eyed e'er since, for's posterity has e'er kept him on the lookout: never chick or child hath Mistress Butter given him.

Quoth he to me one day, a-setting of 's chin in 's thumb and forefinger (thou mind'st his solemn ways),—quoth he to me, "Lemon," quoth he, "would I knew why the Lord doth seem to look with a more bounteous favor on such as are farriers than on such as be followers of other trades; for methinks, what with thee, and Turnip, and Job Long-pate who bides in Dancing Marston, England will owe the chief o' her future population to blacksmiths." I quoth, to humor him, quoth I, "Belike, Master Butter," quoth I, "the Almighty hath gotten wisdom by experience, and doth purpose to put no further trust in Gardeners." Whereat he waxed so wrathful that for the sake o' my breeches I took to my heels. But, Lord! it doth seem as though a had a spite against th' very children o' others. Thou mindest my Keren?—the goujer? 'Twill not stick i' my old pate how that thou hast not been in these parts since my Keren could 'a' walked under a blackberry-bramble without so much as tousling her tresses. Well, a grew up a likely lass, I can tell thee! Sure thou mindest why we—

my wife and I—did come to call her Keren? Go to! Thou dost! 'Tis the jest o' th' place to this day. Well, then, if thou dost not, I'll be at the pains o' telling thee; for methinks 'twas a wise thought. We did christen her Keren-Happuch; "for," quoth my wife, "when that we be pleased with her we can call her Keren,—which is as sweet-sounding a name as a maid can have; and, on the other hand, when we be wroth with her we can call her Happuch,—which sure would be a rough name even for thy trotting mare Bellibone." Ha! ha! And thereby, comrade, hangs another tale, as Master Shakespeare was wont to say. My wife, thou must know, hath e'er been a loyal admirer o' our gracious Queen, and it comes to her ears one day as how her majesty did ride a-horseback most excellent well. Naught would do but that I must let Mistress Lemon mount for a ride upon my gray mare Bellibone. Now, Bellibone, though as willing a nag as ever ambled, did think far more o' getting to her journey's end than o' the manner in which she did accomplish the journey; and, I will say, a trotted as though a was for breaking th' stones on th' Queen's highway, instead o' getting o'er 'em. Well, I did what I could to dissuade Mistress Lemon from her enterprise, but a was as firm as one o' my surest-driven nails in a new shoe. So a let her go. Couldst thou but 'a' seen her when she was returned, an hour after! Ha! ha! ha! a was for breaking my head with my own pincers.

"Dost thou call that devil's-riding-horse 'Bellibone'?" quoth she, with what breath there was left to her. "By my troth, I think she hath not another bone in her whole body besides her backbone!"

But I spake o' Keren. Thou knowest that even as a lass she had a sharp tongue o' her own,—as keen as a holly leaf, by my troth. So be it. 'Twas one day nigh unto Martlemas that old Butter did undertake to chide her for conducting herself after the manner o' a lad rather than o' a lass.

Quoth she to him, a-setting of her little black pate to one side, and of her little brown arms akimbo,—quoth she, "Since the Lord hath not made me a lad," quoth she, "I cannot more than act like one; and so I will do!"

Quoth he, "Thou hast a sour name, a bitter tongue, and a peppery temper, jade; and the two last be not gifts o' the Lord."

"And thou," quoth she, "hast a mustard conceit, for right sure am I that 'tis big enough for a goose to roost in! And, whether th' Lord hath given it to thee or not, I'm glad I have't not!" quoth she. For she had heard it read, in some meeting whither her mother would sometimes take her, of how the fowls o' the air did lodge i' th' branches o' the mustard-plant. Well, by'r laykin, th' village hath ne'er forgot

that to this day; and that I'll prove thee when we be through drinking!

What hath become o' her? Go to! Sure thou knowest that? Well, well, 'tis a tale to make a play of. I've often thought, had Master Shakespeare known of 't, how he would 'a' fashioned it into a jolly play. Tell thee of 't? What! art in earnest? By the mass, then, thou must drink again. Come, fill up; fill up. What there! a cup o' the amber drink for Master Turnip!

Let me see: how old was th' lass when thou didst set forth on thy jauntings? Some two years, methinks. And she was fourteen on the first day o' March i' that year wherein she did sauce old Butter with some o's own wit for gibing at her for a tomboy. O' my word, man, th' old fellow was not far i' th' wrong. If e'er th' angel o' life did make an error i' th' distributing o' souls, 'twas on the night Keren was brought into this world. And a say that with a cause, moreover. For th' same night, mark you, one Mistress Mouldy, over the way, was brought to bed o' a man-child. That's neither here nor there. Herein doth lie the singularity. That child did grow up to knit stockings i' th' door-way like any wench: Peter Mouldy's th' name, and a plays a part i' th' story I'm about to relate to thee. Ne'er in all thy travels hast thou e'er seen so crack-brain a wench as my Keren! Lord! it set thy head to swimming did she but enter a room. She had no more stability o' motion than a merry-go-round; and she was that brown, a bun looked pale i' th' comparison when she did lift it to her mouth to eat it. A strapping jade, and strong as any lad o' her age i' th' village. In her seeming she took neither after her mother nor after me; though she was a comely wench as wenches go,—hair as black as a January night in stormy weather, and eyes as big and as bright and as yellow (o' my word)—as yellow as two crown pieces! They looked out from under her thick eyebrows like sunlight peeping from a heavy cloud. And she was made like a lad for suppleness. Taller than her mother by head and shoulders, and within a full inch o' my forelock. By'r laykin! how she could sing, too! She would troll thee a ditty i' th' voice o' a six-foot stripling, but, for a' that, as sweet as bells far away on a still noon in summer-tide. And she was always getting hold o' saucy songs and putting them to tunes o' her own invention. A could 'a' had aye the lads i' th' village, had a wanted 'em; but, Lord! a had one sweetheart one day, and another the next, till they were one and all for murdering or marrying her. But she would none o' 'em 'Twas one summer's day, her mother being gone to th' village, that she did set about to brew some sack; and as she did stand by the big pot while it cooled, to see that naught fell into 't, up comes Master Peter Mouldy,

with his knitting, and grins at her across the caldron, after the fashion o' a horse eating briers. She not noticing him, quoth he,—

"Good-morrow, sweet Mistress Lemon."

Saith she, not looking at him,—

"Thou liest."

"How, mistress?" saith he, with his mouth as wide as a church door on a Sunday.

"Why, for calling a lemon sweet," saith she, "when all the world doth know that it is sour."

Thereat he did fall a-grinning again.

"Sweet, sweet Mistress Keren," quoth he, "'tis thee I praise, and not thy name. And I will wager that thou art not sour Mistress Keren."

"How wilt thou find out, either to lose or to win thy wager?" quoth she.

"Thus!" quoth he. And, o' my word, the homespun got his arms about her, knitting and all (though I would 'a' laid two cows and a lamb they couldn't 'a' reached about her pretty waist), and smacked her right heartily full on her red mouth.

Well, comrade, that something would happen I knew full well; but when she did up with him by the seat o' his breeches and the collar o' his jerkin and did souse him head first into the pot o' sack, methought I would 'a' burst in sunder, like Judas Iscariot (meaning no blasphemy).

And when he was climbed out spluttering and white with terror, she did fish out his hat with his big knitting-needles, and did set it upon his head, and did thrust him outside, and did shut the door in 's face. But never a word said she, from first to last. Then methought in verity I would 'a' split in twain from top to toe, like the veil o' the temple (meaning no blasphemy, as I will swear on th' book). And when she caught sight o' me she too fell a-laughing, and quoth she to me, "I have spoiled a good brew for thee, father, but 'twas worth the paying for." And therewith she did out with the worth o' the sack from her purse, which she always carried in her bosom, after a fashion inherited from her mother, and counted down the silver into my hand. I took it, for I ever strove to bring up my children in the ways o' honesty; and certes she had spoiled the contents o' the caldron by turning it into a bath-tub for Master Mouldy. Well, 'twas th' talk o' th' village for full a month: scarce did young Mouldy dare put out his nose from behind the lattice o' his mother's cottage. But th' other lads seemed to fall more daft about the lass than aye afore.

Now, my wife's sister had a daughter, called Ruth, and in all things

was she most different from my Keren. A'd a head as yellow as Keren's eyes, and eyes as brown as Keren's skin, and a skin as white as Keren's teeth; and a was slim and tender-looking, like a primrose that hath but just ventured out on a day in early spring. Moreover, she was a timid, sweet-voiced creature,—the kind o' wench that makes even a weak man feel strong, ye mind, comrade. But a was ne'er o'er-civil to my lass. Neither did Keren waste much love upon her: she said from th' very start that th' hussy had a sly tongue; "and a sly tongue," saith she, "doth ever mate with a false heart," saith she; "and from such a marriage what offspring can ye look for, unless it be for mischief?" saith she.

They had not much to do the one with the other, however, until the coming of Robert Hacket to Pebworth. And a was as fine a lad as e'er caused a lass to don her Sunday kirtle on a Saturday. 'Twas said as how he had met with Ruth while that she was on a visit to her aunt in Dancing Marston, and that he had come to Pebworth to wed with her. All would 'a' been well, had not it come to Keren's ears how that Mistress Ruth said that she would bring Master Hacket to see her cousin Keren, but that she did not want her sweetheart to be out with her family ere that he had married into it; meaning neither more nor less than that my Keren was a shame unto her name by reason o' her romping ways.

"The cat!" quoth Keren, waxing as red as any damask rose for very anger; "the little, spiteful cat! But I'll cut her claws for her! Do thou bide and mark me, father. Ay, I'll serve her and her Robert in such wise they'll go to their graves remembering."

Now, 'twas the very next day that the lads and lasses o' the village did crown her harvest-queen, and all Bidford was out to see 't. And very queen she looked, too, borne aloft in a throne made all o' dark red roses, and her dark curls crowned with a wreath o' corn and o' poppies, that shined in the sunlight like to gold strewn all with rubies. She wore a new kirtle of white wool, and her brown throat rose from her white kerchief like as a frozen wood-dove's dusky breast doth peep from new-fallen snow.

And Mistress Ruth walked beside her as one o' her maids o' honor. And they twain did remind me of naught so much as of a lamb trotting by the side of a forest doe,—the one so meek and white, and the other so free and brown, with great eyes ever moving, and head aloft.

There, moreover, walked Master Hacket. He was as brown as my Keren, and nearly half as tall again; and he had eyes like pools o' water under a night heaven, wherein two stars have drowned themselves, as 'twere, and brows as black and straight as a sweep o' cloud across an

evening sky. Ruth walked at his side, all glittering with her unbound hair, like to a sunbeam that follows a dark stream. And I saw that they talked together, and nodded as though agreeing on something, and looked together at my lass where she sat on her flower-throne with her poppy-crown, and her lips like poppies. And all at once she turned and saw them, and her lips parted over her white teeth in a sudden smile, as when a kirtle o' red silk doth tear over a white petticoat beneath; and she turned away; but I could see that she laughed in her brown throat, as a bird sings sometimes for its own hearkening ere trólling for the whole forest. So I said to myself, "'Ware, 'ware, my little spring lamb: there is trouble ahead for thee. Thou wilt not win thy Boaz so easily as thou dost think, my little Ruth."

Now, when they were come to the fields, and the maids seated under some elm-trees, and all the lads fallen to 't with their sickles, while that they were reaping the glistening corn my Keren doth leap to her feet, and she calls out,—

"I know not the name o' yonder man, but I do know that I can give him a lesson in reaping!"

So forthwith up jumps she, and, striding out into the sunlit meadow, jerks young Hacket's sickle from his hand, and, having turned back the sleeves o' her smock, stands well upon her shapely legs and begins to reap.

Now, methought I had ne'er in all my life seen anything more pleasing to look upon. The wind blew down her thick locks about her, so that she was wrapped in a mantle worthy any queen; while with every sweep o' her strong brown arms the tumbling grain did fall like gold about her, so that she seemed to be trampling upon her treasures after a manner truly royal. Also a red came into her shadowy cheeks, like as though a scarlet flower tossed into a clear brown stream should rise slowly upward beneath the limpid surface and shine a-through. And all at once she ceased, and came back towards the young man, and returned his sickle unto him. And she said, smiling,—

"Take thou thy blade, for I have not only reaped the grain, but I have reaped the reward of my bragging as well." And, behold! when I was come up to them with a drink o' water in a gourd, there was the blood falling down upon her white kirtle, as though the poppies in her crown had melted in the sunlight and did stain her garment.

He did cry out, saying, "O' my word, lass, thou art deeply hurt. Let me but look at it."

She saith unto him (winding her arm about in her long hair), "Nay, 'tis nothing, and belike if thou look upon it 'twill spoil thy dinner: so here's to thy health, and my father will bind it for me."

Then, when we were retired again into the shade, and I had torn a strip off of her kirtle wherewith to stanch the blood, she laughed outright, and saith,—

"By my troth, father! I do verily believe thou thinkest me awkward without a purpose."

"Purpose!" saith I; for I could not believe my ears. "How dost thou mean,—purpose?"

"That's neither here nor there," saith she, still laughing. "But I'll lay thee my heifer, father, that Mistress Ruth's sweetheart cometh on the morrow to inquire after Mistress Ruth's cousin Keren."

Wherewith she did make me a deep courtesy, and did get her back to the other lasses ere I could reply.

Well, as I live, and must some day die, and do hope when I do die to get to heaven, I was so taken aback with the hussy's cunning I could do naught but stand and stare after her for some minutes.

And on the morrow he did come, and on the day after that he came, and yet a third day and he was under my roof again.

Then saith my wife, after that his third visit was o'er, and speaking to Keren as she sat spinning i' th' door-way,—

"Happuch," saith she, "thou art serving thy cousin Ruth a very jade's trick."

Then, hearing as how she did call her "Happuch," I did prick up my ears, as 'twere; for I knew there was anger brewing.

"Thou art very free with thy words to-day, mother," quoth the maid, a-spinning very quickly.

"Not so free as thou art with thy favors to the sweetheart o' another lass," replied her mother.

"How dost thou know he is the sweetheart o' another lass?" saith Keren.

"If an he be not," quoth her mother, who, though not half so big as her child, was in no wise less valiant,—"if an he be not," quoth she, "'tis time he were."

"And for why?" saith Keren.

"Thou knowest as well as I do, Happuch," saith my wife; whereat up started my crack-brain in a fine fury.

"Why wilt thou call me that vile name, when thou knowest how it maddens me?" saith she, hurling her spindle upon the floor, and tightening both her pretty hands so that they looked like balls o' her own brown yarn.

"For that I am not pleased with thee, Happuch," saith her mother, with all composure, looking at the linen as she washed it, with her head cocked to one side.

"There again!" shouted my wildfire, stamping with her foot. "Why didst thou not call me Beelzebub and have done with 't?"

"For the reason," quoth her mother, calmly, "that neither Beel nor Zebub are suiting names for a woman, and, furthermore, that thou art not the Devil, though thou dost act like him on occasions."

"Wife, wife," put in I, seeing that the girl was like to split with rage, "speak gentler to Keren."

"To Happuch," saith she.

"Speak gentler to the girl," saith I, hoping to compromise, as 'twere.

"Happuch," saith my wife again.

"Well, well," saith I, still hoping to split the difference, so that I would have neither my wife nor my daughter upon me, "if thou wouldst only speak gentler to Keren-Happuch, thou——"

"To Happuch," saith my wife a third time; whereat the lass did bounce out o' the house without more ado, and spent that night with a friend o' her own, by name one Mistress Meg Titmouse.

"Wife," saith I unto her later, hoping to draw her into converse concerning Keren, so that I might reason with her as to her treatment o' th' lass,—"wife," saith I, amiably, and, as I thought, in a manner most winsome, "wherefore didst thou speak to Keren as thou didst this morning?"

"I spake to Happuch," saith my wife, "because I did choose so to do. And as for the why o' that wherefore, though thou shouldst smirk till doomsday like a dog scratching his ear, ne'er wilt thou get it out o' me!"

Then saith I, being justly angered, as I think thou wilt admit, comrade,—saith I,—

"Thou art welcome to keep thy counsel!" saith I.

And I followed the example set me by my vixen, and did spend more than half the night at this very tavern.

Well, the next morning, as I did pass out on my way to my forge, whom should I see in the garden but my Keren and Master Robert Hacket! and if e'er a woman was possessed o' a devil, 'twas just that lass o' mine then, comrade. She had caused young Hacket to climb up into a pear-tree, and while that he was up there she did bear away the ladder by which he had mounted, and she saith to him,—

"Now, Master Robin, I am going to sing thee a song. Wilt thou listen?"

"With all my heart," saith he. So he leaned on his elbow, stretched out like a young panther along the limb o' th' tree, and looked down on her. Now, as I live, down went that jade on her knees in

the grass, and she lifts up her two pretty hands to him as though in prayer, and thus sings she (I knew the song by heart):

"Listen, Robin, while I woo:
  This world's stale with repetition:
I'll not do as others do:
  Haste thee, love, to my tuition.
Robin, I'll make love to you,
As men to other maidens do.

"Oh, what eyes my Robin hath!
  April fields own no such blue;
In the luscious aftermath
  There's no flower so fair to view.
Robin, Robin, hear me woo:
All my soul's in love with you!

"Robin, will you marry me?—
  Thus upon my knees I sue:
O' my word, I'll harry thee
  Like as men their sweethearts do.
Robin, as I live I'm true:
Will you wed me, Robin?—Will you?"

Now, what chanced thereupon I think thou wilt agree with me, comrade, in saying it did but serve her right. Down falls he like a ripe pomewater at her side, and takes her about the waist, and sets his mouth to hers (all in a twink, comrade: thou hadst not time to shape thy mouth for a whistle ere 'twas all done, or verily my mouth had given forth something besides whistling), and saith he,—

"That will I, lass, an' if thou be not my wife ere that snail-coming new moon doth thrust out her horns, my name is not Hacket, nor will thine be!"

Now, comrade, though it doth shame me verily so to speak o' mine own flesh, I saw by her pretending to push him away that she did mightily relish his kisses; for, by my troth! had she sought to scuffle with him 'twould 'a' been as snug an encounter as when day and night wrestle for the last bit o' a June sky.

And she saith to him, feigning to scowl, "How now, thou rapscallion! dost thou dare?"

"Ay, ay," quoth he, "in verity I do!" quoth he. And in verity a did, too.

But just as I was consulting with the Lord how to act, He having had even a greater experience with wayward children than myself (may He pardon me if I be too free with His holy name!),—just, I say, as I

was asking Him to show me in what wise to proceed, up goes her hand, and she gives him a sound cuff o' th' ear (young Hacket's ear,—not the Lord's: may He pardon me if so it sounded), and she saith,—

"Take that, for striving to make a fool out o' an honest girl! I know thy goings on with Ruth Visor," saith she. "Thou'lt ne'er blind me with thy pretty speecheries." And a was o'er th' palings and out of sight like a wind-blown leaf.

Then did young Hacket come to th' fence and lean upon it with both his arms, and support his chin with a thumb on either side o't, and saith he,—

"Methinks she'd 'a' made a better warrior than a wife," saith he; "but when she hath ta'en off the edge o' her warlike spirit in fighting for her freedom," saith he, "why, then," saith he, "I'll marry her!" So saith he,—every word o't. By my troth, comrade, an I had not had so much the advantage by having my nippers in my hand, I would 'a' thrashed him then and there. But, "Fair play" being my motto, and having my nippers, as I saith, I forbore; yea, I forbore, and walked away unseen of him. And, o' my word, I was much angered with myself for not being more angry with th' wench.

"For," saith I out loud, that I might be impressed by the sound as well as by the knowledge o' th' fact,—"for," saith I, a-hammering away on a shoe for Joe Pebbles's brown nag King Edward (though I had often reasoned with Joe on account o' th' name, first because o' its irreverence, second on account o' th' horse not being that kind o' a horse, as 'twas a mare),—"for," saith I, as I made th' shoe, saith I, "'tis sure a great wickedness to steal a lass's sweetheart away from her!" saith I. And so 'twas; but, for all I could do, I could not feel angered with the hussy.

But that day when she did fetch me my dinner, being finished, I did pull down th' sleeves o' my shirt, and wiped off my leathern apron, and quoth I to her,—

"Lass, come here and sit upon my knee."

So she comes right willingly, being fond o' me to an extent that did oft seem to astony the mother that bore her (seeing that *she* was fond o' naught save her own way); she comes, and she perches upon my knee (as sometimes thou shalt see a hawk rest wings on a bull's back), and she kittles my throat with her long brown fingers, and hugs me about the neck (the jade! a knew I was for scolding her), and saith she,—

"Well, father, here be I." Methinks I can hear her say it now, as soft as any little toddler come for a kiss. "Here be I," she saith; and with that she fills all my face with her curls (the jade! a saw that in my eye which a did not care to face). "Here be I," saith she.

"Ay," saith I, speaking in a gruff voice; "and now that here thou be," saith I, "I'll tell thee what I want of thee."

"Thou canst want naught that I will not do," saith she. (The jade! a had a way with her to 'a' made Bess herself yearn for matrimony.) But I was stanch, I was stanch, comrade. Saith I,—

"Methinks thy mother was right to speak to thee as yesternight she did," saith I. "For I saw thee strive to graft a pear-tree with a branch o' th' tree o' knowledge," saith I.

"Then," saith she, hot as my forge all in a breath, and bouncing from my knee,—"then thou wast an eavesdropper!" saith she.

"Even as the Lord afore me," saith I, not over-pleased at her sauciness. "And being in some sort thy Creator, and thou having set up for thyself an Eden in my garden," saith I, "who hath a greater right than I to watch over thee?" saith I.

Then she not answering me, thus did I continue:

"Why dost thou not take unto thyself an husband," quoth I, "to do both thyself and thy parents a credit?"

"Show me such an one," saith she, "and I do promise thee to wed him."

"There, then," quoth I, "is Davy Shorthose, the poulterer——"

"A bangled-eared buffoon as ever lived!" quoth she; "and a fool into the bargain."

"So be it," saith I; for I was set upon keeping my temper. "What dost thou say to Beryamen Piggin, the brewer?"

"A say if ever a piggin was in sore need o' a new link, 'tis that one," saith she. "And, what's more, I'll not serve for 't," saith she.

"How then of Nanfan Speckle, the tanner?"

"A's as pied as a's name," quoth she, "both soul and body."

"There be Jezreel Spittlewig, the joiner."

"Methinks," quoth she, "if a'd do a little joining to a's own shackling body, a might hold together long enough to go through the marriage ceremony," saith she. "Howbeit, I'm not a-sure of 't."

"Well, then, Jack Stirthepot, the chair-mender."

"A'd have to stir th' pot with a witch, ere a brewed a wedding with me," quoth she.

"What sayest to Reuben Puff, the tinker?"

"If I say so much as a word to any one o' em," cried she, snatching up the pail wherein she had brought my victuals, "may thy first grandchild be born without a tongue!" saith she. And out she went.

Then quoth I to myself, quoth I, "Lemon," quoth I, "the jade's in love with th' crack,—no more, no less." And I said further, said I, "Bodykins!" said I, a-shoeing of King Edward with all my might,

"by cock and pye!" said I, "an a wants him let a have him. 'Tis more than his desert, I'll warrant," so quoth I. "And as for Dame Visor's hussy, let her learn to bridle her tongue," quoth I. And 'twas just here that wench Keren did creep up and take me about the neck, as I was a-filing of King Edward's hoof.

"Father," saith she, "I cry thee pardon if I have sauced thee; but dost not mind the rhyme thou art so fond of?—

> Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,
> But let the little colt go bare.

Seek not to chide me, father, and ne'er will my heels bring hurt to any."

Then off was she again, ere I had spat forth my mouthful o' nails to answer her.

But that evening as I came home, about the going down o' th' sun, I did hear voices i' th' kitchen, and, looking in at th' window, behold, there was hussy Ruth a-plucking of Keren by th' kirtle, and Keren a-holding of a pan o' milk above her head, as though she had half a mind to souse her cousin in 't.

And saith she, "Get to thy feet, wench. This is neither a church, nor am I th' Lord."

But th' girl (who seemed to be in trouble o' some sort) fell a-sobbing, and saith she,—

"Cousin, cousin, I know I have used thee ill, but all my joy is in him. If thou takest him from me, better didst thou take my life; for he is more to me than life."

Then quoth my lass, "Shame on thee to say it o' any man, worthy or unworthy!"

"Oh, shame enough have I, cousin!" quoth the poor wench,—"shame to 'a' lost him, and shame that I should plead with another to give him back to me!"

"Go to!" saith Keren; "go to! I have not got him to give him back to thee."

"Thou hast!" saith Ruth; "thou hast!—he is thine, soul and body,—soul and body! And thou dost not care; and I care,—oh, I care so that I know not how to word it!"

(Every word that passed between 'em is as clear in my mind as though 'twere but yesterday it all happened.)

"I say shame on thee to say so," saith my lass again.

But the wench still hung about her, and would not let go, and she saith,—

"Oh, cousin, cousin, cousin, doth it not show thee in what straits I am, that I come to thee for succor? Rather had I died, one week agone, than ask thee for thy hand though I were drowning. And sure 'tis less than thy hand for which I ask thee now, sith it be for a man who is less to thee than the littlest finger on that hand, but who is more to me than the heart in my wretched body! And a had vowed to wed me; and 'twas next month we were to be wed; and all so happy,—my father and my mother so pleased, and his folks do like me well; and my wedding gown all sewn and lain away, and the ribbons for my shoes, and some kickshaws for th' new house; and all we so glad, and all going so smooth, and we twain so loving; for, oh! he did love me the once!—he did love me the once! And now!—now!—now!" And here did she fall a-weeping in such wise that never another word could she say. And she sate down on the kitchen floor, and hid all her pretty head (for pretty 'twas, though I liked her not),—hid it all in the skirt o' her kirtle."

Then stood my lass quite still, and her face like the milk in her pan, and she looks down on th' hussy, as a horse might look down on a kitten which it hath unwitting trampled on. And she saith,—

"I would I knew whether or no thou speakest the truth!"

Then saith the wench, a-reaching up her clasped hands to heaven, —saith she,—

"May God forever curse me an I do not!"

"Take not God's name in vain," saith my lass, sharply, and went and set down her pan o' milk on the cupboard. And again she stands, slowly wiping her hands on her apron, and looking down at th' girl, who hath once more covered all her face in her petticoat. And by and by she saith to her,—

"What is 't thou wouldst have me do?"

"Give me back my Robin! give me back my Robin!" saith the maid.

"Thou art welcome to him for me," saith Keren.

Then fell the maid a-weeping more bitterly than ever, and she huddled herself on the hard floor, like a young bird that hath fallen out o' its nest, and sobbed piteously. And presently gets she to her feet without a word, still a-hiding of her face in her kirtle, and turns to go, a-feeling her way with one o' her little hands. But when she hath reached th' door, and hath got one foot on the threshold, up strides that lass o' mine, and, taking her by the arm, swings her back into th' room. And she makes her sit down on a settle and take down her kirtle from her face. And while she is snooding up her ruffled locks, she saith unto her,—

"Thou art a little fool to cry so: dost hear? What! at it again? Well, well, God patience me! What's a body to do with such a little ninny? There! dry your eyes. Ye shall have your Robin, never fear. God-a-mercy! at what art blubbering now?" But down slipped Ruth on her knees, and caught Keren about hers, and she saith unto her,—

"Heaven bless thee! thou art a good woman! May Heaven forgive me for all such words as e'er I have said against thee! Bless thee! bless thee!"

"Bodykins," saith my lass (having learned some round oaths from me, I do grieve to say),—"bodykins!" saith she, "wilt a-hear th' lass? I say scamper, scamper; my father 'll be coming home to sup ere long, and I would not he found thee thus. Away with thee! And fret no more: dost hear? If I hear that thou hast moped any farther from this hour on, I'll not answer either for my doings or for those o' others: dost hear? Now scamper!" And scamper a did, like a hare with th' hounds upon 't.

So full was I o' praising my lass on her good havior, that I had got me from th' lattice and was half in at the door ere I saw what had befallen.

There was my madcap, comrade, down on her knees afore the settle, wi' both hands gripped in her thick locks, and her head bent forward on th' wooden seat. And she made no sound, neither uttered she any word, but a shook like water when a heavy weight rolls past. And a drew long breaths ever and anon, like one that hath been half drowned and is coming back to life. And I knew then, I knew then, comrade. I had thought a loved th' boy; and I knew then. So I got me out, without making any clatter, and I sat me down on a bench outside th' kitchen door to think 't over; and, by cock and pye, man, ne'er a thought could I think for th' tears in my eyes. Th' poor lass! th' poor lass! It fetches th' salt into my een now to think on 't. Well, well, what's past is past, and God himself cannot undo 't; and what's coming's coming, and God wunnot hinder it an he could: so there's an end on 't. Fill up, man, fill up! What there, I say! Joel! I say! A quart o' sack for Master Turnip.

Well, when I had thought it well o'er, I did determine to say naught to th' lass whatsoever; neither did I; but meseems I was bound to o'er-hear heart-breaking words atween somebody, for th' very next day, as I was henting th' style as leads into th' lane (thou knowest the lane I mean, comrade: 't lies atween Cowslip Meadow and th' pool i' th' hollow,—Sweethearts' Way, they call 't)—well, as I was getting o'er th' style, as I had just got me o'er by one leg,—after this fashion, ye mind:

as though this chair here were th' style, and yonder chimney-place th' lane,—Sweethearts' Way, ye mind,—well, as a was half over, and Mumble, th' turnspit pup, half under, as 'twere, I heard voices,—voices, comrade,—one o' them th' voice o' that lass o' mine, and t'other th' voice o' young Hacket.

"Here be a coil," say I. "What's to do?"

Now, the pup seemed to be filled with the spirit o' th' Lord all on a sudden, after th' fashion o' th' talking jackass i' th' Scriptures; for if a didna talk a did th' next thing to 't: a tried to. And after pulling at my heels like as though a fiend had got him, a scuttles into th' thicket, for no cause, as I could see, but to give me th' benefit o' example. So in goes I after him. Scarce was I settled, with a bramble down th' back o' my neck, and some honey-bees at work too nigh to my legs for my peace o' mind, when they come, and both a-chattering at th' same time like two magpies with slit tongues.

"Thou didst!" quoth he. "That did I not!" quoth she. "Thou didst, and I can prove 't on thee!" quoth he, louder than afore. "I tell thee I did not, and thou canst sooner prove that Bidford Mill turns the Avon, than that I did!" quoth she. "Wilt thou stand there and tell me i' th' eyes that thou hast so oft looked love into," quoth he, like a man choked with spleen, "I say, wilt thou, Keren Lemon, stand there and face me, Robert Hacket, and say thou hast ne'er given me reason to believe that thou didst love me?" quoth he. "No more cause than I've given to twenty better than thee!" quoth she. "Shame on thee to say 't, thou bold-faced jig!" saith he; "shame on thee, I say! and so will say all honest folk when I tell 'em o' 't." "An thou tell it, the more fool thou," saith she; and a draws up her red lips into a circle as though a'd had a draw-string in 'em, and a stands and looks at him as a used to stand and look at her dam when she chid her for a romp. Then all on a sudden, with such a nimbleness as took away my breath and drove all thoughts o' brambles and honey-bees clean out o' my pate, he jumps aside of her, and gets her about th' middle as he did that day under th' pear-tree, and quoth he, "Lass," quoth he, "dunnot break my heart! dunnot break th' heart that loves ye more than a' that's in the earth, or th' heavens above, or th' waters below! Say ye love me, and ha' done with 't."

Then gives she up herself to him for one beat o' her own breaking heart, the poor madcap, and she leans on him with all her pretty self, as though begging him to take her against her own will, and then a cry breaks from her, half human, and half like th' cry o' a hurt beast, and she saith,—

"Shame on ye, shame on ye, to forsake th' lass ye ha' sworn to

wed! Get thee back to her straightway, or ne'er look me i' th' face again!" And she leaps back from him, and points with her arm, as stiff and steady as th' tail o' a sportsman's dog, towards th' village, and she saith again, "Get thee back to her; get thee back to Ruth Visor, and wed with her ere this month be out o' the year!"

Then lifts he his sullen head, and looks at her from under his brows like a smitten blood-hound. And he saith back o' his clamped teeth, like as 'twere a dog gnarling in his throat, "Curse ye for a false jade!" saith he. "Curse ye for as black-hearted a jade as e'er set an honest man on th' road to hell!" And he turned, and cleared th' stile with one hand on 't, and went his ways.

And th' lass stood and looked after him as still as though she were turned into a pillar o' summat, after th' manner o' th' woman i' th' holy book, and both her hands grasping her breast. But anon there comes a trouble o'er her face, like as when a little wind doth run across a gray pool at eventide, and her lips begin to tremble, like as though some red flower a-growing on th' bank was shaken by 't, and her eyes all full o' woe, like th' eyes o' some dumb thing as cannot word its sorrow; and all at once she falls upon her knees, and thence upon her forehead on the ground, and afterwards to her whole length, with her strong hands grasping th' flowers and grass on either side o' her, and tearing them up with th' crackling noise that a horse makes when 't grazes. But no sound escapes her, whether a sigh or a groan. Well, well, comrade, I cry thee patience if I do stumble here a bit: I cannot think on 't now without a tightness i' my throat, any more than a man can think o' th' day his first child was born to him without his heart leaping hot in 's throat like the flame to th' bellows. Well, well! Fill up, I say; fill up. Remember th' old days, when thou wast more ale-washed than th' bottle itself. Where be I i' th' narrative? Yea, yea, 'tis there,—'tis there; I mind me o't now.

No sound 'scaped her, but presently she lifts herself up upon her knees again, with such heaviness as a horse overburdened doth get him to his feet, and she holds out both her arms i' th' direction where th' lad hath vanished, wi' th' grass and flowers yet fast in her clinched hands; and she saith twice, i' th' voice o' a woman in travail,—

"Never will he know, never will he know," she saith; and then, "Oh, God!" she saith, a-lifting her hands again to her breast. "Summat's broken here," she saith, full meek, like a body that's looked a many time on pain,—"summat's broke; summat's broke," o'er and o'er again, as though she would use herself to th' sound, as 'twere. Then all at once did a deep cry break from her. "God, O God," she saith, "show me how to bear 't! My God, my God, show me how to

bear 't." And she got to her feet, and sped down th' lane like one blind, running first into th' hawthorn bushes o' this side, then into th' quick-set hedge o' th' other, and tearing out her loosened tresses on th' low-hanging branches o' th' pear-trees, so that I traced her by her hair i' th' twigs, like as thou wouldst trace any poor lost lamb by its wool on the brambles. Now, it did almost break my own heart to say naught to her concerning all o't, but I knew that 'twould but grieve without comforting her; and rather would I 'a' had my old heart split in twain than bring one more ache into her true breast. So naught say I. Never a word, comrade, from then till now have I e'er said to her about that time.

Well, for all's fine talk, Master Hacket went no more to hell than do any other men that marry,—an' less than some, seeing as how a did not marry a scold, which (God forgive me, or her, or both o' us) I have done. Yea, comrade, I will commemorate this our first meeting in eight years by confessing to thee that my wife (in thy ear, comrade)—that my wife was a scold. Sometimes I do verily think as how women like Mistress Lemon be sent unto men to keep 'em from pondering too heavily concerning the absence o' marriage in heaven. By cock and pye, man, as I live, I do honestly believe that I would rather be a bachelor in hell than the husband o' Mistress Lemon in heaven.

But to come back to th' lass. And, now that I think o' th' lass, comrade, I am not so sure that a scolding wife is not well paid for by a duteous daughter. Nay, I am sure o't. Methinks I would 'a' been wed twice, and each time to a shrew, could I but 'a' had my Keren o' one o' 'em. Ay, even so, even so.

Well, as I said,—or as I meant to say,—Master Hacket wedded th' Visor hussy within two weeks o' th' day whereon he and my Keren had 't so fierce i' Sweethearts' Way. And therein are two meanings: they fell out as is the way with sweethearts, and they fell out i' th' lane so called.

Well, well, let me crack a quart o' sack with thee, comrade, and a joke at th' same time.

A married Ruth Visor, and they went to Lunnon Town. And on th' night o' their wedding, as I sat by the fireside i' th' kitchen a-mending my tools (for 'twas on a Saturday night), and Keren abed, and Mistress Lemon a-peeling o' leather-jackets to make th' Sunday pie,—

"Wife," saith I to her (a-mending my tools, as I ha' said),—"wife," quoth I, "would 'twere our lass were wed to-day!"

"For why?" saith she. No more, no less.

"For why?" saith I. "For the why I think a lass is happier wed to th' man she loves," saith I.

"'Tis not so I've found it," quoth she, a-peeling of an apple so that thou couldst 'a' put his whole coat back and not 'a' known 't had e'er come off.

Then quoth I, a-chuckling in my throat at having so snared her, "right glad am I to find out that thou lovest me!" quoth I.

"If thou'st found out that," quoth she, "thou'st greater than Columbus," quoth she, "for thou'st discovered something that never was," quoth she.

"Bodykins, woman," saith I, a-losing of my temper, "then for what didst thou marry me?"

"For a fool," quoth she. "And I will say as I ha' got the full o' my bargain," quoth she.

Whereat so wroth was I that I said naught, knowing that if I did open my lips or move my hand 'twould be to curse her with th' one and cuff her with t'other.

By and by saith she, "And where the goujer! wilt thou find a man good enough in thy eyes for th' lass?" saith she.

"Not on earth," quoth I. "Neither in this land, nor that other across the sea," quoth I.

"Ay, ay," quoth she. "Very like thou wouldst have th' wench to wed with an angel," quoth she; "t'd have all thy grandchildren roosting on a gold bar, and their dad a-teaching of 'em how to use their wings," quoth she. "Or with one o' th' red men i' th' new country, to have them piebald red and white, like a cock-horse at Banbury Cross," quoth she. And with that up she gets, and flings the apple-parings into th' fire, and gets her to bed without more ado. Whereupon day doth again find me i' this very tavern.

Well, well, a year had passed, and things were jogging very peaceful like, and Keren settled down as quiet as a plough-broken mare, when one day as I sit i' th' kitchen while th' lass mends my apron there comes a fumbling at th' latch like as though a child made shift to open it. Then quoth I, "Belike 'tis little Marjory Pebble, or one o' the Mouldy lads over th' way;" for the babes all loved Keren, and, now that she was waxed so quiet, th' lads left her more to herself, and she would sit on th' bench by the cottage door and make little kick-shaws by th' hour,—elder-wood whistles, and dolls o' forked radishes, and what not. So quoth I, "Belike 'tis little Marjory Pebble," quoth I, and, th' lass having her lap full o' my apron, I went and opened th' door. And there, comrade, a-kneeling in th' grass outside, with her head all hid in her kirtle as she had kneeled two years agone on t'other side o' that very door, was Mistress Ruth Hacket; and she was a-sobbing as though her heart would break. And while I stand staring,

ere I could find a word to my tongue, comes that lass o' mine and pushes me aside like as though I had been little Marjory Pebble—ha! ha! And down goes she on her knees beside th' lass, and gets an arm about her, and presses down her head, all hid as 'tis in her kirtle, against her breast, and she saith to her,—

"What troubles thee? Tell Keren, honey. So so! What troubles thee? Tell Keren."

And from beneath her kirtle th' poor jade sobs out, "He's gone! he's gone! he's gone! They've taken him to work on th' big seas,—and our child not yet born,—and me so ailing; and, oh! I want to die! I want to die!"

Then saith that lass o' mine, saith she, "Father, do thou fetch some o' th' birch wine out o' th' cupboard and bring it to me in a cup;" and to the girl she saith, "Come, then; come, then," like as though she had been coaxing some little spring lambkin to follow her unto its dam; and she half pulls and half carries th' wench into th' house, and seats her on a low stool i' th' chimney-corner, and kneels down aside of her. And when I be come with th' drink, she takes the cup out o' my hand, and makes th' wench drink 't, holding it to her lips with one hand, while with the other she cossets her hair and cheek. And by and by, seeing myself forgotten, I do withdraw into the room beyond, and wait till I be called, that th' lasses may have 't out together.

Now, Ruth's folks were aye so poor that scarce could they keep clothes on their backs and food i' their bellies; and it hath sometime occurred to me how that the Lord might 'a' given such as could not provide for themselves, a coat o' wool or o' hair, that would 'a' covered their bodies, after the manner of a sheep or goat,—the righteous being clad i' th' first fashion, and the wicked after th' last.

Well, well, I must on. I see thou art waxing restless, comrade. Not so? Well, drink, drink, then, that I may feel thou art well occupied while that my old tongue wags.

So poor then were Ruth's folks that I said to myself, said I, "What i' th' name o' pity," so saith I,—"what i' th' name o' pity is to become o' the poor lass?" but I had scarce asked myself th' question when my lass answers it for me.

"Father," saith she, a-coming and standing afore me with the empty cup turning on her long fingers,—"father," saith she, keeping those gold-colored eyes o' hers on mine (methinks they were coined o' th' same wedge as her heart o' gold),—"father," saith she,—just so,—"considering all things," saith she, "I'm going to keep th' lass in my room till her child be born," so saith she.

Then saith I, pulling her down into my arms, "Lass," saith I,

"verily do I believe that not only is every hair o' thy sweet head numbered, but that each one is blessed with a separate blessing!" And what with my love for her, and my admiring of her goodness, and my pride in her, and what with her pity for the poor girl in th' other room, we did shed enough tears between us to ha' o'erflowed th' empty cup in her hands.

So she held me about th' neck with both arms, and like to ha' run me mad with kissing th' back o' my neck (for I was e'er one o' your ticklish sort). I stood it bravely, however, seeing how she loved me, and kissed her too whensoever I could get a chance for th' tightness o' her hugging. And so we settled it. But Mistress Lemon was yet to be consulted.

Ready enough was I to shift that job on my lass's broad shoulders (seeing as how a reputation for courage with his wife is ne'er believed o' a man, at any rate, and as how th' wench had a way o' managing her mother which sure none could 'a' had that were not of her own flesh). And that night, when her mother was returned from a round o' gossiping, th' lass tells her all (having i' th' mean time put Ruth to bed atween her own sheets). Well, ne'er saw I my wife in such a rage.

"What!" saith she, "thou hast ta'en it on thyself to offer my bread and meat to a good-for-naught hussy as ne'er had a civil word for any o' us! Thou hast given her bed-room under my roof without so much as 'by your leave'! Thou godless hussy, thou! Where be th' jade? I say, where be she? Where be she?"

"Where thou shalt not come at her in thy present humor, mother," saith the lass, standing with one arm reached out across the door-way, like as though in verity she had been the mother and her dam a naughty child.

"How? Dost word me? dost word me?" saith my wife. "How? dost take any stray cat to kitten in my house an' then word me too?" —so saith she.

Then saith th' lass, "Well can I understand," saith she, "how if thou canst speak i' this fashion o' thy sister's child thou canst also speak to thy own as sure no mother e'er spoke ere this." Then, changing all suddenly her tone, and dropping down her arm from the door, "Go an thou like," saith she, "to abuse the poor creature who hath come to ask thy help in time o' trouble; but just so surely as thou dost turn her out o' door to lie i' th' straw like any common callet, just so sure do I follow her, to fare as she fares, and all the village shall know what thou hast done."

Then for some minutes did they twain stand and gaze upon one another, and at last down flumps my wife into a chair as though she would

break it in pieces for very rage; but, being waxed sulky, and her own wrath cowed as 'twere by her daughter's more righteous wrath, she saith nothing more of 't, good or bad.

In three weeks' time th' child is born, and as sound and as pretty a babe as e'er I clapt eyes on; and Keren a-dangling of him as natural as though she herself had been a mother, time and again.

"What say'st thou now, lass?" quoth she. "Wilt trust Keren after this?"

"Is he sound, verily?" saith the poor little dame, looking shyly upon him.

"Never a spot so big as the splash on a guinea-flower!" saith Keren. "And ears like sea-shells."

So, after a-kissing of them both, and th' top o' th' babe's head (as 'twas permitted me to do), I steals out and leaves them together.

Well, ne'er saw thou a child grow as did that child. Meseemed he sprouted like corn after a rain; and in five months a was waxed so strong a could stand on 's feet a-holding to his mother's kirtle. But, strange to say or not, as thou wilt have 't, he did seem to love Keren more than he did th' mother that bore him, a-crying for her did she but so much as turn her back, and not sleeping unless that she would croon his lullabies to him. Mayhap it was because her strong arms and round bosom made a more cosey nest for him than did th' breast and arms o' his little dam; but so was 't, and nearly all o' her time did th' lass give to him. Neither did it seem to rouse aught o' jealousy in Ruth's heart: she was too busy a-looking for th' return o's father to bother her pretty pate o'ermuch concerning him. And she would sit and talk o' Robin, and o' Robin's goodness, and o' Robin's sweet ways and words and doings, until I thought sometimes my poor lass's heart would just break within her if 't had not been broken already these two years. And one day, as she kneels beside th' cradle,—Ruth having gone to see her folks for th' day,—I come in unknown to her, and stand to watch th' pretty sight. There kneels she, and Ruth's red shawl o'er her head to please th' child (Keren ne'er had any bright colors o' her own those days),—there kneels she, I say, beside the cradle, and kittles him with her nimble fingers, and digs him i' th' ribs after a fashion that would sure 'a' run me crazy (though it hath ne'er yet been proven what a young babe cannot endure at the hands o' women), and punches and pokes and worries him, for all th' world like a kitten worrying a flower. And he, lying on his back, kicks with both feet at her face, and winds all his hands in her long hair, and laughs, and bubbles, and makes merry, after the fashion o' a spring stream among many stones. And by and by a change falls o'er her, and she waxes

very solemn, and sits down on th' floor by th' edge o' th' cradle, with one arm upon 't and her head on her hand, and she looks at the babe. In vain doth he clutch at her hair and at her kerchief, and reach, with pretty broken murmurings, as of water through crowding roots, after his little bare toes: never so much as a motion makes she towards him. But at last up gets she to her knees, and takes him fiercely into her strong hands, and holds him off at arm's-length, looking at him; and she saith in a deep voice (such as I had not heard her use for two years), saith she, "For that thou art not mine," saith she, "I hate thee; but—" and here came a change o'er all her face and voice and manner, like as when April doth suddenly wake in the midst o' a wintry day in springtide,—"but," saith she, "for that thou art his, I love thee!" and she took him to her bosom, and bowed down her head over him so that he was hidden all in her long hair, but the bright shawl covered it, so that, what with her stooping, and the hiding of her tresses, a body coming in suddenly at the door might 'a' easily mistaken her for Ruth.

It was thus with th' man who at that moment strode past me and caught up child and woman into his embrace. "I have come back to thee," he said,—"I have come back to thee. Look up, wife; Ruth, look up." But when she did look up, and he saw her face as white as morning, and her hair as black as night, and her tall figure like to a young elm-tree,—ay, when she looked up, ne'er saw I a man not dead seem so like death. He drops down his arms from about them, as though smitten from behind by a sword, and he staggers and leans against th' table, and lets fall his head upon his breast, staring straight in front o' him. But she stands looking upon him. And I got me out with all speed: so ne'er knew I more o' what passed between 'em, saving that he did take away Ruth with him th' next day, and she as happy as a bird whose mate hath come back to 't with the springtide. But a knew how that my lass had taken his wife into her bed, and nursed her through her sickness night and day, after the hard words he had spoken unto her and the ill names he had called her. And that was all I cared to know. He had set th' iron in my lass's heart, and now 'twas in his own; and for th' rust, it did but hurt him more. Ay, ay, comrade, thou knowest what I do mean.

Well, the winter passed, and spring came on again, and 'twas in the May o' that year that I did break my hammer-arm. God above us only knows what would 'a' befallen us had 't not been for my Keren. Wilt believe 't? (but then I think thou'lt believe a'most anything o' that lass o' mine now,—eh, comrade?)—th' lass did set to work, and in two weeks' time a was as good a farrier as was e'er her daddy afore her.

Bodykins, man! thou shouldst 'a' seen her at it: clad from throat to feet she was in a leathern apron, looking as like mine own as though th' mare's skin whereof mine was fashioned had as 'twere foaled a smaller one for th' lass—ha! ha! and her sleeves rolled up from her brown arms, and th' cords a-standing out on them like th' veins in a horse's shoulder. And so would she stand, and work th' bellows at th' forge, until, what with th' red light from the fire on her face, and on her hair, and on her bare arms, I was minded o' th' angel that walked i' the fiery furnace with th' men in holy writ. And when a pounded away at a shoe, and her young arm going like a flail,—chink, chank—chink, chank,—and th' white spatters o' hot iron flying this way and that from th' anvil, meseemed 'twas as though Dame Venus (for thou knowest how in th' masque twelve year gone this Yuletide 'twas shown as how a great dame called Venus did wed wi' a farrier called Vulcan,—I wot thou rememberest?)—as though Dame Venus had taken away her hammer from her goodman Vulcan, to do 's work for him. By my troth, 'twas a sight to make a picture of,—that 'twas, comrade.

Well, ne'er saw I such trouble as that arm gave me (and 't has ne'er been strong since). First 'twould not knit, and then when 't did 'twas all wrong and had to be broken and set o'er again. But th' lass ne'er gave out once. Late and early, fair weather or foul, a was at th' forge; and a came to be known for as good a smith as there was in all Warwickshire. But, for that none had e'er heard tell o' a woman at such work, or for some other reason, they did come to call her, moreover, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth."

One day, as we sat i' th' door o' th' shop, a-resting, and talking together,—after a way we had with us even when she was a little lass, —there rides up a young gallant, all dressed out in velvet and galloon, and a feather in 's hat, and long curls hanging about his shoulders. Oh, ay, a was bonny enough to look upon. So a draws rein at th' door. And saith he,—

"Art thou th' Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth?" saith he.

Saith she, arising to her feet, and standing with crossed arms like any man,—saith she,—

"Folks call me so," saith she. "But my name is Keren Lemon."

"A sour name for so sweet a lass," saith th' gallant.

"Would thou hadst sweetened that old jest with some new wit!" quoth she.

"Thou art sharp o' tongue," saith he.

"I shoe horses with my arms, not with my tongue," saith she.

"As I live, a witty jade!" quoth he. "Thou dost much amuse me, maiden."

"My wit was not fashioned any more for thy amusement than for the shoeing o' thy horse," quoth she. "So, if thou dost not purpose to have him shod, ride on!" saith she.

Then saith he, to himself as 'twere, "Verily," saith he, "they should call thee the harrier-lass, for thou hast run down and found my manners, when that old hounds have failed;" and to her he saith,—

"I do purpose to have my horse shod, maiden; and I cry thee pardon for having given thee offence."

"It is easier to give offence than pardon," saith she. "Howbeit, thou art pardoned. Say no more." Whereupon she sets to work, and, taking th' horse's foot atween her knees, falls to filing his hoof in such wise that I could not 'a' done better in her place, though the Queen should ask me to sup afterwards at St. James's. But the stranger could not hold his tongue; and when he saw her working th' bellows, and a-making of th' shoe, and th' way she swung th' great hammer, "By my troth," saith he, "I would I could paint thee as Sally Mander to give to th' Queen," saith he.

Then saith my lass, "I know not of any wench called Sally Mander," saith she, a-burning of th' horse's hoof with th' hot shoe; "but if she consorts familiarly with such as be above her," so saith she, "methinks 'tis as well for both o' us that I know her not," saith she,—every word o't just as I tell thee.

Then saith the gallant, clapping hand to thigh so that it made such a sound as when a young child is trounced, "By my troth," saith he, "an thy brows be not worthy o' a coronet, ne'er saw I any that merited to wear one. What wouldst thou if thou wert a lady, lass?"

She saith, a-rolling up of her sleeves a little tighter, and looking up at him as he sate again upon his horse, "Meanest thou if I were the wife o' a lord?" saith she.

"Even so," saith he, laughing. "Verily thou hast come at my meaning with a commendable quickness. Well, an if thou wert the wife o' a lord, what wouldst thou do?"

Then saith she, speaking very slowly, and crossing of her arms again upon her breast,—saith she,—

"I would bring up such sons as were born to me to behave worthily o' their station in life, and not to forget their manhood by speaking with insolence unto such honest maids as had never offered them affront." Whereupon she did up with her kit o' tools and pass by me into th' forge; and th' man rode on with a reddened visage.

But it befell only two days later that a came again to th' forge, his horse having cast another shoe.

And again th' lass sets all to right for him, he keeping a civil tongue

in 's head this time; and o' that we thought naught one way or th' other. But when a comes a third time, and yet a fourth and a fifth and a sixth, "Father," saith th' lass,—"father," saith she, "this must be stopt," saith she.

"Ay, verily," saith I. "But how wilt do 't?" saith I.

"I'll do 't, never fear," saith she.

And a did, comrade. Ha! ha! I'd trust that wench to make Satan keep to heel like any well-broke puppy. 'Twas in this way. The next time th' gallant comes riding up (that being th' seventh time in all, ye mind),—well, the next time up comes riding he, and he saith to her, saith he, "I have come to ask thy service yet again, damsel," saith he; "but Merrylegs hath cast another shoe."

Then saith th' lass,—ha! ha!—every word as I tell thee, comrade, —saith she, "Methinks, my lord, if my work hold no better than that,—methinks," saith she, "'twere as well thou went for th' shoeing o' thy horse to Timothy Makeshift, as lives in Marigold Lane," saith she. "For if it come to th' ears o' others how that I will shoe a horse one day and th' next how that he will cast th' shoe,—if it so be known," saith she, "no more custom will I get to keep my father and mother in their old age."

Then doth he leap down from his horse, and he doffs his hat as though my lass had been any fine lady; and quoth he,—

"Well and justly hast thou spoken; and I do stand confessed of my fault. But, maiden, thou wast not born unto th' life thou leadest; and here in thy presence I do ask thy father to bestow upon me thy hand. I am Sir Dagonet Balfour, of Balfour Hall; and if thou art willing I will make thee my lady."

Now I was struck dumb as though my tongue had jumped forth o' my mouth, and never a blessed thing could I do saving stare, comrade. But that lass o' mine,—that lass o' mine, comrade,—she stands and looks at him, and never so much as a glint o' red in her face. And saith she, "My lord," saith she, "if that thou meanest what thou hast said, thou hast forgotten thine estate and not remembered mine. Since God hath not made me a lady, methinks it is not in the power o' one o' His creatures so to do. But I do thank thee for seeking to honor me, and wish thee joy when thou shalt take in wedlock some high-born maiden."

Then saith he, "An I wed not thee, ne'er will I be wed. What! dost thou think I can look on in patience and see a woman such as thou following the trade of a farrier?"

Then saith she, "If Jesus Christ followed th' trade o' a carpenter," saith she, "sure," saith she, "Keren Lemon can follow th' trade o' a

farrier," saith she,—every blessed word as I tell thee, comrade. And no more would she have to do with him, but got her into th' forge and left him standing there.

Well, thou might 'a' thought that was th' end o't. Not a bit,—not a bit, comrade. Th' knight would be a-riding up at all times and in all weather, and somehow 't gets out i' th' village (though not through my lass, I warrant ye) as how he doth in verity seek to espouse my Keren. Well, o' all th' tirrits and to-do's as e'er you heard on!

Methought when Mistress Lemon found out that th' girl had refused th' gallant's offer th' house would be a tighter fit for us three than its shell for an unhatched chick. 'Twas worry, worry, worry, from morn till night, and from night till morn it was worry, worry, worry, till I scarce knew whether 'twould be better to murder my wife and hang for 't, or leave her alone and live with her.

"Th' hussy!" quoth she,—"th' ungrateful hussy! a ought to be tossed in a blanket," quoth she, "and thou along with her, thou jack-pudding, thou ravelling!" quoth she.

"If I be a jack-pudding," saith I, "I ha' more descendants than most such," saith I.

"Yea," quoth she, "verily," quoth she; "and all nine o' th' lads be jacks," saith she, "and th' wench as very a pudding as e'er fell to pieces for want o' being held together," saith she. "Out on ye both! I'm done with ye!"

"For that, God be praised!" saith I, and left ere she could answer.

But one day as I sate i' th' kitchen, a-cosseting o' my lame arm as though 't had been a babe, I hear a sound o' wheels and a clatter o' horses' hoofs; and, lo! there be a chariot pulled up afore the door, with four gray horses a-making play with their trappings, and a coachman, all wig and gilding, a-sitting on th' box. And ere a could move, out steps a fine dame, with her hair all in hillocks as 'twere, and a paling o' lace round about her head, like as 't had been a flower-garden, and a farthingale to 'a' covered th' big malt-pot with as little to-do as a hen covers an egg. And up comes she to th' door, and her tire-woman a-holding of her robes, and two footmen going before, and in she comes, —like as though Riches and Death had a' th' same right to enter a poor man's house without knocking. And saith she to me, saith she, a-filling up o' the room with her finery, like a cuckoo ruffling out its feathers in another bird's nest, saith she,—

"Be this th' cottage o' Humfrey Lemon th' farrier?" saith she.

"It be so; and I be he," saith I.

"And be thou th' father of th' wench they call th' Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth?" saith she.

"I be, an' proud o't," say I, a-beginning to think that she might 'a' knocked at th' door, for all her greatness.

"Where's th' lass?" saith she,—as she might 'a' said, "Where's my glove?"

Then saith I, "Madam," saith I, "most like she's gone about her business," saith I.

"My good man," saith she, after a fashion that did cause me to feel aught but good,—"my good man," saith she, "dost thou know to whom thou speakest?"

"Verily," saith I, "thou art ahead o' me there, madam."

"Boor," saith she, "I am the Lady o' Balfour Hall."

"An' so could my lass 'a' been, had she willed it," saith I; but, ere I could further forget myself, in comes Keren by another door, and she saith,—

"Father, do thou go out, and leave me to speak with this lady." Then to th' dame she saith, "Your ladyship," saith she, "I am Keren Lemon, that be called th' Farrier Lass. What wouldst thou with me?"

Then I got me out o' th' room, but not out o' hearing distance; and this is what followed.

"I have heard," saith th' dame, "these reports concerning my son Sir Dagonet and thee, and, to my sorrow, I find upon inquiry," saith she, "that they be true. Moreover, though it doth shame me to the dust to confess it, I have had an interview with my son Sir Dagonet," so saith she,—every word o't as I tell thee,—"and he is determined in his purpose o' ruining his life and th' happiness o' his mother. Therefore I have come to thee, to ask that thou persistest in the course which thou hast begun," saith she. "And here," saith she, "is gold to hold thy tongue concerning my visit unto thee." And therewith she did count down ten broad gold pieces upon th' kitchen table. "I must also ask thee," then continued she, ere my lass could answer her, "to allow me to remain under thy roof until my carriage be returned from th' other end o' the village, where it hath been sent with my tire-woman to purchase some ribbon to tie my parrot to 's perch."

Never a word saith my lass, but she goes to th' door and opens it, and, lifting up her voice, she halloos to a little ragged urchin who is at some spot on th' other side o' th' street; and he being come as fast as his little shanks would bring him, she bids him enter, and, taking him up in her arms, she lifts him up so that a can reach th' gold on th' table, and saith she,—

"Thou'rt not o'er-clean to touch, my good little mouse," saith she, "but thou'rt cleaner than that stuff thou seest. There, lad, that's for

thee, if an thou'lt run to th' other end o' th' village and bid them return at once with my lady Balfour's carriage,"—so saith she. Then, th' lad having stuffed all 's doublet with th' gold, she sets him on 's feet, and off a scuttles on th' best-paid errand e'er chanced since th' world began. And my lass, having courtesied to the thunder-stricken dame, gets her outside (where I go nigh to smothering her with kisses), and leaves her ladyship in possession o' th' kitchen.

Well, comrade, right sure am I that thou dost think that was the end on 't. Not a bit. Sir Dagonet did himself come to th' cottage th' very next day to see th' lass, and they had many words together, and at last he did accuse her o' false pride and proud humility. And saith he,—

"Wouldst thou make misery for the man who loves thee best of all the world, merely to satisfy a notion o' thine own? Greatness and goodness," saith he, "dwell in the heads and hearts o' mankind, not in their birth or purses. I do ask thee, with all respect, to be my wife, and I am prepared to face th' anger o' my mother and o' th' Queen. Ay," saith he, his face gone red as a girl's, and comes nigh to her,—"ay, maiden," saith he, "I am even ready to seek th' new country with thee as my wife, and to leave title and lands and Queen and mother behind me."

Then saith she,—and I had not seen tears in her eyes for many a day,—

"My lord," saith she, "well and nobly hast thou spoken, and with all my soul do I honor thee for it, and I thank thee with all my heart and soul. But, my lord, even were there not thy rank and position atween us, there is atween us," saith she, "which would hold us as far apart as the sea doth hold this England which we live in and th' new country o' which thou didst speak. For," saith she,—and she speaks in a steady voice, howbeit 'tis very low, and she keeps her sun-like eyes on his,—"for, my lord," saith she, "all the love that was mine to give hath been another man's these many years."

Then saith he never another word, but bends his knee and kisses her long brown hand as though 't had been th' Queen's; and he gets him from th' cottage.

Now, two more years were sped since that Ruth had left us, and sometimes would we hear through friends o' th' little lad and 's mother and father, and always was Ruth a-sending of pretty messages to Keren, —her love, and her thanks, and how happy she was, and th' boy so like his father,—and more than I remember.

A full year had th' lass been at work in my shop, and my arm no more fit to hammer than afore. So I looks about to get a lad to help

her in her work, seeing as 'twas too much for one wench. And, Lord! th' trouble I had! Ten lads did I try, one right after th' other; and one would be saucy, and another dull, and another would take 't into his pumpkin head to fall in love with th' lass; and all o' 'em lazy. But, God-a-mercy! how's a man to tell a lazy lad till he ha' tried him?—unless it be old Butter. Ha! ha! I ha' just minded me o' th' way he used to treat th' lads that came to Amhurste to hire for under-gardeners. He would stand with 's owlish old visage a-set on 's hoe-handle, for all th' world like a fantastic head carved out o' a turnip and set on a stick, and a would let th' lad go on with 's story o' how Dame This commended him for that, and o' how Dame That commended him for this, and o' how a had worked under my lord So-and-So's head-gardener and in my lady So-and-So's own hot-houses; and when a had got through, never a word would old Butter say, but a would just step round behind th' lad, as solemn as a grave-digger on a cold day, and a would lift up th' tail o's doublet and look at th' seat o's breeches. And if they were fairly worn a would hire th' lad; but if an they were much worn a would say, "No work dost thou get from me, my lad," would a say: "thou sittest down too often to work for Anthony Butter,"—so would a say,—every word o't just as I ha' told thee. Ha! ha! And all the time as sober as a coroner inspecting a corse. Ha! ha! ha! Methinks I can see him now,—th' old zany.

Well, well, a was a good man, was Anthony Butter; and if a was a bit puffed up with 's own importance, a's charity ne'er got in a like condition that it did not bring forth some kind act.

Well, th' months swung round, and 'twas nigh to Martlemas in that same year, and one day as I sat i' th' forge door, a-swearing roundly to myself concerning my lame arm and how that 'twould not mend, up comes galloping a man like one distraught, and a child on th' saddle afore him, and a flings himself down with th' child in 's arms (making no shift whate'er to hold th' horse, which gallops on with th' reins swinging), and a cries out, a-setting of th' child on my knee,—a cries out,—

"For God's sake, help me!—my child hath been bit by a mad dog! Help me in some way, for th' love of God!"

And I saw that 'twas Robert Hacket that crouched and quivered at my knee like a hurt hound; and th' child as like to him as one leaf on a tree is to th' other. But ere I could do or say aught, comes that lass o' mine, and ups with th' babe in her arms, and he roaring as lustily as any bull-calf with th' wound in 's little brown arm, and she sees where the beast hath bitten him. Then sets she him down again on my lap, and runs and fetches a bar o' iron and heats it i' th' forge till 'tis white-hot, and all th' time th' poor father a-sobbing, and kissing of th' babe,

and calling on me to help him, like as though I were God Almighty. And while he was so doing, and the babe like to burst with weeping, and I gone mad with not knowing what to be at, comes that wench, comrade, and jerks up th' babe, and sets th' white-hot metal in 's soft flesh.

Ay, comrade, a did, and a held it there till where th' dog's fangs had been was burned as black as th' anvil. And then, when 'tis done, and th' babe again upon 's feet, and we two for praising and blessing o' her, down drops she all in a heap on th' floor atween us, like a hawk that hath been smitten in mid-heaven. Then 'twas, comrade, that th' babe was left to endure his pain as best he might: never thought more did 's father give him that day; but he runs and lifts th' lass in 's strong arms, and bears her out into th' fresh air, and he calls her his "dear," and his own, and his life, and his Keren, till, had 't not been for my lass's coming back to life, I would 'a' struck him on th' mouth for a-speaking so unto her and he th' husband o' another woman.

But no sooner opes she her eyes than he hath both her hands hid in one o' his and close against his breast, and she lying back in 's arms as though she were any chrisom child, and her big eyes wide on his, and he saith to her,—

"Lass! lass!" saith he, "I ha' come to marry thee, an thou wilt have me," quoth he. "I ha' come to marry thee; and may God bless thee for saving th' child!"

Then did I understand; but she saith, with her great eyes not moving,—saith she,—only one word,—"Ruth?" saith she, even so, once, low like that,—"Ruth?"

"Ay, lass, I know," he saith unto her. "I know," he saith. "But all's well with Ruth. Ruth is in heaven."

Then saith she, while a light leaps out o' her tearful eyes, like as when the sun doth shine suddenly through April rain,—saith she, as she were breathing her life into th' words,—

"Methinks I be there too."

And also did I understand her, how that she meant that to be lying in th' arms o' him she loved, after all those weary years, was like being in heaven; but he questions her.

"How, lass?" saith he. "Where dost thou think thou art? Thou art in thy true love's arms," saith he.

"Ay, there is heaven," she saith.

And I stole away to get th' babe some kickshaws i' th' village, that they twain might be alone together.

Well, well, all that was two year ago, comrade,—two year ago; and now that lass o' mine hath a babe o' her own, and as valiant a

rogue as ever bellowed. Thou must come and sup with us to-night. Na, na, I'll take no refusal—dost hear? I will not. And a word o' persuasion i' thy ear, comrade: Mistress Lemon hath been dead this twelvemonth, comrade. Ah ha! Wilt a-come the now? That's well. And thou shalt hear that lass o' mine troll thee "Jog on, jog on," and "Mistress mine, where art thou roaming?" and "Listen, Robin, while I woo." Come, comrade, come. But stay; let's crack another drink together ere we go. Joel! What there! Joel! I say! Another quart o' sack for Master Turnip!

Amélie Rives.

MY LOVE GOETH FORTH.

I.

SOFT is the sky, and the joy of birds
  Breaks from the copse on the budding brae,
And the air hath the dream of the peaceful herds
  That graze in the fields to-day,
And the brook hath a turn in its wavering strain
  That steals to my heart like a passionate thought:
The phantoms of evil assail me in vain,
  And I set the world's wisdom at naught.

For my love goeth forth, and her robes are white,
  White like the clouds at the break of the dawn,
Fair, fair, and a madness doth burn in my sight
  Lest the vision shall be withdrawn.
My love goeth forth, and the lingering air
  Lifteth up the soft tresses that shadow her eyes:
'Tis an angel, I say, hath been drawn by my prayer
  To come down from that land in the skies.

II.

What envious hand doth lay
  The keen blade to the grasses?
What blight hath turned to gray
  The flowering woodland passes?

III.

Dull is the sky; the mingling joy of birds
  Sounds from the dell, but music's balm hath fled.

I hear the lowing of returning herds,
  But hope and love are dead.
The brook's soft wave doth murmur at my feet,
  Like some lost voice that calleth from afar;
The withered leaves sail like a mournful fleet
  Which cometh back from war.

For my love goeth forth, and her robe is white,
  White like the snow in the cleft of the hill;
My love goeth forth with the king in his might,
  And her hands are crossed and still;
My love goeth forth, and my wild despair
  Cannot lift the soft lashes which shadow her eyes:
'Tis an angel, I say, that in spite of my care
  Goeth back to that land in the skies.

Robert Burns Wilson.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE grievances of authors are being aired a good deal just now both in England and this country. There the complaint is mainly against the publishers and the unfair distribution of profits. Here it is more particularly against editors of periodicals and unfair discriminations. There the author does not get fairly paid for accepted work. Here he does not so much as get a hearing. In England the number of periodicals is relatively large and the prices paid by them small. While competition may be keen, there is probably no such pressure upon their pages as in this country: hence the different direction of the complaints.

While there is no doubt some cause for dissatisfaction in both cases, it must be said that the main difficulty is beyond cure. It is the grievous overcrowding in all branches of literary work. Now, as editors and publishers do not make the demand for literary wares, they cannot be blamed for that over-production which leads to small prices in the one case and in the other leaves a vast amount of material unsold.

Nor can editors be charged justly with the existence of rings, cliques, mutual admiration societies, literary puffery, whitewashing, and log-rolling. They may take an improper advantage of these things, but they do not create them.

Equally unjust it is, as well as foolish, to blame the editor for choosing such matter as he thinks most interesting to the class of readers he addresses. If his magazine is to live, he must not only try to do this but succeed in it. He is not, therefore, primarily a critic, though he must be endowed with critical faculties. He does not determine the rank of the articles submitted to him from

a literary stand-point, nor necessarily please himself with his selections. Of course he cannot, even if the degradation of his publication and the disgust of his intelligent readers were not in question, compete with the "enterprising" journals for the "beats" and sensations which swell their subscription-lists, since these are for one day only. But within pretty well defined limits he must know and supply the public demand. He must fill his sails with the trade-winds.

It follows that the writer who has a reputation, other things being equal, will be preferred to one who has not. Do we not all like to see these great names in the table of contents, even if we sometimes skip their articles? The reputation may or may not be deserved. Its commercial value only is the question at issue. To a sensitive person with high ideals, some of the means by which it may be acquired are peculiarly distasteful. He must follow literature as a business or trade. It requires many ingenious little devices to attract attention, modest advertising of one's abilities, some judicious sending of trumpets before him. I do not say that this is in the interest of literature. I do not say that the fame of such a writer will endure. That depends, as with the merchant, upon what he has and what he can do, after he has attracted the public attention. But I do say that these are the conditions of success, and that it is idle to gibe at destiny. If one seeks only the approbation, companionship, and sympathy of those who look upon literature as the highest of the fine arts, if he would climb the steep mountain-walls to the clear, fine air of the skies, if he aspires to a place among the serene and untroubled immortals, let him not complain because so few have been found worthy of the seats of the high gods. If thou wilt still climb, go in peace, my brother, and God's blessing upon thee. But leave behind the burdens that we bear here,—the lower rewards for which we strive. Here, at least, these commercial motives and conditions must be met. They are involved in that law of the "survival of the fittest" which measures out the life of all. Writer, editor, publisher, magazine, law, government, religion, all alike are subject to it. It may be that it is for this world only and does not extend beyond the grave. Let us, therefore, not be unjust. Above all, let us not be unphilosophical. In all this the editor has done us no wrong.

Nevertheless, the author, however obscure and "unavailable" from the commercial stand-point, has certain rights that the editor is bound to respect. He has a right to the editorial courtesy, for one thing, with all which that implies. He has a right to the honest, impartial judgment of the editor within the limits specified. He is entitled to the candor and fair dealing, at least, which are called for in other relations of life. He has a right to assume that the publication is what it advertises itself to be, and that the editor means what he says. If a magazine claims to be an exponent of American thought and culture, he has a right to assume that it is not the organ of a mutual admiration society or run in the interest of a local clique. He has a right to suppose that his article will be received with pleasure and read with care.

Now, if certain of our magazines are made up a year ahead of articles specially engaged, then it is evident that their editors cannot fulfil these very obvious duties to the volunteer contributor. This may be a good way to edit a magazine: it certainly seems an easy one. With plenty of money to pay the prices asked, there ought not to be much difficulty in making up an excellent magazine. Having done this, the editor, leaving little details to his assistants, may disport himself until the time comes for making up another year's schedule. His right to do this is not at all questioned, but if this plan is adopted it ought

to be frankly avowed. On the door of the office should be a card, saying, "No outsider need apply." At the head of his magazine should be some such notice as this: "Volunteer contributions are not desired. Not one in a hundred stands a chance of acceptance. As a mere concession, such articles will be examined by readers or subs in a perfunctory way. If in that way something should be found so original, so striking, and so superior to the average contents of this magazine as to give a reasonable hope that the writer will prove to be a *rara avis*, his article will then be submitted to the editor, and may perhaps be published next year or the year after." In place of this they solemnly assure us that all articles are adjudged strictly upon their merits, and the work of the unknown writer, if meritorious, is as readily accepted as that of the best known;—nay, more, that they have a special fondness for bringing out the unknown and obscure; that they are constantly digging for hidden treasure; that they rejoice more over one gifted contributor whom they have thus dug up than over the ninety and nine specially employed writers who are in plain sight. Let us be just. Let us be philosophical, but let us also be honest.

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Meantime, the advice of outsiders or those writers who have succeeded in gaining the public ear to those who have not is very, very good. "Do not mind the literary rings and cliques," says one. "They have always existed. *In the long run* they amount to nothing. No writer ever achieved permanent fame through favor, and no one ever missed it by reason of hostile criticism." Ah! and have none fallen by the wayside through utter neglect? Besides, the writer to whom this advice is given was not thinking a great deal about permanent fame. His thoughts had a tendency to turn to the next breakfast, and whether it would be plain steak with bread and butter or plain bread without the butter and steak. But in such cases as this, another—Colonel Higginson, for example—advises a connection with a newspaper. Doubtless as a pot-boiler that would be a good thing. The only difficulty is in making the connection. When you really inquire into it you find that the only approach is by way of the street. When for two, three, or more years you have run about the city picking up all those choice little morsels that so largely fill the daily papers, you may hope for a humble desk in the editorial department. But if you come as a contributor to sell your wares you will probably be disappointed. It is not literature newspapers want, but news. Their small needs in the former line they will supply from those literary jobbing-houses called syndicates. Smaller papers will get literature from newspaper unions in stereotype plates at so much a column.

All this I say without bitterness, not by way of complaint, but in the interest of truth. I do not know that there is any help for it. It appears to me that the newspaper has swallowed up other fields of literary work, which, however, it by no means cultivates. Some time, probably, matters will take a different drift, but most of us will then be like the disabled members of the "Society on the Stanislaus,"—without interest in the "subsequent proceedings."

The Author of ——.

EDITORS often say they like to have their contributors "boil down" their productions. The majestic editor often tells us poor fellows who are trying to write our way into his heart and check-book, how to get up our manuscript. He wants it done in a neat, legible hand, like his own,—never in pencil, and never on both sides of the paper. The editorial eyes must not be weakened in a wild-goose

chase after an idea that has to be tracked through a forest of pot-hooks thick-set with an underbrush of erasures and interlineations.

Dear Mr. Editor, I that speak to you have sent, not to you, sir, but to that other editor who returned it, as I am sure you will not,—I have sent, I say, just such manuscript as editors call for, fair, clean, written on one side, not with a pencil, but with a good gold pen, stamps enclosed for return IF declined; the whole thing "neat, but not gaudy, as the monkey said" on the memorable occasion "when he painted his tail sky-blue."

Now, good Mr. Editor, what do you suppose the man to whom I sent that model manuscript did with it? Why, sir, he went straight through it with a blue pencil,—put Cain's mark on paragraph after paragraph, as if he intended to use what he did not obliterate. I suppose that was what he calls editing; and I do not wonder that editors complain of hard work. Then he turned over one of the leaves, and on the blank side, where he doesn't want contributors to write, *he* wrote a note to me in blue pencil (it made me blue enough to read it) giving his reasons for *not* using my article. Then he added his "regrets." He is the same editor who insists on my writing "*only on one side of the paper.*" What does he do that for? Is it to enable him to make my article unfit to send to another editor by scattering his blue pot-hooks on the side that he told me to leave blank? Do editors realize, when an article comes to them, that if they don't want it somebody else may? Who would send out an article with the marks of a former refusal spread over it, to try its chances with another editor? No, sir: that article must be recopied before it can be sent out again.

While the contributor is making the second copy, he calls to mind the story of the parrot that was left in a minister's family by its owner while he went to Europe. The owner of the bird returned. He took his parrot home. Every time the door-bell rang, that bird would exclaim, "D—n that book-agent!" What do you suppose a contributor says when his neat manuscript comes back, not only rejected, but black with his own ink and blue with the editor's pencil-marks? I know very well what I say.

There are editors who accept an article, name the price they will pay for it, keep it a couple of years, and then, like a girl who says "yes" when you ask her and "no" when the wedding-day comes, send it back when it is too old for anything but your own waste-basket. Does this happen often? No, but it does sometimes.

I have known a religious editor, or rather the editor of a religious paper, to take an article offered "at your usual rates," and publish it, but fail to remit, and, when gently reminded that there should be a *quid pro quo*, maintain a silence that was not golden but was brassy. And he has not paid for it yet. I hope he will see this article, be pricked in his heart, and send me his "usual rates" for stolen property, with about five years' interest at ten per cent.

In the main, I admire the editor. He means to be fair. But when he cannot use an article, if he only would take a slip of paper and write out his views on that, instead of defacing a manuscript that is "written in a neat, legible hand, on one side of the paper," if he would only refrain from making such manuscript unfit to send to some other editor, I should feel that rejection is not such a very dismal matter after all.

E. L. B.

THE authors of the two preceding articles are sensible and fair-minded,—rare enough qualities in the case of authors who air their grievances in public. With E. L. B., indeed, the editor of *Lippincott's* can have no dispute. E. L. B. expressly reminds us that it is other editors he is alluding to: the things he complains of could never have occurred in the *Lippincott* sanctum, and the editor of that periodical can only hold up his hands in horror and express his sympathy, with just so much vicarious shame as may arise from the consciousness that it is at the hands of his own brethren—of men of his own calling—that this helpless victim has suffered. But with the other writer, wise and temperate as he is in the main, the editor may exchange a word or two, and take this opportunity, also, of answering many other complainers who are neither wise nor temperate. And first as to that question of literary log-rolling which has of late been harped upon so much. "The Author of ——" acknowledges that editors are not responsible for this evil, though they may take an improper advantage of it. But does the evil exist? It is true, of course, that many critics allow their friendships to warp their judgment. It is true, also, that many of them, and these are the ones whose judgments are most likely to have weight with the public, guard so carefully against favoritism that in their anxiety to keep straight they may be warped on the other side, they may err in over-severity. But it is untrue that either the favorable or the unfavorable notices have any serious influence upon the sale of a book, or in raising the market-value of an author's reputation. Any publisher of experience will bear witness to this. Year after year books that have nothing to commend them to the public save the good opinions of the critics fall dead from the press, year after year books that are assailed by the critics but liked by the public run into countless editions. The only commercial use of a criticism is that it is one more means of calling public attention to the fact that such and such a book is in existence. If the public like the book they will buy it; if they don't they will let it alone.

But are editors subject to partiality? That is a more important question; for, though critical partiality can do no harm, editorial partiality can do a great deal, by depriving younger and unknown men of one of their most important channels for reaching the public. The question cannot be answered by a simple yes or no; but an appeal to circumstantial evidence may go far towards settling it. The duty of an editor is simply that of a caterer. He provides the public with the food that it craves, only ascertaining that what it craves *is* food and not poison. Now, his success or failure in this duty is a simple matter of mathematics. It may be decided by an appeal to the publisher's ledger. It may be decided by a glance at any newsdealer's stand on publication-day. A magazine which is the mere organ of a mutual admiration society, or run in the interest of a local clique, would not sell outside of the radius of that admiration society, that local clique. Another proof may be cited. New York is said to be the centre of literary log-rolling. In one of the great monthlies published in that city there recently appeared an article on the new writers of the South. The mere fact of the publication of this article in New York seems sufficient proof that outside talent is recognized in that hot-bed of log-rolling. But this is not the only bit of evidence to be deduced from the article. Of the score or so of writers mentioned therein, hardly one was known to the public five years ago. How, then, did they win their spurs? Almost without exception, in the magazines,—in *Lippincott's*, in *Harper's*, in the *Century*, in the *Atlantic*. They made no concerted movement to capture these journals; they are too widely scattered over

the Southland for any, even the most captious, to imagine that they too are members of a mutual admiration society: each one fought his way single-handed and conquered through his own individual merits. And every writer in the United States has the same chance that they have.

The same chance, but no better chance. It is true that the magazines are overcrowded. The editor of this magazine, for example, receives every year from four to five thousand articles. Out of these, the inexorable limitations of space will allow him to accept only about two hundred. Now, fully half of those two hundred may be supplied by authors of established reputation, whose work is always acceptable, not only because there is an audience eager to peruse every line from their pen, but also because it is pretty sure to be good work. They may not always be able to give of their best, but their second-best is generally ahead of the best work of even the cleverest tyros and amateurs. This is susceptible of ready proof. Single out what you believe to be the poorest story of Howells or James or Aldrich or Stockton or any one of a dozen writers who might be mentioned, write as good a story yourself, and, unknown though you be, it will certainly be accepted.

But to continue. About one hundred articles a year can be accepted from among the four thousand or more articles sent by lesser or less known writers to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and in order to decide as to these one hundred it is necessary for him to examine all the four thousand. Here is where the average contributor is most sceptical of the editorial good faith. He doubts whether his manuscript will ever be examined at all, and he is fond of playing guileless little tricks by which he thinks to convict the editor. The editor of this magazine, for his part, confesses to a wicked pleasure in humoring the contributor, and where he finds two pages glued together he carefully leaves the glue undisturbed, and where pages are placed upside down or in wrong numerical order he does not interfere with the disarrangement. It is not often necessary to read an entire article in order to reach an accurate estimate of its merits. And some articles it is not necessary to read at all, because from their very nature they are unsuitable. Translations, for instance, are not wanted. Illustrated articles are not wanted (in spite of the fact that this is not an illustrated magazine, the editorial eye is continually feasted on sketches or photographs sent in with an article suitable only for an illustrated magazine). Theological articles are not wanted. Heavy political disquisitions are not wanted. Articles on Julius Cæsar or on the Interstate Commerce Bill are not wanted. And so on *ad infinitum*. More than this, articles which are in themselves suitable may not meet the momentary wants of the magazine. An editor may have so much poetry on hand or so many short stories that he may be disinclined to accept any more. In all these cases the manuscript may be returned without a reading.

A hue and cry has been raised against the printed notice which so frequently accompanies a rejected article. This notice has sometimes travelled back to the editor with the mystic legend "Chestnuts" or "Rats" scrawled over the top. Protests of all kinds have been received against it, and the editor has been conjured to write a letter of encouragement, advice, or criticism. It takes so little time to write a letter! Yes, dear friends, it takes little time to write a letter, but it takes a very long time to write five thousand; and contributors should consider the limitations which his merely human nature imposes upon the editor, and refrain from adding that last straw to his burdens which may break the editorial back.

BOOK-TALK.

IN the present passion for the study of comparative folk-lore there is nothing which the public have so badly needed as a book by some person not clever enough to be a crank, who would simply collect and systematize the results of the latest researches without distracting the reader's attention by any obtrusive theory of his own. We have become weary and a little suspicious of Sir George W. Cox and his solar myth hobby, of Max Müller and his disease of language hobby, and we are even a little distrustful of Andrew Lang lest in his zeal to demolish other people's theories he should be too anxious for the acceptance of his own. Such a book as the public needed has at last been given them in W. A. Clouston's two handsome volumes, "Popular Tales and Fictions, their Migrations and Transformations" (Scribner & Welford). The author truthfully says that "there is no work precisely similar to this in our country, in which variants of the same general stories are detailed,—not merely indicated by their titles,—thus enabling the reader to judge for himself of their common origin, and the transformations they have undergone in passing from one country to another, without the labor of consulting a great many different books, some of which are not readily accessible." Something of the kind was indeed attempted by Dunlop in his "History of Fiction" and Keightley in his "Fairy Mythology;" but Dunlop lived a century before the birth of comparative mythology, so that his book has all the assumption and positiveness of ignorance, while Keightley was one of the pioneers of the new science, and knew just enough to be hampered by the consciousness of ignorance. Clouston's book is not in any sense exhaustive. It simply takes up a handful of popular stories and gives the variants that are to be found in the literatures and folk-lore of different nations, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions as to their genesis. But he has no special system of selection: there is no reason why "Whittington" should be included and "Cinderella" excluded, or why the "Pot of Basil" should be excluded and the "Matron of Ephesus" included; and the work could be indefinitely continued by the addition of a new volume every year. So far as it goes, however, it can be recommended as thoroughly reliable and sensible.

When Charles Perrault's collection of fairy-tales made their first appearance they were read with avidity by the general public, which is known to be frivolous and light-minded. Occasionally a man of intellect devoted his leisure moments to their perusal, but it was with a certain air of condescension, of unbending. "I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes des Fées*," Swift confesses rather shamefacedly in his *Journal to Stella*, "and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands." If Swift's ghost ever revisits the earth in these days it must be greatly surprised to see idle books of a similar character in the hands of the wisest thinkers and most profound scholars of the day, and still more to learn that these men devote a lifetime of study to the elucidation of the tales they contain, and to speculations upon their origin and diffusion, —speculations which are expected to establish the most important sociological

truths, to solve linguistic problems, to reconstruct the story of man in what are now known as the prehistoric stages of his existence, and even—in the opinion of many sanguine souls—to overturn or make us reconsider much that is now accepted as fundamental religious truth.

Aristotle says that the determination of what a thing is, is *ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὁρίσειεν*, "as the judicious would determine." Matthew Arnold calls this admirable common sense; and in truth it is good that the world is inclined to follow the lead of those whom it looks upon as the judicious, for the judicious are right in fifty-one cases out of a hundred, while the fool is right only in forty-nine. It is in the recognition of that one possible case above the average that all human progress lies, and in order to effect this recognition nature forces men into fashions and conventions of thought, so that gradually, slowly but surely, the fool shall run his thoughts into the same mould as that of the judicious, and shall finally learn wherein they are right. But, as the judicious go wrong in forty-nine cases out of the hundred, it is good also that these conventions should be sufficiently plastic to alter from generation to generation, so that the errors of the judicious, the right thinking of fools, may also come in due time to be recognized as part and parcel of the world's stock of knowledge. The folly of one generation is often the wisdom of the next.

In the Middle Ages the judicious occupied their minds with the acknowledged classics of literature, and with the most ingenious scholastic disputations in regard to the future destiny of man. To the custody of clowns and fools they left all those charming fictions and superstitions which, descending from a remote antiquity, contained within them the most reliable records as to the past history of man; and upon the very ignorance of the lower orders depended the traditional transmission of these myths in something like their pristine purity. The great romantic revival of the eighteenth century, which instilled a new life into literature, was simply an acknowledgment on the part of the judicious of the merit of these traditions from the purely artistic point of view, just as the recent kindling of philosophical interest in comparative folk-lore has been an acknowledgment of their scientific value.

The judicious have always grieved over the corruption of language, over the slang phrases and the grammatical misconceptions that defile its purity and outrage its subtler beauty. And from their point of view they are right; for if rules of grammar and principles of order were not universally respected wherever they are apprehended, there would be no such thing as language at all. Yet it is precisely through the misapprehensions of fools and clowns, through ignorance and stupidity, that the most sonorous and magnificent of modern languages have had their origin, and it is through similar misapprehensions, ignorance, and stupidity that they are continually growing in volume and in riches. The most valuable and significant additions that are made to our vocabularies are coined in the gutters, and not in the laboratories or the libraries of the judicious.

Charles Mackay complains in his Autobiography that the songs he has thrown off in the heat of the moment, "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," "Cleon hath a Thousand Acres," etc., have obtained wide popularity, while the serious and earnest work of his lifetime has received the approval only of a

few choice minds,—of the judicious, in short. Here, again, the judicious are wrong, the masses are right. The only permanent additions to English literature which Dr. Mackay has made are the very songs which he despises. Mr. Palgrave says, in his preface to "The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," "The editor trusts he may add without egotism that he has found the vague general verdict of popular fame more just than those have thought who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on poetry to the selected few of many generations." That treasure-trove to Shakespearean scholars, the recently-discovered "Return from Parnassus," has pretty well established the fact that Shakespeare in his own day was the delight of the groundlings and the scorn of the judicious. Macaulay has shown us how the tinker Bunyan was for generations despised by the learned and cherished only by the unlearned. Many of the greatest poets—Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Walt Whitman (the list might be almost indefinitely extended)—have found the majority of the judicious arrayed against them. In our country to-day, some of the most vital and vigorous verses are written by poets to whom the judicious are inclined to deny even the name of poet, yet whom the public has taken to its heart,—Will Carleton and Ella Wheeler.

There is no question upon which the judicious are so thoroughly agreed as that the interest which the general public feel in the private lives of great men is vulgar, wrong, and disgraceful. That people who, perhaps, have never read a line of an author's works should stand agape to discover whether he parted his hair at the side or in the middle, whether he maltreated his wife, whether he got intoxicated, seems to be the height of folly. Tennyson's famous lines spring to the mind at once:

For now the Poet cannot die
  Nor leave his music as of old,
  But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Proclaim the faults he would not show:
  Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
  Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

Ah, shameless! for he did but sing
  A song that pleased us from its worth;
  No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best;
  His worst he kept, his best he gave.
  My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

A splendid piece of invective, truly, hot with the awful wrath of the just man. Yet what, after all, if the clown and knave be right? What if the interests of the race are subserved by this vulgar curiosity, even if it be at the expense of the individual great man? If so, the interests of the race are paramount. "For," to quote Tennyson against himself,—

"The individual withers, but the race is more and more."

In a former Book-Talk we have agreed (writers always have the pleasant privilege of assuming that their readers agree with them) that Goethe was wise in asserting that Nature reveals her secrets in her monsters, or, as the *mot* might be paraphrased, she proves her rules by her exceptions. It is of the greatest importance to the race that those rules should be established. The proper study of mankind is man. Now, geniuses are the exceptions which prove the rule. The abstract fact that a man beats his wife is of no value; but taken in connection with the further fact that the same man can write beautifully about the domestic affections in the intervals of wife-beating, it at once suggests a problem worthy the consideration of the profoundest sociologists. Were it not for the public avidity to hear these details, the public willingness to buy the books that supply them, there would be little chance of their ever becoming known. As the Müllers and Karl Blinds of the present spend laborious yet fruitful days over the nursery-tales which seemed too trivial and childish for even the leisure moments of our grandfathers, so we may foresee the Herbert Spencers and Virchows of the future making exhaustive studies in the literature of scandal and gossip which offends the taste of the judicious among our contemporaries.

No scientist of the future, however, will find much to occupy him in the "Life of Charles Reade," by his nephew, Charles L. Reade, and the Rev. Compton Reade (Harpers). This book suffers from the fact that there is so little in it to gratify vulgar curiosity. We get a few dates and statistics, and some hitherto unpublished letters and manuscripts, but we learn nothing new about Charles Reade. We indirectly learn a good deal about the Rev. Compton, to be sure (he expressly assumes all responsibility "for whatever opinions are here hazarded on men and things"), and he is an amusing personality enough, but this hardly compensates for our disappointment when we are seeking for information about his sturdy, big-hearted, wrong-headed, irascible, and eccentric uncle. Yet there does not seem to be any studied reticence on the part of the biographer. He does not shrink from exposing all the little infirmities of the mother to whom Charles Reade was so tenderly devoted; he does not hesitate to call her a domestic tyrant. Occasionally, and in the most inadvertent way, he allows a glimpse at some delightful peculiarity of the biographee. He agrees, for instance, in Charles Reade's high estimate of his own critical powers, and then he tells us that Reade rated Wilkie Collins far above George Eliot. But there is very little of this sort of thing. The biographer, in fact, is himself too much of a Reade to be able to assume the position of an outsider, or to paint his uncle as he would have appeared to the world at large.

"The World as we Saw it," by Mrs. Amos R. Little (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a handsome octavo volume, and as a collection of photographic views is interesting enough. But every reader will know how to classify the book itself when he reads in the preface that it has been published "at the urgent solicitation of many friends." He will probably place it on the same shelf as "Six Weeks in Old France," by L. M. A. (American Bureau of Foreign Travel), which is published in the hope of aiding a children's hospital.

The Rev. John Miller's recent books "Theology" and "Commentary on Romans" (Evangelical Reform Publication Co., Princeton, New Jersey) are just the sort of books which appear valuable, and indeed indispensable, to the people

who agree with the author, and profoundly useless to all other classes. And as to a book with so formidable a title as "Unanswerable Logic" (Colby & Rich), in which a "Series of Spiritual Discourses" have been given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster, the reviewer who cannot accept the logic had best refrain from confessing it.

A number of new volumes have been added to the excellent "Story of the Nations" series (Putnam's) during the last six months. "The Saracens," by Arthur Gilman, and "The Moors in Spain," by Stanley Lane Poole, give an excellent summary of the most picturesque periods in the history of Mohammedanism. The subjects of "Ancient Egypt" and "Persia" have both been intrusted to competent hands,—the first to George Rawlinson and the latter to S. G. W. Benjamin, with the result of giving us on the whole the best popular hand-books on the history of those countries. Sarah Orne Jewett writes a graceful history of "The Normans," though she shrinks a little from the brutality and ferocity of her heroes. The sketch would have been more vigorous if it had come from a male hand. "Alexander's Empire," by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, is concise, accurate, and interesting.

"English as She is Taught" (Cassell & Co.) is, as its sub-title explains, a collection of "Genuine Answers to Examination Questions in our Public Schools." The collection is made by a teacher, Caroline B. Le Row, who vouches for its genuineness. But, indeed, the book is its own voucher. The most ingenious fancy, the most grotesque imagination, could never hit upon such whimsical distortions of thought and fact as are evolved by the half-formed brains of poor little boys and girls struggling with lessons far beyond their comprehension. The book raises alarming doubts as to the value of the system of instruction pursued in our public schools. Here, for example, is a Shakespearean essay: "Hamlet was exceedingly sensitiveness. He denunciated his mother because she entered the matrimonial condition, and showed her two photographs which he said one was Hesperus and one a Satire. He made her experience great regret. He was engaged to Ophelia, but had to neglect her as he was obliged to give his attentions to revenging his father's death. His uncle was the murderer of his father, Hamlet's father. He had a very mournful existence, and was a great philosopher." This is delightfully funny; but after you have laughed, your sober second thought reminds you that the author of the essay is luminously wise in comparison with the teacher or the system that could set such a pupil to such a task. The system may be funny enough, but it cannot be very delightful to any man who pays taxes to assist in carrying it on, or who has children whose minds are undergoing its Procrustean tortures.

"The Universal Cookery Book," by Gertrude Strohm (White, Stokes & Allen), is largely a selection of the best receipts from standard authorities already approved by the public. It shows patience and industry on the part of the compiler, and praiseworthy courtesy on the part of the authors who have allowed her to lay their works under contribution.

CURRENT NOTES.

WHILE the scientists are engaged in their interesting dispute over the question as to whether yeast as used in bread-making is composed of animals or vegetables,—many of the most advanced, as Liebig, Pasteur, Huxley, and Tyndall, claiming to have discovered that its tiny cells are formed of animalcules, and not of vegetable fungi as has heretofore been supposed,—it is well to inquire if we cannot with wisdom discard its use altogether and relieve ourselves from doubt, if not from danger. It is not a pleasant suspicion that with every mouthful of our daily bread we are munching the remains of a million, more or less, of insects.

There are many reasons given why yeast should be altogether discarded in the production of food. It is hardly disputed at this day that there are qualities in the yeast itself which are detrimental to the digestive organs. In addition to this, the care required in manipulation, the difficulty in arresting fermentation at the right stage so that the bread while fully light shall not be sour, the knowledge or experience necessary to apply the varying qualities of different brands of flour and yeast to produce similar results, are all so great that nine times out of ten the yeast-made bread comes out of the oven either unpalatable or unwholesome. There is also the peculiarly oppressive and injurious effect upon the digestive organs produced by such bread when eaten warm, or in its freshest and best condition; while the continuance in the stomach of the fermentative action from the débris of the yeast that invariably remain in the bread, causing acidity of the stomach, heartburn, flatulence, and those other unpleasant sensations bordering upon dyspepsia, and the destruction of a large percentage of the most valuable and nutritive parts of the flour by the fermentation required to produce the carbonic acid gas for its own leavening, are still more serious objections.

Yeast, as it is well known, does not of itself raise the bread more than the match which is applied to the fuel gives the heat by which the loaf is baked. As the heat from the fire is the product of the destruction of the fuel, so the carbonic acid gas which raises the loaf of bread made with yeast is the product of the destruction of the flour from which the loaf is made. The yeast simply incites the elements of the flour to an action that is destructive and unnatural. During the destruction or putrefaction of these elements of the flour the carbonic acid gas which lightens the bread is given off, at the sacrifice, however, of its best elements and at least ten per cent. of the flour itself.

If, therefore, the bread can be raised in a mechanical way and made equally light without the use of yeast, and if this process also preserves all the constituents of the flour without chemical change or impairment, avoids the destruction which inevitably attends the fermentative process, and produces not only a greater proportion of bread but an article more wholly and certainly palatable and wholesome, and with the outlay of much less labor, no prejudices or old-time customs should be permitted to stand in the way of its general adoption.

It has been demonstrated by the government chemists, as well as by practical experience in baking, that pure carbonic acid gas is produced in the dough,

and light, spongy, sweet, and wholesome bread is made more readily by the use of the Royal Baking Powder than with yeast or with any other leavening agent. The action of the baking powder is mechanical entirely, and causes no chemical change in the flour. The leavening gas is obtained by the decomposition or destruction of the leavening agent itself, instead of at the expense of the constituents of the flour. There is no destruction of the gluten or sugar, but all those elements are preserved which were intended by nature, when combined in our bread, to make it literally the "staff of life."

Bread raised in this way, it is asserted by the hygienists, possesses greater wholesomeness, because of its superior lightness and tenderness, which permit its more ready and perfect assimilation, and because of its assured freedom from acidity.

It will not be astonishing if the next decade shall witness the substitution of the Royal Baking Powder in the place of yeast for bread-making to the same extent—and that is almost wholly—that it has taken the place of the old-fashioned cream of tartar, soda, and sour milk in the making of biscuit, cake, and the lighter forms of pastry.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us from Macon, Georgia, to call our attention to the fact that Vassar College is not, as Miss L. R. Smith asserted in her article on social life at that institution, the first woman's college in the world. "Just twenty-three years before the date assigned as Vassar's first start in life was founded the old Georgia Female College at Macon, in this State. . . . It suffered the usual penalties of being in advance of its age, and struggled through the difficulties of its early years with varying success,—or perhaps I should say want of success,—being at one time actually sold under the sheriff's hammer. It was bought in, however, by friends, and was finally placed under the management of the Georgia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As public opinion became more enlightened, the fortunes of the college gradually improved, and under the presidency of Dr. W. C. Bass it had already entered upon a career of solid prosperity, when, in 1881, Mr. Seney's generous donation of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars set it upon a firm financial footing and brought its merits prominently before the world. The last annual catalogue shows an attendance of over three hundred students, and the college building is one of the handsomest to be found anywhere, North or South."

OXYGEN—ITS AGENCY IN THERAPEUTICS.—It is true that oxygen in an uncombined state did, and probably always will, disappoint what would seem to be a reasonable expectation of its results. So, too, has a mixture of it with common air, in various proportions, failed to produce the healing effects which have been looked for with so much hope.

But it can now be demonstrated that all these strong convictions, that oxygen ought to prove an inestimable boon to the millions who are suffering from disease, had their foundation in truth.

What, then, is Compound Oxygen? It is a combination of oxygen and nitrogen, the two elements which make up common or atmospheric air, in such proportion as to render it much richer in the vital or life-giving element.

It is a preparation of which chemists know nothing. It is not "nitrous oxide or laughing gas;" and it differs essentially from all substances used in medical inhalations. It contains no medicament, unless the elements of pure air

are medicines; and its administration introduces into the body nothing which the system does not welcome as a friend, accept with avidity, appropriate as entirely homogeneous to itself, and claim as its own birthright.

(6 C., 478.) "MECHANICSBURG, OHIO, October 25, 1886.

"Your Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen was received September 10, and I have used it faithfully ever since, according to directions, and I am glad to say that I have derived great benefit from it. I was poorly, indeed, at the time of receiving the Compound Oxygen. I had *coughed* almost incessantly day and night since January, and been taking medicine every hour or so all the time, but nothing seemed to help me in the least. My cough was accompanied by a bad *diarrhœa* for about three months, which terminated in *hemorrhage of the bowels* a few days before receiving the Compound Oxygen. My *lungs* were so sore I could scarcely breathe, and I had such a fearful pain in my right lung all the time: could not lie down at all.

"After eight inhalations of Compound Oxygen my cough was some better, and at sixteen it was very much better, and I expectorated a thick yellow matter, and a great discharge of it. I have continued to expectorate this way until the past ten days, since which time it is a thick white phlegm with lumps of yellow matter. My left lung continues to pain me a great deal yet. I think I took a little cold last week. After three weeks' treatment my diarrhœa was checked, and has not bothered me since. I cough not half so much now as before using the Compound Oxygen. I have become very much reduced in flesh during the past few months, but in the past week or so I feel that I am gaining strength all the time. My appetite is a little better too. My friends all think there is a great improvement in me, but I am far from feeling well, and cough considerably yet. I will write you again in a few weeks, by which time I hope to be much more improved than now."

Any one desiring to know more of this remarkable remedy can send to Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for their new Brochure, called "Compound Oxygen, Its Mode of Action and Results," which will be sent free by return mail.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—Beware of imitations. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

SOMETHING new and desirable for horticulturists, gardeners, and all who have grounds has been gotten up by George A. Solly & Son, of Springfield, Massachusetts. It is a book of carpet and other flower-bed designs. There are many beautiful plans, so clearly drawn that any "hired man" can lay out his employer's grounds according to them. They are accompanied by a key, reference to which shows what plant or style of plant should occupy each place. Mr. Solly's long experience as a horticulturist, both in England and in this country, has been turned to admirable account in this work.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE AS A TONIC.—Dr. John Gerdine, Athens, Georgia, says, "In dyspepsia accompanied with prostration from mental overwork, I think it is a fine tonic."

In the next number of *Lippincott's Magazine* an article of special interest to all lovers of base-ball will be contributed by John M. Ward, the captain of the New York Club. It will discuss the question "Is the Base-Ball Player a Chattel?" from the stand-point of law, equity, and reason, and will attack the present system of selling players from one club to another which is in vogue both in the League and in the Association. Mr. Ward is a graduate of the Columbia Law School, and is already known as a vigorous and graceful writer by the "Notes of a Base-Ballist" which he contributed to the August, 1886, number of this magazine.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Sleeplessness.—Dr. Henry Tucker, Brattleborough, Vermont, says, "I have used it in several cases of sleeplessness with very pleasing results."

In last month's announcement of Miss Magruder's novel published in the present number of *Lippincott's*, it was inadvertently styled a novel of Southern life. The scene is really laid in the Southwest.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for Women.—Dr. Wm. E. Jewett, Adrian, Michigan, says, "I have found it particularly useful in the nervous disorders of women."

The name of the author of the successful essay on "Social Life at Cornell," in our June number, was incorrectly printed R. Spencer instead of A. Spencer. By the way, is there any harm in calling the attention of all our contributors to the fact that signatures should be written with the greatest distinctness? Printers can decipher the worst manuscript where there is anything to guide them in the context, but names can only be a matter of guess-work and ratiocination.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate as a Restorer.—Drs. Buck and Matthews, Springfield, Illinois, say, "In cases of nervous prostration, it strengthens by quieting nervous agitation."

A

LAND OF LOVE.

BY

SIDNEY LUSKA,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOKE OF THE THORAH," "AS IT WAS WRITTEN," "MRS. PEIXADA," ETC.

"'Tis thus that an ardent youngster makes
The Latin Quarter a land of love."

Edmund Clarence Stedman's translation of Jean Prouvaire's Song.

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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1887.

A LAND OF LOVE.

"'Tis thus that an ardent youngster makes
The Latin Quarter a land of love."
Edmund Clarence Stedman's translation of Jean Prouvaire's Song.

I.

AFTER Stephen Ormizon had put the finishing touches to the last page of his novel, *A Voice from the Wilderness*,—which he did in Paris, early in August, 1885,—he was anxious, for precautionary reasons that we need not enter into here, to have a copy made of the manuscript; and to this end he advertised for a copyist in the *Morning News*. The post brought him thirteen replies: ominous number. Of these, six were hopelessly bad in the prerequisite of penmanship. Six were edifying specimens of English as she can be wrote, when venturesome and intrepid Frenchmen seriously bend their minds to it. The thirteenth, also, appeared to be of native authorship; but it was feasible. Written in a delicate feminine hand, upon paper that was haunted by the mere ghost of a sweet smell, it ran thus:

"No. —, Rue Soufflot, August 8, 1885.

"Sir,—In response to the enclosed advertisement, cut from the *Morning News* of yesterday, I beg leave to say that I should very much like to make the copy which you desire, if you infer from this example that my handwriting will be suitable,

"Very respectfully yours,
"D. Personette.

"To Monsieur S. O., Office of the *Morning News*."

"I guess," said Ormizon to himself,—"I guess D. Personette is my man; though, on second thoughts, D. Personette is probably a woman. I wonder whether she is an old woman or a young woman, a pretty woman or an ugly woman, a married woman, or a single woman, or a widow. This," sniffing at the paper,—"this perfume suggests something rather nice. So does the chirography. It's elegant and graceful, and at the same time free from those nonsensical hair-lines and flourishes. Yes, I suspect . . . Still, you can't be sure; and quite possibly she's not a woman, after all. These Frenchmen often write lady-like hands, and scent their letters as they do their gloves and handkerchiefs. Well, at any rate, I shall soon find out; for I'll go at once and pay D. Personette a visit."

He had his boots blacked, and put on his best frock-coat. There was no telling what sort of person this Personette might be; and he surmised that he should perhaps want to create a favorable impression. If she were by chance a young and pretty woman, now, you understand—! Then he left his house, and after a walk of five or fewer minutes—for he himself dwelt in Rue Gay-Lussac—was catechising the concierge of No. —, Rue Soufflot.

"Monsieur Personette?" he demanded, in an off-hand way.

As the conclusion of some debate with himself, he had resolved to assume, for the purposes of a working hypothesis, the masculinity of his correspondent; impelled to do so, in part, it may be, because, secretly hoping that the truth was otherwise, he thus avoided from the outset the risk of a disappointment.

"Monsieur Personette?" the concierge rejoined, with a dubious shrug and gesture. "Mademoiselle Personette, you wish to say, is it not, monsieur?"

"Ah, yes; precisely; Mademoiselle Personette. À quel étage?"

And so a woman she was, in point of fact. Yet—mademoiselle? Dire potentialities resided in that title mademoiselle. Mademoiselle Personette? A vision of ancient spinsterhood, gray, tall, angular, ascetic, with thin lips and a perpetual frown, clad in neat though rusty alpaca, flitted rapidly before our hero's mental eye. Mademoiselle Personette. . . . Ah, well, it didn't much matter one way or the other; and, anyhow, time would show.

"Cinquième à gauche," the concierge had meanwhile announced, and retired within his den.

Ormizon tugged up five slippery flights of stairs, redolent of beeswax, turpentine, and bygone cookery, and pulled the tasselled bell-cord that dangled outside the door at the left of the topmost landing. The door at the right was decorated with a tin sign, proclaiming, "Dr. Maccarin, Dentiste Américain." It didn't look like a very American name; but it gave Ormizon for an instant a glow of compatriotic feeling.

"Mademoiselle Personette, is she at home?" he asked of the woman who presently opened to him, doubtful whether this might not be Mademoiselle Personette herself.

"Ah, oui, monsieur," she answered, with that peculiar Parisian inflection which no combination of letters can be made to render, and

which seems to give to "Ah, oui" the force of "Why, of course. You ought to have known it." "Take the pain, monsieur, to enter into the salon, and to seat yourself."

Obviously, this was *not* Mademoiselle Personette. He handed her his visiting-card, and added, "Say that it is the gentleman who advertised in the *Morning News*."

"Hein, oui, monsieur; le *Mawnee Noose*," she repeated, with a toss of the head, to show that she understood; and, dropping a courtesy, vanished.

After she was gone, he sat down, and began to look around him.

II.

It was rather a pretty, though a very modest, little room, this salon; a bright, cheerful little room; triangle-shaped, or nearly so, as such a number of rooms in Paris are. The walls were panelled in white and gold; though the white had begun to turn yellow, and the gold to tarnish,—in some places, indeed, to scale off. An immense looking-glass, in a gilt frame sculptured with flowers and leaves and grotesque grinning faces, surmounted the mantel, by the aid of which Ormizon gave a touch or two to his cravat and subdued a refractory lock of hair. By chains, from the centre of the ceiling, swung a large old-fashioned lamp, of bronze and porcelain, with a shade big enough for an umbrella. A flood of sunshine pouring in through the open windows did a great deal to atone for a certain scantiness of furniture, and supplied the place of a carpet upon the highly-polished floor. An upright piano, with a lot of music piled on top of it, an engraving of Titian's Flora, two little landscapes in oil, a photograph of the Cathedral at Rouen, and a plaster bust of Victor Hugo, spoke for the fine arts; while a well-filled book-case represented letters. The air bore a faint, elusive, aromatic odor, something like sandal-wood, something like dried rose-leaves, the source of which Ormizon could not determine, but which, as he afterward found out, issued from a pot-pourri of old red Kaga, on the centre-table, under the hanging lamp. He was trying, not very successfully, to deduce from these surroundings some more definite idea of their proprietress than he had got already from the sound of her name, when the door opened, and——

"Why, Mr. Ormizon!" cried an agreeable womanly voice, in which surprise and pleasure were evenly blended.

In a twinkling Ormizon was on his feet and half-way across the room. He saw before him a decidedly pretty, plump little lady, perhaps thirty years of age, whose face was wreathed in smiles, and whose hands were extended toward him in a manner that betokened great and genuine cordiality, mingled with considerable bewilderment and wonder.

"Why, Miss—why, Dr.—Gluck!" he stammered. "Why—well—well, I declare!"

Then he took possession of the proffered hands; and they stood together, speechless, waiting each apparently for the other to commence an explanation.

"Well—there—sit down—do," finally ejaculated the vivacious Dr. Gluck, pushing him toward a chair. "And, for mercy's sake, tell me what this means."

"I'm sure it surpasses *my* powers of elucidation," he confessed, nodding his puzzled head. "You're the last person I expected to find here. I called to see a certain Mademoiselle Personette—D. Personette, she subscribes herself. Unless that's one of your *noms de guerre*——"

"Oh, no. That's Denise. You see, Zélie—Zélie's the maid who let you in—she thought Denise was at home; and when she discovered her mistake she came to me and gave me your card,—see, here it is,—and when I read your name,—Mr. Stephen Ormizon,—well, you may just imagine! But I couldn't believe that it was really you until I actually beheld you seated here. And even now—oh, it's too good to be true. I'm not sure even now but you may be a ghost, an hallucination."

"I'm a pretty substantial one, I give you my word. But you—how—what—why, I didn't dream you were in Paris. I had an idea you were in Vienna, or Berlin, or somewhere. Wasn't it Vienna you were going to when you bade us all good-by?"

"Oh, yes; but, then, you needn't have expected me to take root in Vienna. I left there ages ago. I've been here—let me see—ever since—why, it must be two years, almost. But you—have you dropped straight out of the clouds? Or where *do* you come from? And when did you arrive? And how long are you going to stay? And everything? It—it's certainly the most extraordinary coincidence I ever heard of in my life, upon my honor!"

"If you want to be correct, and complete the situation, you should observe, with the air of having made a discovery, that it shows how small the world is. That's the reflection cut and dried for just such emergencies. But it *is* odd, joking aside. I arrived clear back in May—the first week in May. I came from Italy—from Rome—where I had been spending the winter, and basking under the Italian skies, which shed rain-water upon us almost every day. . . . But to think! I never knew of anything more exasperating. It makes me want to beat my breast and rend my garments. Well, it's just my luck."

"Why, what? What's the matter?" the doctor inquired, in evident alarm.

"Matter! Why, to think of all this precious time that I have lost—of all these weeks that I might have been enjoying in your society—if I had only had an inkling that you were here."

"Oh, well, never mind. No use crying over spilt milk. Besides, we'll make up for it. Just fancy the jollifications we shall have now!"

"Yes—except that I've got to go home next month."

"Oh, is that so?"—with falling voice.

"Yes; I've engaged my passage for the 26th."

"Oh, dear! that *is* too bad. But—but you can postpone it, can't you?"

"Alas, I'm afraid not. I've been away nearly a year already; and, besides, I've got business to attend to in New York."

"Oh, well, we'll simply have to make the most of the meanwhile,

then; that's all. And we'll do it, never fear. To-day—to-day is the 8th, isn't it? And between now and the 26th of September—why, there's a lifetime! But tell me, how—oh, yes, I remember. You came to see Denise. But what—what in the world can you want to see Denise about?"

"Why, yesterday, don't you know, I advertised in the *Morning News* for a person to do some copying, and——"

"Oh! Then you—you are S. O.—the mysterious S. O. Well, I *never!*" And the doctor broke into a merry peal of laughter.

"I can't say that I see the joke," Ormizon complained.

Repressing her mirth, "Well, it isn't exactly a *joke*," the doctor admitted. "But Denise and I, we've speculated so much about who S. O. might be, and what he was like, and everything—and then to have it turn out to be you—*you*—well, it is too funny."

And she went off in a new peal of laughter.

"I'm glad it affords you so much amusement, I'm sure," he said, nettled a little.

"Oh, there; you needn't get on your dignity; for it's entirely charming, too. Do you know, we conceived of you—just fancy!—as a wretched old Englishman, who took snuff, and had a red nose, and great bushy gray whiskers. And we thought your name was Solomon Oglesby, or something like that. And—oh, if Denise were *only* here! She—she'll be delighted."

"Will she, really? Well, that's good. . . . And now, by the bye, don't you think the proper moment has arrived for you to inform me who Denise is?"

"Why, Denise—why, she's Mademoiselle Personette, of course."

"That much I had already conjectured. I mean, who is Mademoiselle Personette? And how is she related to you?"

"Oh, she's not *related*. She—she's my chum, and my dearest friend, and my protégée, and—oh, it's a long story, all about Denise."

"Well, go on. Tell it to me. Do."

"Well, it begins away back at the time of my arrival here in Paris. I went to a horrid little pension in the Rue Vanneau, kept by a regular old cat whose name was Madame Minoir; and there I met Denise. She was boarding there, and we had seats next to each other at table. She had recently lost her mother, who was an American lady; and the poor little thing was completely broken down in health and spirits. She did look so pathetic and interesting, in her mourning, with her pale face and great dark eyes, that I was drawn to her from the very first. So—well, I began to take French lessons of her; and I made her submit to my treatment; and we fell desperately in love with each other, and vowed never to separate, and all that; and finally, about a year ago, more or less, we rented this apartment, and set up housekeeping together. It's awfully jolly, and free, and independent; perhaps a trifle unconventional; but I'm old enough to chaperon us both."

"I should think it would be delightful. And you—I suppose you are carrying on your studies, of course, and getting wiser and wiser every day?"

"Well, I'm working pretty hard—yes. I have a clinic of my own in diseases of the ear; and then I'm going into animal magnetism, mesmerism, hypnotism, and that sort of thing, a good deal. Some time I'll tell you all about it. I dare say you've heard of Charcot's experiments,—haven't you?—and all the extraordinary results he has obtained? Well, I'm immensely interested in following them. I believe they will lead to a revolution in the theory and practice of medicine, and elevate it from the plane of mere empiricism to that of an authentic science. Ahem! You smile. Well, I remember, you never could take my profession seriously. . . . Denise, she teaches. English and French, you know. English to the natives, and French to the English and Americans. But just now she isn't very busy. Toward the end of summer the town is nearly empty; and so it's Denise's dull season. She was very glad when she saw your advertisement; though she was afraid she wouldn't stand much chance of getting the work. We supposed you'd have so many applications."

"Yes, I had thirteen; and very amusing some of them were. Hers was the only one I paid the least attention to."

"And isn't it fortunate that you did so? Otherwise—! Dear, dear! I can hardly believe my eyes even now. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you were to vanish into thin air this very instant," said the doctor, laughing.

"You take the notion very cheerfully. To me, it wouldn't be a laughing matter."

"Oh, no; nor to me, either. I was only laughing at the *idea*. If it really happened I should be broken-hearted, inconsolable. And Denise—it *will* please her so. I do wish she'd hurry up and get here."

"No, no; let her take her time. It's so long since I've enjoyed a real comfortable tête-à-tête with you——"

"There! You base flatterer! Have done. You wouldn't say such a thing as that to an old maid like me, if you had ever seen Denise. You'll be perfectly fascinated by her. I know you will. . . . But now tell me, how's your mother? She—she's not here in Paris with you?"

"Oh, no, indeed. She's at home, in New York; or just now, I suppose, she's up at our country-place in Oldbridge. You couldn't tempt her to cross the ocean for any consideration. She dreads the sea-sickness so."

"But she's well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. About as usual, at last accounts."

"And your cousin, Miss Clark?"

"Oh, Fanny—oh, she's the same as ever."

"Not married yet?"

"No."

"Nor engaged?"

"Well—no, I guess not."

"You only guess! Aren't you certain? Is there a young man?"

"I—I really don't know," he answered, with an imperceptible squirm. . . . He deemed it unnecessary to confess the truth,—a truth exceedingly distasteful to him, and which he tried to keep in perpetual banish-

ment from his mind,—that he and his cousin were tacitly betrothed. That is to say, he had promised his mother to make Fanny his wife; and Fanny had promised her aunt to accept Stephen as her husband; but the two principals had never exchanged a word upon the subject with each other.

"Well," went on Dr. Gluck, "of course, when I saw her, she was scarcely more than a child. But she bade fair to become quite pretty; and I should suppose the young men would be flocking around her by this time. How old is she?"

"About twenty, I think. Yes, she's pretty enough, if you like that type. Blue eyes, fair skin, light brown hair. She's a tremendously pious girl, you know. Teaches in Sunday-school, and carries tracts around to the hospitals, and prays for the unconverted heathen, and all that. Devoted to my mother; and my mother loves her like a child of her own."

"And the Merriwethers—do you see as much of them as you used to?"

"Oh, no. They moved to Newark very shortly after you sailed; and for social purposes they might as well have moved to South America. I've scarcely seen them since. Last time I met Mr. Merriwether—it was on Broadway, one afternoon—he told me you were in Vienna. So you may calculate how long ago that was."

"Ah, yes. Dear me, what happy days those were! I often think of them and wish them back. What good times we did use to have, didn't we? But . . . Hark! Isn't that—I think that's Denise, just come in."

The doctor listened for an instant. Then, stepping to the door, "C'est toi, Denise?" she called.

"Oui, Isabel."

"Come here, dear, please."

Next moment Denise entered the room. . . .

III.

Now, the psychology of it I cannot undertake to explain, but this is the fact: that at the sound of Denise's voice answering, "Oui, Isabel," Stephen Ormizon felt his heart all at once break from its customary easy pace into a quite obstreperous gallop, and the blood rush warm and tingling to his cheeks. Was it due to some peculiar electric or magnetic property resident in the voice itself? Possibly. It was at any rate a sweet fresh girlish voice, and forcibly suggested a sweet fresh girlish owner. Or was it that, all the while, in Ormizon's subconsciousness, Denise had formed the subject-matter of his conjectures, and that now, at the prospect of an immediate encounter with her in the flesh, his smouldering curiosity, so to speak, leapt into flame? Or may it indeed have been—as Dr. Gluck, in debate with me, has strenuously maintained—a subtile and occult prescience that his destiny was at hand? . . . I simply record the phenomenon, and leave the reader to frame a theory that will satisfactorily account for it.

Denise entered the room, quite unaware of the presence of a strange

man, with a question in her eyes, aimed at her companion, as much as to ask, "What is it, Isabel? What did you wish?" She had progressed a yard or two beyond the threshold before she perceived Ormizon. Then she halted; and gave a little start of surprise; and suspended the operation of pulling off her gloves, which she had been engaged in; and waited, an interrogation-point.

"Mademoiselle Personette, permettez-moi de vous présenter Monsieur Ormizon," said Dr. Gluck, with a flourish of the hand.

Monsieur Ormizon performed the courtliest obeisance in his repertory. Mademoiselle Personette courtesied, and suffered two starry eyes to shine for a second full upon Monsieur Ormizon's face.

"Denise," Miss Gluck resumed, "it was Mr. Ormizon who advertised in the *Morning News*."

"Oh!" Denise responded; and instantly a change, which it would be hard to picture, came over her entire little person. It was like the sudden precipitation of a frost. It seemed to say, "Oh, I thought you were a friend. But I see—it is only business."

"Yes," pursued the doctor, "you behold before you, in proper person, the redoubtable, the problematical S. O. Where, then, you wonder, are his bushy whiskers, his lurid nose? I answer, give him time. His name is not Solomon, but Stephen. Neither does he take snuff; but, I blush to own, he smokes and drinks. Neither is he an infâme Anglais, but a true and loyal son of the stars and stripes. . . . There, S. O., now you may sit down."

Denise looked thoroughly mystified, somewhat amused, and a little embarrassed, as though she could not at all account for the airs of familiarity that Isabel was taking on, but assumed that there must be some sufficient justification for them.

"Enfin," Miss Gluck concluded, "you never heard of so strange a coincidence. Mr. Ormizon called this afternoon to see you about his advertisement; and as you weren't at home, as she had thought when she let him in, Zélie brought me his card. And—and what do you suppose? I read upon it the name of one of my old and particular friends in New York—Mr. Stephen Ormizon! But, 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'it can't really be he.' However, I thought I'd just take a peep into the parlor, to make sure; and I did so; and there, beyond a peradventure, he sat, as large as life! Now, what do you say to that?"

Instantly the frost melted, evaporated. Denise smiled, and, with a little graceful inclination of the head toward Ormizon, said, "Why, how very strange and—and pleasant!" She spoke with the least trace of a foreign accent, chiefly remarkable in a certain weakness of her r's, and in a peculiarly distinct enunciation of the minor syllables that we are apt to blur. Her auditor thought it was notably quaint and pretty.

"You've heard me speak of my friends the Merriwethers—the people I lived with when I was studying in New York?" the doctor queried.

"Oh, yes; many times," Denise assented.

"Well, Mr. Ormizon was as intimate with the Merriwethers as I was, nearly. We used to meet each other at their house regularly two

or three times a week. He used to take tea with us every Sunday evening, almost. Don't you remember?"—turning to Stephen. "And the theatre-parties we used to have? And everything?"

"Indeed I do," was his rejoinder. "Those were famous days. I shall always think of them with kindness."

"And so shall I," said the doctor, with a touch of melancholy. "Ah me! But to—to meet you again—this way—it's almost—it's the next best thing to getting back to them. It's like renewing my youth."

She put out her hand and gave Ormizon's a gentle pressure. He returned it with interest.

Denise, possessing herself of the doctor's other hand, patted it softly, stroked it, then kissed it, and murmured, "Chère p'tite Isabel. . . . But," she added, "you must not think of those times. That was before you knew me. That makes me jealous."

"Oh, you sweet thing!" exclaimed the doctor, putting her arm around Denise's waist. "You have no reason to be jealous. I never knew what real happiness meant till I met you. But there! A truce to sentiment. Let's sit down and be comfortable, and have a good long talk."

She and Denise seated themselves on the sofa, linking their arms together. Ormizon took a low easy-chair, fronting them. The doctor herself supplied most of the good long talk; calling up reminiscences and anecdotes of the old days in New York, and humming tunes from *Pinafore*, which had then been at the acme of its vogue. She beguiled in this wise pretty much the entire twilight. Ormizon fixed his eyes upon Denise's face, where they remained, until, fading by slow degrees, it at last vanished in the darkness.

It was a pale, tired little face that Stephen Ormizon saw before him there in the thickening dusk, but a very interesting face, a very pretty and winning face, *he* thought even a very beautiful face, nevertheless. I own I incline to his opinion; for, as the author remarks, with great penetration, upon page 49 of *A Voice from the Wilderness*, "after all, the beauty of a woman's face is ultimately determined by the eyes. If the eyes be truly beautiful, they impart beauty to the whole face; if the eyes be other than beautiful, then, no matter how fine, how regular, the other features, the whole face is spoiled." Therefore, applying this rule to the case of Denise: if the warm red of her full and daintily-chiselled lips; if the delicate modelling of her nose and chin; if her low and shapely forehead, snow-white beneath a wealth of waving dark-brown hair: if these did not suffice to make her beautiful, her eyes, in my judgment, unquestionably did. Overarched by eyebrows as firm, yet as exquisite, as if pencilled in India-ink, they were large and luminously dark; though whether black or brown it would be impossible to tell. In certain lights, in certain moods, they were indisputably black: a soft, liquid, yet impenetrable black. But quite as often they were two or three shades off color,—a radiant, transparent brown, into which your gaze could plunge fathoms deep and never reach the ethereal fitful fire that burned at the bottom. Yes, they were a lovely pair of eyes; and they illumined and beautified the entire

countenance that they pertained to, giving it life and spirit. They were what you would call ardent passionate eyes. Ormizon says "soulful"; but I can't find the word in the dictionary. When you looked into them, you would think, "How that girl could love!" Yet they were wistful pathetic eyes, aglow with a mysterious appealing sadness; so that you would add, "And how she could suffer, too!" They were dangerous eyes for a susceptible young man to let his own associate with, at any rate; and as Stephen Ormizon beheld them shining in the twilight, upturned upon the doctor's face, he felt strange and powerful forces loosening in his heart and going out toward their possessor. He felt a strange strong tenderness and compassion for her, a vague longing to be something more than a mere acquaintance to her, to make himself in some way of importance, of service, of comfort, to her. And when now and then, wandering a little, her eyes encountered his,—lo! he felt the keenest, the most violent, yet withal the most delicious thrill go darting, quivering, wildly through the length and breadth of his body; and he had to catch for his breath. . . . In straightforward English, though he never so much as suspected it at the time, he was getting his first taste of the intoxicating bitter-sweet of love.

All at once Miss Gluck started up, and cried, "Why, mercy on me! It's gone and got dark; and I never thought of it. I've been so absorbed in hearing myself talk, I never thought to light the candles. Denise, why didn't you remind me?"

"Why, I never thought of it, either," said Denise. "You were so interesting."

Ormizon extracted a box of matches from his pocket, scratched one of them, and asked, "Shall I light these on the mantel-piece?"

"Yes, if you please," Denise replied; and he obeyed, while she busied herself with drawing the window-curtains.

At this juncture the servant, who some two or three hours earlier had admitted him (and whom, as he remembered with much wonder, he had taken to be perhaps Mademoiselle Personette), appeared in the door-way, and announced, "Ces dames sont servies."

"Pshaw!" was his reflection, "I have stayed too long. What will they think of me? Now I must clear out at once." And offering his hand to the doctor, "Well, good-by," he began. "You know how delighted I am to have discovered you, and I hope——"

"Goodness!" she interrupted. "You don't mean that you are going to run away from us like this!" Her air of dismay was unmistakably genuine. "Why, that would be absurd. Can't you—won't you—*do* stay and take pot-luck with us."

Involuntarily his eyes sought those of Mademoiselle Denise. In them he read an earnest appeal to him to do as the doctor wished. For an instant—his heart beat so—he could not speak. In the end he said, "Thank you. You are very kind. I should like nothing better."

They went into the cosiest of little dining-rooms, and arranged themselves around the snowiest of little tables. Denise with her own hands laid a cover for him. Then the servant brought in an inspiriting pot-au-feu, which they immediately proceeded to discuss.

"Well," declared Ormizon, "I think that this is by all odds the most novel, the most deliciously Bohemian, sort of thing I ever knew of—the way you two young ladies keep house here together. It's so thoroughly independent, such a vast improvement on a hotel or a boarding-house."

"Yes," concurred the doctor, "it's very good fun."

"It is charming," added Denise. "It was an inspiration of Isabel's. Ah, if you could compare it with that pension of Madame Minoir's, in the Rue Vanneau!" A little shrug, a little grimace, which Ormizon thought adorable; so piquant, you know, so inimitably Parisian. "N'est-ce pas, Isabel?"

"Oh, don't mention that old dragon of a Madame Minoir," cried the doctor. "She used to steal into our rooms and read our letters; I'm sure she did. But here—why, we're just like husband and wife; aren't we, Denise?"

"Perfectly," Denise responded.

"Which is which?" Ormizon inquired.

"Now, what a question!" cried the doctor.

And thereupon the quasi-conjugal pair went off in a regular gale of laughter, as though it were the funniest joke in the world. It's a wonder, how little it takes to excite the risibility of light-hearted young women.

"Well, I suppose you have your interesting little family jars, and curtain lectures, and the whole programme, don't you?" he pursued.

"Nonsense, you cynic. We have never had a single cross word; have we, Denise?"

"Nevair! It has all been honeymoon from the first."

"Why, it's hardly credible," he vowed, "both of you being women. I thought women always quarrelled."

"Well, they *are* a quarrelsome lot as a rule, it must be confessed. But you see Denise and I differ from ordinary specimens of our sex. I'm a doctor, and Denise is an angel. Nobody could quarrel with Denise."

"Oh, tais-toi," cried Denise, coloring. "Mr. Ormizon will think we are a society of mutual admiration." Then, to change the subject, "Where do you live, Mr. Ormizon? In what part of Paris?"

"I live not a stone's throw from you,—around the corner, in Rue Gay-Lussac."

"Is it possible!" put in the doctor. "Rue Gay-Lussac? A howling swell like you? Why, how did you come to choose such an unfashionable neighborhood?"

"Now don't call me a howling swell. I object. You'll convey an altogether false impression of me to Mademoiselle Personette. This coat that I have on—it's absolutely the best in my wardrobe, I give you my word."

"Well, then, question, question!" cried the doctor.

"Let's see; what *was* the question?" he demanded.

"Why you live in Rue Gay-Lussac?" Denise informed him.

"Oh! Well, because it's the Latin Quarter—the quarter of Murger, of de Musset, of Rodolphe, of Frédéric. I wanted to live in

the Latin Quarter for the sake of its traditions, its atmosphere, its associations."

"How funny! Why, it's on that very account that most people prefer to live elsewhere. It isn't considered the *thing*, you know, except for students. We live here because it's cheap. Low rent, you understand. It would be cheaper still, and pleasanter, in Passy, or Auteuil, or somewhere; but then Denise would lose so much time and get so tired, going and coming to and from her lessons."

"Yes; but here it's so interesting; there's so much color, life, picturesqueness. You feel as though you were right in the midst of the mise-en-scène of a romance. Passy, Auteuil, and such places are so frightfully provincial, so dead, and dreary, and out of the world. I should hate to live in Passy. I'd as soon live in Brooklyn."

"You are a man," observed Denise. "You would prefer Passy—you would prefer anything almost—to the quartier latin, if you were a young girl; is it not so, Isabel?"

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Because in Passy it is possible for a young girl to venture alone out in the street without always being insulted. Here in the Latin Quarter—no; it is not allowed. Each day the young girl is rendered miserable—stared at, addressed, humiliated. Ask Isabel. In other parts of Paris it is not so bad. Here—oh-h-h!" She gave the most charming little shudder. "Every day I must run the gauntlet of these students, who are without heart, without feeling. I would—I would razair die."

"Ra-th-er," corrected Dr. Gluck. "Don't forget your t-h's, Denise."

"By—by—*by Jove!*" thundered Ormizon, eyes flashing, cheeks flushing, fingers clutching dangerously at the handle of his knife. His boiling blood had nearly got the better of him. He remembered himself just in time to steer clear of a stronger adjuration. "By Jove! Do you mean to say that—they dare—to be rude—to you? By G—I—I'd like to catch one of them at it. I'd like to be around when one of them offered to speak to you. I'd wring his neck. I'd break every bone in his body. Oh, wouldn't I like—I—I beg your pardon. I forgot. But—but, good Lord! I never heard of anything so outrageous."

"Vive l'Amérique!" cried Dr. Gluck, waving her napkin, as though it were a flag. "You're a thorough Yankee, S. O. Do you know what a Frenchman would suppose, to see you flare up like that?"

"No. What?"

"He'd put you down for a lunatic. Respect for an unprotected woman, provided she's young and pretty, would be proof positive of lunacy to the way of thinking of an average Frenchman. Wouldn't it, Denise?"

"Yes; that is so," acquiesced Denise. "Women are fair prey; especially on the left bank of the Seine."

"Every day she comes home perfectly exhausted,—sick with mortification and anger," said the doctor. "I tell her she ought to follow the example of the eels, and get used to it; but she doesn't. They

don't bother *me* much, though. So there are some compensations for being old and ugly."

"Old and ugly!" echoed Denise, with withering scorn. "You old! You ugly! Why, you are as beautiful—as beautiful as——"

In default of a simile, she kissed her hand, and tossed the kiss across the table to the doctor.

"As one of your kisses, do you mean to say?" queried the doctor, maliciously.

"Oh—you—oh!" stammered Denise, all blushes and confusion.

Ormizon took a sip of wine. No sooner had he done so, than a smile of pleasure lighted up his face. Miss Gluck noted it.

"You like it?" she questioned.

"Perfectly delicious. I never tasted anything approaching it. Such a peculiar, spicy flavor. What is it?"

"A cousin of mine sent it to me from Bulgaria, where he was travelling. It has rather a dark and sinister name. It's called Turk's Blood."

"Why, that's very romantic and picturesque, I should say," he remarked, emptying his glass.

Denise refilled it for him.

"And," Miss Gluck went on, "my cousin wrote, the natives have a curious little ceremony that they practise whenever a bottle is uncorked. . . . Let's see. How does it go, Denise?"

"Why, you remember. 'What is this?' asks one. . . ."

"Oh, yes. Well? And then?"

"Why, how funny that you should forget! Another replies, 'It is Turk's Blood.'" This, Mademoiselle Denise rendered in a chilling stage-whisper. "'Then let it flow freely,' they all shout in chorus."

"It strikes me the Bulgarians are a very sensible people," said Ormizon, and carried his glass to his lips.

"Now, then, a toast, a toast!" called the doctor. "All good things are three, the Germans say. Let us then baptize our triple alliance."

They clinked their glasses, and drank the toast with enthusiasm.

Presently, "You have never been in America, Mademoiselle Personette?" Ormizon inquired.

"Hélas, no. And I suppose I shall never go."

"Why hélas? Do you mean that you would like to?"

"Oh, I should love it. I should be delighted."

"Indeed? Is that so? Why, that's rather odd."

"Odd? How?"

"Why, most French people, especially Parisians, find their own country sufficient unto itself. They have no desire to travel."

"Ah, yes. But you forget. I am not all French. I am one-half American, Anglo-Saxon."

"True. Still, you have grown up in France, amid French influences; and I should suppose that in your feelings, your sympathies, you would be essentially French, despite your American blood."

"Ah, well; that depends. In some things, yes, you are right. In others, no. In patriotism, yes; I am French to the core. In war, I would fight for my country to the death. When we have our revenge

with Germany, I will wish I was a man, to be a soldier, to kill those barbarians, those tyrants—oh! But in many ideas I am thoroughly American; or, as you say, Anglo-Saxon. In my heart there comes, when I speak the word *America*, a warm glow of love. It was the country of my mother. Though she lived in France twenty, twenty-five years, she was always American, never French."

"Down deep," averred Dr. Gluck, "Denise is an out-and-out Yankee. She has the American *character*, which is the important thing. But it's colored and warmed up by the French *temperament*, which is undeniably an addition. Now, you take the matter of reading. If anything has an influence in shaping a person's character, reading has; and she reads English pretty much all the time."

"Ah, indeed! Are you really fond of our literature?" he asked. "In general the French are so indifferent to it."

"Oh, to me, it is by far the best. It is that which I mean when I say that in many ideas I am Anglo-Saxon. It is the English literature which moves me most deeply, which has most to do with forming my opinions."

"So that, in a certain sense, you have adopted the Anglo-Saxon point of view?"

"Yes; what you call the Anglo-Saxon feeling about life. French literature—it is the spirit of it which I do not like. If it is not cynical, pessimistic, then it is sentimental, goody-good. If it is not extravagant, bombastic, then it is insipid, sickish-sweet. If it is not Daudet, it is Malot; if not Hugo, Lamartine. We have in French no Howells, no Emerson, no Browning—nothing so healthy, so tonic, you know."

"Well, I don't know whether I could subscribe to your condemnation of French literature. Daudet, it seems to me, is a great artist; and, then, you have left out Halévy. What could be healthier or more charming than his *Mariage d'Amour?* But I'm very glad to find that you like ours. And the three you mention—Howells, Browning, Emerson—are they your favorites?"

"How can any self-respecting woman forgive Howells, after he let Dr. Breen go back on her profession?" cried Dr. Gluck.

"Yes, especially Browning," said Denise, in answer to Ormizon. "They are yours also—no?"

"Well, I had an Emerson phase—yes. I don't read him much nowadays, though. Browning I have never tackled."

"Oh! You have never read Browning!"

"Not more than ten lines. It took me so long to understand them, I got discouraged. I'm not sure I really did understand them, even now."

"Oh, I wish I were in your place!"

"Why?"

"You have such a world to conquer, such a feast awaiting you. Why, do you know, there is in life no other pleasure equivalent to that which one enjoys in reading Browning?"

"No. I didn't know it," he replied, amused, yet also charmed, by her fervor. "Is it so? It's a pretty sweeping statement."

"Yes; but it is true,—literally, absolutely true. He lifts you into a new atmosphere; he vivifies you. Oh, when you read him, you feel so exhilarated, so exalted! He makes you thrill and tingle through and through. He is—really—without exaggeration—he is the greatest poet that has ever written,—greater than Dante, greater than Shakespeare, even. You look incredulous. You don't believe it. Wait till you have read him. You will say so too."

"In what does his greatness especially consist?"

"Oh, in many things. But especially—I believe especially in his wisdom. Wisdom, I mean, in the scriptural sense. His insight, his deep knowledge, his unfearing love, of the truth,—the fundamental, the essential, the permanent, truth of human nature and life. He pierces down to the very marrow, the quick, the core, of human nature. There is not, apparently, a single human experience which he has not—how you say?—plombé?—fathomed: not a single doubt, fear, hope, temptation, aspiration,—in fine, emotion. By the force of his imagination, he has tasted all the joys, endured all the agonies, achieved all the heroism, committed even all the sin, of which human nature is capable. He knows, he comprehends it all."

She paused. Ormizon impulsively exclaimed, "Go on, go on."

"Well, that is what I mean. Maybe I do not make it very clear. But—well, this is the point: you will find somewhere in Browning a voice, an expression, for every feeling, for every mood, that you can have. All your own vague, nebulous thoughts, you will find them precisely, eloquently stated. All your own unutterable feelings, you will find them uttered for you. And in such a virile, vigorous style; so nobly, so beautifully, so melodiously. Oh, you—you must read him right away. You will wonder, after you have read him, you will wonder how you have ever lived without him. He is so satisfying, so consoling, so inspiring. Why, for me—why, if I have to choose between giving up Browning and giving up all the rest of literature and art,—music, painting, everything,—I shall not hesitate for an instant. He is like a prophet, like Isaiah,—only greater,—much, immeasurably, greater."

Color had mounted to her pale cheeks. Her brown eyes burned with eagerness, earnestness. Her voice vibrated with feeling. Ormizon thought that he had never beheld anything half so beautiful, never heard anything half so eloquent, as Mademoiselle Denise in this moment of enthusiasm.

"I shall certainly apply myself to Browning forthwith," he said. "I had always imagined that he was affected, pedantic, obscure, tedious, —I don't know what all."

Denise sprang up, as though she had been stung.

"Just wait an instant. I will show you," she cried, and ran out of the room.

"You see, you've got her started," said Dr. Gluck, smiling.

"She—she—she is——" He stopped himself. "Adorable" was the word at the tip of his tongue. He suppressed it, and left his judgment of her forever unrecorded.

"Yes," assented the doctor, "she's a great enthusiast."

"And you—are you too a Browning-phile?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no. I don't go in for poetry. Landolt on the eye and ear is poetic enough for me."

Denise came back, carrying a book in her hand.

"Now," she explained, "of course his best things are long,—too long to read aloud. But I will just read you one or two of his little songs,—just to give you a taste, you know, to whet your appetite."

Then she read *Misconceptions*, *In a Year*, and *Mesmerism*. When she had done, Ormizon confessed that it was without exception the most beautiful poetry that he had ever heard; though I suspect his admiration was occasioned rather by the reader and the reader's way of reading than by the intrinsic merit of what she read. Indeed, I suspect that if she had read as many of Edward Lear's nonsense verses, or of Martin Tupper's philosophical proverbs, Ormizon would have accounted them triumphs of the poetic art.

"Well," said Denise, "you will take this book home with you, when you go, will you not? And then you can read it by yourself, and study it; and then, I am sure, you will be as much of an enthusiast as I am."

After dinner they went back to the salon.

"Now, Mr. Ormizon," said the doctor, "I know that you are dying to smoke. Therefore, please light your cigarette."

He obeyed with thanks.

"'Sabel, will you not play a little?" asked Denise.

The doctor sat down at the piano, and played with a good deal of dash and spirit Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*. After which, "Now, Denise," said she, "it's your turn."

Very delicately and intelligently, in a sweet, fresh, nicely-trained mezzo-soprano voice, to the doctor's accompaniment, Denise sang Gounod's charming barcarolle, *Dites la jeune belle*.

Pretty soon after she had finished, Ormizon bade her and the doctor good-by.

The melody of the barcarolle rang in his memory all night long.

IV.

The next day was Sunday.

Ormizon, usually an early riser, did not wake up till nearly ten o'clock. That, however, was natural enough; for he had not fallen asleep till very late the night before. He had tossed from side to side, in an unwonted state of excitement, for two or three hours after he went to bed. His insomnia he attributed to the coffee he had drunk after dinner.

Even now, advanced as the forenoon was, he did not at once forsake his pillow. He reached out of bed, and procured a cigarette from the table near at hand. Then he lay still, smoking, gazing at the ceiling, absently noting how the cracks thereof seemed to shape themselves in queer uncanny physiognomies, and thinking over his visit in the Rue Soufflot.

The sensations that accompanied this effort of memory were exceed-

ingly agreeable. On the whole, he told himself, it had been as pleasant an evening as he had ever passed in his life. How strangely, how surprisingly, the whole thing had befallen! And how delightfully! How far he had been from anticipating anything like it, when he had started out to respond in person to the note from D. Personette! Are these happenings which we call accidents,—are they really accidental? Or, as one would like to be able to believe, is the hand of Providence in them, after all? What—what a dear good creature Dr. Gluck was! So genuine, so simple-minded, so cordial, so warm-hearted! A veritable child of nature; yet always a lady, always a gentlewoman, despite her excess of animal spirits, despite her profession, despite her tendency toward the Bohémienne. And Denise—ah!

At the thought of Denise, a host of unspeakable emotions, very delicious, yet provocative of great unrest,—of a strong keen longing for —for what?—for something that he could neither name nor describe, —began to stir turbulently in his bosom.

"Denise!"

He pronounced her name. Then he drew a deep long breath, every inch of which thrilled him through and through. Then he took a puff at his cigarette, and pronounced it again:

"Denise!"

How frail, how dainty, how exquisite, how—how—how adorable and fascinating she was! And how—what—what a shame it was that she should have to slave her life away, and put up with all manner of hardships and humiliations, in order to earn her meagre livelihood! And how pitiable, how pathetic, her position, alone in the great world, without father or mother, kith or kin,—with no one but her friend the doctor to depend upon for sympathy, for counsel, for protection! Oh that there were some way in which *he* might do something to render her lot easier and happier! . . . Those little shapely white hands of hers,—what wouldn't he give for the privilege of holding one of them a little while in his! And that mysterious passionate appealing fire that palpitated deep in her eyes! And her voice, and that delicate touch of a foreign accent! And those poems,—how charmingly she had read them! And that barcarolle,—how bewitchingly she had sung it! . . .

"Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?" He hummed the tune of it softly to himself.

But suddenly he started to a sitting position; and his face took on an expression of perplexity.

"Well, I declare!" he muttered, half aloud. "Well, I never heard of anything quite so idiotic!"

He had just recalled a ridiculous little circumstance: namely, that he had totally omitted and forgotten to discuss with D. Personette the business that had brought about their meeting. He had not so much as broached the subject of the copying of his manuscript.

But now his mind misgave him. It was in scorn of himself that he cried, "What! Shall I—great, strapping fellow that I am—shall I—because I dread the labor, the fatigue, the drudgery, of it—shall I

let that delicate little girl wear herself out over it? Shall I shirk my task, and let her perform it?—throw down my burden, and let her take it up? Isn't she heavily laden enough already? How pale and tired she looked,—poor little thing, dear little thing! And do I—do I want to see her grow paler and still more tired, slaving for me? Oh, shame!"

He had wrought himself into quite a fine frenzy of indignation, before it occurred to him to remember that she no doubt very much needed the money. But even this consideration did not altogether allay his pangs of self-reproach. If there were only some means by which he could make the money hers without allowing her to do the work! Alas! he cudgelled his wits in vain. He could conceive of none.

"No," he concluded, "I suppose I shall have to let her do it. It goes horribly against the grain. I never shall be easy in my conscience, so long as I think of her breaking her back in my service. But there's no way out of it—no escape from it. So . . . Yet—yet—ah! I know what I'll do! I—I'll pay her—I'll make her take—twice—three times—what I should have to pay another. . . . Yes, I will. I'll say that the regular price for such work is—let's see . . . well, a franc the hundred words. She's never done any copying before, and won't know the difference. Yes, sir; that's what I'll do. That's a great idea. Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?"—his relief at having solved the problem finding vent in a jubilant burst of song.

He got up and dressed; drank his coffee, which had grown stone-cold, waiting for admittance on the floor outside his threshold, where Désiré, the garçon, had left it some hours earlier; dashed off a perfunctory letter to his mother, recounting, among other things, in a casual fashion, the events of yesterday; went around to an Etablissement Duval in the vicinity for his breakfast; and finally, at about two o'clock, presented himself at Mademoiselle Personette's door.

"Ah, monsieur," the servant said, with an accent of commiseration, "the ladies are not at home—are gone out to walk."

"Oh, is that so?" he faltered.

Here was a contingency for which he had made no allowance. His spirits dropped many fathoms. The bitterness of his disappointment was significant, though its significance he did not yet understand.

"You don't know where they have gone?" he asked, inspired by a forlorn hope.

"Ah, no, monsieur. They did not say."

"Well, please tell them that I was here," was his last request, in a sinking voice; and, turning about, he set his dejected face toward home.

But when he reached the corner of the Boulevard St.-Michel, and saw the greenery and whiffed the freshness of the Luxembourg Gardens across the way, he changed his course. No; why should he go home? he asked himself. Why not enter and stroll for a little, over there under the trees?

It was a mellow summer afternoon,—bright sunshine, soft sweet air. The gardens were alive with people,—with many sorts and conditions of men and women, all industriously amusing themselves according to their several tastes: tidy old ladies seated in the shade, gos-

siping and doing needle-work; white-mustachioed gentlemen, puffing their cigarettes, reading their newspapers (if a French journal can be called a *news*paper), exchanging their vociferous opinions anent public affairs; rosy-cheeked children, in bright-hued dresses, with frantic war-whoops and wild explosions of laughter, dashing hither and thither at their games, like flashes of colored lightning; sturdy peasant nurse-maids with their charges; soldiers in their regimentals, priests in their cassocks, students with their serviettes, tourists with their guide-books; but principally, it seemed to Ormizon, lovers with their sweethearts. Yes, every other young fellow had his pretty girl clinging to his arm, smiling into his eyes: the contemplation of which spectacle made our hero feel acutely his own singleness, and brought him a realizing sense that it is not good for man to be alone,—roused, that is to say, a hunger for like companionship in his own bosom, just as the spectacle of one's neighbor enjoying a toothsome dainty will whet one's own appetite for food. . . . A state of consciousnesss that was perhaps intensified by the warmth and the fragrance of the weather.

"Ah me, if they had only been at home!" he was sighing sadly to himself.

"Why, Mr. Ormizon!" suddenly a familiar voice called out.

His heart gave a great suffocating leap.

"Why, Mr. Ormizon!" the doctor repeated. "How perfectly delightful!"

Denise did not speak; but she raised her eyes to his, and smiled.

Neither did Ormizon speak. His voice and his vocabulary, together with his presence of mind, had deserted him. He doffed his hat, and bowed his lowest. At last he contrived to stammer forth, "I—I have just left your house. I—I just called upon you."

"Oh! And found us out! That was too bad. But—but how did you know that we had come here?" the doctor wondered. "Did Zélie tell you? No: she couldn't have. She didn't know. Though, of course, if we had dreamed that you were going to call, we should have left word."

He sought to disguise his perturbation under excessive volubility:

"It was my lucky star which guided me. I was going home to chew the cud of my disappointment in solitude, when an impulse, an inspiration, prompted me to turn in here. It's a striking instance of telepathy. I shall make a record of it, and transmit it to the Society for Psychical Research."

"Really?" questioned the doctor, literally. "Do you really think so?"

"Oh, you must not make fun of the Society for Psychical Research," cried Denise, laughing. "Isabel is a member."

"Oh, then you were only *joking!*" said the doctor, reproachfully. "You ought to be ashamed."

"We have come for the music," Denise went on to explain, "and to see the people, and everything. It ought to begin very soon now, ought it not?"

It began next instant. The band struck up the familiar strains of the Turkish Reveille.

"Shan't we sit down?" Ormizon suggested.

They were standing directly in front of the little open-air café in the middle of the garden. They established themselves at one of the small iron tables, and called for sirop de groseille and crisp hot gauffres. The band played lustily. The people moved about, laughing and chattering. The doctor gave him permission to light a cigarette. Denise kept smiling upon him in the most amicable fashion. Take it for all in all, Stephen Ormizon's felicity was probably as complete as that of any man abroad that day.

All at once Denise exclaimed, "Oh, this gauffre of mine! It is the best I have ever tasted. It is done juste à point. You must each take a bite."

She broke it into three morsels, and with her own fingers deposited one of them upon the doctor's plate, and another upon Ormizon's.

He felt as though it would somehow be a desecration to *eat* that bit of gauffre. He would have liked to preserve it forever. But gauffre, by its very nature, is perishable to the last degree. Besides, to put it into his pocket would attract attention, and very possibly make the ladies think he was a madman. So, with the courage of despair, he gulped it down.

"Yes, it is certainly the most delicious gauffre I ever tasted," he declared, with unquestionable sincerity. Had not her fingers touched it, gloved though they were?

By and by, "Allons," said the doctor. "Let us walk a little."

As he sauntered at Denise's side through the soft summer weather, a glow of well-being suffused his senses. The very smell of the leaves, brought out by the heat of the sun, regaled his nostrils like the rarest incense. His blood went leaping, tingling, through his veins. Without knowing it, he began to sing softly to himself,—

"Di-tes la jeu-ne belle, où voulez-vous aller?"

"Why, how lovely!" suddenly cried Dr. Gluck. "There's Lancelot. Isn't it jolly?"

"Oh, yes," chimed in Denise, with an air that betokened much pleasure, and that sent a pang of jealousy shooting through Ormizon's breast; "so it is. Quel bonheur!"

"Lancelot! Lancelot!" called the doctor, flourishing her parasol to attract Lancelot's notice.

"Hi! Hello!" Lancelot responded, and elbowed his way to where they waited for him.

After greetings and hand-shakes had been exchanged between the new-comer and the ladies, "Mr. Ormizon," said the doctor, "allow me to present our friend Mr. Palmer."

Mr. Palmer was a tall thin young fellow, of five- or six-and-twenty, with clean-cut aquiline features, deep-set intelligent gray eyes, and a thick shock of brown hair that fell below the collar of his coat at the back. The coat in question was a Prince Albert, faded, threadbare, white at the seams, frayed at the binding, and conspicuous for its exceedingly long skirts, which descended as low as the wearer's knees. On the top of his head he wore a small soft wide-awake hat, that produced a somewhat incongruous effect of boyishness. At the other

extremity he was distinguished by a pair of wonderfully large feet, encased in shoes that needed blacking. . . . He was what you would call an odd-looking chap, yet pleasant-looking, prepossessing. You would not have been in the least surprised, either, when Dr. Gluck, after her introduction, added, "Mr. Palmer is an artist."

The two young men shook hands, eying each other rather askance, as young men under such auspices sometimes will.

"How are you?" inquired Palmer.

"Glad to meet you," announced Ormizon; thinking in his soul, "I wonder whether this fellow is a—I wonder whether by any chance there's anything between him and Mademoiselle Denise."

This suspicion of a possible rival robbed the sky of half its color, the breeze of half its balm.

"Well, doctor," Lancelot declared, "this is real nice. What do you suppose? I was just around to your place, to ask if you and Mamselle, here, didn't want to go down to Suresne for dinner. Well, sir, Zélie, she said you weren't at home, and didn't know where you'd gone; and I felt quite broke up, until, thinks I, just as like as not they've gone to the Luxembourg to hear the music. So here I came, hunting for you. But it was about as hopeless as hunting for a needle in a hay-stack; and I was beginning to get discouraged, and to give you up; when, first thing I knew, I heard you hollering out, 'Hey! Lancelot! Lancelot!' And I looked; and there, by gum, you were, as sure as pop. . . . Well, now, will you go?"

"Oh, Suresne! By all means," agreed the doctor. "It's a splendid idea."

"Oh, Suresne! Suresne is the loveliest place in the world," cried Denise. "An open-air dinner at Suresne! Hurrah! And then afterward we can walk in the Bois."

"You'll come along too, won't you?" Lancelot demanded of Ormizon. "Dutch treat, vous savez."

"Oh, yes, thanks; I'm with you," Ormizon replied.

"And now," concluded Lancelot, "so's to have plenty of time, let's start right off—hey?"

"Oh, yes; in order to have plenty of daylight. It gets dark so early now," assented the doctor.

"Oh, what fun!" murmured Denise, clapping her hands. "Lancelot, you were inspired."

"No; there can't be anything between them," Ormizon was reasoning. "She's altogether too frank and cordial with him for that."

He drew a deep breath of relief.

They left the Luxembourg, and were jolted in an omnibus over the cobble-stones from the Odéon to the Place de la Concorde, whence they embarked for Suresne aboard a bateau-mouche.

Under friendly skies, the sail down the river to Suresne is always pleasant. In company with Denise, how could Ormizon help finding it trebly so? They sat forward in the bow of the boat, delightfully close together, where they could get the full benefit of what breeze there was, and enjoy without obstruction the prospect ahead and to either side. His sense of propinquity to her kept his heart in a constant

blissful tremor. Before long they had left behind them the quays of Passy and Auteuil, with their hand-organs and their dancing-parties; had cleared the frowning fortifications; and were gliding onward through the still cool waters, between sleek grassy banks, in the shade of great overhanging trees; while far and wide the surrounding country lay smiling Danae-like in its sun-bath of gold. It was past four o'clock when they reached Suresne.

"Now," said Lancelot, "I don't want to hurry anybody; but I move that we get our dinner first thing of all. I'm pretty nigh famished myself. Fact is, I haven't had a square meal in a week. I've been saving up for this spree. All those in favor of sailing right into the eatables, please signify it by saying ay."

"Ay!"

"Ay!"

"Ay!"

So they took their places in the garden of one of the river-side restaurants, and for the next hour or two applied themselves to their knives and forks; not to mention their wineglasses, which flowed with amber-hued Châblis—at a franc the bottle. Ah, such Châblis! fragrant of the grape, soft as oil upon the palate, looking like liquid sunshine, tasting like nectar of the gods. And such friture-de-Seine! A hundred tiny fishes, fried golden brown; each of them, as Lancelot fervently avowed, "melting in the mouth like a trill in the throat of a nightingale." And for the pièce-de-résistance, such a fricandeau-à-l'oseille! "It's so good," cried Lancelot, "I'll have to have another." Which he proceeded to order, and to eat, while his companions waited in murmurous admiration. And finally, for dessert, such plums, such apricots, such figs!—figues-à-goutte-d'or,—bags of purple satin, bursting with golden honey. . . . Their conversation all this while was of a most light and frivolous, yet a most entertaining, quality: so, at least, I am informed by Ormizon. But when I have pressed him for a synopsis of it, he has admitted that he can't remember a single word. "It wasn't so much *what* she said, you know, as—as the fact that she said it, you see," is his lucid statement of the case. "After dinner," he adds, "we crossed the bridge, to spend the sunset and the 'quiet colored end of evening' in the Bois, among the trees. And she sat on a rock, and sang the evening hymn from David's 'Désert;' and that was the brightest sunset, the tenderest twilight, I ever witnessed in my life."

They returned to town by the eight-o'clock boat. Dr. Gluck complained of feeling a little chilly, and thought she had better seek the seclusion of the cabin.

"But you children stay right here," she insisted. "I'm not going to deprive you of the pleasure of the sail."

They unanimously demurred against allowing the doctor to remain in solitude below; but she settled the question by declaring, "Very well. Then I'll sit it out up here, and catch my death of cold."

"Oh, come," put in Lancelot. "Let's arrange it thusly. You," addressing Ormizon, "you and Mamselle stay where you are; and the doctor and I, we'll retire to the cabin and talk about ghosts. There's

nothing I get more solid comfort out of, than I do talking with the doctor about ghosts. She really believes in 'em, you know; and when she gets started on the subject she's immense."

He and the doctor disappeared down the companion-way.

Next instant the boat shot around a curve in the river; and, "Oh, how lovely!" cried Denise, with an ecstatic little gesture.

"What?" Ormizon queried.

"Why, do you not see? The moon."

Surely enough, there was the moon, a great, round, red patch of flame, slowly floating upward from behind the trees, and transmuting the bubbles on the surface of the water to carbuncles and rubies.

"Oh, how lovely!" Denise repeated. "And what a sweet smell there is on the air,—like new-mown hay! And the ripple; do you hear the waves rippling, as we cut through them?"

"Yes; it's very fine," he said. . . . To himself he was holding forth as follows: "I suppose I've got to start in about that copying sooner or later. I suppose the present is as good a time as any. We're alone; and I can talk to her with greater ease and freedom than I could if the doctor were by. Yes, I guess I may as well make the plunge."

He turned to Denise. She was gazing pensively up at the moon; and her eyes softly reflected the light of it. He shrank from broaching so unromantic a topic. Nevertheless, he was anxious, he was determined, to have it over with. He gritted his teeth, clinched his fists, and began:

"Er—mademoiselle—you know—that is—I—I hate to lug anything so—so inappropriate—upon the carpet at such a moment; but you know, we have never yet spoken together about that—that copying—that I advertised for; don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," was her response. "That is true. Why, how absurd! I had forgotten all about it."

"Well, so had I, almost. But I suppose we may as well arrange about it. I suppose we may as well have the matter settled; don't you?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

Her tone indicated that she was not perfectly unembarrassed, either.

"Well, you may think that I'm a frightful lazybones not to do it myself. But I've got several good reasons. Among others, I'm troubled with writer's cramp."

"Oh," she murmured, sympathetically.

"Then, besides," he went on, "I'm sure, if I should undertake to copy it, I shouldn't be able to let it alone. I should begin fussing with it, and trying to alter it and improve it; and I'd end by spoiling it and making a mess of it. Yes, I've been over it times enough already; and my only safeguard now lies in leaving it just as it stands, with all its faults."

"What is *it?* Something that you have written?"

"Yes, a novel. That is, at least, I mean, it's an attempt at a novel."

"Oh, how interesting! Tell me, what is it about?"

"Oh, that's a long story. You'd better not get me wound up on that subject. About love, religion, lots of things."

"And its title?"

"Well, I have thought of calling it *A Voice from the Wilderness.* How does that strike *you?*"

"*A Voice from the Wilderness?*" she repeated reflectively. "Oh, excellent. I think it is an excellent title. I am sure I should want to read a book with that title. Ça pique l'appétit. It excites one's curiosity."

"Do you really think so? I'm very glad if you do. I hope, though, that you won't find the title the best thing about it. I remember one novel that was published a year or so ago, and the critics said the title was the only part of it worth reading."

"How cruel of them! How bad it must have made the poor author feel! When—when is yours coming out?"

"Oh, I don't know that it will ever come out at all. Perhaps no publisher will accept it. That's what happens to most novels, you know. But—but to come back to the point. It's pretty long—nearly a hundred thousand words. Do you think you will care to undertake such a labor?"

"I do not know how long that means—a hondred souzand words. But I suppose, if you are not in a great hurry, that I could do it. I write pretty rapidly."

"Oh, no; I'm not in a hurry. I shan't leave Paris for a month or more. In that time you could get it finished, even if you didn't write more than two or three thousand words a day. But, you know, copying is an awfully fatiguing sort of work. I hate to think of you tiring yourself out on my account."

"Oh, I shall not mind the fatigue. It will not be so bad as teaching. That is the hardest work I can imagine,—to try to make an Englishwoman pronounce the French as it should be, or a Frenchwoman pronounce the English. Ça—c'est épouvantable! I shall be excessively interested to copy your novel. Is—is it exciting?"

"Well, you can decide that question better than I can. I'm afraid it isn't very. I'm afraid in some places it's dull, and drags. I'm afraid it's a little too serious. But when would you like to begin?"

"Oh, any time. As soon as you desire. Immediately. To-morrow, if you like."

"Yes; I think the sooner the better; so that you can take it leisurely. I'll bring the manuscript around to you to-morrow morning."

"Thank you. Then I will set to work at once."

"But remember, you have more than a month to do it in. So, don't work more than a little every day. Never tire yourself out over it, will you? Just as soon as you begin to feel tired, put it by till to-morrow."

"Oh, n'ayez pas peur, monsieur. You do not know what a grand —how you call it?—paresseuse—idler—I am."

"Well, I want you to promise. I shouldn't be able to sleep at night, if I thought you were allowing yourself to get tired on my account."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Ormizon."

"Of myself; so I am. You see, I don't covet insomnia. And now—and now—about—terms."

"Oh, that, of course, I leave entirely to you."

"Well, the regular price for such work is a franc the hundred words. Do you think that will be enough? That would make—let's see—that would make a thousand francs for the whole book."

"A thousand francs! Why—why, I never heard of such a thing. I—oh, I am sure you must be mistaken. I am sure it is too much."

"Oh, no; that's the regular price: twenty cents—a franc—for each hundred words. Honestly."

"Oh, but—! A thousand francs! Do you know—have you any idea—how long it would take me to earn that, giving lessons?"

"No. How long?"

"Six months,—half a year. In a whole year I can earn perhaps two thousand,—no more."

"Two thousand! Is it possible? Why, that—that's only four hundred dollars."

"Well, that is the most I can earn. You see, the greater number of my pupils, they are French, of the little bourgeoisie, who keep shops, and like that. They pay me—well, how much you think? One franc the lesson of an hour. The English, the Americans, of course they pay much more—three francs even. But I have only a very few of them, and only for a few months of the year. In these months of the summer—August, September—I can earn scarcely anything at all. I must depend on what I have saved. . . . Oh, a thousand francs! That makes me rich!"

Ormizon did not speak. He could not trust himself to speak. There was only one thing that he could think of to say; and the time had not yet come for saying that.

"Yes," Denise continued, "it makes me rich. And now—now—I can go see Dr. Marsac."

"Dr. ——!" faltered Ormizon, aghast. "Why, are—are you in ill health?"

"Oh, no—not I. It was Dr. Marsac who took care of my mother. She was sick so long; and he came all the time, and was so kind and good; and I have never been able to pay him. I have needed every sou to support myself. But now—— Oh, Mr. Ormizon, you have made me feel so happy!"

She lifted two beautiful earnest tearful eyes upon Ormizon's face. It was only by the exercise of main force that he kept himself from folding her in his arms and kissing her.

"I was before," she went on rapidly, "I was the most miserable girl in the whole world. That thing—that debt—it lay upon my conscience day and night, all the time. And I was so hopeless. I could see no prospect to pay it. Ah, mon Dieu! It made me so uneasy, so ashamed. It is like a great load which you have lifted off my back. I thank you—I thank you from my heart, Mr. Ormizon."

"Dear—dear Mademoiselle Denise—" he was beginning. Then a lump, or something, got stuck in his throat, and choked his utterance.

. . . There was a little pause, during which the moon shone sentimentally.

All at once she looked up, and asked very gravely, with a naïveté that had its due effect, "Is—is it true that you leave Paris next month?"

Oh! How violently his heart leapt! How madly it began to pound against his side!

His voice shook as he answered, "I—I sail on the 26th."

Suddenly a bell began to ring, and the boatmen sang out, "Place de la Concorde!"

"Oh, here we are!" exclaimed Denise, starting up.

Lancelot and the doctor joined them. They took a cab to the Rue Soufflot.

V.

"Well, Mr. Palmer," began Ormizon, after they had parted from the ladies, "did you and the doctor exhaust the subject of ghosts?"

"It's inexhaustible," returned Palmer; "that is, when the doctor seriously assaults it. You know, Dr. Gluck is what you might call a scientific spiritualist. She accepts all the phenomena alleged by the spiritualists as authentic; vows she's seen 'em with her own eyes; and then she undertakes to explain them on a scientific basis. Well, of course I don't agree with her; I think it's all stuff. But I enjoy getting her stirred up on the subject, just the same. She has a large head, and she talks well. But then I always enjoy the doctor, anyhow. Take her all around, she's the best fellow I know. I often think what a pity she ain't a man. She's got so much of what the French call bonhomie."

"Yes, that's a fact. She's a jolly good fellow," Ormizon assented. "You know, she and I have been acquainted years and years."

"So I judged, from something she let fall. Well, now, she's not half bad-looking, either, is she? Her coloring is tip-top; and though she's short and plump, she's shapely, and she carries herself well. Kind of funny she's never got married. She'll be an old maid before long now, if she don't look sharp. . . . I say, by the way, are you the enviable possessor of a watch and chain?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you mind telling a less fortunate mortal what o'clock it is?"

"It's half-past nine."

"Thanks. I thought it was later. To confess the truth, I feel the need of some slight stimulus. And what do you say to reposing our weary bones for a little at yonder wayside inn?"

He pointed to a brilliantly-lighted café on the Boulevard St.-Michel, into which thoroughfare they had just turned.

"It's a good idea," Ormizon assented.

They sat down at one of the café tables. Palmer ordered absinthe. Ormizon contented himself with beer.

"Smoke?" suggested the latter, proffering a bundle of cigarettes.

"Thanks. I prefer a pipe," said Palmer, and proceeded to fill a

short clay pipe with Caporal tobacco. After he had sucked it well alight, "I was once the proprietor of a timepiece myself," he resumed. "But I've loaned it to my uncle."

Ormizon smiled.

"Now, I dare say you've never had occasion to curry favor with your uncle—hey?" questioned Palmer. Then, without waiting for an answer, "Well, you're almighty lucky. I've been on intimate terms with the old gentleman for many years. Just at present there's a trifling coolness between us, caused by the fact that my stock of marketable chattels, jewels, ornaments, articles of virtù, etcetera, has run dry; and he is not possessed of sufficient artistic discrimination to be willing to advance anything upon my own creations. However, I live in the hope that this sad misunderstanding may be set right, and our fond hearts reconciled. He's a convenient, though a stern and exacting, relative, your uncle. Lord bless you, he and I have had dealings ever since I was a lad. Now, when I was a divinity student——"

"Why, have you been a divinity student?"

"In the course of a long and somewhat eventful career, I've been various sorts of things. I've been a farmer, a carpenter, a schoolteacher. Then, when I was eighteen, I went on to Boston with the idea of becoming a lawyer. But after six months in the law school I got disgusted. I wanted realities, and they gave me formulas. I wanted bread, and they gave me red tape. Then I packed my traps, and moved over to the theological seminary. There too, however, I paled and sickened. The atmosphere of cant, sham, insincerity, didn't agree with me. It was death to my self-respect. I'd look at those sleek, smug-faced, unfledged parsons, and I'd tremble, by George, to think that I might grow to be *like* them. No, sir; I've knocked around a good deal, but I never struck a hole yet where there was more downright meanness, and untruthfulness, and envy, and what you call pure cussedness, and less Christianity, than there was in that whited sepulchre of a divinity school. Why, the art schools here in Paris, why, they're nest-beds of virtue, compared to it; and you know what their reputation is. Gad, it makes me sick, merely to remember it. . . Well, after that I turned my attention to medicine. I didn't enjoy it; I didn't especially believe in it; I thought it was nine-tenths humbug and pretence: still, I was in a fair way to obtain my M.D.—which, I've often thought since, would have been my moral damnation—I was in a fair way to obtain it, and to start out in the practice of my quackery, when, during one summer vacation, I tried my hand at sign-painting. The transition from a sign-painter to a would-be picture-painter was easy and obvious."

Ormizon laughed. "And next? What do you mean to be next?" he asked, with a flippancy which he was very soon sorry for.

"No, sir. There's no next on my programme. At last I'm firmly anchored. Art is not my mistress; she's my wife. I'm not coquetting with her; I'm married to her for better or for worse—especially for worse. Indissolubly wedded we are, and shall remain, till death parts us. We've starved along together for some four years already, and I guess we're not likely to quarrel for a good while to come. She's jealous,

she's exacting, she knows how to make you feel mighty uncomfortable and unhappy, her favors are hard to win; but she's honest, she's real, she's worth while; I'd rather eat a dinner of herbs in her company than a stalled ox in any other; I love her with all my heart. That's about the size of it, Mr. Ormizon. It took us a long time to find each other out; but we were meant for each other from the beginning, all the same. Why, look here. I was born and raised 'way down in the little village of Unity, Maine, among the Quakers, where they have no more idea of art than they have of Egyptology, and where they'd hold both to be equally ungodly. My father, and his father before him, and his grandfathers, clear back to the settlement of the colony, had been Quakers and farmers. So it ain't strange that I had to flounder around a good deal, and make considerable many false shots, before I finally hit the mark. . . . No, sir; my art is dearer to me than my life. Art is truth; and truth is the only thing worth bothering about in this world."

Palmer paused, and relighted his pipe, which had taken advantage of his monologue to go out.

"I beg your pardon for speaking as I did," said Ormizon. "It was very silly and thoughtless of me. . . . You—you are studying here in Paris, I suppose?"

"Oh, don't mention it. That's all right. I understood that you were joking. . . . Yes, I'm at Julien's. Before that I was at the Students' League in New York, and also worked under Sartain in his studio. I've been here going on eighteen months. I arrived in Paris with a capital of four hundred dollars, which I'd saved up teaching drawing in a young ladies' boarding-school out West—in Indiana. Ah me! where are those dollars now? Gone to join the Hebrew children, I dare say. Well, well! But my heart yearns toward them, wheresoe'er they be. If I should meet one of them here on the Boulevard to-night, I'd greet it with the rapturous enthusiasm of old friendship. I'd welcome it with a kiss and a hug. I'd kill the fatted calf, I'd set up the drinks, in its honor. I'd forgive its perfidy, even; for, between you and me, it was frightful, it was disheartening, the cold-blooded haste those dollars made to desert me, after my advent here. . . . Ah, well, I suppose I might as reasonably wish for the snows of yester-year. Here's peace to their ashes." He emptied his glass.

"You've got something better than money, Palmer; a light heart."

"Have I, though? Perhaps, my dear fellow, it's not so light as it seems. Anyhow, I wish it was as light as my purse—or, for that matter, as light as my stomach is most of the time. That's my great trouble. I can't seem to get enough to eat. I can't afford to spend much on my eating, especially when I haven't got anything to spend; and, consequence is, I go to bed hungry 'most every night. Lately I've adopted the system of saving up all through the week, and then going in for a real square meal on Sunday—such as I had to-day. I tell you, a dinner like that one we had down to Suresne this afternoon—that's the sort of thing that makes a man of me. On a full stomach, sir, I rise in my own estimation at least fifty per cent. . . . Hi! Garçon! Encore une absinthe-à-la-gomme!"

"Yes; but your system is a very imprudent one. You'll ruin your digestion."

"You show me a means of getting rich, and I'll drop the system like a hot potato. If you've got any Philistines to be despoiled, trot 'em around to my studio, and I'll feast like an epicure every day as long as they hold out. Otherwise—don't talk to me about digestion."

"Where is your studio?"

"My studio and residence combined are around in the Rue St.-Jacques, on the top floor of the Hôtel du St.-Esprit. 'Sky-parlor reaching heavenward far,' you understand. And I'll tell you what. Don't you want to come over there with me now? I'll show you some of my work. I possess the largest collection of Palmers in existence."

"I should like to, above all things."

"Well, come on."

Ormizon called for the reckoning, and was about to pay it, when Lancelot cut in with,—

"Oh, I say. Just compute my share of that, will you? How much is it?"

"Oh, that's all right," returned Ormizon. "This is my treat."

"Not much it isn't. Not if the court knows itself, and it strongly suspects it does. Just calculate my percentage of our liabilities, and allow me to fork over. You see, I can't afford to let you treat me; for I shall never be able to return the compliment. No, sir; we'll have to proceed on the Philadelphian plan from the beginning. Besides, it's the *mode* here in Paris; and there's nothing like being à la mode."

So Lancelot, who, like the improvident Bohemian that he was, denied himself bread and meat, and then squandered the price of a dinner upon absinthe-à-la-gomme,—Lancelot contributed his portion of the sum due; and the two young men set forth, arm in arm, for the Rue St.-Jacques. Their course thither led them back up the Rue Soufflot, and past the door of Denise's house.

Sweeping the façade of it with his glance, "I suppose our fair friends are wrapped in blissful slumber," Lancelot observed. "May their dreams be as sweet as their dispositions! What—what a regular daisy that little Mamselle is, ain't she?"

"She's very charming," Ormizon admitted.

"So gentle and helpless and sort of appealing, don't you know? Yes, sir, she and the doctor make a first-rate team."

The Hôtel du St.-Esprit was a dingy students' lodging-house, with a great sign over the entrance, advertising "Chambres et cabinets meublés."

"Now comes the tug of war," Palmer said. "Breathe through your nose, and take it easy."

He led the way up five flights of stairs.

"Well, sir, here we are," he resumed, when they had reached the top. He unlocked a door. "Winded, but still intact, here we are in my castle and my sanctum, my bedroom, my kitchen, my atelier, my boudoir, and my salon. Just stay where you are till I strike a light. Otherwise, you might upset something, or bark your shins."

He lighted a candle, and then a kerosene lamp.

It was a small room, not more than ten feet by twelve; and it seemed smaller still, because it was crowded to its utmost capacity with the furniture necessary to a sleeping-apartment, and with the paraphernalia necessary to a painter's workshop. A bed, a wash-stand, an armoire-à-glace, a table, two or three chairs, an easel, a lay-figure, and in one corner an old-fashioned hair trunk studded with brass nails, left but little space to move about in, and gave one the feeling of standing in an overstocked lumber-room. The walls were tinted a soft olive gray, and barnacled with a multitude of canvases, of various shapes and sizes, bearing designs which, in the scant light of the lamp and candle, Ormizon could do no more than guess at. There was but a single window; opposite which an open fireplace served as pantry and kitchen closet, being full to the brim with pots and pans, and with divers brown paper parcels that looked as though they contained foodstuffs. The air was loaded with an assortment of odors, forcible among them that of turpentine, that of stale tobacco-smoke, and that of cold ham.

"Sit down," said Lancelot, "and make yourself at home. You see, I've been keeping house on my own hook lately, which accounts for the batterie de cuisine you behold yonder in the chimney. I've got an alcohol lamp; and, if I do say it who shouldn't, some of the repasts I get up here are immense. I mean in quality,—not in quantity. That, as I said before, that's my bugbear, my bête noire. I sometimes forget what enough signifies. If my appetite weren't built on such a magnificent scale, it's really astonishing, the small income on which I could make out to live. Now, take the matter of rent. What do you suppose the rent of this establishment is, monthly?"

"Well, let's see. Well, I don't know. Perhaps—perhaps fifty francs. I pay seventy around in the Hôtel de l'Univers, Rue Gay-Lussac. But my room is rather larger, and it's only au troisième. Yes, I guess your rent is somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty francs."

"Oh, but the Rue Gay-Lussac is the height of swelldom, compared to the Rue St.-Jacques. It's the Beacon Street, the Fifth Avenue, the West End, of the Latin Quarter. I looked for a room there myself; but the prices scared me away. My rent, sir, is twenty-five francs a month, service included. That is, when I pay it. Just now I'm in arrears for a couple of months. But Madame Pamparagoux, my landlady, is of a trustful, hopeful nature; and so she lets it stand. Well, to continue, as I was saying, if I had an ordinary appetite, I could eat for two francs a day. That would bring my living expenses down pretty low. See?"

"I *don't* see how you could eat for two francs a day; no. I should like to hear you explain it. It never costs me less than five,—it generally costs me at least six,—and I usually go to a Duval."

"Why, bless you, there you are again with your lofty aristocratic notions. A Duval! . . . Why, man alive, there are lots of fellows I know, who eat for two francs a day, and less even. But they don't approach within gunshot of a Duval. Well, for example: first break-

fast, one sou of bread, one sou of milk—ten centimes. That's taken at a bake-shop. Second breakfast, at a restaurant, but not a Duval,—second breakfast, one sou of bread, one sou of soup, five sous of meat, three of vegetables—fifty centimes. Then go to a table-d'hôte for your dinner, at one franc twenty-five. So you've had your day's rations for one franc eighty-five. The surplus of three sous you distribute as tips among the waiters."

"Yes; but what sort of food is it that they give you at these cheap restaurants? They may flavor it so as to make it palatable; but is it nourishing?"

"Well, it seems to be. The boys seem to worry through on it, anyhow. Of course there's a strong presumption that the beef is horse; but, then, horse is all right, if you possess a stout set of teeth, and if you get enough. But for me, there's the rub. You *don't* get enough. Now, you take that table-d'hôte at one franc twenty-five. It ain't bad, as far as it goes. But I—I'm obliged to eat two of them, in order to get filled up. So, as I said, I've begun to cook for myself. On two francs fifty a day, I can make out fairly well, and then go in for a regular rattling feast on Sunday. . . . But come. I wanted to show you some of my work."

Palmer took up the lamp, and, holding it aloft, pointed now to one, now to another, of the unframed canvases on the wall, pronouncing a running commentary upon them as he did so. Ormizon said he liked the work immensely. So far as he could judge, it was full of ability, and promised better still. It was certainly very pleasing and interesting. "But why do you always sign H. Palmer?" he wondered. "H. doesn't stand for Lancelot."

"Good Lord, man," cried Palmer, laughing, "my name ain't Lancelot! That's only a bit of facetiousness on the part of those women-folks. They must have their joke, you know, and they've dubbed me Lancelot—well, I give it up why. My name is Hiram. Hiram Hutchinson Palmer is what I was baptized. I've dropped the Hutchinson, and simply sign H. Palmer. That answers for all practical purposes, and is shorter and more convenient. But now, I say, sit down again, and let's have a smoke."

While they smoked, Palmer told his guest something about the art-school, Julien's, at which he was studying.

"You pay forty francs a month for whole days," he said, "or twenty-five a month for half days. That entitles you to easel-room, and as much turpentine as you want to use, besides models. That don't sound like much, but they say the old man, Julien, is getting rich on it, all the same. Julien, you know, is a retired model himself, and he opened this school as a speculation. Every now and then they have an exhibition of the work the boys have done, with cash prizes. The prizes ain't exactly independent fortunes; still, if a fellow collars one, it helps along. I scooped in fifty francs last month, for instance; and that fed me for quite a while. But, as I was going to tell you, your forty francs a month entitle you to all the privileges of the school. Then the masters, they give their services free-gratis-for-nothing. At Julien's there are Bouguereau, Boulanger, and Lefebvre, the three

greatest draughtsmen living. They come to the school three times a week, examine what the boys have done, point out its faults, show you as well as they can how to set it right. They do this, as I say, for nothing,—simply for the love of art; which, I claim, is glorious. They relieve each other monthly. One month Bouguereau; next month Boulanger; and so on, round and round. This month we have Lefebvre. I tell you, he's grand. He's terribly severe, you know, unsparing in his criticism, mighty sarcastic sometimes, and all that. If he suspects that a fellow ain't in earnest, that he's just fooling, or going in for splurge or show, the Lord help him! Ain't he savage! But he's got a heart as big as an elephant's; and when he sees that a fellow means business, when he sees that a chap is working sincerely, honestly, just as well and just as hard as he knows how, I tell you he's the kindest, he's the gentlest, he's the most encouraging old boy that ever drew the breath of life. It sometimes makes the tears start to my eyes when he comes up in his fatherly way and puts his hand on your shoulder and starts off on his remarks with 'Mon ami, mon cher fils.' Then, as like as not, he goes ahead and gives your work particular fits, and then he winds up, 'But courage, my friend! courage, patience, and hard work! At your age I have done worse myself.' It's beautiful. It's a pity we haven't got a few men of that stamp in America. But no; your Yankee painter, he's on the make. He ain't going to apply his valuable time and dazzling genius to the drudgery of teaching, unless there's money in it."

"Oh, well, you must make allowances for the American painter," put in Ormizon; "he has such odds to contend against. Teaching is about the only method at his command by which he can earn his living. If he could get rich on the sale of his pictures, as these Frenchmen can, I have no doubt he'd be glad to give his services as a teacher without pay."

"Well, maybe there's something in that. Still, you can't dispute this: that, taken as a general thing, the Frenchman loves his art better, and the money he may make out of it less, than the American does. There's a devotion, an enthusiasm, in the French artist, that you don't often find in the Yankee. Now, you take Lefebvre. He reminds me of one of those old zealots you read about in history. His complete surrender of himself to his art is like the zealot's surrender of himself to his religion. But he keeps his head wonderfully clear, all the same. He's got the soundest philosophy of art that I ever heard expounded. His fundamental principle is this: Art means truth. A bad picture is bad just in so far as it is false. A good picture is good just in so far as it is true. He says, 'My boy, when you are painting, never think of the rewards your work may bring you. Never think of the money, the applause, the reputation. Concentrate all your thoughts, all your energies, upon making your picture just as good—that is to say, just as true—as you possibly can. Cherchez le caractère—seek for the character, which means the essential truth, of your subject. Let all the rest take care of itself. I would rather do true work and remain poor and obscure, than do false work and become the richest, the most renowned painter of my time.' Then he emphasizes all the time the importance

of good drawing. 'Learn to draw, learn to draw, learn to draw; learn also to color,' is a maxim of his. For he says it is good drawing that requires time, patience, sincerity, hard work; whereas many a tyro, many a charlatan, can produce an effective color piece."

As Ormizon was starting to leave, "I say, Palmer," he began, "I hope you won't mind, but—but as you seem to be a little hard up just at present, and as I happen to be quite flush, won't you—I wish you'd let me—I wish you'd borrow a little something of me. I could spare a hundred francs or so, just as well as not."

"Thanks, many thanks," returned Palmer. "It's awfully good of you to offer. But no: I can't borrow. I can't afford to. I don't know as I'd ever be able to pay you back, you see. But I'll tell you what you might do. If you feel like buying a picture——"

"Just the thing!" cried Ormizon. "If you have anything within my means."

"I guess there ain't any of my work but would be that," Palmer answered. "I don't set a very high price on it, yet. But I guess the best things I have are my black-and-whites, which I haven't shown you. Here. Glance through that."

He handed Ormizon a portfolio.

Ormizon began to inspect its contents. Pretty soon, "Is this for sale?" he demanded, holding up a pencil drawing.

"Yes."

"I take it. How much?"

"Oh, I don't know. What do you think it's worth?"

"Well—say a hundred francs?"

"Oh, no; I guess it ain't worth more than fifty. It's the subject that makes it worth that. It's not a very good piece of work."

"It's a mighty good likeness, though," said Ormizon, and counted out fifty francs.

"Thanks," said Palmer.

"Thank *you*. And good-night."

"Say," Palmer sang out after him, when he was half-way down the stairs; "you needn't mention it to Mamselle—mind?"

"All right," Ormizon called back.

It was a pencil drawing of an allée in the Luxembourg Gardens. And walking up the allée, in the foreground, there was a lady, with a parasol in one hand, and a book in the other. And the lady bore really an astonishing resemblance to—Mademoiselle Personette.

VI.

As soon as Ormizon fully and clearly realized the nature of the sentiment that Mademoiselle Denise had inspired in him, two questions addressed themselves to his mind for serious meditation.

What the first one was, every lover will be able to guess. Had he any reasonable ground for hoping that his passion might some time be returned? Upon the determination of this, he felt, his own resolution in respect of the second must depend. What had he better do about his quasi-engagement with his cousin Fanny?

He knew that his mother had set her heart upon the marriage of Fanny and himself. He knew that it was with her no light caprice, but a deep and steadfast purpose. Moreover, he had pledged himself to obedience in this regard by a solemn promise. Yet, he argued, if Denise should come to reciprocate his love, he would not merely be justified in recalling his promise and declaring the engagement off; he would be in all right, in all honor, bound to do so. His mother would not like it. At the outset she would take it very hard indeed. She was a high-tempered, imperious woman, fond of having her own way, and accustomed to having it. He did not like to think of the anger and displeasure she would be sure to visit upon him at first. But in the course of time she would grow reconciled—probably. And, anyhow, in affairs of this nature the persons to be chiefly considered are the principals—especially the lady. He did not wish to play the undutiful son; but he would rather do that than play the disloyal lover. Yes, there were certain proper limitations to the submission which his mother could justly expect of him. If he should have to choose between allegiance to his mother and allegiance to his sweetheart, he would not hesitate; it would be cowardly, dastardly, to hesitate; he would promptly and decisively choose the latter. . . . As for Fanny—fortunately, her heart was not involved. There was no love lost between Fanny and himself. She liked him well enough, perhaps, in a certain pharisaic condescending way, but she had never pretended to any warmer sentiment. Her attitude toward him had always seemed to say, "Now, mind! I don't approve of you the least bit. You are a bad worldly selfish man; and I am a dear sweet self-sacrificing little angel. You are a miserable sinner; and I am a saint, all ready for heaven. But you are the son of my beloved auntie; and for her sake, despite your many and glaring faults, I will be forbearing and Christian-like, and consent to tolerate, even to patronize, you a little. Am I not a perfect miracle of magnanimity?" She had agreed to become his wife, just as she would have agreed to become a nun, or to wear bloomers, or to adopt a vegetarian diet, simply in compliance with the desire of her aunt. In her soul, doubtless, she would welcome a release from the obligation. . . . No; he needn't worry about Fanny. She was a factor easily eliminated from the equation. . . . On the other hand, if Denise should finally and unconditionally reject him—! The bald statement of the contingency took his breath away. But there was no use shirking it. He might as well look it squarely in the face. Yes, if Denise should finally and unconditionally reject him—well, then he would go home and do his mother's will. In that event, he would not care what happened to him, what became of him. He would go home and espouse his cousin. He regarded Fanny as a canting, self-righteous, self-satisfied little prig. But never mind. If he lost his own happiness, with Denise, he would at any rate insure his mother's, by making her niece his wife.

And now—and now, had he the slightest chance of winning Denise's heart?

After he took leave of Lancelot on Sunday evening, he went home to walk his floor pretty much all night, balancing this problem in his

mind. With throbbing pulse, with quickened tremulous breath, eagerly, feverishly, now aflame with hope, now sick unto death with fear, he weighed every pro and every con that he could think of; never advancing beyond this one invariable conclusion, which had been his starting-point: "I do not know, I dare not say." His reason forbade confidence. His desire would not allow him to become too despondent. When he repeated to himself that little impulsive question that she had asked him, "Is it true that you leave Paris next month?"—when he recalled the tone in which it was pronounced, the glance by which it was accompanied,—his prospect for the moment looked dazzlingly, bewilderingly, bright. But next instant, his common sense reviving, he would groan, "No, no. It is impossible that she could have meant anything by that. Why, man alive, she—she's scarcely acquainted with you as yet. She never saw you till—till yesterday, by Jove; though it seems a lifetime. She isn't going to lose her heart to a stranger. You can't expect her to fall in love with you at first sight, you fool. No, no; God help me!" . . . So, in an ecstasy of mingled joy and woe, hope and despair, he wore the night out, tramping back and forth, up and down his room. How many times he carried Lancelot's pencil drawing of that allée in the Luxembourg to his lips, and kissed it, I shall not attempt to reckon. The absurd, infatuated fellow! Yet which of us, gentlemen, has never been guilty of similar folly? Which of you, mesdames, but has inspired like wild behavior?

At last, toward break of day, he threw himself all dressed upon his bed, and, murmuring her name, qualified by sundry complimentary adjectives, to his pillow, fell into a restless sleep.

"Ah, the delicious anguish of new-born first love! How transitory it is; yet, for its brief duration, how all-important, how all-eclipsing, how all-consuming! What thrills, what pangs, what burnings and freezings of the heart! Into what a strange, sweet, bitter, contradictory delirium it converts the happy sufferer's heretofore commonplace existence! . . . Ephemeral as the dew, once passed away, it is passed away utterly and forever. Anguish, indeed, it is truly called; synonyme for endless unrest and pain. But in the retrospect it seems an unalloyed celestial rapture; and many and many are they, who would renounce all the treasures of the world, to experience its resurrection." —See *A Voice from the Wilderness*, chapter xxxv., page 326. The passion of which he was now getting his initial taste, Ormizon had already learnedly analyzed, and eloquently portrayed, in his novel.

Late Monday forenoon he carried his manuscript around to the Rue Soufflot and left it with Denise. She received him alone in the little triangular gilt-and-white salon. She had pinned in her breast a sprig of mignonette, the perfume of which penetrated to the innermost recesses of our hero's heart.

"Isabel is gone out," she explained, "since nine o'clock—to her clinic."

"I was wondering," said he, after he had delivered the manuscript, "I was wondering whether you and she would do me a great favor."

"Oh, I am sure we will. We will be very glad—if it is possible."

"Well, I see that they're giving *Monsieur Perrichon* at the Gymnase. I wanted to know whether you and she would go with me to see it to-morrow evening."

"Oh, and is that what you call a great favor?" she laughed. "Is that the American style—to name things by contraries? We shall be delighted. *Monsieur Perrichon*—it is the funniest play that was ever written. It is a classic of wit."

"Ah, then you have seen it?"

"Oh, no, never. I have gone but very little to the theatre. I have read it, only. I shall be so glad to see it. It is very kind of you to invite us."

This last was said seriously, with wide eyes lifted to his face.

"It is you who are kind to agree to go," he returned, with equal seriousness.

And then there ensued an embarrassed little silence.

"Will—will you not sit down?" asked Denise.

They had both remained standing, he with his hat in his hand, throughout their dialogue.

"Oh, thank you; no. I must be going. Well, then, I'll call for you to-morrow evening—say at about a quarter-past seven. Well,—good-by."

This speech, and the resolution which it expressed, cost a huge effort of will. He would have liked nothing better than to sit down and enjoy a comfortable little visit with her. But he forced himself to consider that the place was Paris, and that she was alone, and to recognize that it wouldn't do.

She gave him her hand. He held it for a moment, revelling in its warmth and softness. Finally he tore himself away.

He drove over to the Gymnase, and secured a baignoire for the following evening. On his way back, he stopped at a restaurant for breakfast. Toward one o'clock he reached his own room, Hôtel de l'Univers, Rue Gay-Lussac.

He threw himself into an arm-chair, and began to wonder how he should survive the night and day that lay between him and his next meeting with Denise.

"For more than twenty-four hours I shall not see her. For more than twenty-four hours my life must stand still and wait. Merciful heavens, how shall I kill the time?"

The bare thought of the long, blank period that would have to drag away before he could again be with her,—the bare thought of it racked his brain, like the thought of eternity; made his heart stop beating; made his breath come in heavy, labored gasps. He must banish the thought from his mind. He must contrive some means of distracting his attention. He must find some occupation, must busy himself with something. Merely to sit, and wait, and count the seconds, would drive him mad; so intense was his desire, so great the stress of his impatience. If—if he could but fall asleep, and not wake until the wished-for moment was arrived! Life, which many people complain of as too short, was for him too long by some thirty interminable hours. By that amount he would gladly have abridged it.

He sprang up from his seat, and started to and fro through his room, striding caged-lion fashion, and counting his steps, "One, two, three, four,"—up to sixty, which, he calculated, would make a minute. Every now and then he would halt, and draw a deep, loud sigh, and frantically crush his temples between the palms of his hands. Very silly and irrational conduct, to be sure; but thus it is that most impetuous, warm-blooded young fellows carry on, at this interesting tide in their affairs.

By and by he dropped into a chair again, and lighted a cigarette. He smoked without relish, simply for the sake of passing the time. As quickly as he consumed one cigarette he lighted another from its expiring sparks. Presently he counted the stumps. Ten. He guessed that it must now be pretty nearly four o'clock. He secretly thought that it was later; but his thought might be the offspring of his wish, and he said four, so as to be on the safe side and preclude the possibility of disappointment. He looked at his watch—which for a long while he had purposely abstained from doing. He looked at his watch. . . . Must he believe his eyesight? By all the furies! It was only half-past two.

"Oh, Lord! I can't stand this!" he cried. "I'd better go out for a walk."

He walked the streets for the rest of the afternoon. He walked directly across the city as far as the Parc Monceau; thence to the Arc de Triomphe; thence to the Trocadéro; thence, along the quays, to the Place de la Concorde; thence to the Invalides; thence, by a tortuous route, through narrow, crooked, picturesque streets, back to the Boulevard St.-Michel. A long, circuitous walk, as any one may see by glancing at a map of Paris. Also an interesting walk; but to its interest he was impervious. He walked at top-speed, eyes fixed straight ahead, glancing neither to the right nor to the left; again merely for the sake of killing time. The quantity of time thus disposed of was precisely two hours and forty minutes. It was now ten minutes after five o'clock.

He seated himself at a café table on the boulevard, and called for beer.

"Beer," he remarked to himself, "is a sedative. It will calm my nerves."

As he sipped his soothing-draught, he mused, "If only in this big city I knew somebody whom I might call upon, in whose society I might while away an hour or two! If only in this crowd, constantly passing and repassing on the sidewalk, I might meet an acquaintance, espy a friendly face! Yes, there's Palmer, to be sure. But Palmer isn't exciting enough; and, besides, I have no right to inflict myself upon him. Ah, Denise, Denise! Where is she now? What is she doing? What is she thinking about? Not about me; that's certain; I may make up my mind to that. Oh, Lord! Still a night and a day before I can see her!"

He emptied his glass, and ordered another.

At the table next to his a young lady was seated, alone. She wore a broad-brimmed straw hat; a very close-fitting gown of some dark

red stuff diversified by large white dots; and a pair of high-heeled patent-leather slippers, the tips of which peeped out from beneath her skirt like a couple of bold black eyes. Her face (a sufficiently pretty face; a saucy, roguish face) seemed familiar to Ormizon. By accident, he caught her eye. She smiled, and volunteered, "Bonsoir, monsieur."

Ah, yes; he remembered. This was the young lady who sold him his cigarettes and his postage-stamps, in the little shop next door to his lodgings.

"Bonsoir," he returned, curtly, without lifting his hat, and addressed himself to his beer.

Not to be rebuffed, "Monsieur a l'air triste," she observed, with the intonation of sympathy.

"Vraiment?" was his response, more curtly still.

She subsided.

But pretty soon an idea occurred to him; a temptation presented itself.

"Why not?" he soliloquized. "It could do no possible harm. It would help me to wear out this everlasting night. It would keep me from thinking about—it would make me forget. It would be a diversion, an excitement. Anything, rather than this impatience, this suspense. Anything to hurry the time along. I—it——"

He got up, left his table, and took the unoccupied chair at that of his neighbor.

The next few hours passed rapidly enough. They dined together at a Duval, and afterward went to the Hippodrome. At eleven o'clock, before the entrance of the fair tobacconist's domicile, Rue Royer-Collard, Ormizon bade her good-night.

"Eh, comment?" she cried. "Oh, bi'n! Bonsoir, et merci pour une soirée très amusante."

In his own room he covered his face with his hands, and moaned aloud:

"Oh, what a low, miserable brute you are! Oh, how I loathe you! How weak you are—how base—how contemptible! If I could but recall this evening—undo it—blot it out! I—I have been disloyal to her. How shall I ever dare to look her in the face again? I have contaminated myself. I am not fit to breathe the same air that she breathes. How can I hope to win her now? I deserve—yes, I *deserve* to lose her. The idea! That she should love a low, weak thing like me! Oh, God! Oh, God forgive me!"

What had he done? He had given Mademoiselle Célestine a better dinner than she was accustomed to, and had afforded her a couple of hours of harmless entertainment at the Hippodrome. But if he had committed a sneak-theft, he could not have despised himself more bitterly; if he had committed a murder, he could not have repented it more passionately. Sickened by his memory of the thing, tortured by his remorse as by a coal of fire burning in his breast, he passed a most miserable night.

"Yet, if I had not loved her so," he cried, "I never should have done it. How strange! how strange!"

VII.

Tuesday morning, along with his coffee, Désiré, the garçon, brought him a letter. Its superscription was in a handwriting which he had never seen but once before, yet which he recognized at a single glance. The sight of it now did not by any means leave him unmoved; nay, indeed, it occasioned a very singular aberration in the action of his heart, causing that organ simultaneously to leap and to sink. To leap, for obvious reasons: the letter came from *her*. To sink, because in connection with it a hideous thought flashed upon his mind. Why should she be writing to him, unless something had happened to interfere with the arrangements that they had perfected together at their conference yesterday? If affairs remained *in statu quo*, this missive was unnecessary and inexplicable.

"Oh, yes; I suppose she has written to inform me that the doctor had a previous engagement, or—or I don't know what—and that they cannot go. Just my confounded luck!"

For a while he held the envelope intact in his hand, and stared at it with a countenance that was at the same time savage and caressing. At last, muttering, "Well, here goes," he tore it roughly open. He closed his eyes for a moment, and sought to muster his courage. "Well, there's no use playing the ostrich. Here's my fate confronting me. I've got to grin and bear it. It won't mend matters to procrastinate," he said, finally, and, with the composure of despair, proceeded to read:

"Monday Afternoon.

"DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Isabel wishes me to ask, will you not come to take dinner with us to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, before the theatre? In order that we may have plenty of time, we shall dine early—at six o'clock. She has set her heart upon having you come, and I hope you are not going to disappoint her. Have you read any Browning yet?

"Sincerely yours,
"DENISE PERSONETTE."

Of course the reaction was instantaneous and excessive. At first he could scarcely credit his eyesight; but a second perusal left no room for doubt. He carried the paper to his lips and kissed it rapturously. He danced about his chamber in an ecstasy, humming a merry tune, like a child with a new toy. He apostrophized himself: "Well, you *are* a lucky dog! Well, you'd *better* thank your stars! Well, by Jupiter!" He took on generally in a very ridiculous, exuberant, boyish manner. By and by he sat down at his table to indite an acceptance.

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE DENISE——"

No. That wouldn't do. That was too familiar. He tore the sheet up, and began anew:

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE PERSONETTE,—Your note has given me

greater pleasure than I can say; and I shall certainly be on hand promptly at six. Meantime, I shall try to alleviate my impatience by reading Browning, which, I blush to own, I have not yet done.

"Please express my very best thanks and compliments to the doctor, and believe me,

"Yours always,
"STEPHEN ORMIZON."

But after he had sealed this communication, and addressed it, he hesitated.

"They ought not to be inviting me to dinner," he reflected. "They can't afford it. And I ought not to accept their invitation. . . . Yet I don't exactly see how I can decline it, without hurting their feelings. And besides—besides, it would be such jolly good fun. I suppose it would be awfully bad form for me to—so to speak—to turn the tables, and ask them to dine with *me*. Yes, I'm afraid it would. Still, they—they're not sticklers for the ceremonies; and if I employed tact—if I made the proposition gracefully—it might not do any harm. Well, I guess—I guess I'll risk it. Yes, I absolutely mustn't let them spend their money dining and wining me."

With which he commenced a third note to Denise:

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE PERSONETTE,—It was quite odd that you should have sent me the very kind note which I have just received, and for which I beg you and the doctor to accept my warmest thanks. It was odd, because at the very moment when it was handed to me, I was getting out my paper to scratch off a line to you. The temptation is now strong upon me to leave what I was about to say unsaid. Still, your judgment is better than mine, and perhaps I may as well submit the matter for your consideration. Of course I shall abide by your decision. Well, then, I was on the point of writing to tell you that if you and the doctor would do me the honor of dining with me this evening at the Foyot, you would make me very happy. Now, as I say, I leave the question in your hands. To be your guest, or to be your host: it is a choice of felicities which I have not the strength of mind to make.

"The messenger will bring your answer.

"Yours always,
"STEPHEN ORMIZON."

He leaned out of his window, and hailed the commissionnaire who had his stand on the curb-stone below. By the hands of this functionary he dispatched his questionable message.

He waited in a state of wretched uncertainty for her reply. He had written very stiffly, very feebly, he felt; and perhaps she would be offended. In somewhat less than a quarter-hour the commissionnaire returned. But this time the handwriting was not Denise's:

"DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Denise, having to hurry off to a lesson, asked me to answer your note. I know you'll be broken-hearted, but

I can't help it. My handwriting is not so pretty as hers, I am well aware; but it is legible, and will in the present case answer for all practical, if not for all sentimental, purposes.

"Eh bien! do you know, sir, that you are most imprudent to trust 'a choice of felicities' (that phrase is immense: where did you strike it?), so grave as the one you mention, to a young and impetuous damsel like Denise? This is a text upon which I could develop a long homily; but, as the facteur is waiting, I forbear. Denise has cast the 'choice' in favor of Foyot. Which goes to indicate that she has the making of a gourmet in her; upon which indication, my young friend, reflect.

"Finally, shall we meet you at the restaurant, or will you call for us?

"En tout cas, monsieur, agréez l'assurance de ma plus haute considération.

"Toujours à vous,
"ISABEL B. GLUCK."

"Wait an instant," he said to the messenger.

Then he scribbled,—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—Thanks infinitely. I will call for you at a quarter before six. Meantime, I am

"Yours faithfully,
"S. O."

Which finished the business.

In the course of their dinner, he said to Denise, "That volume of Browning you lent me—I have been reading it all day long."

"Oh, have you? Well?"

"It was a revelation to me. I had never known anything like it. I found, when I had once taken the book up, I could not put it down. It was as absorbing—it was more absorbing than a novel."

"Which of the poems did you read?"

"Well, I began with *Fra Lippo Lippi.*"

"Ah, that is one of the very best."

"It is? Well, I should have supposed so. At least, I shouldn't suppose it would be easy to surpass it. It's a masterpiece. Goethe himself might have been proud to have written it. It has so much human nature in it, so much wit, so much humor, in addition to its lofty, noble poetry. Then, aside from its other splendid qualities, it contains the clearest, the most scientific, statement of the true philosophy of æsthetics that I have ever seen. I—I was absolutely carried away by it."

"Oh, I was sure you would be. Nobody could read Browning understandingly, and not be. He is irresistible. Well, and after *Fra Lippo?*"

"After *Fra Lippo* I attacked *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, which, in its way, I liked quite as much. It's grand, sublime. It's the strongest defence that could be made for faith in revealed religion. It beats Butler's *Analogy*, Paley's *Theology*, all hollow, on their own ground."

"I think *I* must begin to read Browning," said the doctor, "you children rave so about him. That poem about mesmerism, that Denise read the other night—there was a great deal in it."

"Why," Ormizon continued, "there are a dozen lines or so in *Blougram* that would have *made* any ordinary poet. You remember, Mademoiselle Denise, where the bishop says, 'All right. Let us, then, declare ourselves agnostics, free-thinkers, what you will, forthwith,' and then goes on,—

'Where's
The gain? how can we guard our unbelief,
Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem here.
Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
As old and new at once as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol, on his base again—
The grand Perhaps!'

I don't know when I have read anything so beautiful, anything so inspiring, anything so true. He speaks right out of the depths of human experience."

"Yes, it's very fine," acquiesced the doctor.

"Oh, it is glorious!" cried Denise. "It is thrilling. I am so glad you think as I do, Mr. Ormizon."

"I am thankful to you, mademoiselle, for having put me in the way of thinking as you do. I'm going to study Browning systematically now. This afternoon I ordered his complete works at Galignani's."

"And yet," exclaimed Denise, with a scorn that might have withered the laurels on the laureate's brow,—"and yet people will go on talking about Tennyson, and calling him the greatest living English poet! *Oh!*"

"Oh, well, they'll get over that in time," Ormizon said, consolingly.

"On n'est jamais prophète en son pays, ni en son temps," observed the doctor, sententiously. . . . "How delicious these mushrooms are!"

"Perfectly lovely," agreed Denise.

"It's true, they're not bad," Ormizon admitted.

And then, somehow, it seemed to strike each of them that there had been a rather abrupt descent from the sublime to the commonplace; and spontaneously they broke into a merry laugh at their own expense.

Presently, "I, too, have been enjoying a literary treat, since I saw you, Mr. Ormizon," Denise announced.

"Yes?" he queried. "What was it?"

"I have been reading *A Voice from the Wilderness*."

"Oh!" he cried, blushing.

"Perhaps you may think I took too great a liberty," she pursued. "But I will tell you how it was. I began to copy the first chapter, and I got so interested that I could not rest until I had read it through and found out how it ended. I thought you would not mind, seeing

that I was going to copy it all. Now, anyway, I have confessed my sin. If you think I was indiscreet, you may scold me."

"Why, what an idea! But of course—you're laughing at me. You know it's a great compliment."

"No; honestly, I feared your displeasure. The temptation, as I have said, was so strong, I could not resist it. Yet, without comprehending precisely why, I did feel as though I had not any right to do anything but copy, without paying attention to the sense. I have been reproaching myself ever since. I was afraid you might be angry. I am *so* relieved. But, as I was going to say——" She paused abruptly.

"Yes?" he questioned.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you."

"Oh, on the contrary. It's your bounden duty. Tell me, please."

"I dare say you will think me awfully silly."

"Oh, no, I shan't. Go on. I'm dying to hear it."

"Well, I began it yesterday afternoon, and—and I—sat up all night to finish it."

"Did you, really? Why, how could I think that silly? It indicates prodigious wisdom."

"And—and it made me cry so, I have had a headache all day long."

"Oh!" with an expression, facial and vocal, of exceeding distress. "I'm so sorry! I—I never meant to make you cry."

This was said apparently in all ingenuousness and good faith. But his auditors seemed to regard it as a brilliant witticism, or bit of humor. First, Denise began to laugh; then the doctor speedily followed her example; while Ormizon, with a blank face, wondered what the joke was.

By and by, sobriety being restored, Denise demanded, "But why *did* you make it end so sadly?"

"I tried to make it end as I thought it would actually have ended in real life."

"Why, do you think things generally end badly in real life?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that. I mean, I tried to observe the laws of cause and effect, and to make the end the natural consequence of what had gone before. I tried to make it end in the manner that the circumstances had rendered inevitable. To my mind, the ending was inevitable from the beginning. Didn't it seem so to you? Didn't the climax seem natural, logical?"

"Oh, yes, logical enough, natural enough. But that did not make it any less sad, less disappointing,—any easier to bear. And then, another thing: do you yourself really believe what you made Rivington say about the control of matter over mind? 'Among the many dismal truths which modern science has forced upon us, none is more disheartening than this: that the mind, the spiritual part, of man, is not merely intimately related to, but is absolutely dominated by, the material part, his body. A local organic disease may not merely cloud and enfeeble his intellect, but may totally pervert and deprave his moral nature, as numberless instances have proven; may turn the benevolent man into a misanthrope, the truthful man into a liar; may supplant love with

hatred, refinement with grossness, disinterestedness with self-seeking.' Do you yourself really believe that, Mr. Ormizon?"

Was it not calculated to set any young author's heart a-palpitating, thus to hear himself quoted verbatim by the loveliest lady of her generation? So it affected Ormizon's, at any rate. She punctuated her inquiry by raising her eyes expectantly to his. At the meeting, a new palpitation swept his bosom, and a blush mounted to his forehead. Whereupon, by the strangest of coincidences, Mademoiselle's damask cheek displayed for an instant a similar red ensign; and simultaneously the two pairs of eyes were dropped upon the table-cloth.

"Er—well," he began, in a matter-of-fact key, returning to her question, "as a general thing, you know, I shouldn't like to be held responsible for the opinions of my characters. But here, in this special case, it isn't a matter of opinion; it's a matter of statistics. I don't see how any one can help believing it. As Rivington says, no end of instances prove it. The physicians' records are full of them. Isn't that so, doctor?"

"Oh, yes; that's so, undoubtedly. But the force of all that is offset by the discoveries that are being made by the Society for Psychical Research. Their experiments have conclusively demonstrated that, while ordinarily the mind is unquestionably subject to the body, under certain conditions the mind becomes absolutely independent of the body, transcending all the limitations of matter, and of time and space. Still, it can't be denied that very frequently, as you say, a physical lesion may result in a radical change of the patient's character and disposition."

"Oh, but that is so horrible!" cried Denise. "It never occurred to me before. But if it is true—*oh-h-h!* It makes one shudder. But I think your—what would you call it?—not plot, exactly—your idea—your theme—I think that was beautiful. To have him long so ardently to believe in God and immortality; and yet all the time be dragged, forced, further and further, deeper and deeper, into materialism, pessimism, cynicism, and all that; and then, suddenly, forget everything, escape from all his doubts and fears, and find perfect peace and happiness in love. But why—*why* did you let her die?"

"Well, as I said, I thought under the circumstances her death was inevitable. But then, besides, I wanted him to realize that love isn't enough; that at best it is only a temporary refuge; that it can't permanently fill the place of religion. I wanted him to discover that the same grim, awful, relentless problems were still there, standing where he had left them, outside his lady's chamber, waiting to confront him at his exit. After she died, you know, his old longings, his old doubts and perplexities, hopes and fears, came surging upon him with more tremendous force than ever."

"Yes, I see. But it is dreadfully hard on the reader. You made her so lovely and beautiful; and then to have her die,—oh, it—it was like losing one of one's own friends, almost. I thought I should *never* stop crying. Oh, I really do not think it is fair to your reader to make your book end badly. Do you, Isabel?"

"Well, I don't know about that," returned the doctor. "That's a question of first principles, and would admit of a good deal of debate.

But there's one thing I do know, surely; and that is, if we don't start right away, we'll be late for the play."

Ormizon looked at his watch.

"By Jove," he ejaculated, "that's a fact. Well, I declare, how the time has flown!"

They hurriedly wound up their dinner, and left the restaurant. Outside, they took a cab. Ormizon helped in the ladies, and was then about to establish himself upon the little narrow front seat, facing them, when Dr. Gluck protested:

"No, no, now. We're not going to let you sit cramped up over there. It isn't at all necessary. There's lots of room here between us. Isn't there, Denise?"

"Oh, yes; lots," concurred Denise.

"Oh, I can't think of crowding you ladies," he rejoined. "I shall be perfectly comfortable here,—on the strapentin."

"But you *won't* crowd us. Just *look*," cried the doctor, edging over toward one side, while Denise drew in toward the other. "Don't you *see?* There are oceans of room here. And we *should* feel so uneasy to see you all doubled up over there. Shouldn't we, Denise? Come; do be nice, now, and do what we ask."

So he sandwiched himself in between the ladies, and throughout the drive enjoyed the blissful consciousness of Denise's arm touching his own.

They reached the theatre just as the curtain was going up.

Denise and Dr. Gluck sat forward in the baignoire, and concentrated their attention upon the stage. He sat behind them, in the dark, and concentrated his attention upon Denise. It was a keen delight, thus, without let or hinderance, to be permitted to feast his eyes upon her. Far more interesting than the comedy in progress beyond the footlights he found the play of expression visible in her face and person. Now she would bend eagerly forward, lips parted, breath bated, eyes wide open, intent upon some decisive episode, anxiously watching for its dénouement; then she would lean back in her chair, and draw a deep sigh of relief, or smile at the humor or laugh at the absurdity of it, turning to the doctor for sympathy in her emotion. The bêtises of Monsieur Perrichon afforded her infinite amusement; but she took the sentimental business very seriously, following the devious course of the love-affair with rapt attention, and now and then allowing to escape her a soft little "Mon dieu!" or "Bon!" When the curtain dropped upon the first act, she clapped her hands with much enthusiasm; after which she turned around to Ormizon, and gave utterance to all her accumulated enjoyment in an impulsive little monosyllable: "*Oh!*"

During the interlude they walked about the foyer; and for the first time in his life he experienced the delicious sensation of having Denise lean upon his arm.

When the play was over, and they left the theatre, he, of course, was for taking a cab home. But the doctor would not hear of it.

"It was all right to take a cab coming," she explained, "because we were in a hurry. But we're not in the slightest hurry now; and the omnibus is plenty good enough. Isn't it, Denise?"

"Plenty," Denise responded.

So with the omnibus he had to put up. In the end he was not sorry; for it fell out that he and Denise sat side by side, with the doctor opposite; and thus, as the roar of the wheels drowned their voices to third persons, he and she were enabled to indulge in the following confidential conversation:

"I have had *such* a good time, Mr. Ormizon."

"Have you, really? I'm very glad. So have I."

Now, this may not seem like very much of a conversation to the reader; but it set our hero's heart into a wondrous flutter. For Denise employed a low, intimate, earnest tone of voice; and besides, in speaking, she brought her lips pretty close to his ear; and—oh, joy!—for an instant he felt her warm, soft breath upon his cheek!

VIII.

On the morning after *Monsieur Perrichon*, Stephen Ormizon wrote a long letter to his mother. Certain paragraphs toward the end of it read as follows:

"And now, my dearest mother, I have something to tell you, which is of very grave importance. It is something which, I feel, I ought to tell you, yet which, I am afraid, you will not like. Yes, I am afraid it will give you great pain. In fact, I know it will. But I think it would be wrong for me to conceal it from you, nevertheless. I think I owe a frank confession of it both to you and to myself. Much as it will displease you, I am sure that in the long run both you and I would suffer more if I should fail to make a clean breast of it at once. So now I will try to state the whole business to you as clearly as I can. In advance, I beg of you to give me a fair hearing. Read what I have to say through. Don't get angry, and throw it aside, or tear it up.

"Well, then, this Mademoiselle Personette whom I have told you so much about—whom I have described to you as so good, so intelligent, so beautiful—and who lives with our friend Dr. Gluck in the Rue Soufflot—well, in the few days of our acquaintance I have grown to love her with all my heart and soul. Don't for an instant, mother, don't imagine that my feeling for her is any mere passing caprice or fancy, which I shall get over. You would only be uselessly deceiving yourself. You may as well make up your mind right away to this: my love for Mademoiselle Personette is the serious love of a man for the woman in whom he discerns exactly those qualities which, he knows, his own nature will need in his wife. I love her so much that I would be willing to give up everything else in the world, to the end of winning her; so much that, if I fail in winning her, life will have lost all its value and charm for me, and I would be glad to die. Whether she cares anything for me, or not; whether there is the least likelihood that she ever will care anything for me; of course I do not know. Sometimes I very much fear that she doesn't, and never will. At other times I am more hopeful. Anyhow, it doesn't matter one way or the other for the purposes of this letter. The point I wish to speak with you now about is this.

"Before I left New York last October, you told me—what, of course, I had as good as known for years—that it was the one paramount desire of your heart that I should marry Fanny—as soon as I got ready to settle down and marry any one at all. You said that Fanny, on her side, had agreed to have me; and you asked me to promise to do in this matter as you wished. In my unwisdom—for, if I had been less unwise, I should have answered very differently—in my unwisdom, not in the least realizing the meaning of what I did, not stopping to appreciate the gravity of the obligation which I undertook, I answered that, although I did not *love* Fanny at all, I did love you, and would therefore, for your sake, promise to make her my wife. I might have gone further, and said that, so far from loving her, I did not even like her; I did not even believe in her; that, with her assertive piety and self-righteousness, she was even positively obnoxious to me. But I knew that this would grieve you; I could not see that it would do any good: so I held my tongue. On the understanding, then, that I would consider myself betrothed to Fanny, I left you and came abroad.

"Well, as I say, if I had been wiser—as wise as I am now—I never should have dreamed of making such a promise. In the first place, I should have foreseen this chance of my some time meeting another woman whom I could really love. In the next place, I should have understood that to marry a woman whom you do not love, is to do not only yourself, but *her*, a great and irreparable wrong; is to bind her and yourself in a monstrous form of slavery, from which there is no escape but death. Altogether apart from the fact that I am in love with another woman; even if I were not in love with anybody; leaving myself out of the equation entirely; in the light of my more mature intelligence, I honestly think that it would be a violation of every right principle of morality and of religion for any man, under any circumstances, to enter into the peculiarly holy state of matrimony with a woman whom he did not love, in the full sense of the word love. That is my honest conviction, looking at the question from an absolutely impersonal point of view. Very well; how much more immoral and irreligious would it be for a man to marry one woman, when he actually is in love with another! Then, if the other woman loves him in return, there are her feelings, there is her life-long happiness, to be considered, too. These views which I express this way are commonplaces, platitudes. But the living truth that resides in them I never realized until I found myself in love with Denise. Commonplaces, platitudes, however, though they be, you certainly cannot have realized their truth, or you would never have exacted that promise from me. Even now, I dare say, you will be disinclined to admit their truth. But I will venture to say that if you should put this question before any intelligent, high-minded, unprejudiced man, he would agree with me.

"Well, now, to come back to our own case. I shrink from occasioning you any pain or disappointment; I don't want to be selfish or undutiful; I do want to do that which is really right and just. If I could convince myself that it would be right and just for me to re-

nounce Mademoiselle Personette, and come home and marry Fanny, much as the sacrifice would cost me, I believe I would do it. But I cannot so convince myself. On the contrary, I am convinced that it is right and just for me to ask you to release me from my engagement with Fanny. I feel that it is right and just to me, to the lady I love, to Fanny, and to *you*. For I am sure of this: that if, feeling as I do, I should marry Fanny, you also would inevitably have to bear a share of the misery that such an unnatural union would cause; you would have to suffer the consequences of it, along with her and me. Look at the facts: I don't love Fanny; I do love Denise Personette. Fanny does not love me—may very likely in the course of time come to love somebody else. Now, I say, for Fanny and me, under these circumstances, to marry, would entail untold unhappiness upon her, upon myself, upon you, upon everybody that was in any way concerned. And therefore, in all tenderness and respect, I beg of you to write to me saying that you liberate me from my promise, and giving me your consent to woo Denise."

He wrote the letter that contained these paragraphs, upon the spur of an impulse. He sealed it, and committed it to the post, at once—before he had time to consider, to repent. On second thoughts, he did repent. He was sorry that he had not waited awhile longer about making his avowal; sorry that he had not couched that avowal in softer and more persuasive phrases. But he recognized that his repentance was futile; that the thing was done beyond undoing; and so, like a sensible fellow, he shrugged his shoulders; said, well, there was no use crying over spilled milk; and determined to stifle his regret for the past, and his fear of the future, in the delights of the present.

All that day he kept up a debate with himself touching the propriety of his calling upon the ladies of the Rue Soufflot in the evening. He tried hard to convince himself that there was no good reason why he should not yield to his inclination; but obstinately a still, small voice retorted, "No, my dear boy, you mustn't run this thing into the ground. It won't do. You'll wear out your welcome if you don't take care. Besides, you'd—they'd—they'd get a pretty strong suspicion of what the matter is; and, I take it, you don't want to give yourself away yet awhile."

"But," he demanded, "if I don't go there, what *shall* I do with myself? How shall I pass the time?—forget this craving for the sight of her face? Ah! I have it! I'll call on Lancelot."

So, after his dinner, he made for the Hôtel du St.-Esprit.

The landlady was established in an easy-chair on the sidewalk near the entrance.

"Bonsoir, madame. Monsieur Palmer, is he at home?" he began.

"Monsieur Pahmah?" returned the landlady, looking up, with a blank face. "I do not know him, sir."

"Why, it is a young American painter."

"Ah, perfectly! You wish to say, Monsieur Pal-maire. Ah, monsieur, he is gone out, since a half-hour."

He turned away, disappointed.

It was a deliciously tender summer evening. The breeze, warm

and soft, bore a faint, sweet, summery smell, and murmured amorously in the listener's ear. The stars shone like a multitude of languishing, passionate eyes. There was distant music in the air. As on that balmy afternoon in the gardens of the Luxembourg, every other young fellow had his Dulcinea clinging to his arm. Just the conditions, meteorological and otherwise, to make a fond heart grow fonder still.

"Oh, hang it," cried Ormizon, "I can't stand this. I'm going to call on her, I don't care what happens."

And he marched resolutely to her house and up her staircase.

Dr. Gluck opened the door.

"Oh, it's you!" she exclaimed. "It's so fortunate you've come. We were just wishing you might."

"Ah," he responded. "It's very kind of you to say so."

"Yes," she continued; "you see, Lancelot is here, with a plan. We want you to join us in it."

Denise greeted him with a charming little smile, a warm little handshake, and a demure little "Good-evening, Mr. Ormizon."

"How d'ye do? How are you?" inquired Lancelot. "How wags the world with you?"

"First-rate, thanks. And now, the plan?"

"Oh, the plan's a simple one," Lancelot informed him. "I was proposing to these ladies that we make up a party and spend next Sunday in the Bois de Meudon. That's all."

"That we go out by an early morning train, and come back in the evening," added the doctor.

"That we get our breakfast and our dinner there, al fresco," Denise concluded.

"Well, now, what's your opinion of it?" Lancelot demanded.

"It's a capital idea," Ormizon affirmed. "Only, I would offer this slight amendment. On Sunday there's always a crowd at Meudon —students, shopkeepers, and such like; which would be rather disagreeable. So I suggest that we make it Monday instead of Sunday."

"By George," cried Lancelot, "right you are. That never occurred to me; but it's pregnant with wisdom. Mr. Ormizon, you are the possessor of a remarkable brain. There's a large preponderance of gray matter, and the convolutions are deep."

"Thank you for your kind appreciation," said Ormizon.

"Oh, how droll!" exclaimed Denise.

And she and the doctor went off in one of their explosions of laughter.

"Well, then, Monday it shall be—hey?" asked Lancelot. "We'll meet at the railway station on Monday at nine o'clock?"

"Yes," they all assented.

After which, for an hour or so, there was general and desultory conversation.

Finally, "I don't believe you ladies know what a fine night it is," Ormizon observed. "It's a pity to spend it in-doors. Let's go out and have an ice on the boulevard."

His suggestion was adopted; and the ladies withdrew to put on their bonnets.

Lancelot took advantage of their absence to remark, confidentially, "Say, Ormizon, I hope you won't be offended; but I guess I'll let you and the women-folks go for those ices alone. I guess I'll bid you good-night when we reach the street."

"Why, what an idea! Why should you do that?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't believe I've got money enough on me to pay my share."

"But, man alive, this is my treat. I invite the whole crowd. You can't possibly object to that—just for once. And we'd all feel dreadfully to have you desert us. You'd break up the party."

"Well, I hope you won't think me a sponger, a dead beat."

"Oh, nonsense! It would be a pity if you couldn't ever accept an invitation."

"Well, it's against my principles. But, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, we won't count it this time, hey?"

The doctor and Denise came back.

They walked around to a pâtissier's on the Rue de Vaugirard, opposite the Luxembourg. Of course they paired off; Lancelot giving his arm to the doctor, and Ormizon his to Denise.

On the way, in a low and tender voice, "Isn't it a lovely night, mademoiselle?" he inquired.

"Oh, delicious," she replied, "heavenly!—'La brise est douce et parfumée,'"—humming softly the air from "Mireille."

"I don't know," he went on, with the intonation of one making a broad and important generalization, "I don't know that I have ever seen quite so pleasant an evening before."

"I," she said, reflectively, "I have never seen one that was *more* pleasant."

"There is a peculiar softness in the air."

"Yes; and, while it is warm enough, it is not a bit *too* warm."

"No; the temperature seems to be about right. I hope this fine weather is going to last."

"Oh, I hope so. What a pity if it should rain on Monday!"

"Oh, horrible! Perish the thought!"

"Of course one cannot foresee. The weather is so capricious. It may do so."

"Certainly. Still, we——"

"What are you young folks conspiring about now?" broke in the voice of the doctor, from behind. "You have the appearance of deep and awful mystery. Come; Lancelot and I are dying of curiosity."

Thereupon, for the first time, it occurred to Ormizon that they had been talking about the weather. After all, when we are conversing with our lady-love, it isn't the *matter* of our discourse that counts.

Arrived at the pâtissier's, they installed themselves at a table on the sidewalk, where they could get the full benefit of the fresh, racy odors that came from the gardens across the way. Here they sat, consuming ices, and exchanging pleasantries, till about eleven o'clock. When they started for home, they paired off again. But this time there was some grave mismanagement; for Ormizon discovered that Lancelot and

Denise were walking together in front, while he, with the doctor on his arm, brought up the rear.

"Don't you like Lancelot?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, yes; he's a very nice fellow," he replied, absently.

"So original; isn't he?"

"Yes, very."

"Do you think he's in love with her?"

"With De—with Mademoiselle Personette? Oh, no; I don't think so."

"They'd mate splendidly, though; wouldn't they?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Yes, I think he'd make an excellent husband for her. But of course, he's so poor, it's out of the question. He couldn't support a wife."

"No; I suppose not."

"Well, I dare say she'll live to be an old maid, like me. She'll never marry a Frenchman, anyhow."

"Ah?"

"No. You see, she hasn't any dot."

"Oh!"

"Do you know my private opinion?"

"No: what is it?"

"My private opinion is that you are head over ears in love with her."

"Oh—why—oh, what an idea!"

"Oh, there's no use denying it. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. It's as plain as the nose on your face. Well, I don't wonder. I should be, too, if I were a man. You've got a level head."

"I hope, doctor, that you haven't said anything as absurd as this to Mademoiselle Personette."

"Oh, no; of course I haven't. It's none of my business. And, besides, why should I? It would only worry her."

"Do—do—do you think—I—stand any chance?"

"Ah, then you admit it?"

"No. I don't admit anything. I put the question hypothetically."

"Well, then, if you don't admit it, if you merely put the question hypothetically, I don't believe you stand the least ghost of a chance—not the shadow of a shade of a chance."

"Oh, good Lord! Really? Is—is there somebody else? For mercy's sake, don't trifle with me about this. Tell me the whole truth, right out. I—I can stand it."

"Well, really, I don't see why you should care one way or the other—if you deny the soft impeachment."

"Doctor, I will confess to you, in confidence, since you seem already to have divined it, I will confess to you that I love her with all my heart. I adore her. Now, tell me, have I any chance?"

"In confidence, in absolute secrecy, then, I will tell you——"

"Yes—quick!"

"You promise to make no improper use of the information?"

"Yes, yes. For heaven's sake, go on."

"I will tell you, then, that—I haven't the shadow of an idea."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Oh, you are cruel, to torture a fellow like that!"

"There, there," she said, pressing his arm. "Have patience, have courage. There's nothing absolutely repugnant or hateful about you. I don't see why you shouldn't win her, or any other woman, if you go about it in the right way, and try hard enough. Now, mind you, I don't believe the idea of caring for you has ever entered her head—yet. But I suppose on general principles that her heart is not impregnable. And so I say, be not despondent. I'll tell you one thing, nothing could please me better."

"Thank you, doctor. Then you are my ally?"

"Yes; that is, you have my best wishes."

"Vous voilà, enfin!" cried Denise. "Lancelot and I have waited these five minutes. How slow!"

They had reached the house in the Rue Soufflot.

"Well, good-night, messieurs," said the doctor. "And don't forget: Monday at nine o'clock, at the Gare Mont Parnasse."

"That means," thought Ormizon, "that I am not to call upon them between now and Monday morning."

IX.

Somehow the four intervening days dragged their weary length away, and Monday morning came, warm and clear. Denise and the doctor were already there when Ormizon reached the Gare Mont Parnasse. Ah, the delicious heart-thrill, when she gave him her tiny hand, and lifted her bright brown eyes in welcome upon his face! She wore a jaunty straw hat, that was exceedingly becoming to her; and she carried a dainty little black silk parasol, with a handle of curiously carved ivory.

"Ah, here comes Lancelot," cried the doctor. "I was afraid he was going to be late."

"And do *look* at his collar," added Denise. "I should think it would guillotine him."

Lancelot came striding up, his coat-tails flying behind him. In his hand he held a long oblong wooden box, presumably containing sketching-materials. His throat was encircled by a monstrously high standing collar, the points of which met under his chin; the style of collar that is affected nowadays by young gentlemen of fashion when they put on their evening suits. Its effect was decidedly incongruous with the rest of Lancelot's easy attire, especially on this sultry August morning.

"Well, young folks, here we are," was his greeting. "And now, then, en avance! Marchons! All aboard!"

They found an empty second-class compartment, into which they clambered. Next instant the doors were slammed, the bell was rung, the locomotive shrieked; and they were off. Fifteen minutes later, "Meudon, Meudon!" sang out the guards; and they descended.

"Now," said Lancelot, "I take it I express the sentiment of the majority, when I remark that the first thing in order is to seek some

refreshment for the inner man. I know a restaurant in the forest, about half an hour's walk from here, where one can feast royally. Let's steer for it without delay."

Trusting themselves to Lancelot's guidance, they began their march —under the solemn old trees, over the soft green moss. Half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour, an hour and a half, elapsed; and still they had not reached the restaurant. Lancelot kept assuring them, "We're almost there." They kept complaining of extreme hunger, and threatening to die of starvation in their tracks.

"Aha!" Lancelot suddenly cried, striking a theatrical attitude. "Oh, ye faithless ones! Ye indefatigable naggers! Behold! The haven of our hopes, the goal of our desires!"

Looking in the direction that he indicated, they beheld, embowered among the trees, some fifty yards to the right of the road-way, a small wooden house, scarcely more than a shed or a shanty, upon the weather-beaten façade of which, in giant black letters, was emblazoned the following device:

RESTAURANT DE LA CAROTTE D'OR.

ON DONNE À BOIRE ET À MANGER.

ENGLISCH SPOKEN . . . MAN SPRICHT DEUTSCH.

For the restaurant of the golden carrot they made in frantic haste. Under the trees round about, were scattered a number of rough rustic tables. One of these they speedily surrounded, and began to rap upon it for the waiter.

"I never *was* so hungry in all my life before," proclaimed Dr. Gluck.

"Nor I."
"Nor I." } In chorus from the others.
"Nor I."

"Well, now, we must go in for a breakfast that shall deserve a place in history,—something at once delicate and substantial, varied and abundant. Mr. Ormizon, you do the ordering. Bring your massive intellect and your fervid imagination to bear upon the task, and effect, if possible, a result that shall satisfy the soul as well as the palate."

"I'll try," said Ormizon, modestly. "Ah, here comes the waiter."

An elderly man, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar, came shambling up.

"Bonjour, messieurs, mesdames," he greeted them, with the usual Parisian sing-song.

"Bonjour," returned Ormizon. "The bill of fare, if you please."

"Ah, monsieur, we have no bill of fare. Monsieur may command whatever he desires."

"Well, then, let us see. Voyons un peu. . . . Well, we will begin with a melon; a fine one, mark you; ripe to the point. It must be

as cold as ice, as sweet as honey. It must melt like sugar upon the tongue, and diffuse its exquisite aroma throughout the senses. You understand?"

"Hein, oui, monsieur. Un beau melon, bien mûr. Et puis?"

"Et puis—and then—well, and then a fried sole. Now, bestow great care upon that sole. She must be as fresh as dew upon the mountains, as crisp as the air of early morning. You may dress her with a sauce of mushrooms, and perfume her with the most delicate conceivable whiff of garlic. After the sole, a bifteck—thick, juicy, red, and tender; served with fried potatoes and string-beans. Finally, fruit, cheese, and coffee. Let that coffee be divorced from chicory. Make it as black as night, as bitter as sorrow. And now, as to wine. Well, we'll be moderate in the matter of wine. Bring us a couple of bottles of St. Emilion. There; that's all. But mind: we are excessively difficult, we others, and shall expect great things of you. We want this breakfast to be a unique affair, a chef-d'œuvre."

"Ah, oui, monsieur; have no fear. Our kitchen is known in all the country," replied the old waiter, and shambled off.

"That's a fact," added Lancelot. "They have a great reputation; and I think we may trust them for a first-rate meal."

"It made my mouth water just to hear you name those good things," said the doctor; "especially the sole."

"And mine, too," said Denise; "especially the melon. This is just the sort of morning for a fresh, cool melon."

"And mine, too," said Lancelot; "especially the bifteck. I hope it'll be a big one, and I hope they'll hurry up."

"But why did you omit a salad?" asked the doctor. "I think a salad would be just the thing."

"Oh, to be sure. I forgot it. I'll order one at once. Hello; here's our venerable friend returning now. I say, garçon, I forgot to tell you that we should need a salad, also. A romaine, if you've got one, with a plain dressing and a chapon."

"Hélas, monsieur," the old waiter began, "we are desolated. We offer to messieurs, mesdames, all our excuses. But it appears, monsieur——"

"Yes? Well?"

"It appears that the crowd of yesterday—ah, monsieur, il y avait tant de monde!—that all our provisions have been consumed. You see, monsieur, Sunday is our day. On Monday, above all, we do not attend of the world, and unhappily we are not prepared. Those of yesterday have left, in fact, but two bottles of wine—a good wine of Bordeaux, it is true—one bread, and sixteen eggs. That is all, messieurs, mesdames."

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the consternation which this speech produced among our famished friends.

"Bon dieu!" cried Denise.

"Gracious me!" cried the doctor.

Lancelot spake not; but he turned as white—as white as the redoubtable collar that bound his throat.

Ormizon was the first to recover a little his presence of mind:

"Well, this is really awful, you know; there's no two ways about it. Still, we must bear up under it. We mustn't allow ourselves to be crushed. Grin and bear it; never say die; don't give up the ship, you know; and all that. Maybe it's not so bad as it looks. Perhaps —wait; I'll ask him." Addressing the garçon, "Is there another restaurant anywhere near here?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes, monsieur; a very good one, in the village."

"In the village! None nearer? How long would it take us to reach it?"

"No, monsieur, none nearer. It would require perhaps two hours of walking."

"Two hours!" exclaimed Denise, aghast. Her emotion overcame her. She pronounced it, as French people will, when they are strongly moved, "Two hhours!"

"Oh, that's out of the question. It's not to be thought of," cut in the doctor. "We should never survive the journey."

"Never," concurred Lancelot; "at least, not the six hundred. I don't believe I could drag myself a dozen yards. No; the only thing to do is to put up with what they can give us here. Sixteen eggs—well, that makes four apiece; and they say there's lots of nourishment in eggs. Then the bread and the wine—oh, we shan't actually starve. We'll contrive to keep soul and body together.—Dites donc, garçon: tell your cook to make an omelette of those sixteen eggs—an omelette aux fines herbes, if you have any estragon and ciboule. Serve that with your bread and your wine; and, above all, be quick about it; make haste; for we die of hunger."

They waited in rather a dismal silence till the old man came back with the things; whereupon, immediately, they fell to, and, still in silence,—for they were too seriously hungry to enliven the repast with talk,—consumed omelette and bread, till not a vestige was left of either. Then Lancelot leaned back, and drew a deep breath, and declared, well, he felt somewhat better.

"Tenez," cried Denise. "What is this that he brings?"

The old waiter drew near, bearing an immense bowl of salad.

"While messieurs, mesdames, were occupied with their omelette, I have entered the fields there below, and gathered this quantity of doucette," he explained; "of which we have made a salad. We dare to hope that it may compensate a little to messieurs, mesdames, for the frugality of their breakfast."

Their joy was too deep for utterance. They attacked the doucette vigorously; nor did they rest till the last leaf had disappeared. It was an excellent salad, moreover, with just the right proportion of oil and the proper suggestion of garlic. What with the wine that they had imbibed, they were by this time quite refreshed and cheerful. Their spirits mounted; their tongues loosened.

"After all," reflected the doctor, "we might have gone further and fared worse. For my part, I'm perfectly contented."

"For me," affirmed Denise, "I think it was great fun. It was an experience."

"It was very jolly and romantic," Ormizon said.

"Well, you folks are easily satisfied," observed Lancelot. "But I —I own I'm haunted by the thought of that bifteck—thick, juicy, red, tender—which our friend Ormizon here so eloquently described. It was a great, a noble, an heroic conception. Alas that it should have failed of execution!"

"Why, I declare, here comes the old waiter again!" cried the doctor.

"Oh, let us trust that he has discovered something more to eat," Lancelot ejaculated, with the fervor of prayer.

"Why—why, look—don't you see?—he's got a violin," pursued Dr. Gluck.

"Oh, Lord! That's a fact," groaned Lancelot. "We can't eat a fiddle."

"Perhaps," questioned the old man, "messieurs, mesdames, would like to amuse themselves a little? I can play the waltz, the polka, the galop—what you will. I put myself at the command of messieurs, mesdames."

"Oh, a dance, a dance, by all means," was the unanimous response.

In a twinkling they were whirling in a swift waltz over the mossy earth, while the old man lashed the strings of his instrument till they shrieked for mercy. Ormizon, clasping Denise's waist, and holding her little warm hand in his, blessed from the bottom of his soul the inspiration that had possessed the aged waiter, and determined to reward that functionary with a pourboire that should make his eyes open. Lancelot's coat-tails illustrated the principle of centrifugal force, by standing out horizontally behind him. Round and round the dancers spun until, breathless and exhausted, for sheer fatigue they sank upon the ground. Lancelot panted like a race-horse at the finish; and the perspiration poured in streams from his forehead, down his cheek, and over his tower-like collar; which, however, appeared impervious to the moisture, retaining its pristine gloss and consistency. Suddenly he started up, crying, "By George! As sure as I'm alive, there are poppies growing in that meadow over yonder. Don't you see those points of scarlet? Excuse me for a jiffy." And off he went poppy-hunting.

During his absence, "Did you notice his collar?" Denise inquired, in a low, awed tone.

"Yes; it didn't wilt, or anything. It passes my comprehension," said the doctor.

"Wonderful," admitted Ormizon.

"There's something weird and uncanny about it," Dr. Gluck went on. "Let's make him explain it."

"Yes; it's like sorcery," added Denise. "Ça vous fait peur."

"Here he comes back. Now, Mr. Ormizon, we appoint you a committee to probe this mystery to its bottom. I shan't be easy till we have discovered the solution of it."

Lancelot returned, the richer for a good-sized bunch of poppies, which he divided between the ladies. Denise fastened one of the flame-red flowers in her hair, behind her ear, where it produced an effect very Spanish, picturesque, and charming.

"Lancelot," Ormizon began, solemnly, "I have been commissioned by these gentle but inquisitive friends of ours to request of you certain

information. From the moment of your advent among us this morning, we have been tremendously impressed by your collar. Its lustre, its altitude, the grace and the dignity of its architecture, have not, I assure you, been lost upon us; nor have the consummate ease and thoroughbred insouciance with which you have supported it. The emotions that it inspired, however, deepened into astonishment, not unmixed with fear, when we beheld how stanchly it withstood the consequences of your waltzing. Now, with all due respect, we are anxious to learn what the secret of it is: its history, its chemistry, all about it."

"Why, certainly," replied Lancelot. "Happy to accommodate you, I'm sure. This collar is what I call my dude collar. I got it to wear when I went into society. I'm glad you folks have appreciated it. The secret of it? Why, children, you're years behind the times. This collar is made of what the French call linge américain—in simple English, celluloid."

Whereupon they had a good laugh all around.

"Well, come; don't let's stay here forever," the doctor said. "Let's go for a ramble now in the forest."

They rambled about the forest till late that afternoon. Whenever they stopped to rest, Lancelot got out his paints, and improved the opportunity to make a sketch; while they grouped themselves behind him, and watched the progress of his brush, or gave him the benefit of their intelligent comments and suggestions. "I'd deepen that shadow a little, if I were you, Lancelot"—"A little more yellow in that sunshine"—"Yes, he's caught that cloud-effect very well"—"Not quite enough warmth in his middle distance, though,"—etc., etc. For a long time Lancelot stood it like a Spartan. At last, however, the strain became too great for flesh and blood. He started up, and, with a low bow, offered his palette and his brushes to Ormizon, saying, "I tell you what. You just go ahead and finish it, will you? There's a good fellow. And show us how it *should* be." After that they let the poor painter hammer out his own salvation, unassisted. There was no pairing off to-day, alas! though Ormizon kept picturing to himself the felicity that would be his, if he and Denise could but wander off alone together, down one of those stately, grass-grown avenues, under the great trees, away, away, into the pearly haze at the horizon. It seemed to him there could be no spot on earth more appropriate to love-making than this fine old forest of Meudon; and yet—and yet, there were the doctor and Lancelot so close at their heels that he and Denise couldn't so much as say yes or no to each other without being overheard. Nevertheless, to saunter at her side, to carry her parasol, to listen to her laughter, to gaze into the starry depths of her eyes—that was something; that was not to be despised. "Oh, how beautiful she looks," he thought, "so poetic and interesting, with that scarlet poppy behind her ear, and the landscape for a background! If I had only plucked it, and given it to her, instead of Lancelot! By Jove, if—if I had never cared for her before, I should fall in love with her to-day." It may be asserted generally that in the country, as in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of a sentimental nature. There is something about the quiet, the solitude,

the sweet air, the green grass, the shadowy nooks, the sunlit pathways, the birds, the wild flowers, the whispering breezes, the babbling brooks, etc., etc., that exerts a wonderfully stimulating influence upon all the amorous fibres in a young person's bosom.

They took the five-o'clock train for Paris,—having, in consequence of the emptiness of the larder at the Carotte d'Or, to forego the dinner al fresco that they had looked forward to. Arrived in town, they made straight for an Etablissement Duval; and there, I promise you, they commanded such a banquet as more than satisfied even the insatiable Lancelot. Ormizon has repeated the menu to me: consommé, filet de sole, ris de veau aux petits pois, rosbif aux champignons, haricots verts, artichauts à l'huile, framboises et fromage de crême, abricots, café, cognac. 'Twas well they had healthy appetites and good digestions. Their conversation, as they sat around the table, turned upon Dr. Gluck's hobbies, psychical research and spiritualism. She told in a graphic and rather blood-curdling style of many of her own experiences; how she had seen chairs walk unaided about a room, how she had shaken hands and held creepy consultations with materialized visitants from the other world, and so on; and succeeded in working up the interest of her auditors to a high degree. In the end she proposed that they should all spend the evening in the Rue Soufflot and try their luck at table-turning; a proposition to which they readily assented.

Acting under the doctor's generalship, they cleared off the books and things upon the centre-table in the salon; and then they sat down around it, resting their finger-tips lightly upon the top near the edge. It was an unsubstantial table of wood, perhaps three feet square, and weighing not more than five pounds at the utmost.

"Now," said the doctor, "we must all touch hands. This way. See? Stretch out your little fingers, and touch those of your neighbors both to right and left, so as to form a circle."

Ormizon liked this. It was very pleasant to keep his little finger in constant contact with Denise's.

The room was lighted by a single candle. The doctor explained that the spirits wouldn't come if there was a bright light.

"May we talk?" Lancelot asked.

"No; I guess we'd better not," replied the doctor. "Music is generally regarded as a favorable condition. But talk would be likely to keep them away."

Lancelot began to whistle. "We won't go home till morning," was the tune he selected.

"Oh! Please! You don't call that music, do you?" cried the doctor.

He cut the melody short; and they remained in silence for some ten or fifteen minutes. The table had thus far shown no disposition to cast off its inertia. But stay—suddenly—what was this?

A distinct vibration was perceptible in it. It trembled. It shook. It swayed energetically from side to side. Then it stopped, and was quiet again.

"Oh! Oh-h-h!" murmured Denise, scarcely louder than a whisper. "I am so afraid!"

"Sh-sh! There's nothing to be afraid of," whispered the doctor. "This is splendid."

Neither of the young men made any sign.

The table now remained motionless for it may have been a minute; at the end of which period it began, very slowly, to tip upward in the direction of Ormizon, and downward in the direction of Lancelot, who was facing him. It kept its balance in this position for a few seconds, when it slowly returned to its natural place.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Lancelot.

"You know," said the doctor, "three raps mean yes; two raps mean no. Now I'm going to ask . . . Is—there—a—spirit—present?" she demanded, making each syllable very loud and clear, and pausing after each word.

Slowly the table tipped upward, and descended with a rap upon the floor, three times: yes!

"Oh, do not, do not let us go on," pleaded Denise. "This is horrible."

"Hush—*hush!*" the doctor implored her. "They'll go away if you talk like that. Now I'm going to ask its name. You know, I will repeat the alphabet; and when the right letter is reached the table will rap. Then some one must write that letter down; and I'll begin the alphabet again, and it will rap at the second letter; and so on to the end. This is a pretty slow process, but it's about the only practical one I know of.—Now, who's got a pencil? Ah, thank you, Lancelot. All right. There; now I'll repeat the alphabet; and you, Mr. Ormizon, you write down the letters. . . . Will—you—spell—out—your—name?" —addressing the spirit.

Three raps.

"Very well. . . . A—b—c—d—e—" She continued as far as T, at which point the table rapped. Ormizon wrote T upon his paper; and the doctor began anew, "A—b—c—" etc., till O was reached, when again the table rapped, and again she started, "A—b—c—"

It *was* a slow process. So much time elapsed between each letter and its successor that nobody remembered those that had gone before. By and by, after having bumped the floor at D, the table rapped thrice —which, the doctor said, meant that the spelling was concluded.

"Well, what is its name?" they all queried eagerly of Ormizon.

He handed the paper to Dr. Gluck.

"Well," she said, with great solemnity, "the letters are all written out in a line, without being divided. Let me see. T—O—M—M—Y —T—O—D—D—Tom—Tommy—Tommy Todd."

Lancelot burst into a wild guffaw. Ormizon followed his example. Denise laughed, too; but her laughter was nervous, her amusement evidently being tempered by fear.

The doctor alone preserved her gravity. "What are you laughing at?" she inquired.

"Tommy Todd!" shrieked Lancelot. "Tommy Todd!" And his laughter shook him from head to foot.

"It *is* an odd name—for a spirit," the doctor admitted. "They often do have very odd names indeed. But you mustn't laugh that way.

He'll take offence, and go off. Come! Be serious. I want to see whether we can get a communication."

Lancelot controlled his mirth.

The doctor asked, "Have—you—a—communication—for—any—person—here?"

Three raps.

"For whom? . . . Now write, Mr. Ormizon. . . . A—b—c—"

After the doctor had repeated pretty nearly the entire alphabet three times running, the monosyllable "you" was found written upon Ormizon's paper.

"Me?" she queried.

The table rapped in the affirmative.

"Oh, isn't this exciting!" she cried, all aglow with expectancy and pleasure. "Isn't this splendid!"

For the next five or ten minutes she was kept busy saying her a-b-c's. In the end the communication proved to be,—

"You needn't holler so at me. I ain't deef."

Lancelot had another convulsion.

The doctor's physiognomy expressed her sorrow, her disappointment. Making the best of it, however, she demanded, in a subdued voice, "Is—that—all?"

"No," the table answered, rapping twice.

"All right. . . . A—b—c—"

This communication was a lengthy one. But by and by, after an eternity of spelling, it was complete:

"Wall, I vum! You say your letters fuss-rate. Where ju learn um? I am a weird, clammy, cross-eyed crittur. Ugh! E pluribus unum. Three cheers for Mary, three for the lamb. I am thy father's ghost. Hooray!"

The punctuation was the result of a joint effort on the part of the doctor and Ormizon.

"Oh, pshaw!" sighed the doctor. "How provoking!"

"Oh, what nonsense!" cried Denise. "Some one is cheating. It is—I am sure it is Mr. Ormizon."

"No; on my word of honor," protested Ormizon, "I am as innocent as you are yourself."

"Oh, no; nobody is cheating," said the doctor. "They often do send these absurd messages. It is supposed to be due to some imperfection in the conditions. . . . Well—is—that—all?"

"Tap—tap—tap," replied the table.

"Have—you—a—communication—for—any—other—person—here?"

"Tap—tap—tap."

"For—whom? A—b—c—"

The result was: "Denise."

"Oh, no!" Denise exclaimed, starting up. "I do not wish to receive any communication. No; this is too horrible. Please—I beg of you—let us stop it. I know I shall not be able to sleep a wink all night, if we go on. Please, Isabel, let us stop at once. It is so—*oh-h!*"

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed the doctor. "What a pity! Just when we are getting started so splendidly, to have to discontinue! We may never have such a chance again. However, since it frightens Denise, we must not go on. Dear, dear!"

So they left the table.

The doctor began to discuss what had happened in a very learned and scientific style. The others listened gravely enough, till all at once, "Tommy Todd!" cried Lancelot, slapping his leg, and had a more frantic attack of laughter than before. Ormizon and Denise joined him. At this, Dr. Gluck became indignant. "Well, really," she declared, with great asperity, "I must say I think you are all very frivolous and absurd."

When the young men were starting to take their leave, "Well," began Lancelot, "I hate to dissipate your fond illusions, doctor, but I feel that it is only fair for me to confess that I did it."

"Did it? Did what?" questioned the doctor.

"Why, tipped the table. I, alone and unassisted, with my own right hand, performed those prodigious feats which an ill-advised modesty induced me to attribute to Thomas Todd."

"What! Oh, you—you—!" cried the doctor, choking with anger. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I—I'll never forgive you—*never!*"

"Oh, thank you for owning up, Lancelot. I am so glad, so relieved," said Denise.

"Honestly, it was awfully mean of you," went on the doctor. "Such monkey-shines! It proves that you have no serious interest in science. Well, good-night."

X.

Ormizon, as we know, was to sail for New York on the 26th of September. He had engaged his passage for that date aboard the steamship *La Touraine*, from Havre. He had done this, it seemed to him, a million years ago, in a dimly-remembered era of obscurity and chaos, when the world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. He had done it before the flood; under the old régime; in his grub period; ere his soul had burst from its chrysalis and spread its wings. He had done it, that is to say, before he had made the acquaintance of Denise Personette.

But done, nevertheless, it was. The fact remained, like a monument of antiquity that had survived change, conquest, revolution. There in his pocket-book, tangible and legible, lay his ticket, a vestige of his former life, a legacy from his dead self; not by any means a welcome or pleasing one.

His first blind impulse was to revoke and cancel the whole business; not merely to put off his departure, but to abandon the notion of departing altogether, and abide forever where he was—in Paris, with, or at least near, Denise. But of course a very little sober reflection sufficed to make the wildness and infeasibility of this scheme patent to him. Then he turned back, and began seriously to meditate prolonging his furlough, deferring the day of his farewell. Needless

that we should follow the debate he thereupon held within himself. His desire cried, "Ay!" His reason argued, "Nay."

"What's the use? As long as I've got to go sooner or later, what good can come of procrastination? The wrench of parting will be all the harder the longer I delay it. And then—besides—my mother. She expects me home; is eager for my return. I owe it to her not to disappoint her. I owe her that much consideration. Add to which—add to which, that if I want her to respect my wishes in this little matter concerning Fanny, it would be most impolitic to start by offending her and getting her into a bad humor. Oh, Lord, yes; I suppose I shall have to stick to the 26th."

After a good deal of vacillation,—for it was constitutional with him to vacillate,—he went over one day to the office of the ship's company, in Rue Scribe, to inquire tentatively what arrangements he might be able to make for a later sailing, should he find himself so disposed. He learned that no berth was to be had earlier than the second Saturday in November.

"Ze rosh of autumn," explained the urbane, English-speaking clerk. "All ze worl' go home. Gran' crowd. No room, unless you take officer's, w'ich cos' you hun'red, hun'red fifty, dollar extra."

That decided him. He could not think of waiting till the middle of November. His mother would be broken-hearted if he failed her at Thanksgiving. He could not afford to pay a hundred dollars extra. Will he, nill he, now he must "stick to the 26th."

"All right," he soliloquized, resigning himself to destiny. "So be it. If—if Denise gives me any encouragement—if she accepts me! —I'll go home, arrange my affairs, pacify my mother, find, if possible, a publisher for my novel, and then—and then come back and marry her! But if—if she gives me the mitten—if I see that there's no hope for me—if worse comes to worst—why, then I'll go home and stay, and—oh, and support the misery of existence the best way I can. One thing, though, I won't do, whatever happens. I won't marry Fanny."

From which time forth he endeavored constantly to exile the dread day from his thoughts; to prevent his mind from dwelling upon it; to close his eyes, and, ostrich-like, ignore how steadily, how relentlessly, it was approaching.

All the while, naturally, he kept asking himself, "Does she care for me? Is she so much as in a fair way to care for me? Is there the least likelihood that she ever will care for me?"—"Care for me," be it observed; not "love me." Very seldom, even in his own secret pondering of this question, did he use the word love. He dared not. That word was too sacred, too awful. It called up a too vivid and dazzling vision of the thing itself. His feeling about this was not unlike that of the pious Jew, who cannot be induced to write or speak the name of God, Jehovah, but substitutes for it a different set of sounds and letters, Adonai.—"Does she care for me? Will she ever care for me?" —Alas, he never could get hold of anything like a final, permanent conclusion. Now, a trifle light as air, a word, a look, a gesture, a mere inflection of the voice, would set him afire with hope, and send him home, intoxicated, beside himself for joy, to lie awake all night,

nursing the precious memory of the thing in his bosom, and feasting his imagination upon its corollaries. Anon, another word, look, gesture, what not, would plunge him into the darkest pit of despondency and dejection, and afflict his heart with the sickness of hope deferred. A thousand times he resolved to set his spirit at rest by speaking to her. A thousand times he changed his mind, saying, "No, not just yet. Wait a little longer." Again and again, of course, he had rehearsed in fancy the scene that would take place between them: what he would say, and how he would say it; what she would say, and how she would say it; and all the rest. But he dared not put his fortune to the touch. The chance of rejection was too appalling. "No, no; not yet. I must give her time to become a little better acquainted with me." Besides, would it be quite the thing for him to declare his passion to her, until he had received from his mother an answer to his letter of August 12th? Until his mother's answer should arrive, he must consider himself in a certain sense betrothed to another woman. This consideration, however, was a secondary and incidental one, and had very little real weight with him, as events presently proved.

The days and the weeks slipped away with breath-taking speed. Suddenly, lo! it was September 24th, and to-morrow night he must leave Paris for Havre; and still—ill omen!—the expected letter from his mother had not come; and still he was in doubt about his fate.

"Well, I can't wait any longer," he said. "I've been a fool to wait so long. To-night I'll call upon her, and get the doctor to leave us alone together; and—and then——"

Ah, how his heart bounded at the prospect!

That afternoon he walked in the Luxembourg Gardens. The sunset had faded, and it had grown almost dark, before he left them. He emerged by a gate that led into Rue de Vaugirard. He had just entered that thoroughfare, and was sauntering slowly in the direction of the Boulevard St.-Michel, when, from behind, a pedestrian, whose gait was faster than his own, overtook and passed him. What was his surprise, his delight, to recognize in this personage—as he did, at once—none other than Denise! She was hurrying along as rapidly as her tiny footsteps could bear her.

A few swift strides brought him nearly abreast of her.

"Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle Denise!" he called.

Hearing this voice, quite unexpectedly, so close to her ear, and before she had seen the speaker, frightened her thoroughly. She started, shrank away toward the curbstone, gave a little cry, and then stood motionless, as though uncertain whether to fly or to stand her ground.

He understood in an instant how careless he had been. He could have flogged himself. His emotions overwhelmed him, defied restraint, rushed to his lips, and were uttered before he knew it:

"Why—Denise—don't—don't you know me? Oh, did I frighten you? Oh, forgive me—forgive me, Denise—my—my little girl."

She looked up at him, face blanched, eyes big with fear.

"Oh, it is you!" she cried, with a great sigh of relief; and impulsively she put out her hand, and caught his arm.

He could feel her tremble.

"Oh—you—startled me so," she said, in a weak voice.

"I was a brute. I ought to have thought. I might have known that coming up behind you, suddenly, in that way—I might have known that it would frighten you. But I was so surprised, so glad, to see you, I never thought of anything except to overtake you. But there—there,"—soothingly,—"don't feel badly any more. Why, you are trembling from head to foot. Oh, and it was I—it was I who made you."

"I suppose I am very silly. I ought to have known your voice. But it was so sudden," she explained; and at the recollection a new tremor swept over her, and her grasp upon his arm tightened.

"But you are still trembling," he protested. "You—you are not afraid of me any more?"

She looked up at him again, with great, wondering, reproachful eyes. "Afraid of *you!*" she cried. And in the intonation of those three words he read all that he longed to know. "Afraid of *you!*" Such scorn of the idea, such astonishment that he could have entertained it, such complete, unquestioning trustfulness, as the tone indicated, could have been inspired by no other sentiment than the love he wished for.

The violent beating of his heart, the whirl of his senses, made it impossible for him to speak. They were standing in the open street: it would not do for him to obey his impulse and fold her in his arms. He covered her hand with his, and pressed it, while he strove to master his agitation.

"Why," she said, softly, "you—it is *you* who are trembling now."

"Yes. . . . I can't help it. . . . I love you so, Denise."

He felt her fingers close upon his arm.

"Denise——"

"Yes?"

"Do—do you—care anything—for me?"

Silence.

"Denise—won't you—tell me?"

"Oh, how—oh, why do you make me say it? You must know I do."

Presently, after some further speech between them, which, though to themselves of vital interest and importance, would most likely pall upon the reader,—so obvious, so sentimental, so tautological, it was,—presently he vouchsafed the information that he had loved her from the very beginning of their acquaintance; that he had become enamoured of her at first sight.

Why, then, she wondered, had he waited so long about telling her so?

He explained that the fear of rejection had tied his tongue.

And if—if it hadn't been for this accidental encounter in the street, he would have gone away from Paris, back to New York—he would have left her in that way, without letting her know at all? Oh!

"No, no, Denise. I was going to call upon you this evening, and ask the doctor to leave us alone together; and then—and then——!"

More sentiment; more tautology.

"Oh, but—oh, to think—to think that you have got to go—so soon—to—to-morrow night—and be—be gone all winter!" Her voice broke into a sob.

"There, there, my——" A perfect flood of sentiment and tautology.

At the door of her house they parted, he promising to return after dinner and spend the evening.

Climbing up the staircase of the Hôtel de l'Univers, toward his own room, he heard the voice of his landlady calling after him: "Monsieur! Monsieur Ormizon!"

"Yes?" he queried, halting.

"Des lettres—des lettres pour vous, monsieur."

The landlady ran up to meet him, and put a large batch of American letters into his hand.

One of these letters was addressed to him in the penmanship of his mother!

XI.

At sight of his mother's handwriting, all at once, the great joy in Stephen Ormizon's heart went out; expired in a sudden spasm, like a flame upon which cold water has been poured. It was supplanted by dread and foreboding. His hands became stone-cold, and gave off a scant clammy moisture. He could feel a small spot of fire begin to burn in either cheek. He could count the pulsations of the arteries in his temples. A lump gathered in his throat. In his breast there was a heavy, chilling weight, like a ball of ice.

He mounted with leaden footsteps the remainder of the staircase, and entered his room, carrying the letter. He had to struggle hard before he could muster the courage to open it.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked himself. "Can words hurt you? Likely enough she says exactly what you want her to. And even if she doesn't? what of it? Aren't you big enough to stand a scolding? Come, come!"

That was all very well, very right and sensible. Nevertheless, it was with a quaking heart that at last he tore off the envelope, and, by the flickering light of his candle, proceeded to read:

"NEW YORK, September 12, 1885.

"DEAR STEPHEN,—Rather more than a fortnight ago I received a letter, bearing the Paris postmark, and signed with your name, which, if it had not been written in your unmistakable hand, I could never have brought myself to believe came from a child of mine. That my son, my own flesh and blood, whom I endeavored conscientiously to train up in the way he should go, and to imbue with the same high principles by which I have always guided my own life,—that he can be so steeped in selfishness, so utterly lost to all sense of honor and

decency, so indifferent to his pledges and to his duty, so false, so callous, so unchristian, as the writer of this letter proves himself to be, is almost incredible to me. I have always recognized with sorrow that you had many faults and weaknesses; that you were dangerously fond of the pleasures of the world, and sadly lacking in strength and decision of character. But this I attributed to your youth. I had never suspected that you were a monster of ingratitude, a coward, a poltroon. With what a shock the revelation of your baseness comes to me, I leave you to imagine. I shudder when I think of the punishment that must some time overtake you; for it is not within the bounds of Divine justice that such conduct should go forever unpunished. I trust and pray that you may be led to a timely repentance.

"For a while I hesitated about showing your letter to Fanny. I was ashamed to let her, or indeed any one else, see to what depths my own son could stoop; and I hated also to destroy her illusions concerning you, and her respect and affection for you. But eventually I concluded that I really ought to do so, that she was entitled to know everything that related to her betrothed husband. So, having tried to prepare her for its contents, I gave her your letter to read. She took it and read it; and then, much to *my* surprise, she did not manifest any surprise at all. She confessed to me that she had always been afraid you were very worldly and depraved, and capable, if not guilty, of almost any wickedness; and that this letter simply confirmed her fears. Just think of that! She said she had concealed her opinion from me, through consideration for my feelings, and reluctance to occasion me such anguish as she knew I must suffer now. Those were her exact words. Imagine my mortification at hearing my child spoken of in such terms by that angel, and being unable to defend him! She went on to say that, so far as she personally was concerned, she freely forgave both your behavior toward her and the insulting expressions you made use of about her, but that she never would or could forgive your outrageous conduct toward your mother. It would be her earnest prayer that your proud heart might be humbled and chastened, and your eyes opened to the folly and the sinfulness of your ways. She pointed out that the saddest aspect of your letter was its hypocrisy—your endeavor to disguise your selfishness and faithlessness under the cloak of virtue. You actually have the presumption to preach a sermon to your mother. All your talk about right and duty and religion would make me smile, if it were less impious and blasphemous.

"I have waited till now to answer your letter, so that my grief and my indignation might abate sufficiently for me to write calmly and without heat. Now, after much thought, and after having taken the advice of Fanny, and of the Rev. Mr. Wilcox (who, though a young man, is as wise as he is good), our new pastor, this is what I have to say:

"Of course, being over the age of twenty-one years, you are a free agent, and are at liberty to do in every respect whatever pleases you, without consulting your mother. You are at liberty to commit the worst crimes, and to practise the lowest vices; and I have no power to restrain

you. So, of course, you are at liberty to break the solemn promises you made to me, and to ignore your duty toward Fanny, and to marry this Frenchwoman with whom you seem to have become so infatuated; and I can do nothing to prevent you. But if you see fit to take this course, I may tell you frankly, once for all,—and you know that, unlike my son, I am not a person to break my word,—I may tell you once for all that so long as I live I will never consent to see you, or to speak to you, or to have anything to do with you, again. If you can stoop to such disgraceful conduct, I shall never more acknowledge you as a child of mine. You had better understand this clearly. To employ your own language, you would only be uselessly deceiving yourself to doubt it Unless, immediately upon the receipt of this letter, you come home, and crave Fanny's and my forgiveness upon your bended knees, and at once make her your wife, you need never hope to be recognized as my son again. Therefore it is for you to choose between your Frenchwoman and your mother. I will not tolerate any dilly-dallying, any discussion. I have spoken my last word; and you know me well enough to be aware that I always mean exactly what I say.

"Now, furthermore. You will remember that in his will your father left me all his property absolutely, in fee simple. Of course it was his intention, and until now it has been mine as well, that upon my death that property should pass on to you. But your father made no such condition in his will, and I am informed by my lawyer that I have full power to dispose of every penny precisely as I desire. Well, then, if you decide to marry your Frenchwoman, I will, besides immediately cutting off your allowance, cause my will to be altered in such a way that upon my death you will not receive a single dollar, but every cent will go to my beloved niece, Fanny Clark. I am sure, if your father were alive, he would approve of this course. You may calculate from this how much money you and your French wife will have to live on. Foolishly, little foreseeing the sort of treatment I was to receive at your hands, I made you a present, when you came of age, of the sum of ten thousand dollars in government bonds. My lawyer informs me that I cannot compel you to return that sum. If you were a man of honor, you would return it without being compelled. But by marrying your Mademoiselle you will prove that you are in no sense a man of honor; and so I shall not expect that restitution from you. Well, ten thousand dollars in government bonds will yield you an annual income of about four hundred dollars. I should like to know how you and your wife will manage to get along on that; you, who are accustomed to every luxury, and who for the past five years have never spent less than twenty-five hundred dollars a year. How much do you suppose you would be able to earn? Not much by your literature, I suspect. You have no profession. And with neither a profession nor a large capital, what could you do? Well, you might obtain a clerkship at ten dollars a week, or you might get a position as conductor on a horse-car, or something like that. Imagine the pride and the pleasure your mother would take in seeing her son engaged in such a dignified and distinguished occupation!

"Now, that is all I have to say. If you come home, and confess

your repentance, and agree to marry Fanny right away, we will forgive you everything. We will ascribe your past conduct to the fascination which that Frenchwoman exerted over you. We will forgive and forget it. But if you persist in your own vicious desires, you know from the above what to expect.

"Your mother,
"EUNICE C. ORMIZON."

"P.S.—Oh, Stephen, Stephen, don't break your old mother's heart. Come home to me, my dearest son, and make me happy by marrying Fanny. Remember, you promised me you would. Don't you consider a promise sacred? Come home; and we will never refer to this unfortunate affair again. Fanny is such a lovely, angelic girl—how can you think of anybody else? She will welcome you with open arms, and give you full pardon. Telegraph me that you will do as I wish. I am so unhappy, thinking that this one deepest wish of my heart, which I have cherished for so many years, is to be disappointed. Telegraph me, and then sail, as you intended, on the 26th. You should arrive not later than the 5th or 6th of October. Then we can have the wedding at once—say, on the 17th, which is Fanny's birthday.—Recollect, if you disobey me in this matter, I shall stick to every word that I have written above.—E. C. O."

Abuse, threats, entreaties!

Stephen Ormizon read this letter through, standing up. Then he allowed it to drop from his grasp and flutter to the floor. "Just what I might have expected!" he groaned, through clinched teeth, and, sinking upon a chair, covered his face with his hands, sore, angry, sick at heart. How insulting it was! How unjust, how unreasonable! How hard and—yes, and vulgar! Just what he might have expected, he had said; and yet he had not expected anything of the kind. The coarse vituperation of it surprised as much as it hurt him. He was a coward, a poltroon, a monster of ingratitude, etc., etc. True, it had always been this way. In every difference that he had ever had with his mother, she had exhibited a masterly aptitude for calling names; and he had heard a good many times before that he was this, that, and the other dreadful thing. Yet now, notwithstanding, he was completely staggered and taken aback, as by a blow in the face. If he had been lashed with a whip, he could not have suffered a keener or more furious sense of outrage. His set jaws, his scowling brows, his rigid limbs, his quivering nostrils, his swift breathing, told more plainly than his tongue could have done, of how that letter had made him smart.

He sat still for a while, grinding his teeth together with such force it was a wonder he did not break them; drumming with the sole of his boot upon the floor; overwhelmed by his pain and his indignation. Now and then his feelings would seek to vent themselves, and find relief, in a good strong Saxon oath, muttered half aloud. At length he jumped up and began pacing back and forth through his room.

What should he do about it? What action had he best take?

His first thought was the simplest, the most obvious one. Do about it? Why, marry Denise. Marry her just as soon as circumstances would allow—immediately—to-morrow, if that were possible. Marry her; and then let his mother do her worst. Let her disown him, cut off his allowance, bequeath every shilling of his property to Fanny—what she would. He could stand it, if she could, he guessed. He would have Denise! And so long as he had her, he could snap his fingers at the universe. About the wherewithal, he need not be disturbed. He had enough. Ten thousand dollars in government bonds—that certainly would keep him until he had established himself as an author and was earning a regular and ample income with his pen,—which he did not doubt his ultimate ability to do. Return the money? Return the ten thousand dollars in government bonds? Faugh! Wasn't his mother virtually robbing him of his own already, by taking advantage of an oversight in the wording of his father's will, a mere lawyer's quibble, and giving the fortune which his father had earned, and which had been intended for his enjoyment, to her niece Fanny—whom, by the by, his father had always cordially disliked? Why, it—it was enough to make his father turn in his grave. In the white heat of his anger, he even looked so far ahead as his mother's demise, and determined to contest her will, and to defeat the sanctimonious young legatee, in spite of all. Such injustice! Such downright thievery! It wasn't the money that he cared about. It was the principle of the thing. How he would enjoy seeing Fanny baffled and defeated! Ha! ha! ha! He laughed wildly at the idea. Yes, he would throw up the passage he had engaged aboard *La Touraine*, stay where he was, and marry Denise at the earliest feasible date. He would go and see the United States Consul to-morrow morning, to arrange about it.

That there remained, in spite of all, a question of respect and duty toward his mother, did not once enter his head. He had no doubt that his mother would keep her word and make good every threat that she had uttered. But, in his great passion and exasperation, this seemed a very trifling and unimportant matter.

By and by, however, one aspect of the problem occurred to him, which he had not thought of before, and which, he could not deny, certainly did merit some consideration. Denise—what would Denise say, what would she do, if she were aware of his mother's opposition? Would she be willing to become his wife, in the face of it?

This query struck terror to his soul; for, in spite of his desire to the contrary, he could not but feel confident that the right answer was No. Denise would never consent wittingly to step between a mother and her son. She would say, "I love you, yes. But we must not marry. We have no right to purchase our happiness at the price of your mother's sorrow. There is nothing for us to do but to wait until she will give us her permission." Such an attitude, in his opinion, would be entirely unreasonable and indefensible; a quixotism of the worst kind. But he could not override the conviction that it was exactly the attitude which Denise—which, for that matter, almost any fine-grained, sensitive woman—would, under the circumstances, assume.

Women, in affairs of this nature, are so unthinking, so hopelessly the creatures of their impulses and sentiments.

"Yes! If I let her know, it will be all up with me. She'll send me about my business."

Out of the slough of despond into which this conclusion cast him, he could discern but one means of egress: to keep the fact of his mother's opposition a secret from his sweetheart until after their wedding ceremony had been performed.

But instantly, of course, against the practice of any such deceit, his manlier instincts rose in revolt.

To induce Denise to become his wife, without first apprising her of a state of things which, if she suspected it, would determine her to give him up, would be to obtain her under false pretences, by the employment of trick and device. It would be unfair and dishonorable in the extremest sense. Besides, inevitably, a day of reckoning would come. He could not expect to conceal it from her forever. After they were married, she would be sure, by its very nature, to find it out. And then—would she not hold him guilty of irreparable and unpardonable wrong toward her, and visit him with her scorn and her displeasure? Anyhow, it was her right to know it. It was her right to possess full knowledge of every circumstance that bore in any degree upon this question of their marriage. He must not let the woman he loved undertake blindfold so grave an obligation. No; there was but a single line of conduct open to him. He must lay a complete statement of the case before her; and then he must bow to her decision.

"And that means that my doom is as good as sealed. Of course her decision will be against me."

And now—"Heaven help me! How shall I break it to her? How shall I let her know? She—she'll be expecting me before a great while now. And have I—have I got to go around there and tell her this? It will break her heart. She loves me. She said she loved me. And she is so happy. And now—oh, God, no, no! Go around there, and turn all her happiness into pain? No, I can't do it. I can't do it. Why, it would be the same as if I were to go around there, and —and knock her down. You can't expect me to do that. If this letter had only come a few hours earlier—before I spoke to her! Then I should not have spoken. But now—after I have told her how I love her—after I have wrung from her a confession of her love for me, and asked her to be my wife, and made her say yes—now—to have to go and tell her this—! Oh, it's too much! Oh, Denise, my little girl! How can I do it? How——"

He was interrupted by a loud rapping at his door.

For an instant—to such a pitch of nervous excitement had he wrought himself—this commonplace and not unusual noise startled and almost terrified him. He came to an abrupt stand-still, and caught his breath. Then, recovering his presence of mind, "Entrez," he called out.

The door opened.

"Hello, Ormizon. It's me—Palmer. Thought I'd come around to bid you good-by. You leave to-morrow, don't you?"

"Oh, how do you do? I'm glad to see you. Come in. Sit down."

"Why—why, what's the matter with you? You look sort of flustered. Anything gone askew? Maybe my visit is ill-timed. If I'm de trop, speak right up, and I'll take myself off."

"Oh, no, not at all; on the contrary. You're very welcome. It was very kind of you to come. I should have been sorry to go away without shaking hands with you. Here; take this chair; do."

"Thanks. Since you urge me, I will. But I say, old boy, you can't fool me. Something's up. That's as clear as daylight. You look—you look as though you'd got a challenge to fight a duel. If you need a second, I'm your man. Come; unburden your sorrowing soul. Tell me the story of your woes. Perhaps I can be of assistance to you. Pour thy griefs into my sympathetic ear." Palmer put his hand up to his ear, after the manner of deaf people.

Ormizon laughed. Then, gravely, "By Jove, Palmer, I don't know but I will," he said. "You're a man of good common sense. You may be able to advise me. I'm in the very devil of a fix. I—I'm the most miserable fellow on the surface of the earth."

"Advise you? Why, you've hit upon my very forte. In point of worldly wealth I'm as poor as Job's turkey; but in point of good advice I'm as rich as Crœsus and as generous as Peter Cooper. Come; out with it. What's the row?"

"Well, Palmer, it's this. You know Mademoiselle Denise—Mademoiselle Personette?"

"I am honored with her acquaintance—yes. Well?"

"Well, I—I'm—as you'd say, I suppose—I'm head over ears in love with her."

"Ah? So? The frank confession does you proud. But is that all? For, to tell you the truth, that's no news to me."

"It isn't? You'd guessed it? Well, I suppose it was pretty evident. But—no, that isn't all. This afternoon I—I proposed to her—asked her to be my wife."

"Ah, I see. Popped the question, and got the mitten. Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"No. She accepted me."

"What! She did! You lucky dog! Well, I swan! Well, really, I don't see why *that* should make you feel so bad."

"No; but just hold on. After I left her, and came home, I found here, waiting for me, a letter from my mother, which said—which said that in case I married Mademoiselle Personette she—she'd stop my allowance, cut me out of her will, and—and never recognize me or have anything to do with me again."

"Oh! So that's the racket. . . . Still—well—but—but if you're really very much in love with her, I shouldn't think you'd let that stop you."

"I should say not. I'm not such a—such a sneak as that. No, indeed. So far as I'm concerned, that would have no more influence over me than the blowing of the breeze. But the point is—the question is—what will she—what will Denise say, when she finds it out?

When she finds out that my mother is opposed to our marrying, she —she won't look at me—she'll give me the right-about-face in no time. Don't you see?"

"Whew! By George! there's something in that. I guess you're right. Yes, I guess you are. She—she's got such a—such a fine sense of what's proper and correct. Yes, sir, I guess you're about right. But—but you speak of her finding it out. How is she going to find it out? I don't see."

"Why, from me, of course. Of course I shall tell her."

"You will? You'll tell her? Why, what in thunder—what under the sun—do you want to tell her for?"

"Why, how can I help it? It wouldn't be honest or honorable for me to keep it from her. For me to go and get her to marry me, without telling her,—why, it would be the same as deceiving her and cheating her—the same as lying to her."

"Ah, yes. I see. I see your point. Hum; you *have* got yourself into a box, and no mistake. It's too bad; it really is. But look here, Ormizon; do you want to know my candid opinion?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Well, it's this. If she cares about you enough to agree to be your wife—if she's as much in love with you as that—by George, you might as well take her and kill her outright, as go around there and tell her things that will make her have to give you up. It will break the little thing's heart. It will, as sure as my name's Hiram."

"Good Lord, Palmer, don't sit there and tell me that! Don't you suppose I know that well enough? That—that's just the—the horrible part of it. I'm between two fires."

"Exactly. So you are—between the devil and the deep sea. You've got to make a choice of evils. You've got to choose between deceiving her and breaking her heart. And if you want my advice, as you said you did, I tell you what. If I were in your place, I wouldn't hesitate. I'd deceive her. It would be what you call a pious fraud. The end would justify the means."

"No, I can't—I can't agree with you about that, Palmer. I couldn't—I actually couldn't—lie to her."

"Who said anything about lying to her? There's no need that you should lie to her. I'm the last man in the world to advise anybody to lie."

"Well, but I don't see the difference. You said, deceive her. Well, that's as bad as lying. That's only another name for the same thing."

"Well, I don't know that I should even deceive her—exactly. This is what I'd do. I'd tell her frankly that I was on bad terms with my mother—that my mother and I had had a row—but I'd be blamed before I'd tell her *why*—before I'd let her know that she was the cause of it. Then I'd marry her—just as soon as I could scare up a parson."

"Yes; and then, after you were married, she'd find it out—she'd discover the trick you'd played her—and she'd—she'd despise you for it."

"She'd be a little angry at first, I dare say. But she'd come round. You see, she's a woman, and she loves you. Well, grant, then, that when she first found it out she'd be a little worked up: she'd recognize that you'd done it because you wanted to spare her unhappiness, and because you loved her so; and, though she'd pout and scold for a while, in her heart she'd be glad all the time, and she'd forgive you. Whereas if you go around there and tell her,—good-by Mrs. Ormizon. It'll be all up with you; and she'll swim down to her grave in a flood of tears. Come, my young friend; brace up. Take my advice, and keep your own counsel."

"By Jove, Palmer, I don't know but you're right. You—you really think she'd forgive me?"

"I don't think it. I know it. Forgive you? Why, in the long run she'd love you all the better for it."

"By—by the Lord, Palmer, you—you're a—— By Jove, old boy, give me your hand. By—my—well, there, I can't—I can't express it—but—*oh!* you've lifted such a weight off my mind."

"Ouch! Look out!" cried Palmer. "You'll break my wrist, if you keep on wagging my flipper that way. There, there. Calmez-vous. And—— Hello; there's some one knocking on your door."

"Come in! Entrez!" called Ormizon.

"Ah, bonsoir, monsieur. Here is a letter for you from Mademoiselle Gluck."

The new-comer was Zélie, the servant of the ladies of the Rue Soufflot.

Ormizon took the letter which she held out to him, broke the seal, and read:

"Dear Mr. Ormizon,—Come over here the instant you receive this—without a second's delay. Yours, I. B. G."

"What—what's the matter? Is there anything the matter?" he demanded of Zélie, in a scared, anxious voice.

"Je n'en sais rien, monsieur; mais je crois que Mademoiselle Personette est malade."

That was all the satisfaction he could get from Zélie. She knew nothing, but she believed that Mademoiselle Personette was ill. Particulars of any kind, though he plied her with questions, she protested her inability to give. Dr. Gluck had called her from the kitchen, where she was busy preparing dinner, and had dispatched her with this note, bidding her make haste. "Voilà tout ce que je peux vous dire, monsieur."

Panic-stricken, leaving Lancelot in possession of his quarters, and without a word to him, he hurried to respond to the doctor's summons.

XII.

He gave the bell-cord a tremendous tug. The bell clanged violently within.

After what seemed to him an eon, though, in point of fact, it was not half a minute, Dr. Gluck opened the door.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" he cried. "Has—is—is Denise——"

"Hush. Come in," interrupted the doctor. "Come with me."

She led the way to the salon.

"Sit down, now, and be calm," she said. "You needn't alarm yourself. But I thought I had better send for you. I thought I had better tell you all about it, and learn from you the exact state of the case."

"Yes, yes, of course. I'm very glad you did. But—but go on. What is it? Tell me, quick. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Sh-sh! Now, you mustn't get excited. She's in her room now, lying on the sofa, very weak and exhausted, but not seriously ill. You see, she fainted. And I got terribly frightened, she took so long about coming to. But she's perfectly herself again now; only, as I say, weak and undone. She's wild to—well, never mind about that till I've told you the rest."

"But how—what—what made her faint? She——"

"Yes, I'm going to tell you the whole story, if you'll give me time, and control yourself, and not go off in a passion. . . . Well, to begin at the beginning, you see, when Denise came home this evening I saw right away that something had happened,—from her excitement and nervousness and the way she acted, you know, and everything. And of course I was as curious as could be to find out what it was. And I asked her lots of questions; and at last—well, at last she told me all about it—how you had met her in the Rue de Vaugirard, and how you had frightened her, and then declared yourself to her—and all the rest. Really, I don't think I ever saw anybody so happy and elated as she was. She was just in a perfect tremor of delight. Well—well, of course, then we talked and talked about it for ever so long; and it was so interesting and so exciting, you understand, that I—I totally forgot to give her the letter. . . . There! I guess I haven't told you, have I? But while she was out, a letter had been delivered for her—a letter from America—which was quite strange, for I didn't know that she had any correspondents over there. . . . Well, as I say, in the excitement of our talk, I entirely forgot it; but all of a sudden I remembered it, and went and got it, and gave it to her. We were standing right here in the parlor, just about where you and I are now. Well, she took it; and she wondered whom in the world it could be from, and she couldn't possibly imagine, because, she said, she didn't know a single soul in America who would be likely to write to her; and at last she opened it, and began to read it. Well, she couldn't have read more than two or three lines at the utmost, when, the first thing I knew, she gave a scream, and she turned as white as a sheet, aud fell—and fell right down in a dead faint on the floor. And then——"

"Good Lord! I—I'm sure *I* know whom the letter was from," he gasped.

"Yes, I dare say you do. I dare say you can guess. Well, of course, when she fainted, she let it drop from her hand. And after I had attended to her, and done everything I could, I picked it up, and

read it—which I felt at liberty to do. Well, it was *enough* to make her faint. It was indeed. And if it's true—But I can't believe it is. I can't believe that you are such a villain. Here; read it; here it is."

In his mother's handwriting, the envelope bore this superscription: "M'lle Personette, care of Miss Isabel B. Gluck, Rue Soufflot, Paris, France."

"Oh, what a fool I was!" he groaned. "I suppose I must have mentioned your address when I wrote to her. My God! I never thought she'd—I never dreamed she'd—— Oh, this—this is awful!"

"I was wondering how she found it out," said the doctor. "I thought maybe she got it from the Merriwethers. . . . But you'd better go on now and read it, don't you think?"

"Yes, I suppose I had."

The letter ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, September 12, 1885.

"MADEMOISELLE PERSONETTE,—I beg leave to inform you by this that my son, Stephen Ormizon, whom, I have reason to believe, you have endeavored to infatuate, is already engaged to be married to his cousin, my niece, Miss Fanny Clark. Now, as I have no doubt that the chief attractions which you find in my son are his wealth and his social position, I shall be doing you a kindness when I take this opportunity to warn you that if he should see fit to break his engagement with Miss Clark, and to contract a marriage with you, I shall at once disown and disinherit him, which will deprive him immediately both of his social standing and of all means of support, present and future; also, that I shall never recognize or acknowledge you as his wife, nor him as my son, but shall regard you both as entire strangers to me, to the day of my death. By the same mail I post a letter to my son, forbidding him to marry you, and commanding him to come home instantly and fulfil his obligations to Miss Clark. I write you this as a favor to you, in order that you may understand exactly what to expect in case you persist in your attempts to lead my son into a mésalliance.

"Respectfully,

"EUNICE C. ORMIZON."

With a cry of rage, Ormizon sprang to his feet, and began storming about the room.

"By God! I—I'll never forgive my mother this. How brutal! How outrageous! As long as I live I'll never forgive her for writing to Denise like this. No—not if she got down on her knees to her, and begged her pardon, I'd never forgive her for having insulted and outraged her like this. Oh, it—it's incredible. I can't believe it. I never would have believed her capable of anything as bad as this. It's—oh—I—— What—what did Denise say? What—oh, Lord! I—I could kill my mother for writing this. Oh, I suppose Denise—I suppose she'll never look at me again, after this. Oh, what a—what a fool, what a wretch, what a miserable, miserable dog, I am!"

"Hush—hush—hush," the doctor had been imploring him, following him around the room, and waving her hands deprecatingly.

"You'll disturb her. She'll hear you, and be frightened. Do calm yourself. Sit down. Be still. I want to talk to you."

But to no purpose. He had not heeded her. Now, however, of his own accord, he came to a stand-still, and was silent.

"There! Do sit down," she pleaded. "Now, don't fly off; but sit down, and be quiet, and tell me now,—you may as well tell me honestly,—is it true?"

He dropped upon a chair.

"True?" he repeated, with a dazed look. "True? What? Is what true?"

"Why, what your mother says. Is it true that you are engaged to be married to your cousin—to Fanny Clark?"

"Oh! That! No; it's a lie—it's a damn—I beg your pardon, doctor. It's a—well, that is, at least, it's this way. You see, I was—yes, I suppose I was—engaged to her—after a fashion. That is, before I left New York, my mother, she—she made me promise—she extorted a promise from me—that I—that I would marry Fanny. And I promised—like a—like the—like the miserable fool I was. But the very instant I first saw Denise—as soon as I realized how I loved her—two or three days after I first met her, by Jove!—why, it was on the morning after we had been to hear *Monsieur Perrichon*—I—I wrote a letter to my mother, and confessed that I was in love with Denise, and told her that I couldn't and wouldn't marry Fanny. I thought that—you see—I thought that was the fair and square thing to do. Well, that was as good as breaking whatever engagement there was—wasn't it? That was the beginning of all this trouble. If I'd kept my mouth shut—if I'd kept my own counsel—— Oh, well, it's too late now. The mischief is done. . . . Oh, God, I never expected this—such treachery as this—from—from my own mother!"

"And you really *are* in love with Denise? You don't—you never cared anything for your cousin?"

"Care for her? Care for Fanny? Care for that—— Oh, you make me laugh. Why, I tell you, I—I hate her. I've always hated her—ever since I was a child—ever since she came to live with us. Hasn't she always been—— Oh, I despise her. I'd like—I'd be glad—to see her——"

"There, there; never mind about that. And Fanny—your cousin—does she care for you?"

"Does Fanny care for me! That's good! That's capital, doctor! The idea of Fanny caring for me! The sanctimonious hypocrite! The—the—— Why, she thinks I'm the worst reprobate unhung. She thinks I'm not good enough to tie her shoe-strings. All she's after is my mother's money. She'll get it now. I wish her joy of it."

"Then, as a matter of fact, you are free? You have broken the engagement you had to your cousin, and are at liberty to marry anybody you choose?"

"What's the use of your asking me that? Anybody I choose! Do you imagine Denise would have me, after that letter? You don't suppose she'd marry the son of the woman who wrote that letter? Oh, how she must despise me! She'll never look at me again—after

that letter from—from my own mother! Oh, it's too hard! I could —I could——" He shook his fist at the empty air, and sprang to his feet again.

"Hush! She'll hear you. Sit down. Come, sit down here beside me, where you were before. There; now you must be quiet and rational. I'm going to tell you something now that will—that will surprise you, and—and make you very happy."

"Well, go on. Tell it to me. Tell me anything you want to. But there's nothing that can surprise me, nothing that can make me very happy, after this—after I've lost the only thing I care for in the world. Well, go on."

"Well, if it doesn't make you happy, it will be a wonder, and you'll be an ungrateful thing. It seems like a special providence; it does indeed. Well, it's this: Denise—Denise doesn't know a thing about it."

"Doesn't know a—doesn't know a thing about what? What are you driving at? I don't understand."

"Doesn't know a thing about your engagement to Miss Clark—about what your mother wrote in this letter."

"*What!* . . . Why—you—you said—didn't you say—she read it —and that—and that was what—made her faint away? I—I give it up. I don't see your point. What—what in . . ."

"Sh—sh! Now, behave yourself. Now, I'm going to explain. Now, sit right there, and don't you move or interrupt, or I shan't say a word. Now, listen. . . . Well, this is all there is to it. When Denise came to—when she finally opened her eyes, and recovered her senses—she was all dazed and bewildered, and she didn't remember a single thing of what had happened—not a thing about the letter. You see, she couldn't remember, because it had all been so quick and sudden. As I should say, speaking technically, the last impressions received by her brain before she fainted had simply been obliterated, wiped out, by the shock. Do you understand? . . . Well, of course, when she came to, she was awfully curious to know what had happened to make her faint, and she must have asked a hundred questions. But I wasn't going to tell her the real truth, until I had seen you, and spoken to you, and found out whether it was so—what your mother wrote. So I just said that she had been very tired and weak, and, then, the excitement and the happiness and everything had been too much for her, and the strain had caused a fainting-fit. Well, of course that was a fib. But I thought, under the circumstances, that it was all right. And she—she believed it, and was perfectly satisfied. There!"

"Oh, doctor, you—you're—— Oh, what can I say to tell you how good you are, how grateful you have made me? Oh, this—this—it's—it's too good to be true! Oh, my God!" he cried; and in a twinkling he had torn his mother's letter into a hundred pieces.

"Well, now," went on the doctor, "as I was going to tell you, she's wild, perfectly wild, to see you; and now I'll go and tell her that you are here. But first I want to warn you. You must be guarded. You must look out for your tongue, and not let her suspect a thing about all this. Otherwise——"

"You needn't be afraid, doctor. I guess you may trust me for that."

The doctor left the room.

Oh, with what a trembling, throbbing, thrilling heart, a minute later, he beheld Denise crossing the threshold, coming toward him, nearer, near . . . !

There! She was in his arms, her head nestling upon his breast.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, in a weak, fluttering voice.

"Yes, I have come, Denise, to tell you—to tell you that I am not going away, as I expected. I am not going to sail on Saturday. I have decided to postpone it. But when I do sail, you—you will come with me—will you, Denise?"

She made no answer.

"Why—why, Denise—my love! You—why, you are crying. What is it, Denise?"

"Oh, I—I am—crying—for—for happiness," she sobbed.

Knock—knock—knock—upon the door.

"Entrez!" called Denise.

Zélie entered, bearing a large pasteboard box.

"Quelque chose pour vous, mademoiselle," she said.

The box was full of great beautiful red roses; and on top of them lay a card; and on the card was written, "May our dear Mamselle be as happy as she is good and beautiful!—Lancelot."

Ormizon's novel, *A Voice from the Wilderness*,—but for which, as he often thinks with something like terror, he and Denise might never have found each other out,—was published in February, 1886.

The critics treated it very kindly, remarking in it the crudity and the extravagance of youth, to be sure, but commending its freshness, its interest, and its simplicity. So the book had quite a run—was read and talked about; and though it did not "place its author at a bound in the front rank of living American writers of fiction," as we hear of so many first books doing nowadays, it did raise him from the position of a nobody to that of a small somebody,—a somebody of the ninth or tenth magnitude, but still a somebody.

And, then, one fine morning, he received a letter—a letter from his mother—seeking a reconciliation!

Well, his mother and Fanny very magnanimously forgave him, and invited him and Denise to dinner, where they served up the fatted calf, and condescended to patronize his wife, and to make her feel exceedingly self-conscious and ill at ease. After the coffee, while he was smoking his cigarette, his mother took him aside and offered to renew his allowance. I am sorry to say, it was not without a certain wicked sense of triumph that he thanked her, and assured her that he stood in need of no such kindness, his actual income being amply sufficient to his wants. Happily, this was true. He and Denise were living very modestly in a small apartment up in Harlem, the rent of which did not quite consume the interest on his government bonds. For the rest,

the little reputation that his book had brought him made an opening for him in the literary market, where he was generally able to sell his wares at remunerative prices, always provided that they were up to the required standard of excellence. . . . Oh, I had nearly forgotten. In addition to their other sources of revenue, they took a boarder. The boarder was a very pretty, plump little lady, not much older than thirty years. And though Ormizon was extremely attentive to her, and apparently very fond of her, Denise never manifested the least symptom of jealousy. The boarder's name was Gluck—Isabel B. Gluck, M.D.

THE END.

THE HOMESICKNESS OF GANYMEDE.

EAGLE pinions, swift as thought,
Ganymede to heaven brought,
Stolen from the plains of Troy,
Loved of gods, immortal boy!
Still a stranger in the skies,
Ganymede in heaven sighs.

In Jove's palace full of light
He doth serve the nectar bright;
Smile on him the Ever-Blest,
As he moves to do their hest:
Downward still he bends his eyes,—
Still a stranger in the skies!

When each godhead, drinking deep,
Sinks beneath the tide of sleep,
Ganymede on wingéd feet
Hastes where sky and mountain meet:
Soft the mist around him lies,
Ganymede in heaven sighs.

River, field, and wooded height
Swim together in his sight;
He can only guess how fair,
In the moonlit, midnight air,
Ilion's walls and turrets rise,—
Still a stranger in the skies!

He can only dream how sweet
Are the ways where mortals meet,—
Chariot-race, or hunter's spear,
Temple service, vintage cheer,
Young maid's laughter, youth's fond eyes:
Ganymede in heaven sighs!

Haply men have seen him gaze
Through the summer evening haze,

Leaning past the piny crest
Of the mountain in the west,
Wavering there in star-bright guise,
Still a stranger in the skies!

Careless gods, take back your gift,
Or his human heart uplift:
Deathless youth ye gave in sport,
Deathless sorrow haunts your court:
Still a stranger in the skies,
Ganymede in heaven sighs.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUIDA.

READERS of current literature may have recently observed that two writers of reputation, Miss Harriet W. Preston and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, have been expressing rather pronounced opinions regarding the works of Ouida. Mr. Hawthorne's judgment was brief, and I need only add that it was extremely severe,—far more severe, indeed, than any critical statement which I ever remember to have seen expressed by this writer. Miss Preston's decision took a much ampler form, and occupied nearly twelve pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whatever may have been Miss Preston's intention, she certainly does not appeal to us as one whom the merits of Ouida have more than lukewarmly affected. And yet, at the beginning of her essay, she assumes the attitude of an appreciator rather than a detractor, taking pains to declare that her inquiry regarding the true causes of Ouida's immense popularity shall be "primarily and chiefly a search for merits rather than a citation of defects." With this excellent resolution fully formed, she at once proceeds to draw comparisons between Ouida and such great writers as Scott, George Sand, and even Victor Hugo. This has an encouraging sound enough; we have the sensation that a refreshingly new note is to be struck in the general tone of fierce vituperation by which Ouida has been so persistently assailed for twenty years. The truth about Ouida would be a pleasant thing to hear; we have heard so much facile falsehood. But Miss Preston proceeds to invest her theme with a curiously languid and tepid atmosphere. She finally astonishes all the sincere admirers of Ouida—and their number is today, among intelligent people, thousands and thousands—by saying

that her "imagination, vigorous though it be, and prolific, seldom rises to really poetic heights." This is certainly depressing for any one who has taken delight in such exceptional prose-poems as "Ariadne" and "Signa." Still, a proper avoidance of enthusiasm must always form part of the modern critic's equipment; the fashion is to look at everything imperturbably, from the Sphinx to the Brooklyn Bridge; we somehow only tolerate the exorbitant and the florid when it takes the shape of disgusted invective. For a long period Ouida has endured the latter (not always quite patiently, if some of her retaliatory newspaper letters are recalled), and I confess that we owe Miss Preston a debt of gratitude for breaking the ice at last. None the less, however, do we own to a feeling that the ice might have been assailed by a little heavier and more efficient cleaver. The *Atlantic* reviewer appears, indeed, to be a trifle afraid, not to say ashamed, of her own pioneership. Tradition would seem to be furtively reminding her that she is heading a revolt against it. And there certainly might well seem a kind of literary defiance in any defence of Ouida. She has stood so long as a pariah that to give her boldly a few credentials of respectability, as it were, might in a temperament by no means timid still require some courage. I would not even appear to suggest that Miss Preston has doubted her own assertions concerning this great romancist, whenever they have been of a favorable turn. But it has struck me that she has almost doubted the advisability of her own position as so distinct a non-conformist. One smiles to remember the ridiculous abuse poured upon Ouida in England ever since somewhere about the year 1863. She has probably afforded more opportunity for the callow undergraduate satirist than any author of the present century. I do not maintain that she was at first the recipient of an undeserved ridicule. But afterward this ridicule, because of the radical change in her work, became pitiably tell-tale; it revealed that aggravating conservatism in those who arraigned her which had its root in either a very unjust, hasty, and perfunctory skimming of her later books, or an entire ignorance of their contents. She undoubtedly began all wrong. There are some liberal and high-minded people with whom the follies and faults of such stories as "Granville de Vigne" and "Idalia" have wrought so disastrously that all their future impressions have been colored by these unconquerable associations. It seems to me that Mr. Hawthorne is one of these, and I am certain that the late Bayard Taylor was one. When "Ariadne" appeared, only a year or two before Taylor's lamentably ill-timed death, he wrote concerning that enchanting tale in the New York *Tribune* with a sternness of condemnation most regrettable, as I thought, in so alert and vigorous an intellect.

When I expressed to Taylor my surprise that he should have seen nothing beautiful or poetic in "Ariadne," he frankly declared to me that he saw nothing commendable in any line that Ouida had written. But many of her lovely sketches had already appeared, and that exquisite idyl, "Bébée, or The Two Little Wooden Shoes," with its tearful tenderness and its fiery, gloomy, piercing *finale* of passion, had given proof of its author's wakening force and discipline.

Miss Preston's chief error, I should affirm, has been her somewhat careless huddling together of all Ouida's works and passing criticism upon them *en bloc*, without more than vague indication of the different periods in which they were produced, or the various stages of development which they exhibit. This talented lady, however she is to be praised for taking Ouida seriously (and that is a fine thing to have done at all, when it meant the flinging down of a gauntlet before disparagement no less insensate than cruel), has still failed in taking Ouida half seriously enough. I read with astonishment in the *Atlantic* review, for example, an extended notice of "Idalia," while such vastly better work as "Folle-Farine" or "In Maremma" was quietly ignored. Candidly, I hold that Miss Preston's entire consideration of Ouida has been as limited, unsatisfactory, and insufficient as it has been, when all circumstantial points are duly recognized, kindly, generous, and honorable.

I have already expressed it as my conviction that Ouida began very badly. She indeed began as badly as any genius did whose early and subsequent accomplishments in English letters are now known to us and may be read side by side with hers. Byron certainly showed far less power at the commencement of his career than she did at the commencement of her own; and those who possess my own deep veneration for the grandeur of Tennyson's poetry at its highest heights may have read some of the deplorable stanzas, modelled on a sort of hideous German-English plan, which have thus far, I believe, escaped the savage exposures of even his most merciless American publishers. I find myself involuntarily tracing a parallel between the young Ouida and the young poets who preceded her by a few decades more or less. But this tendency easily explains itself, since she is pre-eminently a poet, notwithstanding her great gifts for romantic narration. The rhythmic faculty has been denied her, and for this reason she probably has written so much of that "poetical prose" which the average Englishman has been taught to hold in such phlegmatic contempt. If "Granville de Vigne" had appeared in rhymes as clever and as prolix as Owen Meredith's "Lucile," it would doubtless have won a place far above that bright, hybrid, pseudo-poetic popular favorite. But "Granville de Vigne"

has won no place, nor has "Strathmore," nor has "Idalia," nor has "Puck," nor even "Chandos," pronounced as was the dawning change it exhibited. These works all mean a palæozoic age for Ouida: her extraordinary powers were yet struggling for worthier expression. They are valuable alike in their absurdities and their better revelations, though the latter shone fitful, indeterminate, and often distressingly transient. The superabundance of "color," the weight of adjective piled on adjective, the lavish display of an erudition as voluminous as it was sometimes erratic, the meretricious defects of style, the *collet monté* superfluity of rhetoric, the impossible and ludicrous descriptions of luxury,—all this has become with many of us in a manner comically classic. Ouida's early heroes, with their fleet Arabian steeds, their lordly lineage, their fabulous wealth or sentimentally picturesque poverty, their fatal fascinations for women and their deadly muscular developments for men,—Ouida's early heroes, I say, have grown as representative of the overwrought in fiction as those of Byron have grown representative of like indiscretion in poetry. Nor are these faults of her youth entirely outlived by Ouida. "Fine writing" is still occasionally her bane, though it becomes less and less so with each new book she now produces. Her vocabulary has always been as copious as the sunlight itself, and her style is at present a direct, flexible, and notably elegant one. She has been accused of "cramming," and of making a little knowledge do service for much. But only very illiterate people could believe such a masquerade possible with her. She is indisputably a woman of spacious and most diversified learning, though she has not always known either the art of modestly concealing this fact, or that of letting it speak spontaneously and judiciously for itself. Still, pedantry is not seldom the attribute of a greatly cultivated mind. We have seen this in the case of George Eliot, whose admirers will perhaps feel like mobbing me when they read that I think her genius in many ways inferior to that of Ouida. And yet I grant that to a very large extent she possesses what Ouida was for a long time almost totally without,—taste, artistic patience, and that surest of preservatives, a firm and chiselled style.

"Under Two Flags" may be said to have recorded a turning-point in this unique writer's career. It was full of the same tinselled and lurid hyperboles which had made so many readers of the extraordinary series hold up horrified hands in the past. But its gaudiness and opulence of language were suited to its Algerian *locale*, and the drowsy palms and deep-blue African skies of which it spoke to us accorded with the tropic tendencies of its phrases. It displayed a wondrous acquaintance, also, with military life in Algeria, and for this reason amazed certain observers of an altered *mise en scène*

in a novelist whom they had believed only able to misrepresent the patrician circles of England. But "Under Two Flags" amazed by its perusal from still another cause. It contained one of the most thrillingly dramatic episodes ever introduced into any novel of the school to which such episodes belong, namely, the wild desert-journey of Cigarette, the *vivandière*, bearing a pardon for the condemned soldier whom she loves. Cigarette reaches the place of execution just in time to fling herself upon her lover's breast and save him from the bullets of his foes by dying under them. We are apt nowadays to look askance at such heroic incidents, and the word "unnatural" easily rises to our lips as we do so. Perhaps it rises there too easily. Self-sacrifice of the supreme kind has gone out of fashion in modern story-telling, and by a tacit surrender we have given scenes like this, with all their warm-blooded kinships, to the domain of the theatre. That fiction will ever care to resume her slighted prerogative, the thriving influence of Zola and his more moderate American imitators would lead us to believe improbable. Still, the caprices of popular demand lend themselves unwillingly to prophecy. One fact, however, cannot plausibly be contradicted: the theatre has not invested her gift at any very profitable rate of interest, nor justified her present monopoly of all that is stirring in romanticism.

"Tricotrin," if I mistake not, was the first important successor of "Under Two Flags," and here Ouida gave us the noteworthy proof that she had turned her attention toward ideal and poetic models. I fear it must be chronicled that the chaff in "Tricotrin" predominates over the wheat. The whole story is not seldom on stilts, and we often lose patience with the hero as more of a *poseur* than of the demigod he is described. The entire *donnée* is too high-strung for its nineteenth-century concomitance. We feel as if everybody should wear what the managers of theatres would call "shape-dresses." Ouida still tempts the parodist; the machinery of her plot, so to speak, almost creaks with age, now and then; her personages attitudinize and are often tiresomely sententious. Tricotrin does so much with the aid of red fire and a calcium that his glaringly melodramatic death becomes almost a relief in the end. And yet the book scintillates with brilliant things, and if it had been written with an equal power in French instead of English, might have passed for the work of Victor Hugo. There is a great deal about it that the passionate and democratic soul of the French poet would have cordially delighted in. It belongs to the same quality of inspiration that produced "Notre Dame de Paris," "L'Homme Qui Rit," and "Fantine." But there have always been English people who have laughed at Hugo's tales, and in much the

same spirit Ouida's countrymen laughed at the itinerant, communistic Tricotrin, with his superb beauty, his pastoral abstemiousness and purity, his altruistic philanthropy, his forsworn birthright of an English earl, his wide *clientèle* of grimy and outcast worshippers, and his astounding range of opportunity to appear just in the nick of time and succor the oppressed. Far more daring license with the manipulation of fact, however, has been taken by the elder Dumas and others. Ouida's book came about thirty or forty years too late for sober critical acceptance in her own country, and it was of a kind that her own country has never permanently accepted. Still, it revealed her perhaps for the first time as an original power in letters. She had struck in it the one note which has always been most positively her own; she had told the world that she was a prose-poet of dauntless imagination and solitary excellence. As an idealist in prose fiction no English writer has thus far approached her. "Tricotrin" would not alone have made her what she is. It remained for her to improve upon this remarkable effort, and to fling up, like some tract of land under convulsive disturbance, peaks that for height and splendor far outrivalled it. The valleys in her literary landscape are sometimes low indeed; a few even have noxious growths in them, and are haunted by foolish wills-o'-the-wisp. Such, I should say, are her first few sustained works, like "Granville de Vigne" and "Strathmore." Nor has she always clung to the talisman by which she afterward learned to invoke her best creations. At times she has seemed to cast this temporarily away, as in "Friendship" and "A Winter City." I have now reached, as it were, my one sole conclusion regarding her abilities at their finest and securest outlook. She is an idealist, and that she should have determinedly remained. The foibles of modern society are no subjects for either her dissection or her satire. She has never been any more able to become a Thackeray or a Dickens than they, under any conceivable circumstances, could have become Ouidas. It is an immense thing for a writer to recognize just what he is capable of doing best, and to leave all the rest alone. But Ouida, with a burning uneasiness, has continually misunderstood her own noble gifts. With an eye that could look undimmed at the sun, she has too often grown weary of his beams. Once sure of her wings, white and strong as they proved, she had nothing to seek except the soft welcome of the air for which they were so buoyantly fitted. But no: she has repeatedly folded them and walked instead of flying. Birds that fly with grace do not often walk so. She is a poet, and she has forgotten this truth with a pertinacity which has been a deprivation to the literature of her time. And yet for several years after the publication of "Tricotrin" the idealist was

most hopefully paramount in all that she did. If "Folle-Farine" had been her first book instead of her sixth or seventh, it would have made even the English blood that she has more than once declared so sluggish, tingle with glad appreciation of its loveliness. The change in her was for a time absolute and thorough. "Folle-Farine" was the story of a despised outcast girl, ignorant and unlettered, yet with a soul quick to estimate and treasure the worth and meaning of beauty wherever found. It is all something which the realists would pull long faces or giggle at as hopelessly "highfalutin." But then the realists, when they ride their hobby with a particularly martial air, are inclined quite to trample all poetry below its hooves. I don't know how well the story of "Folle-Farine" would please some of Balzac's successors, but I am sure that he himself would have delighted in it. The girl's infancy among the gypsies and subsequent fierce persecution at the hands of her grandfather, Claudis Flamma, as one devil-begotten and loathsome, are treated with an intensity bordering on the painful. But through all the youthful anguish and martyrdom of "Folle-Farine" there flows a charming current of idyllic feeling. Such passages as these, stamped with the individuality of Ouida, meet us on every page: "In one of the most fertile and fair districts of Northern France there was a little Norman town, very, very old, and beautiful exceedingly by reason of its ancient streets, its high peaked roofs, its marvellous galleries and carvings, its exquisite grays and browns, its silence and its color, and its rich still life. Its centre was a great cathedral, noble as York or Chartres; a cathedral whose spire shot to the clouds, and whose innumerable towers and pinnacles were all pierced to the day, so that the blue sky shone and the birds of the air flew all through them. A slow brown river, broad enough for market-boats and for corn-barges, stole through the place to the sea, lapping as it went the wooden piles of the houses, and reflecting the quaint shapes of the carvings, the hues of the signs and the draperies, the dark spaces of the dormer windows, the bright heads of some casement-cluster of carnations, the laughing face of a girl leaning out to smile on her lover."

This certainly is not what we call compact writing; there is none of that neatness and trimness about it which bespeak the deliberative pen or the compunctious eraser. But what a sensuous and winsome poetic effect does it produce! Few writers can afford the loose clauses, the random *laissez-aller*, of Ouida. She sometimes abuses her assumed privilege, even in her most authentic moments,—those, I mean, of pure imagination. But it is then that the superabundance of her diction and its careless yet shining fluency hardly ever lose their attractiveness. It is then that the prolixity to which I have before referred is an attribute

we are glad to pardon, and love while we are doing so. The argument of "Folle-Farine" soon ceases to deal with the sufferings of a child. The poor creature's hopeless love for the cold and unconsciously heedless Arslàn, bitter at the world's indifference to those magnificent gods and goddesses that he still goes on painting in his old granary among water-docks and rushes there by the river-side, is portrayed with unnumbered masterly strokes. And afterward, when Folle-Farine tends him as he lies stricken with fever in a Parisian attic, the evil temptings of the unprincipled Sartorian, as they offer life and fame to Arslàn at a price whose infamy cannot be questioned by her who hears them, cloud this whole narrative with a truly terrible gloom. Folle-Farine's immolation of self to save him whom she worships, and her final self-inflicted death amid the peace of the river-reeds, far away from the loud and gilded Paris that she detests, are the very darkest essence of the most absorbing and desolating tragedy. But the poetry of this whole fervid conception is never once lost sight of. We close the book with a shudder, as if we had been passing through the twilight of some magic forest where the dews are death. But we realize how matchless is the sorcery that can so sombrely enchain us, and long after its woful spell has vanished memory vibrates with the pity and sorrow it roused.

"Ariadne" is another masterpiece, and not unlike the foregoing in the main sources of its excessive melancholy. It is the story of a feminine spirit swayed by an unreciprocated love, as waywardly given as lightly undervalued. The characters are without subtlety, as in all Ouida's prose-poems. They are fascinating or repelling shadows, whom we can name adoration, egotism, fidelity, as we please, but whose eerie juxtapositions, whose pictorial and half-illusory surroundings, may summon sensations not unlike those caused in us by some admirable yet faded fresco. Never was Rome in all her grandeur and desuetude made the more majestic background of a heart's forlorn history. We read of "the silver lines of the snow new-fallen on the mountains against the deep rose of dawn;" of how "shadows of the night steal softly from off the city, releasing, one by one, dome and spire and cupola and roof, till all the wide white wonder of the place ennobles itself under the broad brightness of full day;" of how one can "go down into the dark cool streets, with the pigeons fluttering in the fountains, and the sounds of the morning chants coming from many a church door and convent window, and little scholars and singing-children going by with white clothes on, or scarlet robes, as though walking forth from the canvas of Botticelli or Garofalo." Sculpture forms what one might call the pervading stimulus of this most impassioned story, its young heroine being a sculptor of inspired powers. In the same way music supplies an in-

cessant accompaniment for the glowing words of "Signa." The youth who gives his name to the book is a musician who possesses something more glorious than mere aptitude. Psychologically it is the reverse of "Ariadne," delineating the torment of a man who puts faith in the most shallow and vacant female nature. It is just as plaintive, just as haunting, as its predecessor, but it is simpler, less penetrative and less wide-circling, less Dantesque in its mournful dignity and less astonishing through its scholarship. These three prose-poems—"Folle-Farine," "Ariadne," and "Signa"—are the three high alps of Ouida's accomplishment thus far. It is not easy to praise them with full justice, because unrestrained panegyric is never that, and yet the lyrical spontaneity of the works themselves—their evidence of having won their splendid vitality by having been poured from the writer's inmost heart, as warm as that heart's blood—would tempt one who had fully felt their strength, originality, and greatness, to dip his pen in exceedingly rosy ink and then shape with it very ardent encomiums. I am far from calling these memorable undertakings "idyls," as Miss Preston terms them, or in any manner agreeing that "Friendship" "marks a distinct intellectual advance."

Here was a woman who had shown us as no one else, living or dead, ever had shown in precisely the same way, that she could make the sweetest and most impressive poetry do service as the medium for telling the sweetest and most impressive of tales. Mixed with their Gothic fantasy there was something Homeric in these three volumes which I have before named. There were no touches that reminded us at all of the modern novel. Each had its separate æsthetic haze clinging about it, and a golden haze this was, in every case. With only a few changes here and there, the atmosphere of each story might have been made Greek, or even Egyptian. The delights or horrors of life were put most strikingly under our vision; but the details of life, the routine of things *au jour le jour*, the trifling modes and customs of mortality, as it pursues its whims, its vices, its flirtations, its amours, its divorce-suits, all remained remote and unconsidered. The glamour of dream clung to every character and event. The joys and miseries outrolled before us were as abstract and aloof, when viewed with relation to our morning mail or our menaced butcher's-bill, as the loves of Paris and Helen in the Iliad, or of Ulysses and Calypso in the Odyssey. These three enticing stories no more concerned our bread-and-butter-getting existences of prosaic actuality than they concerned the wash of tides at either pole. We turned their glowing leaves to escape from our own silent quarrel with realities rather than to meet the monotonous recurrence of them either photographed painstakingly or sketched felici-

tously. In other words, we gave ourselves up to the alternately gentle or stormy wizardries of a poet, contented in the oblivion thus begotten for decorated statistics of the annalist or placid vivisections of the surgeon. I am aware that all such departure from his cherished modern standards must at once be tyrannously cried down as a bore by that self-satisfied arbiter, the average reader of to-day. Perhaps Ouida felt some necessity of propitiating this multiform custodian of profit and loss. It may have been that her publishers told her, with that sincere sadness born of financial depression, how much handsomer had been the "returns" from "Strathmore" and "Chandos" than from "Ariadne" or "Signa." Be this as it may, Ouida forsook her new gods, and, except in the composition of some exquisite short pieces which recalled the purity, the human breadth, and the past star-like radiance of "A Provence Rose," "A Dog of Flanders," and "The Nürnberg Stove," I do not know of her having ever again hewn her statues from the same flawless Pentelic marble.

But the resumption of her old more materialistic task—that of writing novels which should reflect the doings and misdoings of her own century—she was now prepared to undertake with a much firmer hand and with an unquestionably chastened sense of old delinquencies. The tale "Friendship" may be said to commemorate this unfortunate transition. It marks the third distinct change in Ouida's mental posture toward her public. It is to me a descent and not an elevation, and yet I freely concede that the novelist *rediviva* was in every way superior to the novelist who lived and rhapsodized before. In "Friendship" we see much of the flare and glare once thrown upon every-day occurrences tempered to a far more tolerable light. Deformity often takes the lines of just proportion, and not seldom of amiable symmetry as well. Miss Preston praises "Friendship" as pre-eminently readable in every part, and here I should again differ with her, since in my judgment the book contains a great deal of insufferable tedium. Ouida's worst fault as a stylist is here laid tormentingly bare. She harps with such stress of repetition upon the guilty bondage of Prince Ioris to Lady Joan Challoner that the perpetual circumlocution makes a kind of maëlstrom in which interest becomes at last remorselessly swallowed. It has been stated that incidents and characters in "Friendship" were taken from Ouida's own life, and that Lady Joan Challoner's name conceals one belonging to a foe of the author. Whether this report be true or false, we resent the almost maliciously periphrastic style in which we are told again and again that Lady Joan was the jailer of Ioris and watched him struggle in vain with the gyves of his own sin. To have a nature of the most detestable selfishness described over and over till we are

familiar with its meanest impulse, its narrowest spite, resembles being seated by a person of repulsive physiognomy in a chamber lined with mirrors. The reduplications become unbearable to us, till we take the only feasible course for avoiding them: we go into another apartment. Still, in the present case, I did not go into another apartment; I finished "Friendship" and received from it an impression as vivid as disagreeable. *C'est le ton qui fait la musique*, and this story, notwithstanding its eternity of repetitions, appeared to me told in a querulous, railing voice which robbed it of charm. But it evinces a most undeniable improvement in method. The sentences are terser and crisper than in those other adolescent novels, and the syntax is no longer straggling and hazardous. Of a certain redundancy Ouida has never wholly rid herself. The effort to do so is manifest in her later books, but it still remains a weakness with her to tell us the same thing a number of times and with only a comparative alteration of phraseology. Still, no one —not even Balzac himself—has a more succinct, dry, poignant way of putting epigram. It seems to me that she is without humor; her fun inevitably stings as wit alone can do; that soft phosphorescent play of geniality which would try to set its reflex gleam in the stony gaze of a gorgon, appears quite unknown to her. She has been wise, too, in not cultivating humor, for it is something which must fall upon a writer from heaven: he might as well try and train himself into having blue eyes instead of black. But Ouida has trained many of her qualities, and the self-search with which she has done so has betokened the most scourge-like rigors. The novelist in her is to me all a matter of talent vigilantly guarded and nurtured; the poetic part of her—the part to which we are indebted for three supreme achievements—could not have helped delivering its beautiful message. Afterward Ouida remembered that she was somebody quite outside of what one would call a genius,—that she was a woman of enormously versatile information, and that the possibility of her writing novels which would excite a great deal of public attention could scarcely be overestimated. Beyond doubt she had now reached a state of dexterity as regarded mere craftsmanship which thoroughly eclipsed the crudity of former times. But just as she had been raw and experimental in a way quite her own, so was she now adroit, self-restrained, and professional with a similar freshness.

"Moths" came next, and was a book sought and commented upon, admired and execrated, from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. Of all her novels, this is perhaps the one which has brought her the greatest number of readers in what may be set down as the third period of her singular celebrity. It is filled with the most drastic interest for even the most jaded and *ennuyé* examiner. The story is the perfection of

entertainment, of diversion. Its sarcastic scorn of fashionable frailties and flippancies even surpasses that which made "Friendship" notorious. Social life among the most aristocratic people of Europe is drawn so sumptuously and prismatically that without ever having enjoyed the honor of dining or supping with princes and duchesses, we still own to a secret revolt against the verisimilitude of their recorded pastimes and dissipations. In "Moths," as in all her purely fictional and unpoetic work, Ouida gives us the belief that she is flying her kite entirely too high, that she is too greatly enamoured of the rank and titles of her dukes and earls, that the European *beau monde*, as an idea, has too bewilderingly intoxicated her fancy. As Balzac delighted in letting us know the exact number of francs per annum possessed by almost every member of his *Comédie Humaine*, so Ouida loves to tell us of her grandees' castles and palaces, of their *fêtes* and *musicales*, of their steam yachts and their four-in-hands, of their "private physicians" (it is rarely one simple physician with her), of their multitudinous retainers and servants. Her heroines go to their apartments to dress, and in so doing give themselves up to their "women:" it is seldom that any one of them is humbly enough placed to have merely a single *femme de chambre*. All the horses are blooded animals, all the jewels priceless, all the repasts miracles of gastronomy, all the ladies' toilets royally costly. Saloons and boudoirs and bedchambers are adorned with wonders of modern art, on canvas or in marble, in tapestry or bric-à-brac, in panellings or frescos. Nearly every new book that she writes is a sort of *édition de luxe* of itself. I am by no means sure that she does not smile at the dazzling glories which she evokes, while continuing to spread them before us with a secret conviction that they will allure hundreds and even thousands, though they repel tens and twenties, of those whom they confront. What to many refined observers may have seemed a streak of trivial childishness in her may be, after all, a shrewder cleverness than these accredit her with. For Ouida is superlatively clever; indeed, it may be added by those whom none of her sham glitterings have blinded to the genuineness of her actual gold, that she is lamentably clever. Had she thought less of a certain transient applause which writers incomparably beneath her may win, she might much sooner have attained that firm fame during her lifetime which her death alone will now create. In "Moths" the cleverness to which I have alluded is everywhere apparent. She has made it a story that the shop-girl or the dry-goods clerk may read with thrills and tears. Vera's horrible misfortune in having been sold by her mother to the brutish Russian prince admits of no misinterpretation. The vast command of wealth and the lofty station which now follow for

the dreamy and statuesque heroine are skilfully blended with her love for the brilliant marquis-tenor Corrèze and the distressing captivity of her jewelled chains. There is a strong suggestion of the "penny dreadfuls" in the whole *entourage* of the tale, with Vera's anguished heart beating under robes of velvet and her tortured brain throbbing under coronets of gems. But it is immeasurably above the vulgarity of those gaudy and often mawkish serials. Its pathos is intense, and its continuous intervals of pure poetry undeniable. It is dramatic, too, in the very strictest sense, and its adaptation for the English stage was naturally to be expected. As for what the moralists would call its "lesson," I should affirm that to be exempt from the least chance of misconstruction. Like all these later stories of Ouida's, "Moths" has been denounced as grossly unwholesome for young minds. I do not know about young minds gaining benefit from its perusal; I should imagine that, like many things which minors do not understand, its effect upon them might be harmful, and even noxious. So is the effect of rich dishes and indigestible fruit upon young stomachs, while stronger gastric juices sustain no hurt from their consumption. It is time that this outcry against what is evil in literature for young minds should be silenced by a sensible consideration of how potent or impotent are the defences reared by educators and guardians. It would surely be unwise to cut down all the apple-orchards because in those days which precede autumn's due ripeness multitudes of foraging children have brought on themselves avoidable colics. If the colics sleep in the undeveloped apples, and mischievous little Adams and Eves *will* taste thereof, a stout wall and an ill-tempered dog behind it are the only trustworthy preventives against their temerity. To claim that Ouida's works are not healthful reading for those whose youth makes the mere mention of evil and vice deleterious because in all their bad meanings unexplainable, is to claim, I think, that any author may be misunderstood provided the mentality of his public is sufficiently meagre for his miscomprehension. The decried "immorality" of Ouida I have never at all been able to perceive. I ignore the question of her immoral purport in the prose-poems heretofore treated. There such a discussion wears colors of absurdity; it is almost as if some one should assure me that Milton's Satan was a matter of shame to his portrayer. But with regard to all Ouida's novels of what I have called her third period, the accusation (and it is a very wide accusation) becomes at least worthy of attention. Ouida has no hesitation in referring to relations between the sexes which common conventionality has reprobated and condemned. A great deal of her more modern work deals frankly with this theme. Sometimes it is dealt with in

tones and terms of a most scathing irony; again it is handled with mixed disdain and ridicule; and still again it is openly grieved over and deplored. But I fail to find a single instance of the vileness of adultery being either condoned or alleviated. To choose an uncanny subject is very different from handling that subject with the grosser motive of extenuating what is base in it. I should assert that Ouida never—absolutely never—does the latter. There are one or two scenes in "Moths" which have a shocking nudity of candor. But they are never dwelt upon for the purpose of pandering to any despicable taste in the reader. They form a link in the dolorous chain-work of the heroine's ills, and they are introduced for the purpose of rendering her final step of rebellion against the world's legally imposed pressure more pardonably consistent with the whole scheme of her unsolicited mishaps. While revealing what she believes to be low and contemptible in society of to-day, Ouida employs merely the weapons which Juvenal himself made use of. She is never sympathetic with wrong-doing, any more than the Latin poet was in fulminating against Roman decadence. Witness, as an example of this impersonal sincerity, her unsparing denunciations hurled at such characters as Lady Joan in "Friendship" and Lady Dolly in "Moths." How cordially she seems to detest the artificiality of every *mauvais sujet* she describes! She lays bare alike the sordid and the sensual aim; she pierces with her shafts of wit and hate the adventurer, the hypocrite, the scandal-monger, the titled voluptuary, the mendacious and guileful male flirt, the modest-visaged and still more deceptive *intrigante*. But there is no revelation through all her *danse macabre* of ill-behaved people which may even faintly indicate that she is in any way sympathetic with their indiscreet or reckless caperings. For those who shout Ouida down as abominable because she chooses to touch the abominable, I have no answer. All that point of view merely involves the question of whether the abominable can be touched or not in literature, provided it is so approached and so grasped that the author makes its mirk and stain seem nothing but the soilure and grossness which they really are. I am acquainted with several American men of letters who have told me that they deeply regret the broad public distaste against so-called "indecency" in novel-writing. These men have already written novels of merit and force, but they greatly desire to write novels which may express the full scope and depth of life as they see and feel it. They declare themselves, however, debarred from such performance by the stringent edicts of their publishers and editors. It seems to me that Ouida has quietly contemned the inclinations of her publishers and editors. She has chosen to tell the whole truth,—not as Zola tells it,

but as George Sand (whom she resembles in one way as much as she resembles Victor Hugo in another) always chose uncompromisingly to tell it. Her gorgeousness of surrounding has made her perfectly pure and reformatory motive dim to those who cannot eliminate from the scum and reek of a stagnant pool the iridescence filmed there. Ouida has seen the rainbow colors close-clinging to such malodorous torpor in human society, and she has striven to report of them as faithfully as of the brackish waters below. But she has intensified their baleful tints. She has made the ermine that wraps her sinful potentates too white and the black spots which indent this ermine too inky. She is and has always been incapable of saying to her muse what Mr. Lowell says in his profound and strangely unappreciated poem, "The Cathedral:"

> "Oh, more than half-way turn that Grecian front
> Upon me, while with half-rebuke I spell,
> On the plain fillet that confines thy hair
> In conscious bounds of seeming unconstraint,
> The *Naught in overplus*, thy race's badge!"

No; Ouida determinedly delights in overplus, and when one thinks of her muse at all it is of a harried and overtaxed muse, with feverish imprecations against the wear and tear to which divinity has been heartlessly subjected. When I turn toward the novels which have succeeded "Moths," I am constrained to declare Ouida a writer more fertile in expedients for disillusioning her most loyal adherents than any other known through the past centuries as one deserving the name of a genius. She is so incontestably a genius, however, that she can go on committing her excesses without alienating her leal devotees. She is like some monarch confident of his subjects' worship while he crowns himself with roses and quaffs wine from gold beakers to the detriment and discontent of throngs waiting at his gates. There are no throngs waiting at Ouida's gates, however; or rather the throngs are her entranced readers, and not by any means those fastidious about the requirements of true royalty. But a few, knowing her grand mind, regret the self-forgetfulness to which it has stooped.

"In Maremma" startled these few, as if it were a pledge of permanent return among the classic idealisms which have made this author's best right to assert herself one of the greatest figures in contemporary literature. And "In Maremma" is a tale of matchless grace and sweetness. We marvel as we read of the Italian girl who went and dwelt in the Etruscan tomb, loving the dead whom she found buried there, and finally meeting in it, by a most terrible satire of circumstances, him who dealt her a death-wound of passion,—we marvel, I say, as we

read of this delicious, free-souled, innocent kinswoman to Folle-Farine and Ariadne, how any human brain could be so multiplex and many-shaded as that of Ouida. What gulfs of difference separate this new heroine of hers from the world-encompassed and society-beset beings whom she has so recently pictured! And yet for a time the novelist has dropped her microscope (often so foolishly misemployed) and the poet has resumed her neglected lyre. The old notes are still struck with dulcet harmony. "In Maremma" is Ouida again at her loftiest and most authentic. She shows in it her old impetuous desire to feel with and for the persecuted and maltreated of the earth. I cannot explain why it should not be ranked with the three great masterpieces to which I have already made such enthusiastic reference. Perhaps it should be so ranked. If there is any excuse for depriving it of a place on this exquisite list, that excuse must be found in its more earthy *raison d'être* when compared with the almost ethereal spirituality of the other books.

"Wanda," "Princess Napraxine," and "Othmar," coming afterward with a speed of succession that showed the most earnest industry, have given proof of their author's second return to at least relative realism. But "Wanda" is a romance of inexpressible grace and force. It is the purest romance: to speak of it as highly colored is like calling a particularly rich sunset overfraught with glows and tints. Judging it by the modern methods of the "naturalistic" school is to pronounce it a monstrosity of art. But a great many of the elder Dumas' works would suffer in a like way if so considered, and nearly every prose line of Hugo's would fall under the same ban of disfavor. "Wanda" is a great romantic story. Its mode of telling is one protracted intensity. Its fires burn with a raging and heavy-odored flame. But they spring forth, for all that, with no ungoverned madness. They are kindled by a hand desirous of their heat and curl, but avoidant of their reckless outflow. It is very easy to denounce such a tale as vulgar. In these final years of our dying century all literary fierceness and eagerness of this kind are so denounced. If romanticism is to fade away forever, this volcanic bit of sensationalism is undoubtedly doomed. But its sensationalism is of the sort we think of when we remind ourselves of "Monte Cristo" and "Le Juif Errant." The haughty Austrian countess, with her prestige of stainless pedigree and her imperial self-esteem,—the Russian serf who has concealed his disgraceful birth under a stolen title,—the Hungarian nobleman of almost kingly rank and unblemished honor, who contemptuously lays bare the shameful brand of imposture in his rival,—the ancestral castle in the Tyrol, with its obeisant swarms of vassals and its regal household admin-

istration,—all these are the old materials and manœuvres of "Strathmore" and "Idalia," but presented with tenfold more adroitness and *savoir-faire.* The secret of reading "Wanda" with the keenest relish for its exuberant ardors must lie in complete forgetfulness of life as it is and pious acceptance of life as it might be. But this is the test by which nearly all romance is tried. I have no space to treat at length of "Princess Napraxine" and its sequel "Othmar;" but if space were broadly allowed me I could state of them no more and no less than I have already stated of "Wanda." Princess Napraxine herself is a silly and patience-taxing person. Ouida's enemies must have exulted in her as "immoral," which she indeed truly would be were she not so transparently *légère.* The chief pity is that so fine a fellow as Othmar should have done anything except disdain her. But both these two last novels teem with pages of description, reflection, tenderness, sweetness, and pathos which make the fact doubly sad that Princess Napraxine (a pedant, a prig, and a strutting combination of silliness and bad manners) should ever have been summoned to blot and mar them by her paltry charlatanisms.

The isolated position held by Ouida in an age when principles and theories essentially opposite to her own have seemingly captured the world of letters, would of itself point to endowments both rare and sturdy. That she has pushed her way into renown against obstacles which were often all the more stubborn because they were of her own rearing, is a matter for serious inquiry and reflection; but that she should have forced from certain able contemporaries who originally satirized and flouted her, the respect and homage which we pay to transcendent competency, is a still more significant truth. It means that Ouida must mount to her place of deserved state in spite of faults which would shape for many another writer stairways with a wholly different direction. But there has seldom been a writer whose virtues and vices were so inextricably blended. For example, the very people in her stories of fashionable society who conduct themselves with the least lucid common sense perpetually spice their repartees and railleries with a most engaging wit. We may not sympathize with what they say, but we are keenly amused by their modes of saying it. Disraeli, whom I believe Ouida sincerely admires as a novelist, possesses all her love for palatial filigree and porphyry; yet he has nothing of her sprightliness, crispness, and *verve* when telling us of the bores, the simpletons, and the few passably bright people who make up "society."

In more than a single way Ouida is behind her time,—a time over whose rather barren-looking levels of analysis and formulation she flings the one large light of romance now visible. In this latter respect

she is, indeed, a kind of glorious anachronism, but from another standpoint her grooves of thought appear painfully narrow. Occasionally she airs a contempt for her own sex which makes us wish that with all her learning she knew a little more of the dispassionate repose taught by science and of its hardy feuds against *a priori* assumptions. Ouida has made declarations about womankind which cause us to wonder how she can possibly have been so unfortunate in her feminine friends, with the thousands of chaste and lovable women now to be met inside the limits of civilization. The *mauvaise langue*, when turned against womanhood, is nowadays classed among effete frivolities. What we forgave at the beginning of the century on this head we now simply dismiss as beneath anything like grave heed. The day has passed when such Byronics of misogyny, however gilt with flashing sarcasms, will either delude or solace. We leave "sneers at the sex" to the idleness of otherwise unemployed club-loungers, whose growls are innocuous. Still, in justice to Ouida, I should deny that her hatred of women ever reached anything like an offensive boiling-point except in the early novel "Puck," which has probably done as much to feed the spleen of her enemies as any work to which she has given her name. In subsequent novels she has created many women of great sweetness and high-mindedness, as Étoile in "Friendship," Vera in "Moths," Wanda in the story of that title, Yseult in "Princess Napraxine," and Damaris in "Othmar." Perhaps a depraved and sinful woman is more execrable than a man of the same perverted traits. This is a question open to debate, though Ouida somehow suggests an opposite judgment. It is true that the majority of her very bad people are not men, though she is capable, at a pinch, of some darkly Mephistophelian types.

On the other hand, her love for the helpless and the unfriended, her profound charity toward the down-trodden and destitute and neglected among humanity, is one of the several bonds between her own genius and that of Hugo,—a poet whom she resembles more than I have availed myself of opportunity to indicate.

But I do not claim that these words about Ouida—though I have called them "the truth," and though, as regards my own most sincere faith and equally sincere unfaith, I so insist upon calling them—are in any degree a satisfactory criticism. How this woman's littleness dies into a shadow beside her imaginative greatness, a real critic will hereafter tell. I have already stated in the pages of this magazine my fixed belief concerning the scientific method which every critic who at all merits the place of one should infallibly use. For myself, I wish to be thought no more than that purveyor of opinions whom I have previously sentenced with some emphasis. I simply print what I think

and believe about Ouida, and I have declared it to be "the truth" only as I see and realize truth. If it be falsehood I shall welcome with gladness any actual critic who so proves it. But to satisfy me of my own errors he must not by any means deport himself in the same arbitrary and downright fashion as I have done. He must bear in mind that if he desires to convince me of my one-sidedness he must not oppose it with *dicta* as unfoundedly hypothetical as my own. He must not be a man who profusely deals, as I do, in unverified declarations. He must logically elucidate to me where I am wrong and why I am right. It occurs to me, with that vanity of all essayists who temporarily have the field quite to themselves, that I am more often right than wrong. But if I am conclusively proved more often wrong than right by that system of acute investigation which only the science-bred critic understands, then I shall still feel that I have been of marked service to the writer thus empirically reviewed; for I shall at least have made myself a means of rousing careful and faithful consideration toward a series of imaginative works thus far either unreasonably contemned or irresponsibly lauded. The scientific tone and poise is so prevailing and favorite a one at the present time in works which a few years ago it rarely invaded, that I cannot help asking myself why the critics, who of all living persons are most easily accredited with the scientific tone and poise, should not more fondly and unhesitatingly employ it. They almost universally fail to employ it, however; and on this account the wandering verbiage of their estimates may be said to be as valueless as the announcements which I now pluck up boldness enough to print. But my boldness has a weak fibre or two of cowardice in it, I fear, after all. I should never have presumed to write of Ouida as I have written, had I not prized her compositions, frankly and *de bon cœur*, far more than I blame them. For this reason I have given my favorable views publicity. Ouida is so internationally popular that I am confident of friendly endorsements which will mitigate for me the necessary agony of being anathematized as her defender. There my cowardice stops—in a certainty of helpers and supporters. For the rest, if I am called names because I pay to a reigning genius what I hold as her rightful tribute, my stolid resignation will be equal to any martyr's. I shall endure the odium, certain of its ultimate destruction. Times change, and I think the day is not far distant when Ouida will be amazed at the sovereign fame which she herself has builded through all these years of failure and triumph, of weakness and power. But perhaps she will not be astonished at all, being dead. Or perhaps . . . But I leave that point for the religionists and the agnostics to fight out between themselves. One gets immortality of a

certain kind, now and then, whether *pallida mors* bring to us posthumous beatitude, brimstone or annihilation. And Ouida, I should insist (with deference to the coming scientific critic), has secured this terrene kind of immortality. I don't know whether or not she would rank it as a very precious boon. To judge from a good many passages in her abundant writing, I should be inclined to decide negatively.

Edgar Fawcett.

LATENT.

WITHOUT the garden wall it grows,
A flowerless tree,
Wrung by the restless blast that blows
Across the sea:
Forgotten of the fickle Spring,
The scanty leaves droop, withering:
Scarce would it seem—poor, sapless thing!—
A rose to be!

Yet must the frail and faded spray
A rose remain,
Though bitter, blowing winds to-day
Its growth restrain.
Somewhere, however these deny,
The color and the fragrance lie;
Somewhere the perfect flower its dry
Dull stalks contain!

If in a kindlier soil perchance
The root should grow,
Where dews would fall, and sunbeams glance,
And soft airs flow,
Fair as the flower the garden shows
The leaf might spring, the bud unclose:—
From out the calyx of a rose
A rose will blow!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

BED.

BED means one thing to a river and another to a gun-carriage; a hen has her own unshared notion of it, as a garden has; it is familiar to copper ore, and to shell-fish, as well as to weary human bones. To the limited and prosaic apprehension of those bones, it suggests a piece of furniture set in a room of a house; nothing newer, wilder, or more inspiring. The average citizen is not critical as to its possibilities; his plain nest is as fine and legendary to him as the ground on Parnassus in Phocis, where a man should wake a poet; or the shepherd-boy's station on Latmos, with Dian every night coming down to kiss his eyelids; or the cradle of Saint Hilary at Poitiers, where mad folk are laid to sleep, and are said to get up with the sun, sane and respectable as himself, eased of their gorgeous imaginings.

Bed, nevertheless, kind and flawless in behavior though it be, has at some time or other set wicked tongues wagging. A superstition hangs over it, which we must endeavor to disperse,—a saucy, irrelevant vulgarism, which his accomplished uncle once flung in tropes at our friend Mr. Arthur Pendennis: that "as a man makes his bed, so must he lie in it." Now, the actual gist of this knock-down impertinence is explained more clearly, and in a more elegant manner, by the kindred proverb, "As one sows, so will he reap," or by any of a dozen phrases put together by some old wiseacre to express the inscrutable law of retribution and the recoil of one's doings upon himself. How this analogy between a man's making his bed and his lying in it came to signify, in English, the personal *lex talionis*, is past finding out. It is all tinkle and tinsel, and no true allegory. Lear's Fool, for one, never could have fathered it. There is a certain trade sense in which a man, if his gifts run that way, is not unlikely to make a bed; and another, in which the re-arrangement of the rumpled article in question, the supplementary but vital act, becomes the privilege of a chambermaid. For observe that the creative verb of the adage seems to indicate, not the constructive carpenter-work, but merely the repetitionary smoothening and shaking, to be accomplished, meanwhile, not by the chambermaid aforesaid, but—diverting fatality!—by the man. Bed-making, under such conditions, is scarcely a pastime native to the masculine mind. Custom hath whimsically set her back against it. Grace and order would be coy to follow on a 'prentice hand. 'Tis ten to one that the strata of coverings shall coincide with no precedent established among

housekeepers, and that the feathery hills where a head should repose sou'-by-west are to be found upheaved at opposite ends of the compass. Still, as Hercules spun, and Achilles played among girls, so their modern brother may attain the art of bed-making, by dint of patience and insuperable attention. But until he be thoroughly broken in, to the third and fourth generation, the odds are yet against his performing that task wilfully, whenever he can possibly avoid it. And if he go not to his work with eager and pertinacious consciousness, whither flies the significance of the valuable saying which celebrates his industry? For that we shall abide by the consequences of our own voluntary acts, is the sagacious lesson intended to be enforced in this insufferable jargon about a man and a bed.

Even supposing that the condemned take pleasure in his new and delicate vocation, that his hand be agreeably dedicated to the eliminating of creases from the mattress, and the chastising of pillows, "non-conductors to the day," that their spirits may rise proportionately, we cannot conceive of any known law by which he is to be forced to recline on the precise scene of his labors; or, if such a law exist, we cannot aver that it will be any sort of punishment to lay his cheek on the clean and comfortable throne which, in his waking hours, he had prepared for it.

Why should he not pass his nights elsewhere, and never once in the bed, which, because he hath dressed it, the wretched saw calleth "his"? Can he not hospitably extend it to a guest or a beggar? Might he not doze in an easy-chair, or knot himself into a sitting posture, like an Indian brave, sleeping warily on the floor of his demesne? or stretch, cat-wise, on a rug, or betake himself to a hammock beneath oaks, or to a piny couch, and "lie *sub dio*, under the canopy of heaven"? How should the man, with so noble a choice, have to do with any bed unless he choose it? Familiarity breedeth contempt. If the man made the bed, and vexed his brain with its blankety rubric, so much the more reason that he should tire of it, and follow his fancy in eschewing it for some unaccursed substitute. The popular fallacy is that he made it, and that he is in it, world without end, for his pains: whereas sober reason affirmeth that not only could he never have made it, under given average circumstances, but that were he confined to it (as an ingenious and vindicatory Occidental set-off to the Chinese prisoner who is kept nocturnally on his tottering feet, and forever denied the solace of his couch, till his body die of wakefulness), nothing, not fragrance of Thessalian bays, nor fruit dripping with dews of September, could be so truly benedictory and loving to our man under sentence as the sleep that, be he but a healthy mortal, would surely close upon him, with incalculable gentleness, before he had been a half-hour in his calumniated bed.

A lullaby is potent over us from first to last through our "long infancy." As all nature conspires, from the day of our birth, to kill us, so that it has been no small cause of wonder to philosophers that despite innumerable risks and hazards, thread-hanging swords, burning ploughshares, brinks of precipices, danger on every side, from a breakfast to a battle, we make out to live until we die; so all that may reach the eye and ear without variegation tends to send us to sleep. A monotone of sound or color, the motion of wheels, the fixedness of a column, "sweet musick, floud-gates, arches, falls of water like London bridge, or some continuate noise to benum the senses," can at times cajole the most uneasy into oblivion. There are those, indeed, who need but the knowledge that the sun is at high noon, or that on the spring mid-day grasses it is a pleasant thing to wear the pilfered jewel of the night, to give themselves, docile and drowsy, to the swayings of Mercury's wand.

A school-boy terror wards off a passer-by from the hoariest and comeliest graveyard while stars are marshalled above him; but no such goblin beliefs brush him by sunlight, when the least importunate of men may fain see what an odd, humorsome, gentle-mannered experiment it is to lie between old graves, and to be sealed with the simile and suggestion of that other sleep which hath endured for centuries without fraying. If a survivor may perk himself into security anywhere, it is among these invisible bedfellows. Nowhere else is it such serene gentility to be alive,—such a ticket of authority, such a feather in one's cap. You are of more moment, in the bleared popular eye, than a promiscuous dozen of sages and heroes under, simply inasmuch as

> Ah! Mæcenas is ywrapt in clay,
> And great Augustus long ago is dead.

Or, in a calmer mood, here shall be found temples on whose lintel you may lie in air, and proffer censer-smoke, and make songs of honor and good-will. Choose some very shrine, and make of it the bed on Parnassus, or good Hilary's cradle, and be not loath to rest abjectly and without distrust amid noble ashes. There are beguilements of sleep urged from the cool, willow-shaded acre of ghosts to the wayfarer hot with life: so Theocritus understood it. "Here lies Hipponax the poet," he said, in one of his sweet epitaphs: "if thou art worthless, draw not nigh his tomb; but if thou art honorable and of fair descent, come! sit here boldly, and, if thou wilt, slumber."

Light sleep is but fairy-like torment, beautiful oppression, when one still can hear the little smith hammering rhythmically in his breast and day-worries pacing to and fro in their cells overhead. Rest that is sound

is kinder; but what words can set forth the fastness of a going-to-sleep after hardy exercise, which is like the descent of a diving-bell, slow, weird, darkening, "deeper than did ever plummet sound"? when the journey inconceivable, conscious only for a half-second at its outset, permeates one's being with a sense of absolute delight? when the emergent mind, after long hours, comes, as with a baptismal freshness, to put its naked foot upon the threshold of an unfamiliar world, its revenges outworn, its vexations washed away? and when no philter nor laurel-leaves of pagan credence laid under the pillows shall spare it enough of energy to dream, or, dreaming, shall bid it remember so far as the garish dawn again? Somnus and his servant Morpheus throw open the gates of ivory and of translucent horn, through which wander visions false and true; and Artemidorus, and such as he, may chronicle those confidences of the immortals,—not we: we do but sleep, and take the glory and awe of the sequence, not to prate of them nor cry to outsiders of the feast which our host spreads for us in the central hall of his palace.

We have started suddenly at times into half-wakefulness from the thraldom of sleep, utterly numb to the sensual universe, but alert within, and luxuriating on the singularity of that change. And it is borne into our cloudy brain how the silver keel of our little lonely boat has just grazed the sands of the shallows, blown thither from the channels solemn and vast, and how, ere we recognize it, we shall be sailing, under pilotage, fathoms deep and ever deepening, into the outer seas again. So must it seem to be born, if a child might carry that dim consciousness of the bygone voyage, and of the return, speedy as the swallow's wing or the decay of a rose, to the eternal waters.

Gratuitous persons, moralists and physicians, or gentlemen like Samuel Johnson, who lay abed all his days until noon, and yet preached that no creature could accomplish anything who was not an early riser, have fixed the public prejudice that sleep should be curtailed—that whole, wise, radiant gift of the gods!—to a matter of six or eight hours at most. Tradition sets up San Vito to be invoked against somnolency, with his impudent cock a-crowing as soon as the crazy day breaks,—ay, and often before the sun bestirs himself. Far more virtuous is it to take the report on faith that at some blinking hour or other the fiery celestial annoys the comfortable continent with his importunate rays; for ourselves, we are not at home to him. We know that the later we cling to bed the less mischief we shall wreak on the twelve accusatory hours, and the younger we shall be when our time comes to reckoning fourscore. We would always roll in empery and felicity a little longer, and compose our godly eyelids once again to the

consideration of the charms of sleep, who untangles our problems and does so much of our melancholizing for us, and carves unbid on a sonnet, so that it is popped, cunningly wrought, under our astonished thumb next morning; to think over all these agreeable things, wish that they may not be denied to our neighbor, and take time to work ourself into a fitting and ripe gratitude for such ample favor; to syllable piously lines which Sidney writ and our childhood learned:

> Sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
> The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe!

and to breathe, for that also is down in the ritual, a rueful sigh of greeting to the patronal band, Marcian, Malchus, Maximin, Dionysius, John, Serapion, Constantine, who lay in the Cœlian cave one hundred and ninety-six years of sleep, to leave us now but the pittance of one gingerly night, and drank so ungenerously of the divine draught that we must needs wake at every matin-chime of sheer expectancy and with lips athirst, like a cheated guest who watches the brimming loving-cup down the great table and finds it at last hollow as last year's nest.

One is sensitively himself on the border-land of repose. The pick of a lifetime is in these moments of semi-resurrection, when as yet we are under no conviction that to get up is dignified or humane, and when thoughts many and potent, bathed in the near rainbow-hue of dreams, as no afternoon-fancies can be, entertain the languid intelligence. Superb alchemy! Then unsuspecting capabilities burgeon; heroics are child's play. We have moved the world in sublime generalship, detail by detail, riddled the stars, caught the leviathan, winnowed a lordly library out of the wastes of printerdom, shut all Pandora's evils fast in their box again,—in bed. It happened once, in winter, that we rose to the surface of activity with the victorious, brotherly memory of Nelson upbearing us, how, whence, or why no man may guess, and so on to that day's warfare, in perfect integrity of heart.

Often is it our fortune that some compelling, stinging splendor lays hold all too early of our befogged body and shakes it in a flash out of profoundest apathy; something so fine that it seems, were it not for that, we should sleep unchallenged for an arctic season; something that posts us on our feet excitedly, as if the whole weal of this world depended on our special nerve and invention. No delicious speculation and philosophizing after that. The royalty which is ourself may turn on its side and doze if the usual hodden valet knock at the portal and go, believing us acquiescent; but when a king from far away blusters, booted and spurred, into the chamber, and slaps his gauntlet

down on the counterpane in defiance of us, and plucks us rashly by the beard, why, there is no choice but to be up in our very night-gear and have at him.

Is it not due to the good bed which shelters us that we should venture on a little biquotidianal canticle of its friendship and service, salute it with deference as the ever-probable theatre of birth and death, of last confidences, loves renewed, pardons accorded; as the actual theatre, indeed, of our own tremendous boldness in nightly committing ourselves under God to a mystery, a treachery, a who-knows-what of resignation and helpless enchainment? To its four posts we pay homage as to the gates of the exquisite under-world. Every sleep there is an Arabian transportation, where the soul, mute, veiled, and unrevealing, finds its way to the eldest Eden, and keeps so well the secret of the path that its own oblivious feet must be taught anew each eventide; and so ranges, always happily guided, always forgetful, until the ties are snapped between it and the flesh, and the flesh itself grows vacant of beauty, and the truant owner,

Leaving door and windows wide,

comes home not any more from his land of wonder.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

MY UNKNOWN FRIEND.

I CANNOT tell the country where thou art,
Or where, on height, or vale, or ocean's brink,
Thy home doth stand: content with this frail link
I dwell, until I know thee, noble heart,—
That the same golden sun that strikes athwart
My threshold doth from your bright casement sink;
Night's crescent and pale star of morn, I think,
Are warders where we dream, though leagues apart!

To show thee wild wood-road and tangled slope,
The plumèd elms, the hill-top's dazzling reach,
The lingering stream and lane where lovers stray,
To hear thee match dear thoughts and rival hope
Of mine, and thine own plans and phrases teach,
Will please me—on some long, uncalendared day.

F. D. Stickney.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

THE town of Vardöe in Norway is situated on an island within the Polar Circle, where there is winter during nine months of the year and chilly weather during the remaining three. Still, Jetmund Tangen had no quarrel with Fate for having deposited him in such a fierce and barren corner of the earth. He had received the cold gust from the Pole full in the face, the moment he was born; and he went through life, as it were, facing it in the same uncompromising manner. He had braced himself for the fight; and he stood like a rock. Nature had meant him for a kindly man, no doubt; but the cold, somehow, shut him up, and made him stern and silent. Only toward his son Paul did he exhibit his gentler side. For Paul was a miserable little weakling, whose feeble life flickered like a flame that was about to go out. He sat in his bed, propped up in pillows, sometimes reading, sometimes dreamily gazing at pictures cut from cigar-boxes or advertisements of groceries. The sovereigns of Europe, drinking with ecstatic expressions a certain brand of chocolate, or the black-eyed Cuban señoritas with their arch smiles and beau-catchers, kindled his imagination with visions of beauty and splendor. He wandered through palm-groves in sweet converse with these fascinating damsels, and reposed with them upon green hills overlooking the dimpling summer seas. Now it was the dancing *La Tarantella* who rejoiced in his favor (for Paul did not doubt that the names were authentic); then came, the next week, *Donna Casilda* and cut her out; and a week later it might be *Flor de Habana* to whom he awarded the palm of loveliness. She had, as her sweet serious eyes showed, a nobler character than the coquettish *Donna Casilda;* and as for *La Tarantella,* Paul felt quite ashamed to think that he had allowed himself to be taken in by her coarse and superficial charms.

Thus passed the days and nights of the invalid's life. For he waked and slept as Nature prompted, and kept no account of time. The dim lamp burned always on the table before his bed; and outside the storm and the darkness reigned. The house creaked in all its joints, like a ship in a gale; or, on still days, the walls cracked and snapped from the cold; but Paul and his lovely señoritas revelled in glorious sunshine and played ball with golden oranges, while the groves resounded with their laughter. Only when his father or his brother Narve came from the store to trim the lamp for him and to give him a little pat on the head was he reminded of the grim reality. For Jet-

mund always left behind him an atmosphere of tarred ropes, plug tobacco, and salted cod, which put the señoritas to flight. Narve's visits were less unwelcome; because he smelled merely of fish, and he brought, at least once or twice a week, a new picture. Sometimes it was a stout gentleman who had gone mad with delight over a piece of soap (though he seemed to have no special need of it), or a middle-aged lady who had discovered that the secret of happiness consisted in the possession of a bottle of quack medicine. These were welcome, by way of variety, when the supply of señoritas ran short, for they suggested all manner of speculations as to the character and previous history of people who could go into rapture at so singular a provocation.

When the brief summer blazed up on the horizon and the whole island was covered with innumerable wild flowers, there came a change in Paul's life. He was then every Sunday wrapped up carefully and carried in his brother's mighty arms down to the beach, where a boat lay ready to receive them. And all day long and far into the golden night they would float idly about on the shining mirror of the sea, under the cloudless sky, among the screaming hosts of sea-birds. The enormous icebergs, glittering like fairy palaces in the red rays of the midnight sun, drifted past them, carrying their freight of seal and walrus and occasionally a polar bear, all unconscious of their destination and even of the fact that they were travelling. Paul, lying with half-closed eyes in the stern of the boat, took little note of these things: the clouds that sailed above him, changing in the glow of the sun into all sorts of fantastic shapes, interested him far more; for he saw in them faces and forms of wondrous beauty pursued by threatening monsters of appalling ugliness. The pure air did him good, and the gentle motion soothed him. He broke out in querulous protest when, long after midnight, Narve put up his oars and sprang forward to ward off the bump against the pier. He would have liked to drift on thus forever.

The older brother, on such occasions, was received with harsh rebukes on their arrival home. He had been accustomed to harsh words from his father as long as he could remember. Though he was a kind-hearted and capable lad, Jetmund seemed to cherish a deep-seated grudge against him. By some obscure process of reasoning he seemed to hold the older brother responsible for the younger's feebleness. He, coming first, had appropriated more than his share of strength, leaving nothing for the poor little fellow who came after him. Jetmund never uttered these sentiments in words, but, absurd as they were, they nevertheless colored his whole relation to Narve; and the boy, who had stoically accepted this relation as something inevitable, expended, like

the father himself, whatever love there was in his heart upon the invalid brother. He never smelt Jetmund's composite odor from afar without making haste to vanish. As he grew to manhood, however, he began to feel ashamed of his dislike of his father's society, and compelled himself to stand when he would have liked to run. He even consented to take his place behind the counter in the store in order to save the hire of a clerk, which Jetmund could ill afford to pay. But it seemed to him a miserable life; he chafed under it like a polar bear shut up in a cage; for Narve was essentially an out-of-door character. He was of large frame, powerfully built, and weather-beaten like a whaler. From his earliest years he had known no restraint upon his liberty, but had ranged freely over land and sea as his fancy prompted. He felt at home in the icy blast; amid the screaming host of sea-birds that swept in the wake of the fishing-fleet; among seal and walrus upon the drifting ice-floes. He was a polar type. Generations of life within the Arctic zone had made him what he was,—every phase of his mental and physical being adapted to grapple with the hard conditions of Arctic existence. Imagine, then, what a martyrdom the daily confinement in a little low-ceiled and malodorous store must have been to such a nature. And yet it was fortunate that he accepted the yoke, heavy though it was. For one day, without a moment's warning, his father was stricken down by apoplexy, in the sea-booth, and fell in a heap of fish, dying.

"Take care—of the little one, Narve," he gasped, with his expiring breath; "take care—of the—little one."

Paul, strange to say, took his father's death quite calmly,—perhaps because he had not vitality enough to feel anything keenly,—while Narve wept as if his heart would break. The fact that his relations with his father had not been of the best seemed to make his loss only the harder to bear. In the half-stunned condition in which the calamity had left him, the discovery which he soon made, that his father had died bankrupt, had scarcely the power to impress him at all. His first thought was that he might now escape from the irksome routine of the store. The wide world stretched out before him, and he might now at last follow his inclinations and roam to his heart's content. He knew the haunts of the whale better than any man in Vardöe; and he had also made an invention—a gun for firing harpoons at long range—from which he expected in time to realize a fortune. The only thing needed to perfect the details was practical experiment. This a voyage in a whaler would easily afford him; and then the road to prosperity and happiness was plain sailing. There was but one drawback to this beautiful plan. He could not take Paul with him on a

whaling-expedition; nor had he the heart to leave him behind. He thought and he thought, until his brow was a net-work of wrinkles; but all expedients that suggested themselves seemed cruel. And so the end of it was that, with a heavy heart, he resumed his place behind the counter, as clerk to his father's successor, Mr. A. Grundt, and the beautiful dream vanished in smoke.

Paul was far from suspecting the sacrifice which his brother had made for him. He lived in a world of his own imagining; and as long as he was free from pain and new señoritas with new and fascinating names kept him company, he allowed no other earthly concern to disturb him. Only when winter came and his poor emaciated body was wrenched with pain did he lose his patience and become fretful and exacting. Narve saw him fade away, day by day and week by week; and, strive as he might, he could not chase away the thought that when these two weary eyes should be closed forever, then he would be free to live his own life and start in quest of his own happiness. But in the next moment he would remember his promise to his father to care for him; his love for his brother would awake with renewed warmth, and he would suffer an agony of remorse, because he had for one moment harbored the wicked thought. One night, as he was sitting at Paul's bedside, doing penance for his yearning for liberty, his eyes fell upon the picture of the lady who was exulting in the virtues of Brown's Panacea. A pang nestled at his heart, as he thought that neither he nor his father, with all their love for Paul, had consulted a physician in regard to his ailment. They had looked upon it rather as a heaven-sent calamity,—something that was meant to be, and, as such, beyond the reach of earthly aid.

An overwhelming sense of tenderness for the invalid took possession of Narve.

"You have no one in the world but me, you poor boy," he said, as he let his large, cool hand glide over Paul's hot forehead and cheeks. "I will be faithful, faithful, faithful," he added, in a whisper, to himself, "faithful unto the end."

The next day, rather to pacify his conscience than because he hoped for any result, he called upon the resident physician and begged him to visit his brother. Paul submitted fretfully to being tapped on the back and having the various functions of his body tested by scientific appliances. When the examination was at an end, Narve stood waiting outside with an anxious face.

"He needs the one thing which you cannot give him," said the doctor,—"a temperate climate. He has no constitution to grapple with the perpetual winter of the North Pole."

"And will he then die?" cried Narve, in an agony of conflicting emotions.

"He may survive another winter. He will not survive two."

II.

The great blue burnished shield of the Polar Sea, the flaming sheen of the midnight sun, the shrieking storm of sea-birds whirling about the lonely crags, the huge whales blowing and spouting against the sky, the great fishing-fleet, with expanded sails, flying northward, and returning laden to the rim,—this is the North, the beloved North! So it presented itself, at least, to Narve's mind, as he regretfully thought of the possibility of leaving it. It was to him the most favored, the most beautiful land under the sun. But it had not a temperate climate. At least he inferred from the doctor's words that it had not. He wrestled mightily with the Lord in prayer, begging for light and guidance, and hoping that some escape might be found from the cruel duty. But each time the duty seemed plainer, more inexorable. His brother's life was in his hand. Should he refuse to save it? Had he not promised his father to shield and protect it? Could he ever hope for peace upon the earth, if he had to step over Paul's dead body to reach his liberty? Could he buy happiness by his brother's death? These importunate questions haunted Narve by day and by night. He could no longer, as of old, shirk the answer by saying that if it was the Lord's will that Paul should live, He would save him wherever he was. He had a tender conscience, this great blue-eyed giant, and its wakeful voice kept whispering in the dark, through the long vigils of the night. When at last the fateful resolution was taken, Narve braced himself to lift his burden, and wavered no longer. He would bend all his energies now to gathering money enough to take Paul to a temperate climate. The eight dollars a month, which he received for his services in the store, were all expended to provide the invalid with the necessaries of life; and some extra source of income had, therefore, to be provided. Happily, Narve had some knowledge of taxidermy, and, as English tourists paid good prices for stuffed specimens of Arctic birds and beasts, he hoped within a year to save the hundred dollars which would be needed for the journey. Long before the break of dawn, he was seen roaming, with his gun on his shoulder, over the lonely cliffs or visiting the islands where the birds were wont to brood; and every time he returned laden with booty. It did not occur to Paul, who watched with languid interest his brother's midnight toil, flaying eider-ducks and auks and cormorants, that it was his own life which was at stake in these operations. But from Narve's mind this reflection was never

absent. It sustained him when he was discouraged, gave him strength when he was weary, kept his drooping eyes open when they were heavy with sleep. Dollar was added to dollar, and slowly the little hoard grew, until, by the end of a year, it counted fifty-six. But that was forty-four less than was required. And, in the mean while, the second winter would be coming on, which the doctor had said Paul could not survive. For the first time, he gained no strength during the summer; and with the first cold days in September he failed so rapidly that it seemed sometimes a question of hours, when he would breathe his last.

Narve, to whom his task had become dearer, the nearer it seemed to success, was in despair. He tried to borrow the sum he needed from his employer, but met with a gruff refusal. He invented a dozen ingenious plans, but they all required time, and had therefore to be abandoned. Every time he could find a pretext for leaving the store, he rushed over to his brother's room, and stood wringing his hands in helpless grief, while gazing at the sallow and withered features, in which a spark of life seemed scarcely to be lingering. He walked about as in a trance, attending mechanically to his duties, but hardly knowing what he did, always pursued by the dread that, when he returned, he might find his brother dead.

It so happened that, after a day spent in a torture of apprehension, Narve was sent by his employer on board an English schooner which was buying fresh salmon to be taken to London in refrigerators. There was much commotion on board because one of the sailors had just been killed by a fall from the rigging. The captain was anxious to sail, but did not dare to put to sea with less than the legal number of men. Observing Narve's sailor-like appearance, he offered him on the spur of the moment two pounds and free passage home again, if he would go with him.

"I sha'n't want the passage back," said Narve; "but if you'll allow me, instead, to take my brother along, who is ill, I am your man."

"All right," said the captain.

And so it was settled. Narve felt as if his body were an imponderable quantity, as he tumbled down into the boat, rowed ashore, and with feverish anxiety hastened to Paul's room. Ah, there he lay, his mouth pinched, as if in death, his cheeks hollow, his eyes listlessly closed. Narve stood for a moment paralyzed with dread. He bounded across the floor and grasped his brother's hand. God be praised, there was yet life in it.

"Brother," he cried, exultingly, "we are going."

There came a spark of consciousness into the invalid's half-quenched eyes, as he murmured, "Yes—I am going—brother—to God."

"No, child, no! Not to God, but to America."

Three days later a blond giant, carrying in his arms a limp and apparently lifeless form, made a sensation in the streets of London, and three weeks later he repeated the sensation in the streets of New York.

III.

After a month of futile inquiry, Narve Tangen got a position as clerk with Mr. Tulstrup, a Norwegian merchant who dealt in fish-products which he imported from Norway. Long experience had made Narve a connoisseur in cod-liver and whale oils, and enabled him to detect the slightest adulteration. He thus made himself valuable to his employer and gained a comfortable livelihood. But for all that he was not happy. He felt limp and depressed, and all his former energy seemed to have deserted him. It was only by a violent effort, and by the thought of Paul's dependence upon him, that he could arouse himself to attend to his duties. The terrible uproar of Broadway bewildered and oppressed him, and he yearned with a passionate regret for the silence of the great Arctic solitudes. The dear familiar sights amid which he had grown up haunted his thoughts and made him pine like a child to return to them. But his homeward way seemed forever to be cut off, and he would be obliged to spend his whole life in this strange and bewildering land, amid these alien sights and sounds.

There was but one consolation in these sorrows: Paul was gaining strength. With every day his pleasure in life revived: he began in a cautious way to study English, and Mr. Tulstrup's daughter, Miss Ida, who had become interested in the strange career of the brothers, came every morning and talked with him for a couple of hours. Paul, who in spite of his eighteen years was yet a child in mind, identified her immediately with the noble and lovely Flor de Habana, his favorite among his cigar-box heroines. The jewelled rings on her fingers, the laces and bright ribbons on her dress, the ostrich-feathers on her hat, filled him with wonder and delight. She appeared to him (though she was in no wise extravagantly apparelled) like a figure out of the "Arabian Nights,"—like a heaven-sent realization of the dreams he had dreamed during his long solitude and misery. In Vardöe he had only seen women dressed in wadmal and coarse homespun; and this exquisite creature, with her sweet smile, her silken hair, and her soft hands, seemed scarcely to belong to the same species. If he could only have walked with her through the palm-groves with which his fancy surrounded the city, his cup of happiness would have been full. The gorgeous roses she brought him grew, for aught he knew, on palm-

trees; and he pictured to himself the magnificence of these enchanted groves, redolent with perfume and ablaze with color.

The summer following their arrival in New York became fateful in the lives of the two brothers. While the heat, which was often intense, brought a daily increase of strength to Paul, it tortured Narve like purgatorial flames. While Paul, assisted by Ida, was taking tentative steps across the floor (for the two had entered into a friendly conspiracy to surprise Narve), the elder brother sat at his desk, mopping the perspiration which dripped in a steady shower from his brow, and feeling dizzy and undone, as if he were wilted and withered in his innermost being. Several times he was on the point of fainting, and only saved himself by grabbing a piece of ice from the water-cooler and pressing it against his temples. It appeared to him that the torture was less unendurable when he moved than when he sat still; and on a Sunday afternoon in July he found himself strolling through Central Park and pausing idly before the open-air cages of the menagerie. His glance fell upon a polar bear who was swaying from one side to another in a demented fashion, and pawing incessantly the floor of his cage, in which his claws had worn deep grooves. The tears blinded Narve's eyes, as he saw his forlorn compatriot, his comrade in misery.

"You and I are in the same box, old chap," he said, stretching his hand toward the caged beast. "You have gone mad, and, unless God sends help, I shall soon follow suit."

This fancy took sudden root in his mind and rose up like a threatening spectre.

"I shall go mad, I shall go mad," he murmured, as he walked; and he saw himself struggling in insane fury with a dozen men who were trying to bind him. He doubled his speed, as if to outrun the frightful thought. But the goblin had come to stay: it sat down on his shoulder and whispered shuddering things in his ear. Breathlessly Narve hurried along, heedless of the blazing sun; people stopped and stared at him, some imagining that he was running from the police, others that he had gone mad. Dizzy, exhausted, and drenched with perspiration, he reached the door of his boarding-house. The horror was yet in his mind; his blood was surging in his ears and beating with hammer-blows in his temples. And yet the thought of Paul—the dread lest his condition might shock his brother—enabled him to gain control of his whirling fancies: he smoothed his hair awkwardly, and strove to put his features into their accustomed folds. Then with unsteady steps he stalked up the stairs, and opened the door. Merciful God! He was mad indeed! There stood Paul in the middle

of the room, beaming with happiness, and stretched out his arms to him. Narve tottered forward; terror again seized him.

"Paul," he cried, despairingly, "Paul—my brother!" and fell prostrate at his feet.

IV.

Narve's illness was long and dangerous. For a week he alternated between a heavy stupor and the wildest delirium. He talked incessantly about the polar bear in the Park, and imagined himself now walking arm in arm with him on the Fifth Avenue, now travelling with him back to his beloved North, now sharing his cage with him in the Park, swaying from side to side and pawing his bed in the same frantic fashion. When Ida Tulstrup came to offer her services, and brought a gorgeous bouquet, Narve hurled her Jacqueminot roses against the wall.

"Take them away—the leprous things!" he shouted: "they smell like a corpse! But kelp—kelp—oh for a bouquet of sea-weed and kelp, with the briny smell of the sea! Give me big black-backs,—black backs rising out of the water,—walrus and whale gambolling among the ice-bergs! See how they spout! Hurrah! We have got 'em! My harpoon-gun—where is it? There is a fortune in it, old Thore Hering-Luck said,—ten fortunes! Halloo! That's a bouncer! Give it to him! Fire! Turn the swivel! Fire, I say! Good! He got it that time! Next time he comes up we'll give him another 'how do ye do' that'll be the end of him."

In this strain he would rave by the hour. All the suppressed hopes and longings which, out of loyalty to his brother, he had imprisoned in his bosom, now that the bars had been removed, broke loose and rioted. If Paul, as he sat at the bedside, had been less self-absorbed and more lovingly observant, he might have read a heart-rending story in these wild fancies and exclamations. But the heaviest penalty of Paul's life-long invalidism was, perhaps, a certain inability to return love for love and care for care,—a certain obtuseness in regard to the feelings of others. He had never in his life had a single responsibility of his own,—never known or recognized any onerous duty,—never been conscious of an energetic impulse or a generous desire. It is easy to blame him for this; but a low vitality, perpetual helplessness, and the habit of accepting, but never giving,—all induced by his disease,—had formed Paul's character as it was, and he was now too old to make a radical change in it. Thus it came to pass that Narve's illness made no deep impression upon him. He regarded it as a misfortune, but never dreamed of attributing to himself any responsibility for it. It seemed to him, at times, almost a blessing in disguise, as it

brought him into more frequent contact with Ida. During his brother's convalescence he was often invited to ride on the Avenue and through the Park in the Tulstrup carriage, and, although he looked in vain for the palm-groves, he found wonders enough to compensate him for their loss. He soon began cautiously to explore the city on foot, and took a child-like pleasure in everything he saw. Particularly the ladies and the shop-windows were a never-failing source of delight to him. Before long a certain pretence of fashion became visible in his attire; and in an astonishingly short time he acquired the gait and manner of the native dandy. Narve watched this metamorphosis with the melancholy amusement with which a father watches the harmless follies of his child. The question of Paul's future weighed heavily upon him, now that he had discovered that his own strength had its limit. He offered to give him lessons in writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping (reading had so far been Paul's only accomplishment), but was always met with the cheerful rejoinder that there was no particular hurry.

The winter was half gone before Narve was able to resume his position in the office. But even then he was so weak that he had to limit himself, at first, to a few hours' work. By his accurate knowledge of the conditions in the extreme North, and by his unerring interpretation of every commercial symptom, he had been of incalculable service to Mr. Tulstrup and enabled him largely to increase his fortune. The merchant was therefore disposed to be very liberal in his dealings with him; but Narve's uncompromising self-respect scented beforehand every plan for making him a beneficiary, and Mr. Tulstrup's benevolence met with many discouraging rebuffs. Paul, who was informed by Ida of his brother's "ungracious behavior," was quite at a loss to understand him. But he understood him still less after having endeavored to call him to account.

The winter was unusually cold, with two months of alternating snow and frost, and Narve, revelling in the sharp northeasters, felt his health and spirits reviving. The goblin which dwelt in the secret chamber of his soul held its peace, and but rarely showed its hideous countenance. But with the first warm days of spring the ferment of his blood returned. He began again to be haunted by the thought of the polar bear, and, much as he dreaded it, felt irresistibly driven to pay it a visit. It was a warm Sunday in May that he summoned courage for this resolution. He purposely kept his glance averted until he was right before the cage. Then with a jerk he turned his head. The cage was empty. Narve started back with a half-suppressed exclamation. He felt like a man who, calling upon his friend, finds crape on the bell-handle. A mysterious tie seemed to have bound

him to this animal, and a half-superstitious feeling that the same fate would overtake both. He scarcely needed to ask the keeper, who came along presently with a trough full of meat, what had become of the bear. He knew that he was dead.

On his homeward way the Norseman felt as if Death had locked his arm in his and were walking at his side. He shuddered again and again at the blood-curdling fancies which rose from the depth of his soul and with pale and grinning faces pursued him. His goblin was again awake and had summoned a host of relatives to keep it company. Narve knew that these wild phantoms were but symptoms of disease; and he knew, too, that the disorder of his brain was due to his unfitness to cope with the climate. If he could but leave his brother, the remedy would be simple enough. But Paul was, even with his health regained, ignorant and helpless, and utterly unequipped to grapple with the perplexities of life. There was but one way out of the dilemma; and that was to accept a proposition, previously made by Mr. Tulstrup, to become his agent and the head of a branch of his business which he intended to establish in London. The moist and even climate of the British Isles, with no extremes of heat and cold, would preserve the lives of both brothers, and absolve the one from the necessity of sacrificing himself for the other. With this resolution fixed in his mind, Narve returned home, and found his brother stretched out upon the sofa, reading a novel.

"Paul," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "this climate is death to me."

Paul looked up from his book and knocked the ashes from his cigarette with his little finger. "It is life to me," he replied, and went on reading.

Narve began to pace the floor with long strides. Beads of perspiration trickled down over his large, pale face and hung in his tawny beard. After a few minutes he stopped before the sofa where Paul lay. "What would you do, Paul," he asked, solemnly, "if I were dead?"

"Ah, my dear brother," rejoined Paul, impatiently (for his novel was absorbingly interesting), "what is the good of talking of such absurd things? When you are dead, it will be time enough to discuss that."

"I am not joking, Paul. I am in deadly earnest."

"Well, that is just your failing, brother. You are always tormenting yourself with some such unpleasant topic."

"I beg of you, do not joke. I feel death in my heart; and I am much troubled to think what is to become of you. I do not like to remind you that once I saved your life. Now it is your turn to save mine."

Paul dropped his novel and rose into a half-sitting posture. A sudden pallor overspread his countenance: his lips trembled.

"You—you—want to take me back—to the North Pole!" he cried, with sudden terror.

"No, not to the Pole, child," answered Narve, soothingly. "Mr. Tulstrup has offered me a place in England, where both you and I can live without danger to health. I want you to come with me."

Paul listened intently, with fear and suspicion depicted in his features.

"Ah, that is a foxy plan of yours," he exclaimed, jumping up and darting across the floor: "don't you suppose I know how you are pining for your delightful whale-hunts and eider-ducks and fish-smell? If you get me so far, you will soon get me back into the very grip of Death, from which, as you say, you saved me. But I am not such a child as you think. I have friends here, and I have found health and life here, and I am not going away to accommodate anybody."

He had worked himself up into such a passion that he could not keep the tears back; and, being ashamed of his weakness, he sauntered into the sleeping-room, flung himself on his bed, and buried his face in the pillows. Narve, cut to the quick by his suspicion, stood long listening to his half-choked sobs. All the tenderness which he had felt for him from his earliest years welled up from the depth of his heart; and, full of repentance for the grief he had caused him, he sat down on the bed, and patiently endured the pettish rebuffs with which his caresses and overtures for peace were received. He reproached himself for having so bluntly stated his proposition, instead of gradually preparing his brother for it; and he resolved in future to use more discretion. But his recollection of his brother's tears and terror made him reluctant to return to the subject again. It seemed a cowardly thing for him as the stronger (he could never quite realize the thought that he was now the weaker) to inflict pain upon one who, in his father's dying hour, had been commended to his care. And so the days went by, summer advanced, and the opportune moment for reopening the subject never came. The Tulstrups went to the country earlier than usual, and left Paul in desolation. And it required no great acuteness, on Narve's part, to discover that Miss Ida constituted to him the most salubrious element in the American climate. This observation made it seem doubly cruel to insist upon the sacrifice.

It was about the middle of June. The heat had come with a rush and scattered fashionable New York toward all the points of the compass. That part which remained on Manhattan Island was decidedly uncomfortable. Only a few tropical characters luxuriated in the burn-

ing sun. Paul Tangen, airily and daintily clad, was sauntering down Broadway, smoking a cigarette. He was in good spirits, because he had recently discovered a new novelist who pleased him and a new brand of cigarettes which did not give him a headache. In that concentrated bit of New York between Union and Madison Squares there were crowds of people and traffic, as usual, in spite of the heat. Paul felt exhilarated at the sight of it, and allowed himself to be carried along by the current. He found himself presently standing in a dense throng of people before a druggist's window, and he obeyed the general impulse in craning his neck to see what was going on inside.

"What is it?" he asked his neighbor in the crowd.

"Nothing but a sunstroke," was the reply.

"A sunstroke!"

Paul began to feel vaguely uneasy, and elbowed his way to the front. Then, as some one moved aside, he caught a glimpse of a large blonde head, with closed eyes, upon the marble floor. With a cry he sprang forward and flung himself upon his brother's breast.

"Narve, my brother!—oh, my brother!" he wailed, piteously.

Narve half opened his eyes. There was a strange, remote look in them, then a fleeting gleam as of joy.

"I took care of—the little one—father," he murmured, in Norwegian,—"took—care—of—the little one."

A convulsive shiver shook his great frame. The doctor who had come with the ambulance stooped and listened to his heart-beat.

"Nothing to be done," he said: "he is dead."

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

I WALK by the sea and muse
  On the words I have often read:
"The former things shall have passed away
  When the sea gives up her dead."

And I think since Time was young
  That the voice of the sea in woe
Has said to the earth, "You claim my dead,
  But I cannot let them go."

William H. Hayne.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 5.

SOCIAL LIFE AT YALE.

THE gray dawn of a winter morning is stealing over the Yale Campus. The great piles of buildings that comprise the college dormitories loom up in the indistinct light like monsters of olden time. The giant elms wave their branches as if seeking to beckon back the summer that is past and gone. The ground is white with the first snow of the season, and paths are being shovelled in every direction over the Campus by the janitors and their assistants. Suddenly from the doorway of one of the dormitories a young man emerges. He is heavily booted, and is clad in a fashionable cape coat and English hunting-cap, with huge fur gloves. He pauses a moment, and then walks rapidly away across the Campus. He is followed soon after by another student, then a third, and in an incredibly short space of time several hundred young men, some of whom are completing their half-finished toilets, are hurrying through the snow in a dozen different directions.

The boys are going to their eating-clubs to get breakfast. As there is no "Memorial Hall" or college dining-room at Yale, the "club system" is maintained by most of the students, rather from necessity than from choice. In each club are some ten or a dozen boon companions, who dwell together in more or less peace and harmony. They are almost literally members of one family. They eat together thrice every day. They very often room in the same entry in college. They spend much of the time in one another's rooms during the day, and frequent the same places of amusement. Few men form closer friendships than those which exist between the members of the average eating-club.

The student, upon reaching his "joint," as the club is called, hurriedly bolts a few mouthfuls of breakfast and swallows a cup of coffee, in the mean time talking over with his table-companions the latest scandal, the prospects of the nine or crew, or the current society gossip. Thus the moments speed by; and finally, with half-appeased appetite (for the Yale man never spends over ten minutes at breakfast), he starts for chapel. In this praiseworthy undertaking he is joined by several hundred other men, some of whom are running in order to reach chapel before the beginning of the services, a failure to accomplish this purpose being attended by "two marks," which the ever-watchful "monitor" inscribes against the name of the delinquent.

The daily services are conducted by the President, who reads a selection from the Scriptures, followed by prayer. There is also singing by the college choir, which is made up of from twenty to thirty voices, and, as a rule, embraces some fine musical talent.

On Sundays the chapel is always crowded. The students occupy the body of the house, and the galleries are filled by the members of the faculty and their families. Here and there may be seen the gayly-attired form of some fashionable beauty, who numbers among her admirers a score or more of the boys below.

At the close of the daily morning service, which is held at ten minutes past eight o'clock, the students gather in the recitation-rooms, where they "rush" or "flunk," according as they have studied the night before or been "out on a lark."

The various methods of study pursued by the students are amusing enough. Some men pore over their books far into the night and idle away the major portion of the day. Others spend their evenings at the theatre, at their society hall, or in calling on their young lady acquaintances, rising at six o'clock in the morning to study an hour before breakfast. This, the doctors say, produces dyspepsia and other bad results; but the habit once contracted is hard to break.

There are men in every college, of whom Yale has its full number, denominated in student slang as "birds." The "birds" are firm believers in the old Epicurean theory that everything in life is subservient to pleasure. Most of them are the sons of wealthy men, and are "jolly good fellows" as the world goes. They rarely look into a text-book if by any possibility they can shirk that duty, but by "tutoring" and various other devices they manage to maintain a rank sufficiently high to prevent being dropped into a lower class. They occupy the front seats at theatrical performances, and smile sweetly upon such short-skirted damsels of the stage as they can persuade to flirt with them. They are conspicuous at all places of amusement, and are much given to spending an hour or two of an evening at Traeger's, or Moriarty's, two famous resorts where Yale men are wont to congregate to discuss a glass of beer and while away the long winter evenings with song and mirth. After an evening out, the "bird" is apt to reach his room in an hilarious condition. Yet, with all his faults,—and he has many,—he is everybody's friend. He knows and is on good terms with every man in college; his creditors are willing to trust him from one year's end to another; and it is said that even the members of the faculty reserve a tiny nook in a warm corner of their hearts for the erring but good-natured member of their flock.

The dormitory life of a student at Yale plays an important part in

his college course, and the habits he there contracts from association with his companions often directly affect his future life. Until last year the number of dormitories was entirely inadequate to supply the demands made by the constantly increasing body of students. A large proportion of the Freshmen were obliged to room outside the Campus, and many Sophomores failed to obtain rooms in the university buildings. Most of the members of the present Senior class, however, have enjoyed three years of dormitory life.

A student's room is his home, and in it he leads the life of a Bohemian. It is there that he prepares his lessons, attends to his correspondence, gives his little "spreads," and last, but not least, sleeps. The majority of these apartments are furnished comfortably, and many of them elegantly. The average student has a decided *penchant* for pictures, and no room is considered complete in its appointments unless a dozen or more paintings and engravings, supplemented by innumerable photographs of athletes and actresses, grace its walls. The mantels are crowded with articles of bric-à-brac, while dance-programmes and German favors hang from the chandeliers. Many of the boys have pianos in their rooms, and the banjo and violin are favorite instruments.

Let us pay a short visit to one of these "bachelors' halls." The hour is midnight. The lessons for the following day have been learned. A game of cards has been in progress, and the participants are sitting about the room in *négligé* attire. The host brings out several bottles of wine from the mysterious recesses of a dark closet, glasses are filled, and the boys give a reproduction of the ancient Greek symposium, during the course of which toasts are drunk to the healths of the President, members of the faculty, and all the friends, male and female, of those present. A song is sung, and the "merry laugh goes round" as some particularly witty anecdote is related. The second verse of

> Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
> Till it doth run over,

has just been reached, when a loud knock at the door, followed by the abrupt entrance of a tutor, terminates the evening's festivities and results in the immediate retirement of the host and his guests to their bed-chambers, although but a few moments before the company had been unanimous in its expression of the sentiment

> We won't go home till morning.

Class-feeling at Yale is very strong,—much stronger than at Har-

vard or other seats of learning. From the time a Freshman enters college to the day of his graduation, he never tires of inscribing his class numerals on recitation-benches, the doors of his apartments, or other places where they would be conspicuous. Loyalty to one's class is most extravagantly displayed among the Sophomores and Freshmen, and becomes less noticeable, although perhaps just as strong, toward the end of the four years' course. In any matter in which the interests, athletic or otherwise, of the whole university are involved, all class-feeling disappears, and the entire student-community becomes a unit in the support of its Alma Mater. A Yale man is a Yale man the country over, and, be he rich or poor, he is welcomed by any Yale alumnus whom he may meet, with a cordiality that admits of no restraint, and a heartiness that quickly sweeps away all barriers.

The man who assists in hazing you in Freshman year, and who compels you to stand on a street-corner and scan Greek verse for the edification of the by-standers, is no less your friend because he enjoys your discomfiture while passing through the ordeal which he himself was obliged to undergo the year before. Although hazing, in its offensive signification, is practically dead and buried at Yale, a few of the old-time customs are still tenderly cherished by the Sophomores. Despite the assertions of the daily press, there are no such outrages perpetrated as were of frequent occurrence in the college days of our fathers and grandfathers. The "freshest" Freshmen are not treated to any greater indignity than being compelled to drink hot beer through a straw or to sip milk from a nursing-bottle. College sentiment no longer sanctions the barbarous treatment formerly inflicted on new-comers to Yale, and all objectionable forms of hazing are frowned upon by the students and the faculty alike.

A true democratic spirit prevails among the undergraduates. No man is looked down upon because he is poor or of humble birth. Many a student who has "worked his way through" has attained greater popularity than his wealthier classmates. The universally popular men at Yale are those who do not affiliate too closely with any one set of fellows, and who have a knack of making their influence felt without exhibiting a domineering spirit.

No men in college are more esteemed and respected than the Yale athletes. And this is only just. To acquire prominence in any branch of athletics requires an amount of hard work and stern self-denial which can hardly be appreciated by one who has not "been through the mill." The training is long and rigorous, and involves an almost complete abandonment of that personal comfort so dear to every collegian. Yale is celebrated for the uniform excellence of her crew, her

ball nine, and her foot-ball eleven, but her pre-eminence has been gained only by unflagging perseverance and honest endeavor. It is proper to say that skill in any athletic sport is rarely attained at the expense of intellectual acquirements, despite the popular idea to the contrary. In confirmation of this statement it may be remarked that last season, when Yale won the "triple crown," the captains of the crew, nine, and eleven were competitors for the De Forest prize, the highest literary honor that can be secured in the university course.

It is the opinion of most of the members of the faculty that the training undergone by an athlete incites him to greater intellectual efforts than he would otherwise put forth.

Much has been said for and against the secret society system at Yale, and it is doubtful if anything new can be advanced at this time. At all the smaller colleges a man rushes headlong into a society almost as soon as he enters his Alma Mater. He is eagerly sought for on all sides, and, if at all prominent, practically has his pick of the Greek-letter fraternities. He also maintains his connection with his society throughout his whole college course. Not so at Yale. Each class has its separate societies, and the upper-classmen have no active connection with the fraternities to which they belonged in Freshman or Sophomore years. In a social way the societies are of great advantage to a man while in college, and are often a means of assisting him materially after he has graduated. The Senior societies are productive of much rivalry among the members of lower classes in athletic contests and in a friendly strife for literary honors. That they have been the means of causing many a heart-ache and considerable hard feeling is true, but that the good they have accomplished more than counterbalances the evils that have arisen from their existence is also true.

Yale's most celebrated Senior societies are "Skull and Bones," "Scroll and Key," and "Wolf's Head." To be elected a member of "Skull and Bones" is considered one of the greatest honors that can fall to a Yale man. To secure such an election a man must achieve celebrity in one direction or another. Wealth or popularity is of minor importance. The society is limited to fifteen members. Among them are generally to be found the captains of the university crew, the base-ball and foot-ball teams, and also prominent track athletes. Among others generally chosen are the valedictorian of the Senior class, one or more members of the board of editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and one or more officers of the various athletic organizations. The society has been in existence fifty-five years, and numbers among its past members some of the most noted men who have graduated from Yale. Its meetings are held in a moss-covered sandstone building

situated not far from the Campus, and are conducted with the most profound secrecy. No "Bones" man has ever been induced to disclose any of the doings of the society, and genuine offence is taken if it be referred to in his presence.

Next in importance comes the "Scroll and Key" society. Its members are all men prominent in some direction, but, as a rule, they are less celebrated than the "Bones" men. Popularity and wealth are important considerations in the choice of many of the "Keys" men, and the honor of membership is almost as eagerly sought as in "Bones."

The society yclept "Wolf's Head" has sprung into existence within a few years, and has grown to a good deal of importance and popularity. It has, like its sister organizations, a beautiful building, the interior of which is said to be handsomely furnished.

The Junior societies, "Delta Kappa Epsilon" and "Psi Upsilon," are ancient and honorable organizations which have been celebrated in story and in song. Prominence and popularity are the important factors in the choice of members. Up to the year 1877, both societies were accustomed to give Thanksgiving plays in Alumni Hall. These performances were very attractive to old graduates and town-people, but the college boys fell into the habit of doing and saying such objectionable things on these occasions that the faculty finally prohibited further public performances; and so it has come to pass that the yearly exhibitions are now witnessed only by the members of the society under whose auspices they are held. The exhibitions take the form of minstrel shows and burlesques on the plays of Shakespeare or some more modern author. The minstrel shows frequently include imitations of the eccentricities of the various professors, and are invariably received with great gusto. Costumers from New York are employed, and much time is spent in rehearsing for the presentations. Similar plays are given in May on the occasion of the initiation of the Sophomore members.

In addition to the fraternities mentioned above, there are several Sophomore and Freshman societies and a large number of Sheffield Scientific School societies; but they are less important than those that have been named.

The University Club is a purely social organization, and was established some years since for the purpose of affording a freer intercourse than the Seniors and Juniors had hitherto enjoyed. Its membership is confined to the two upper classes in the Academic department, to Sheffield Seniors, and to graduates. It is a sort of head-quarters for Yale men in and out of New Haven, and is among the first of the places visited by alumni when they come to town.

Just across the street from the University Club house is the "fence," the most popular and widely known institution that ever existed at Yale. Dear alike to the alumnus and to the undergraduate, it occupies a place in the heart of every Yale man second only to that of the university itself. The "fence" proper extends along Chapel Street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, to College Street, bordering on the latter as far as Lawrence Hall. The "fence" is merely a three-railed wooden structure, the rails being round and about four inches in diameter. The top rail affords a convenient seat for the student, and the middle rail offers a support for his feet. Here on pleasant evenings several hundred collegians are wont to assemble, the members of each class occupying a certain portion of the fence reserved for it by one of the unwritten laws of the university. Freshmen are not allowed to "sit on the fence" until their ball nine has defeated the Harvard Freshmen. So eagerly is this privilege coveted that but twice in eighteen years have the Yale Freshmen failed to defeat their opponents. During the spring term the glee-club sings several evenings each week at the fence, and the students turn out *en masse* to hear the music. College songs are also sung there almost every evening by coteries of the musically inclined. Almost every event of importance is first discussed at the fence, and many a scheme has had its birth in this sacred quarter of the Campus. The establishment of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the oldest college periodical in America, was decided upon by a few Yale men while sitting on the fence a half-century ago.

The fence is the scene of the celebration of all great athletic victories. Yale has perhaps defeated Harvard or Princeton in base-ball or has won the boat-race at New London. As a consequence, pandemonium reigns supreme at the fence. Bonfires are kindled, cannon crackers are exploded, and tin horns blown. Amid all the confusion, the sharp "'rah—'rah—'rah!" of the students rises and floats far away on the night air.

The fence is the point toward which the graduate first turns his steps when he revisits his Alma Mater. Years of toil in the busy world, amid the care and strife of business life, have failed to obliterate from his mind the tender memories that cling about the time-honored, hallowed spot known simply as "the fence."

New Haven society, properly speaking, is exclusive. This will be found to be the case in almost every college town where there is any "society" at all. If a man enters Yale provided with proper letters of introduction, he finds little difficulty in obtaining an *entrée* into the best of the many old families residing in New Haven. Introductions at parties, church fairs, and other social entertainments are rather rarely

followed by invitations to call, unless a further acquaintance with the student seems to justify this extension of hospitality. The average student is thought of as a sort of happy-go-lucky fellow, bent on having a good time and on spending the allowance vouchsafed him by his "governor," but caring not overmuch during his stay in New Haven for the refining influences of the home circle. This idea, it is hardly necessary to say, is an incorrect one. By far the greater portion of the students are thoughtful, earnest young men, and they respect the confidence reposed in them by the families whose friendship they have sought. It may be remarked here that a large number of collegians do avail themselves of social privileges offered, and become well known in New Haven society before they graduate.

Many men widen their circle of acquaintances through their connection with the various churches in the city; others, by their brilliant personality and evident intrinsic worth; still others, through the kindly offices of post-graduate relatives or friends. A sprinkling of Yale men is generally observable at almost any private entertainment, and the quota of collegians at a social affair conducted on a large scale is always conspicuous. A few men in each class enjoy pleasant social relations with the families of the members of the faculty. Among the most delightful occasions of the whole college year are the receptions given by the President to the Freshman and Senior classes. The former occurs in the fall, and the latter in the spring, a short time previous to graduation. Although the majority of the professors may not invite the students to their homes, they take a genuine interest in their welfare, and are slow to curtail their liberties in any manner. The lack of constraint between pupils and instructors is a prominent feature of Yale life.

The meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association and the class prayer-meetings are the means of bringing many men together in one common pursuit, and warm friendships are often formed through these mediums. The glee-clubs and other musical organizations, as well as the various literary and debating societies, accomplish the same result.

It is a rather curious fact that marriages between New Haven girls and college men are of rare occurrence. Why this is so is hard to explain. It cannot be that the young ladies of the Elm City are not pretty, for they have a wide reputation for good looks, and their beauty is by no means skin deep. Many of them are unusually accomplished, are entertaining conversationalists, and cut a brilliant figure in society. On the other hand, the Yale men are as handsome, wear as good clothes, and possess as much intellectual ability as do

other mortals outside the pale of college life. Numerous congenial friendships exist between college men and the girls of this city, but few engagements result.

That class of young ladies known among the students as "college widows," and commonly supposed to have the acquaintance of several generations of collegians, is not larger in New Haven than elsewhere. Let a girl once get such a reputation, however, whether justly or unjustly acquired, she can bid good-by to all hopes of wedding a college man. A fellow may enjoy her company; he may call on her; he may pay her sufficient attention to ordinarily justify a popular suspicion of an engagement; but he rarely or never marries her.

The most important society event of the year is the Junior Promenade, which occurs in the middle of the winter term. No other university or college has anything approaching it in a social way. It is held under the auspices of the Juniors, but is attended by the members of every class and by many of the alumni. All portions of the country are represented at this great mid-winter celebration, many of the ladies coming over a thousand miles to participate in the festivities of the occasion. The Promenade of late years has been held in Carll's Opera-House, just opposite the college Campus. The decorations are invariably magnificent. Silk and satin banners, the trophies won by Yale's athletic organizations in many a hard-fought battle, adorn the walls and balconies. Pendent from the proscenium arch hangs the university shell, decked with a profusion of floral emblems. Gazing upon the long, narrow boat that has carried his crew to victory, the Yale man may be pardoned for the feeling of pride that rises in his breast as he thinks of the conquests achieved by his university on the blue waters of the Thames at New London. The athletes are much sought after at the Promenade, and it is for them that the ladies reserve their brightest smiles and best dances.

During "Promenade week" the three upper classes hold germans, which are attended by the visitors from abroad. The favors distributed on these occasions are frequently of considerable value, and are carefully preserved as cherished mementos. On the evening before the Promenade, the 'Varsity Glee-Club gives its annual concert. The audience is generally limited only by the capacity of the house. The ladies are attired in their most beautiful toilets, and all the gentlemen wear evening dress.

It is then that the Freshmen attempt to display their class numerals in such a manner that "he who runs may read." Sometimes this display takes the form of a balloon, from which hang the mystic figures. On other occasions a large banner is, in some mysterious manner,

let down from the flies into the full view of the spectators. The Sophomores are always on the alert for these manifestations, and will sacrifice clothing and even expose themselves to considerable personal danger to secure the hated emblem defiantly flung in their faces by the "Freshies."

The Senior Promenade is held every year during Commencement week by the members of the graduating class. It is generally given in Alumni Hall, an historic old building situated in one corner of the Campus. Amid the music and the flowers, the winning smiles and the beautiful faces, a feeling of sadness creeps upon the Senior as he looks about upon the old, familiar walls and realizes that he must soon leave behind him the scenes that long association has rendered dear, and go forth into the world to fight life's battles single-handed and alone.

He has won his sheep-skin; he has, perchance, gained signal honors in his university course; and now he stands on the threshold of the door toward which he has long directed his steps, yet which, reached, he hesitates to cross. Life for him has only just begun. Upon the advantage he has taken of the opportunities afforded him depends in a large measure the success or failure of his future career.

Arthur Edmands Jenks (*Class of* '89).

RECONCILED.

IN no more fitting place could we have met,
  At no more fitting time,—a wailing night,—
  We who for years have shunned each other's sight,
Who strove to bury Love beyond Regret,
Who begged of God the power to forget
  Each other's eyes, voice, lips; who did so blight
  And bruise the flower of Love with all Pride's might.

Just the dead body of our friend—warm yet—
  Divides us. . . . We could feel each other's breath
Should one lean low to scan the patient face
  Of her who prayed so hard before her death
For us to be at peace. . . . See, Love! I place
My hand near yours. . . . You clasp and hold mine fast:
Such tears as wet her dead face drown our past.

Kate Vannah.

THE KEELY MOTOR SECRET.

EX VIVO OMNIA.

(Compiled.)

We stand before the dawning of a new day in science and humanity,—a new discovery, surpassing any that has been hitherto made; which promises to afford us a key to some of the most recondite secrets of nature, and to open up to our view a new world.—DR. HUFELAND.

THE error of our century in questions of research seems to have been in the persistent investigation of the phenomena of matter (or material organization) as the sole province of physics, regarding psychical research as lying outside. The term physics is derived from a Greek word signifying "nature." Nature does not limit herself to matter and mechanism. The phenomena of spirit are as much a part of Nature as are those of matter. The psychological theories of our physicists display a decided leaning toward materialism, disregarding the manifestations of the vital principle,—the *vis motrix*,—and refusing to investigate beyond the limits which they have imposed upon themselves, and which, if accepted by all, would take us back to the belief of the pagans, as echoed by Voltaire:

> Est-ce-là ce raion de l'Essence Suprême
> Que l'on nous peint si lumineux?
> Est-ce-là cet Esprit survivant à nous-même?
> Il naït avec nos sens, croît, s'affoiblit comme eux:
> Hélas! il périra de même.

The Keely Motor secret teaches that the various phenomena of the human constitution cannot be properly comprehended and explained without observing the distinction between the physical and material and the moral and spiritual nature of man. It demonstrates incontrovertibly the separate existence and independent activity of the soul of man, and that the spirit governs the body instead of being governed by the body. As Spenser has said,—

> For of the soul the body form doth take;
> For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Huxley tells us that science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious, and that religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. "Civilization, society, and morals," says Figuier, "are like a string of beads, whose fastening is the belief

in the immortality of the soul. Break the fastening, and the beads are scattered."

Now, as Nature nowhere exhibits to our visual perceptions a soul acting without a body, and as we do not know in what manner the spiritual faculties are united to the organization, psychology is compelled to investigate the operations of the intellect as if they were performed altogether independently of the body; whereas they are only manifested, in the ordinary state of existence, through the intermediate agency of the corporeal organs.

The accumulation of psychological facts and speculations which characterize this age appears to have made little or no permanent impression upon the minds of our scientists and our philosophers. In truth, all their psychological theories have in general displayed a decided leaning toward materialism. Bishop Berkeley asks, "Have not Fatalism and Sadducism gained ground during the general passion for the corpuscularian and mechanical philosophy which hath prevailed?" Buffon, in writing of the sympathy, or relation, which exists throughout the whole animal economy, said, "Let us, with the ancients, call this singular correspondence of the different parts of the body a sympathy, or, with the moderns, consider it as an unknown relation in the action of the nervous system, we cannot too carefully observe its effects, if we wish to perfect the theory of medicine." Colquhoun, commenting upon Buffon's statement, says that far too little attention has been paid to the spiritual nature of man,—to the effects of those immaterial and invisible influences *which, analogous to the chemical and electrical agents, are the true springs of our organization*, continually producing changes internally which are externally perceived as the marked effects of unseen causes, and which cannot be explained upon the principles of any law of mechanism.

These unseen causes are now made clear to us by the truths which Etheric Physics and Etheric Philosophy demonstrate and sustain. The prophecy of Dr. Hufeland (made in connection with an account of certain phenomena arising from the unchangeable laws of sympathetic association) is soon to be fulfilled, and the door thrown open to "a new world" of research. Professor Rücker in his papers on "Molecular Forces," Mr. Crookes in his lecture on "The Genesis of Elements," Norman Lockyer in his book on "The Chemistry of the Sun,"—all these scientists have approached so near to this hitherto bolted, double-barred and locked portal that the wonder is not so much that they have approached as that, drawing so near, they have not passed within.

Mr. Keely gives an explanation of the failure of scientists, investigating in the same field with himself, to attain like results, as follows:

"The system of arranging introductory etheric impulses by compound chords, set by differential harmonies, is one that the world of science has never recognized, simply because the struggles of physicists combating with the solution of the conditions governing the fourth order of matter have been in a direction thoroughly antagonistic to the right one. It is true that luminosity has been induced by chemical antagonism; and, to my mind, this ought to have been a stepping-stone toward a more perfect condition than was accepted by them; but, independent of what might, or what might not, be an aid toward its analysis, the bare truth remains that the conditions were isolated, robbed of their most vital essentials, by not having the medium of etheric vibration associated with them." . . .

Professor Rücker, in his papers (read before the Royal Institution of Great Britain this winter) explaining the attractive and repulsive action of molecules, found himself obliged to apologize to scientists for suggesting the possibility of an intelligence by which alone he could explain certain phenomena unaccounted for by science. The "compound secret" associated with Mr. Keely's discovery shows that no apology is needed,—that the molecule is a perfect organism, which, like the perfect, vibratory engine of Mr. Keely, may be worked backward as well as forward. All the light that is needed for the full comprehension of its intelligent action will be found in Mr. Keely's work on "Etheric Philosophy,"—some thousands of pages of which are nearly ready for the printer's hands. Without referring to these pages, we find proof in ourselves that the action of molecules is an intelligent action; for we must admit the individuality of the molecules in our organisms, in order to understand how it is that nourishment maintains life. Try as we may to account for the action of aliment upon the system, all is resolved into the fact that there must be some intelligent force at work. Do we ourselves disunite and intermingle, by myriad channels, in order to join and replace a molecule which awaits this aid? We must either affirm that it is so, that we place them where we think they are needed, or that it is the molecules that find a place of themselves. We know that we are occupied in other ways which demand all our thoughts. It must, therefore, be that these molecules find their own place. Admit this, and we accord life and intelligence to them. If we reason that it is our nerves which appropriate substances that they need for the maintenance of their energy and their harmonious action, we then concede to the nerves what we deny to the molecules. Or, if we think it more natural to attribute this power to the viscera,—the stomach, for example,—we only change the thesis.

It will be said that it is pantheism to assert that matter, under all the

forms which it presents, is only groups of aggregates of sympathetic molecules, of a substance unalterable in its individualities; a thinking, acting substance. Let us not deny what we are unable to explain. God is all that *is*, without everything that *is* being individually God. Etheric force has been compared to the trunk of a tree, the roots of which rest in Infinity. The branches of the tree correspond to the various modifications of this one force,—heat, light, electricity, and its antagonistic force, magnetism. It is held in suspension in our atmosphere. It exists throughout the universe. Actual science not admitting a void, then all things must touch one another. To touch is to be but one by contiguity, or there would be between one thing and another something which might be termed space, or nothing. Now, as nothing cannot exist, there must be something between "the atomic triplets" which are, according to the Keely theory, found in each molecule. This something in the molecule he affirms to be "the universal fluid," or molecular ether. One thing touching another, all must therefore be all in all, and through all, by the sensitive combination of all the molecules in the universe, as is demonstrated by electricity, galvanism, the loadstone, etc. If we account for the intelligent action of molecules by attributing it to what has been variously called "the universal fluid," "the electric fluid," "the galvanic fluid," "the nervous fluid," "the magnetic fluid," it will only be substituting one name for another; it is still some part or other of the organization which discerns and joins to itself a portion of one of the fluids referred to, or one of these fluids which discerns and mingles with the material molecules; it is still the life of the part, the life of the molecule, life individualized in all and through all.

Admitting, then, that there is a universal fluid, it must exist in and through all things. If void does not exist, everything is full; if all is full, everything is in contact; if everything is in contact, the whole influences and is influenced, because all is life; and life is movement, because movement is a continual disunion and union of all the molecules which compose the whole. The ancient philosophers admitted all this. Under the different names of "macrocosm," "microcosm," "corpuscules," "emanations," "attraction," "repulsion," "sympathy," and "antipathy,"—all names which are only one,—their various propositions were merely the product of inductions influenced by *their modes of observing*, as the deductions of scientists are influenced in our day.

Balzac tells us that everything here below is the product of an ethereal substance, the common basis of various phenomena, known under the inappropriate names of electricity, heat, light, galvanic and magnetic fluid, etc., and that the universality of its transmutations con-

stitutes what is vulgarly called matter. We cannot take up a book on physics (written with *true* scientific knowledge) in which we do not find evidence that its author acknowledges that there is, correctly speaking, but one force in nature. Radcliffe tells us that what is called electricity is only a one-sided aspect of a law which, when fully revealed, will be found to rule over organic as well as inorganic nature,—a law to which the discoveries of science and the teachings of philosophy alike bear testimony,—a law which does not entomb life in matter, but which transfigures matter with a life which, when traced to its source, will prove only to be the effluence of the Divine life.

Macvicar teaches that the nearer we ascend to the fountain-head of being and of action, the more magical must everything inevitably become; for that fountain-head is pure volition. And pure volition, as a cause, is precisely what is meant by magic; for by magic is meant a mode of producing a phenomenon without mechanical appliances,—that is, without that seeming continuity of resisting parts and that leverage which satisfy our muscular sense and our imagination and bring the phenomenon into the category of what we call "the natural;" that is, the sphere of the elastic, the gravitating,—the sphere into which the *vis inertiæ* is alone admitted.

There is in Professor Crookes's "Genesis of the Elements" an hypothesis of great interest,—a projectment of philosophical truth which brings him nearer than any known living scientist to the ground held by Mr. Keely. Davy defines hypothesis as the scaffolding of science, useful to build up true knowledge, but capable of being put up or taken down at pleasure, without injuring the edifice of philosophy. Lockyer, as well as Crookes and Rücker, is also "quite warm," as the children would say of the one who approaches the hidden object in the game of "hide-and-seek." When we find men in different parts of the world constructing the same kind of scaffolding, we may feel fairly sure that they have an edifice to build. The scaffolding may prove to be insecure, but it can be flung away and another constructed. It is the edifice that is all-important,—the philosophy, not the hypotheses. The science of learning, says Lesley, and the science of knowledge are not quite identical; and learning has too often, in the case of individuals, overwhelmed and smothered to death knowledge. It is a familiar fact that great discoveries come at long intervals, brought by specially-commissioned and highly-endowed messengers; while a perpetual procession of humble servants of nature arrive with gifts of lesser moment, but equally genuine, curious, and interesting novelties. From what unknown land does all this wealth of information come? who are these bearers of it? and who intrusted each with his particular

burden, which he carries aloft as if it deserved exclusive admiration? Why do those who bring the best things walk so seriously and modestly along, as if they were in the performance of a sacred duty, for which they scarcely esteem themselves worthy?

The Bishop of Carlisle, in his paper on "The Uniformity of Nature," suggests the answer to all who are prepared to approach the abyss which has hitherto divided physical science from spiritual science, —an abyss which is soon to be illumined by the sunlight of demonstration and spanned by the bridge of knowledge. To quote from the paper of the Bishop of Carlisle, "There are matters of the highest moment which manifestly do lie outside the domain of physical science. The possibility of the continuance of human existence in a spiritual form after the termination of physical life is, beyond contradiction, one of the grandest and most momentous of possibilities, but in the nature of things it lies outside physics. Yet there is nothing absolutely absurd, nothing which contradicts any human instinct, in the supposition of such possibility; consequently, the student of physical science, even if he cannot find time or inclination to look into such matters himself, may well have patience with those who can. And he may easily afford to be generous: the field of physical science is grand enough for any ambition, and there is room enough in the wide world both for physical and for psychical research."

But does psychical research lie outside the domain of physical science? What is the supernatural but the higher workings of laws which we call natural, as far as we have been able to investigate them? Is not the supernatural, then, just as legitimate a subject of consideration, for the truly scientific mind, as is the natural? If it explain, satisfactorily, phenomena which cannot be otherwise explained, there is no good reason why its aid should not be invoked by the men of science. The truth is, that the ordinary course of nature is one continued miracle, one continued manifestation of the Divine mind. "Everything which is, is thought," says Amiel, "but not conscious and individual thought. Everything is a symbol of a symbol; and a symbol of what?—of mind. We are hemmed round with mystery, and the greatest mysteries are contained in what we see, and do, every day."

Mr. Keely affirms, with other philosophers, that there is only one unique substance, and that this substance is the Divine spirit, the spirit of life, and that this spirit of life is God, who fills everything with his thoughts, disjoining and grouping together these multitudes of thoughts in different bodies called atmospheres, fluids, matters, animal, vegetable, and mineral forms.

Herbert Spencer says that amid the mysteries that become the more

mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that we are ever in the presence of an infinite and an eternal energy, from which all things proceed. Macvicar foreshadowed the teachings of this new philosophy when he wrote, "All motion in the universe is rhythmical. This is seen in the forward and backward movement of the pendulum, the ebb and the flow of the tides, the succession of day and night, the systolic and diastolic action of the heart, and in the inspiration and expiration of the lungs. Our breathing is a double motion of the universal æther, an active and a reactive movement. This androgyne principle, with its dual motion, is the breath of God in man." The writings of the ancients teem with these ideas, which have been handed down to us from generation to generation, and are now flashing their light, like torches in the darkness, upon mysteries too long regarded as "lying outside the domains of physical science."

Twenty years ago Macvicar wrote his "Sketch of a Philosophy," in which he advanced the above views, with other views now maintained and demonstrated by Mr. Keely, who during these twenty years, without knowing Macvicar's views, or of his existence even, has been engaged in that "dead-work which cannot be delegated," the result of which is not learning, but knowledge; for learning, says Lessing, is only our knowledge of the experience of others; knowledge is our own. This burden of dead-work, writes Lesley, every great discoverer has had to carry for years and years, unknown to the world at large, before the world was electrified by his appearance as its genius. Without it, there can be no discovery of what is rightly called a scientific truth. Every advancement in science comes from this "dead-work," and creates, of its own nature, an improvement in the condition of the race; putting, as it does, the multitudes of human society on a fairer and friendlier footing with one another. And during these twenty years of "dead-work" the discoverer of etheric force has pursued the even tenor of his way, under circumstances which show him to be a giant in intellectual greatness, insensible to paltry, hostile criticism, patient under opposition, dead to all temptations of self-interest, calmly superior to the misjudgments of the short-sighted and the ignoble; noble means as indispensable to him as noble ends; fame and riches less important than his honor; his joys arising from the accomplishment of his work and the love and the sympathy of the few who have comprehended him! "Only the noble-hearted can understand the noble-hearted." Mr. Keely's chief ambition has been to utilize the force he discovered, not for his own aggrandizement, but to bless the lives of his fellow-men. He has scaled the rocks which barricade earth from

heaven, and he knows that the fire which he has brought down with him is divine.

This so-called secret is an open secret, which, after it is known, may be read everywhere,—in the revolution of the planets as well as in the crystallization of minerals and in the growth of a flower.

"But why does not Mr. Keely share his knowledge with others?" "Why does he not proclaim his secret to the world?" are questions that are often asked.

He is not yet ready to do so. He has made out his programme of unfinished work, ranging from its present operations to the concluding tests with dynamometer and by rail; but no one can say when the latter tests will be made. All depends upon the degree and measure of his success in the line of research that he is now following. Every man who has passed the mere threshold of science ought to be aware that it is quite possible to be in possession of a series of facts long before he is capable of giving a rational and satisfactory explanation of them,—in short, before he is enabled to discover their causes even. This "dead-work" has occupied many years of Mr. Keely's life; and only within the last five years has he reached that degree of perfection which warranted the erection of a scaffolding for the construction of the true edifice of philosophy.

We have only to recall the wonderful discoveries which have been made in modern times, relative to the properties of heat, of electricity, of galvanism, etc., in order to acknowledge that had any man ventured to anticipate the powers and uses of the steam-engine, the voltaic pile, the electrical battery, or of any other of those mighty instruments by means of which the mind of man has acquired so vast a dominion over the world of matter, he would probably have been considered a visionary; and had he been able to exhibit the effects of any of these instruments, before the principles which regulate their action had become generally known to philosophers, they would in all likelihood have been attributed to fraud or to juggling. Herein lies the secret of Mr. Keely's delay. His work is not yet completed to that point where he can cease experimenting and publish the results of his "dead-work" to the world.

"When will he be ready?" is a question often asked; but it is one that God only can answer, as to the year and day. Now that continuity of action in his engine has been attained, and every impediment and obstacle to eventual triumphant success has been overcome, it would seem that the time is near at hand,—within this very year; but not even Mr. Keely himself can fix the date, until he has finished his present course of experiment, his necessary "dead-work."

"But what are his hypotheses? and what the tenets of his new

philosophy?" His hypotheses are as antithetic to existing hypotheses in chemistry as the Newtonian system, at its first publication, was antithetic to the vortices of Descartes. The philosophy is not of his creation; nor is it a new philosophy. It is as old as the universe. Its tenets are unpopular, heterodox tenets, but their grandeur, when compared with prevailing theories, will cause the latter to appear like the soap-bubbles that Sir William Drummond said the grown-up children of science amuse themselves with, whilst the honest vulgar stand gazing in stupid admiration, dignifying these learned vagaries with the name of science. It is the sole edifice of true philosophy, the corner-stone of which was laid at Creation, when God said, "Let there be light; and there was light." The scaffolding which our modern Prometheus has built is not the airy fabric of delusion, nor the baser fabric of a fraud, as has been so often asserted. It has been built, plank by plank, upon firm ground, and every plank is of pure gold, as will be seen in due time.

Another question is often asked: "What is vibratory ether?"

The answer echoes down the ages, faintly heard as yet, it is true; but, call it what you will, "the universal ether," "hypothetical ether," "the universal life-principle," "the ambient fluid," "the electro-magnetico-intellectual-divine fluid," it is all the same,—one sole and unique substance, of which Mr. Keely has written, "The true study of the Deity by man being in the observation of his marvellous works, the discovery of a fundamental creative law, of as wide and comprehensive grasp as would make this etheric vapor a tangible link between God and man, would enable us to realize, in a measure, the actual existing working qualities of God himself (speaking most reverentially), as we would those of a fellow-man." As this philosopher interprets the physical forces, they are the fingers of God,—not all that there is for God.

It has been justly said that we have no ground for assuming that we have approached a limit in the field of discovery, or for claiming finality in our interpretations of Nature; that we have, as yet, only lifted one corner of the curtain, enabling us to peep at some of the machinery by which her operations are effected, while much more remains concealed; and that we know little of the marvels which in course of time may be made clear to us.

Earnest minds in all ages and in all countries have arrived at the same inferences which Mr. Keely has reached in his researches,—viz., that the one intelligent force in nature is not a mere mathematical dynamism in space and time, but a true Power existing in its type and fulness,—in one word, God. You may say that such an inference belongs to religion, not to science; but you cannot divorce the two.

No systematic distinction between philosophical, religious, and scientific ideas can be maintained. All the three run into one another with the most perfect legitimacy. Their dissociation can be effected only by art, their divorce only by violence. Great as is the revolution in mechanics which is to take place through this discovery, it has an equally important bearing on all questions connected with psychical research. Once demonstrated, we shall hear no more of the brain secreting thought, as the liver secretes bile. The laws of "rhythmical harmony," of "assimilation," of "sympathetic association," will be found governing all things, in the glorious heavens above us, down to the least atom upon our earth. Leibnitz's assertion, that "perceptivity and its correlative perceptibility are coextensive with the whole sphere of individualized being," will be accounted for without depriving us of a Creator. "The music of the spheres" will be proved a reality, instead of a figure of speech. St. Paul's words, "In him we live, and move, and have our being," will be better understood. The power of mind over matter will be incontrovertibly demonstrated.

The requirement of every demonstration is that it shall give sufficient proof of the truth it asserts. This Mr. Keely is prepared to give,—mechanical demonstration; and should he really have discovered the fundamental creative law, which he long since divined must exist, proving that the universal ether which permeates all molecules is the tangible link between God and man, connecting the infinite with the finite,—that it is the true protoplasm, or mother-element of everything, —we may look for a philosophy which will explain all unexplained phenomena and reconcile the conflicting opinions of scientists.

The great law of sympathetic association, once understood, will become known as it is,—viz., as the governing medium of the world. Herein lies one secret of "the compound secret," the full revelation of which will usher in the spiritual age foretold by the Prophets of the Old Testament and the Apostles of the New Testament. Inspiration is not confined to prophets and apostles and poets: the man of science, the writer, all who reach out after the Infinite, receive their measure of inspiration according to their capacity. We need a new revelation to turn back "the tidal wave of materialism" which has rolled in upon the scientific world, as much as Moses needed one when he sought to penetrate the mysteries of the Creation; and our revelation is near at hand,—a revelation which will change the statical "I am" into the dynamical "I will,"—a revelation which, while teaching us to look from Nature up to Nature's God, will reveal to us our own powers as "children of God," as "heirs of immortality."

C. J. Bloomfield Moore.

IS THE BASE-BALL PLAYER A CHATTEL?

I SHOULD like to describe fully the relations which exist between base-ball club and player; but, as this is not possible in a limited article, I will confine myself to a consideration of these relations as they have been induced by the action of the reserve-rule. I will first describe briefly the origin, intent, and effect of the rule; I will then trace more in detail its subsequent development; I will show that there has been a complete departure from its original intent, and in consequence a total change in its effect; that abuse after abuse has been fastened upon it, until, instead of being used to the ends for which it was formed, it has become a mere pretence for the practice of wrong. Incidentally, I will touch upon some of the methods employed by clubs in their dealings with players.

The first reserve agreement was entered into by the club members of the National League September 30, 1879. By that compact each club was conceded the privilege of reserving for the season of 1880 five of its players of the season of 1879, and each of the eight clubs pledged itself not to employ any player so reserved by any of the others. The five men so chosen by each club were thus forced either to sign with the club reserving them at its own terms or withdraw to some club not a member of the League; and, as there were no such clubs then in existence, the reservation was practically without alternative. The club thus appropriated to itself an absolute control over the labor of five of its men, and this number has since been enlarged to eleven, so that now the club controls practically its entire team.

The contracts of the players for 1879 contained no reference to any right of reservation by the clubs, nor was any such in contemplation at the time the contracts were signed: so that it was an *ex post facto* rule, and therefore a positive wrong in its inception.

In order to justify this extraordinary measure and distract public attention from the real causes making it necessary, the clubs tried to shift the blame to the players. They declared that players were demanding extortionate salaries, and that the rule was needed as a protection against these. They attempted to conceal entirely that the real trouble lay in the extravagant and unbusiness-like methods of certain managers and in the lack of good faith between the clubs themselves. According to them, the player who accepted a proffered increase of salary was a disorganizer and a dangerous character, from whom protection was necessary, while the club official who offered it was but a

poor weak instrument in his hands. Was it really wrong for the player to accept a larger salary when offered? or was not the dangerous factor here the club, which in violation of faith with its associates enticed the player by offering the increase? And was it really against the players or against themselves that the clubs were obliged to combine for protection? The history of base-ball deals between different clubs is full of instances of broken faith, and in most such cases where a player was involved the favorite procedure has been to whitewash the clubs and black-list the player. Yet I do not hesitate to say that I believe base-ball has more to fear from the reckless and improvident methods of some of its managers than from all the faults of all the players.

In the enactment of the reserve-rule the clubs were probably influenced by three considerations: they wished to make the business of base-ball more permanent, they meant to reduce salaries, and they sought to secure a monopoly of the game.

At the close of each season there was always a scramble for players for the following year: the well-balanced and successful team was especially subject to inroads, so that the particularly strong nine of one season was not unlikely to be a particularly weak one the next. The business of base-ball thus lacked stability. There was no assurance to the stockholders of a continuing fixed value to their stock, for the defection of a few important players might render it almost worthless. But with the right of retaining the pick of its players the club was assured of a good team, and the stock held its value.

Again, in this annual competition for players, clubs often paid extravagant salaries to certain very desirable men, and the effect was to enlarge the average scale so that it was assuming undue proportions. But with the privilege of retaining its best men at its own figures, the average salary would be forced down.

The third consideration, which doubtless had some weight, was the desire to create a monopoly. It was just beginning to be seen that base-ball properly managed might be made a lucrative business, though its real fertility was yet scarcely dreamed of. With all the picked players reserved to it and the prestige thus given, it was thought that the League might easily retain the control of the business.

But with the growth of the game in popular favor, and the consequent development of its money-making features, the maintenance of this monopoly became more and more difficult. A rival organization did spring up, and the reserve-rule then lost much of its force, for many of the players were willing to accept the alternative of withdrawing from the League and joining fortunes with the new Associa-

tion. The young aspirant developed such strength that it was found impossible to put it down, and the result threatened was a disastrous war in the competition for players and the favor of the public. With great good judgment and the remarkable instinct for self-preservation which has always characterized it, the League agreed with the American Association on the terms of an armistice. This was in the spring of 1883, and in the fall of the same year this armistice was made permanent in the great offensive and defensive alliance known as "The National Agreement." The parties to this were the four base-ball leagues then in existence. Each pledged itself, among other things, that its club members should respect the reservation of players by the club members of every other party, in the same manner as though they were all of the same league.

The effect of this was that a player reserved was forced to sign with the club reserving him, or quit playing ball altogether. These four leagues included all the clubs in the country, and the alternative of withdrawing to another club was thus practically cut off. As new leagues have sprung up, they have been either frozen out or forced into this agreement for their own protection, and the all-embracing nature of the reserve-rule has been maintained. There is now no escape for the player. If he attempts to elude the operation of the rule, he becomes at once a professional outlaw, and the hand of every club is against him. He may be willing to play elsewhere for less salary, he may be unable to play, or, for other reasons, may retire for a season or more, but if ever he reappears as a professional ball-player it must be at the disposition of his former club. Like a fugitive-slave law, the reserve-rule denies him a harbor or a livelihood, and carries him back, bound and shackled, to the club from which he attempted to escape. We have, then, the curious result of a contract which on its face is for seven months being binding for life, and when the player's name is once attached thereto his professional liberty is gone forever.

On the other hand, what reciprocal claim has the player? Absolutely none! For services rendered he draws his salary; but for a continuance of that service he has no claim whatever. The twentieth paragraph of the regular League contract declares that the club reserves the right to release the player at any time, "at its option," by ten days' notice, and that its liabilities under the contract shall thereupon cease and determine. That is to say, the club may hold the player as long as it pleases, and may release him at any time, with or without cause, by a simple ten days' notice; while the player is bound for life, and, no matter what his interests or wishes may be, cannot terminate the contract, even by ten years' notice.

The uninitiated in "base-ball law" may say, "If players are foolish enough to sign such contracts they must expect to abide the consequences." But, as a matter of fact, the player has no volition in the case. A provision of the League prescribes a certain form of contract, no other is "legal" according to this "base-ball law," and no club dares offer him any other to sign: that printed form is presented to him with the alternative of signing it or none at all, and under such duress he has nothing to do but submit. At some other time I may write more fully of this contract, the most unique unilateral document extant; but for the present I quote it only to show its connection with the reserve-rule. One of its clauses declares the players bound "by the Constitution of the National League and the Articles and Covenants of the National Agreement:" among these latter is included the reserve-rule, and in this way it is worked into the contract which the player is forced to sign, and which is thereby given a semblance of legality.

This, then, is the inception, intent, and meaning of the reserve-rule in its simplicity: its complicity I will presently describe. It inaugurated a species of serfdom which gave one set of men a life-estate in the labor of another, and withheld from the latter any corresponding claim. No attempt has ever been made to defend it on the grounds of abstract right. Its justification, if any, lay only in its expediency. It was a protective measure which gave stability to the game by preserving the playing strength of the teams, and it acted as a check on the increase of salaries. Its immediate results were clearly beneficial, opposition to it died away, and, notwithstanding the peculiar, not to say servile, position in which it placed the players, they accepted it as for the general good.

But, however satisfactory in its original application, I scarcely believe there will be any one found to justify it in the purposes to which it has been recently applied.

Instead of an institution for good, it has become one for evil; instead of a measure of protection, it has been used as a handle for the manipulation of a traffic in players, a sort of speculation in live stock, by which they are bought, sold, and transferred like so many sheep.

Ideal wrong will always work itself out in practical wrong, and this has been no exception. The rule itself was an inherent wrong, for by it one set of men seized absolute control over the labor of another, and in its development it has gone on from one usurpation to another until it has grown so intolerable as to threaten the present organization of the game. Clubs have seemed to think that players had no rights, and the black list was waiting for the man who dared assert the contrary. Players were cowed into submission, and were afraid even to

resort to the courts for a remedy. But all this time there was a strong undercurrent of discontent, and for the past year it has required all the influence of the conservative element of the profession to hold this in check and maintain a sentiment in favor of peaceful and legal reform.

The first mistake was made at the initial attempt to apply the rule. As was to be expected, the players chafed at first under the unaccustomed yoke. Hines, of Providence, declared that rather than submit to that club's reservation he would stay idle for a year. The construction was then evolved that even this would not free the player from the reservation,—that, though the term of his *contract* had expired, and though the reservation was so distasteful that he would prefer the loss of a year's salary, yet he would still be held by it. That is to say, the life-estate was indefeasible: the brand of the club once upon the man, it might never be removed by any act of his own. A practical illustration of the working of this construction was given in the case of Charlie Foley. During the season of 1883 he contracted a malady which incapacitated him for play. He was laid off without pay, *though still held subject to the direction of his club.* In the fall he was placed among the players reserved by the club, though he had not been on the club's pay-roll for months. The following spring he was still unable to play, and the Buffalo Club refused either to sign or release him. He recovered somewhat, and offered his services to the club, but it still refused to sign him. Having been put to great expense in securing treatment, his funds were exhausted, and it became absolutely necessary for him to do something. He had offers from several minor clubs, to whom he would still have been a valuable player, but on asking for his release from Buffalo it was again refused. He was compelled to remain idle all that summer, without funds to pay for medical treatment; and then, to crown all, the Buffalo Club again reserved him in the fall of 1884.

The second abuse was a clear violation of the spirit of the rule, and a direct breach of contract on the part of several clubs. A clause in the old form of contract gave the club the right to release any player at any time, with or without cause, by giving him twenty days' notice. Of course this was meant to apply to individual cases and total releases. But several clubs, seeing in this a convenient means of escaping the payment of the last month's salary, gave all their players the twenty days' notice on September 10, and on October 1 dismissed them, instead of on November 1 as the contracts stipulated. One club did not even go to the trouble of giving the notice, but, in open disregard of its contract obligations, dismissed its players October 1. Two of the men had courage enough to bring suit, and they recovered judgment,

and finally got their full pay; but the others lost the month's wages. But now, the most extraordinary part of all, after formally *releasing* the men, the same clubs claimed and were conceded the right of reserving them for the following year.

The third step was of a more serious nature; for, though no violation of contract, it was the beginning of the present odious system of buying and selling players. As the pecuniary returns of the game increased, the value of the individual player was enhanced: the strength or weakness of one position made a difference of thousands in receipts, and this set the astute managerial mind at work. Some scheme must be devised by which these gaps might be filled. It finally dawned upon him that this continuing claim upon the player's services was much akin to a right of property. Why, then, might this not be bought and sold, as are other rights of a similar nature?

Having found a purchaser, it would be only necessary to obtain the player's consent and the sale might be made. The result was a series of deals by which players were disposed of in this manner. Since the player's consent was obtained, it may be said that he was in no wise injured; but there were really two serious dangers. The first was that the club would be tempted to force the player's consent in one of the many ways at its disposal,—which, in fact, was frequently the case; and the second was in the part which the reserve-rule played in the transaction. If the buying club received a claim for the remaining term of the player's *contract* only, the price would be regulated accordingly and the deal perfectly legitimate. But a fictitious value was always given, because the buying club bought not only the player's services for the unexpired term of his contract, but the right to reserve or sell him again. It is not, then, the ordinary assignment of a legal contract-claim for future service which makes the price, but the anticipated operation of the reserve-rule. The rule is, therefore, being used not as a means of *retaining* the services of a player, but for increasing his value for the purpose of sale. This is a clear perversion of the original intent of the rule. The assertion of any such claim at the time of its adoption would have killed it then and there. The clubs claimed that the right to retain the services of a valuable player was necessary for the conservation of the game, and with that understanding the players tacitly acquiesced in the seizure. They never received any consideration for the concession; and when the Chicago Club sells Kelly for ten thousand dollars it simply makes that sum out of Kelly, for which it has never given him the slightest consideration. Kelly received his salary from Chicago (or such part as was not taken out in fines), and earned every dollar of it several times over, and yet the Chicago Club

takes ten thousand dollars for releasing Kelly from a claim for which it never paid him a dollar, but which it acquired by seizure some years ago.

Abuse number four is another step in the development of this traffic, in that it ignores entirely the player's consent, and the deal is completed without the slightest consultation of his wishes or interests. The selling club first secures the promise of the six clubs not immediately interested to keep hands off the player. The price being then paid by the buying club, the player is notified of his release to that club. By the pledge secured from the other clubs, none of them will employ him, and therefore, no matter how distasteful the change, or how many the reasons for wishing to go elsewhere, he is forced to go to his purchaser or nowhere.

Number five is a further extension of the scope of the reserve-rule, and cuts off entirely the player's only hope of escape. One would naturally suppose that the disbandment of the club with which he was under contract would release the player from all restrictions; and such was indeed the case until within the last year. But with the expected retirement of the St. Louis and Kansas City Clubs a number of first-class players would be thrown upon the market who would command good salaries if left to contract freely for themselves. The avarice of the clubs was equal to the occasion, and the League itself (whatever that may mean) reserved these men and peddled them out at so much per head. Without any regard to the fact that family ties and other considerations bound them to particular localities, the players were disposed of at the will of the League here, there, or anywhere it saw fit, and through the same organized conspiracy were obliged to go as assigned or quit playing ball altogether. The player read in his morning paper that he had been sold to such a club, and in a short time, though the question of terms had not yet been mentioned, he received a notification to report on a certain date. This was all he knew or had to say about the matter. The price demanded by the League for several of these players was more than any club was willing to pay. For instance, in the case of McQuery the amount asked was one thousand dollars, afterwards reduced to seven hundred and fifty dollars. No club being found willing to pay so much, he was held until the 19th of April before being allowed to sign with any club. Though a good player, he was kept out of an engagement, received no salary, lost his opportunities for signing with some League or Association club, and finally was very fortunate to contract with a club of the International League.

The crowning outrage of all came in the shape of a resolution

adopted by the American Association at its Cleveland meeting last spring. Though not a League measure, I mention it as showing the spirit of the clubs and the possibilities of the reserve-rule. Not satisfied with the passive conspiracy not to hire a reserved player if he refused to sign with the reserving club, the Association actually declared its intention of black-listing him. For the mere refusal to sign upon the terms offered by the club, the player was to be debarred entirely, and his name placed among those disqualified because of dissipation and dishonesty! Has any body of sane men ever before publicly committed itself to so outrageous a proposition? Fortunately for the dignity of the Association and the interests of the game, no attempt has ever been made to enforce this penalty: if it had, it is just possible that the great reserve-rule might now exist only in the game's history and in the records of the courts.

The last step, which may scarcely be called a development,—being rather a natural consequence of the system,—is the practice of "loaning" players. A man is loaned by one club to another on condition that the latter pays his salary and returns him on demand, much the same as a horse is put out to work for his feed.

These are, in part, the relations which exist between base-ball players and the associations by which they are employed. Is there a base-ball official who will claim them to be governed by any semblance of equity? Is it surprising that players begin to protest, and think it necessary to combine for mutual protection?

Encouraged by the apparent inactivity of the players, the clubs have gone on from one usurpation to another until in the eye of the base-ball "magnate" the player has become a mere chattel. He goes where he is sent, takes what is given him, and thanks the Lord for life. The demand exceeding the supply, the growth and cultivation of young players has become an important branch of the business. They are signed in large numbers, and, if they turn out well, are disposed of as a valuable commodity to the highest bidder. If they fail, they are simply released, and the cultivator has been at little expense. Indeed, the whole thing is becoming systematized, and is carried on with the utmost openness; so that it is not unusual to find a news paragraph announcing that such and such players are for sale.

In order to learn the sentiment of some League officials on this point, I approached Mr. John I. Rogers, of the Philadelphia Club. Mr. Rogers is a gentleman of superior intelligence and legal ability, and I was therefore not surprised to find him a rather weak supporter of the system. He freely admitted the injustice of selling a player without the latter's consent, and did not think the League had any right to

reserve and sell the players of a disbanding club. He did claim, however, that a club had a right, with the player's consent, to sell its claim upon his future services, for in so doing he declared that the club was simply "compounding the value of those future services."

I have pondered a great deal over our short talk, and I think I know what Mr. Rogers meant by that specious phrase. He meant that a club which has a legal claim *by contract* upon the future service of a player may accept a cash consideration for the release of that claim at any time before the expiration of the term of contract; and in that I agree with him perfectly. I am sure he did *not* mean that a club may sell its claim on the future service of a player when that claim rests not on a legal contract, but simply on the reserve-rule. For such a purpose that rule never gave a claim. It invested the club with a questionable right of reservation for one purpose only,—namely, to retain the services of the player; not at all to sell him. The true consideration in such a sale is not the release of the claim, but the future service of the player. It proceeds, therefore, not from the selling club, but from the player; yet the former takes the cash. Every dollar received by the club in such a transaction is taken from the pocket of the player; for if the buying club could afford to pay that sum as a bonus, it could just as well have paid it to the player in the form of increased salary. The whole thing is a conspiracy, pure and simple, on the part of the clubs, by which they are making money rightfully belonging to the players. Even were we to admit, for the sake of argument, that the reserve-rule does give a right to sell, we naturally ask, What consideration did the club ever advance to the player for this right? What did the Chicago Club ever give Kelly in return for the right to control his future services? Absolutely nothing; and yet that club sells that right, so cheaply acquired, for ten thousand dollars! But, I repeat, it never gave such a right, and any such claim by one set of men of a right of property in another is as unnatural to-day as it was a quarter of a century ago. The rule is a special statute of "base-ball law," made for a special purpose: it is of doubtful right when confined to that purpose, and it is of certain and unqualified wrong when applied to any other.

In the case of a sale with the player's consent at a time when he is under contract, the case is complicated. The club may properly sell its contract-claim, but in every such case the same wrongful element will be found to enter. The buying club pays a much larger price than the contract-claim is worth, because it expects to acquire also the right to reserve or sell. The case, analyzed, is this: the amount actually paid for the contract-claim is rightfully given, while every dollar in excess is

taken from the player through the wrongful operation of the reserve-rule.

The remedy for these abuses may be difficult to find; the system has become so rooted that heroic treatment may be necessary to remove it; but go it must, like every other, founded upon so great injustice and misuse of power. The only question is, Whence shall the remedy proceed? Shall it come from the clubs, or from the players, or from both conjointly? The interests of the national game are too great to be longer trifled with in such a manner, and if the clubs cannot find a way out of these difficulties the players will try to do it for them. The tangled web of legislation which now hampers the game must be cut away, and the business of base-ball made to rest on the ordinary business basis. There will be little need, then, of extra-judicial rules to regulate salaries, for these will regulate themselves, like those of the dramatic and other professions, by the law of supply and demand; "base-ball law," that wonderful creation which no one individual seems ever yet to have mastered, will be laid away as a curious relic among the archives of the game, and the time-honored and time-proven common law will once more regulate base-ball affairs; "deals" will be confined to legal limits; "phenomenons" and "wonders" will no longer receive advertising salaries, for the careful business manager will keep within justified figures; contracts may be made for periods of more than one season, the leagues will be composed of cities of nearly equal drawing strength, and the percentage system will be re-enacted, thus reducing to a minimum the temptation to compete for players; the players will catch the spirit of the new order; base-ball, to them, will be more of a business and less of a pastime; contract-breaking will be impossible, and dissipation will disappear; the profession of ball-playing will be looked upon as a perfectly honorable calling, and the national game be more than ever the greatest of out-door sports. All of these changes may never come; many of them certainly will. But it will be when the game is governed by the law of the land, when its financial conduct is placed in the hands of thorough business-men, when the "greats" and the "onlys," the "rustlers" and the "hustlers," have gone "down the back entry of time."

John Montgomery Ward.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

One of the Bab Ballads has for its subject the story of a young man possessed by a curiosity, which finally amounted to frenzy, to discover who wrote the mottoes on the *bonbon* papers, and relates the results of his frantic quest.

À propos of this, who compiles the calendars now so much in vogue? Let us make an example of two, the Shakespeare and the George Eliot Calendars for 1887, both elaborately and handsomely gotten up, and apparently very popular.

The object, as we conceive it, of these calendars is to bring before our minds each day some axiom or epigram which may give us food for thought, or even serve the higher purpose of uplifting us morally, as, for instance, this:

> He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fast in us unused.

Or this:

> Sometimes we are devils to ourselves
> When we will tempt the frailty of our powers.

And yet, in spite of the abounding richness of Shakespeare, for every two quotations like these there are twenty in this calendar which, taken apart from their context, are as meaningless as these:

> The sands are numbered that make up my life;
> Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

> To business that we love we rise betimes,
> And go to it with delight.

> Go thou forth,
> And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.

These extracts are taken from the first twenty pages of the Shakespeare Calendar, and it is probable that the remaining months would furnish examples stronger still.

Now to turn to the other calendar. The first twenty quotations there are much better, but among them are several which have absolutely no fitness for this purpose. The extract for January 1 is a broken fragment of one of George Eliot's most beautiful thoughts. The calendar has it, "No story is the same to us after a lapse of time, or rather we, who read it, are no longer the same interpreters;" but this is merely introductory, and the gist of the matter is in the unquoted part. A little later we find an extract so striking that it must be quoted in full: "Perhaps the most delightful friendships are those in which there is much agreement, much disputation, and more personal liking;" soon after which follows this: "A real fine lady does not wear clothes that flare in people's eyes, or use importunate scents, or make a noise when she moves." and just next, this fine utterance: "No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea

without rising to a higher order of experience; a principle of self-mastery has been introduced into his nature;" to be followed soon by this: "If Old Harry wants any work done, you may be sure he'll find the means."

In addition to these defects, which are to be laid to the compiler, there are various misprints in the George Eliot Calendar which deface it greatly. For instance, Silas Marner is printed throughout Silas Warner. And in the quotation, "It is difficult *for* a woman to try to be anything good, when she is not believed in," *for* is replaced by *in;* and in another quotation, "We can set a watch over our affections and our constancy as we can over our other treasures," the omission of the word *other* takes half the beauty from the idea.

Whether the last citations be mistakes of the compiler's or of the printer's, they are equally inexcusable. J. M.

BOOK-TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT who describes himself as an old reader hitherto content to act the passive part, accepting thankfully the good things set before him, has been moved by certain passages in a recent *Book-Talk*, as well as by the general tendency of modern critical and biographical writers, to avail himself of the privilege sometimes accorded to the laity of having a voice in the matter. He begins by reminding us of the old Scotch proverb that it is an ill bird which fouls its own nest, and he continues, "The inodorous truth of this saying is often called to my mind by the persistent efforts of certain writers to present literary men, especially those who have passed away, in their worst light,—to bring out phases of their nature showing them mean and silly, weak and wicked. These writers appear to have discovered that they have a high moral duty to perform: they become very tender in conscience about the estimate the world has been putting on obscure individuals connected with men of genius; chivalrous in bringing them before the public for tardy justice. All of which, by the way, is asked for by no one, and would be the last thing desired by these unfortunates could they speak for themselves. Has the author's life been so much of a success that he need be made to know his place and taught humility? Which has done mankind most harm in the past, hero-worship or the opposite tendency? How are the youthful and enthusiastic to be helped by seeing those in whose excellence they found exalted standards lowered in their eyes and by having their enthusiasm cooled? Youth cannot separate the artist from his art, and it is well it cannot. Has the world at large, or rather has the lower walk of the newspaper press, from which it gets so much of its information, been slow to find out the sins of writers and make the most of them? These singers of songs and tellers of stories have done more than all others to lessen the sadness of the soul in these days when science and philosophy appear only to widen and deepen the problems of life, without offering for them solutions or increasing our hope of ultimate enlightenment. Pessimism is not popular, but I will venture to submit whether this is not an age of high moral standards and small performance. In view of this, let us leave the men of the past to the measure that was meted out to them by their contemporaries."

When those redoubtable disputants, Tom Touchy and Will Wimble, appealed to Sir Roger de Coverley to settle a dispute between them, the good knight listened with patience, "and, having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides." The Reviewer confesses that this temper of mind is one which he finds very congenial. It is pleasant to dally with both sides of a question,—to keep your mental eyes open to the magnificent vista of arguments that Alp-like rise one above the other on either side, until on either side they melt away into the immeasurable distance, far, far beyond the range of human vision. "To speak," says Goethe, "is to begin to err." For we can hardly speak, we can hardly even think, without limiting ourselves, without becoming partisans, without ranging ourselves on one side or the other of a mooted question, without closing our ears to the music which to our opponent's sense gives harmony to his arguments. And, dear God! it is so easy for us to go wrong. Even in the cases where we are right, we probably reach the right by wrong reasoning. The watch that has stopped is right twice in the twenty-four hours. Only very young people are infallible. To be sure, there is the Pope; but even he claims to be infallible within the narrowest limitations, and only a small fraction of the world is willing to yield him credence. For the rest, what test of right thinking is there? Our reason? The chief use of our reason is to teach us on the morrow how false were our conclusions of the day before. The consensus of mankind? On no one subject has mankind reached a consensus. The judgment of the best minds, of Matthew Arnold's remnant? How shall we know which are the best minds, or, having found them, shall we find them in agreement? The wisest man errs almost as often and as grievously as the fool. We have authority for calling Solomon a wise man, yet he made at least six hundred and ninety-nine mistakes. If we wish to refrain from error, we must cease from thinking and cease from speaking, or at least we must cease from coming to any decision on any question that has the normal number of sides.

Still, if the Reviewer were pressed for a yea or a nay, he would side against his correspondent. He would acknowledge the force of that gentleman's arguments, he would be humbly alive to his own fallibility, but he would suggest, not insist, that the truth is usually better than a lie. If the idols which "the youthful and the enthusiastic" have set up are clay, it is best to point out the truth, though it might then be in order to prove that the clay was at least of a superior character. "Paint me with all my wrinkles," said Cromwell to the artist who was inclined to flatter him, knowing well that the harshness of that countenance, amid all its imperfections, was nobler than the sleek beauty of the curled darling. Illusion may be helpful to the youthful and the enthusiastic; but disillusion is fatal, and there is no disillusion so terrible as that which springs from the recognition that much of history and biography and fiction is a lie,—as unfortunately it is. To quote again from the ever-quotable Goethe, the difference between men and women is that women deceive each other but do not deceive men, while men do not deceive each other but do deceive women. And women are glad to be deceived wherever truth would be painful to them. Tell any woman exactly what you believe and what you know about her husband, excellent but imperfect man as he may be, she would turn you out of her house in angry scorn. The whole atmosphere of modern literature, and especially of modern fiction, is womanly; the conventions are womanly,—they are part of the

general deception of women which is practised by men. But perhaps if the novelist were more truthful, if he painted life as it is, if he gave us flesh-and-blood heroes, with all the weakness and the error to which flesh and blood is liable and the self-conquest of which it is capable, more men might be willing to read the modern novel and might find strength and comfort and guidance in it. History and biography are, of course, less conventionalized than fiction, for they deal with real men, whose sins and struggles and sufferings have left an ineffaceable record; but it is precisely here, where real men are concerned, and not imaginary puppets to whom all sorts of impossible qualities may freely be attributed,—it is precisely here that the lie does most harm, in the reaction which the young and the enthusiastic are sure to experience when they at length discover the inevitable truth.

There is another value in truthfulness where the biography of any artistic worker is concerned, that it aids us in the establishment of truer and juster canons of criticism. A work of art, in the last analysis, is the expression of just so much heart and brain as the artist was possessed of. If the man is genuine and sincere his work will be genuine and sincere; if he is a sham his work will be a sham. It is a good thing to have some means of positively identifying the true from the false. Take the case of Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer. In their own day each had his respective circle of worshippers, which insisted on the manifest superiority of its own idol. *De gustibus non est disputandum* is a truism which acquires a certain dignity when clothed in a dead language. Nevertheless even matters of taste can be justified or discredited by biographical facts. Every new light that has been thrown on Thackeray's character has increased his reputation. We have learned to know the man as he was. We have learned to read the man in his works. The criticism which described him as a soured, disappointed, and vulgar cynic has had its day. The *a priori* judgment of those who looked upon him as earnest, noble, loving, and lovable, as a Great-heart fighting against error with infinite charity for the wrong-doer, with humble consciousness of his own weakness, has been ratified by facts. On the other hand, Dickens and, in a far greater degree, Bulwer have been sinking in popular estimation. The criticism which, while recognizing the splendid genius of Dickens, deplored his tendency to clap-trap and melodrama, his offences against good taste, his egotism, and his womanish unreasonableness, has been confirmed by the revelation that all these weaknesses were integral parts of his personal character. Bulwer is the most striking example of the three. To many of us who are unable to throw ourselves back into a former generation, to look at the world through the eyes of our fathers or grandfathers, it is simply incredible that an author whose books are full of so much sham philosophy, sham poetry, sham emotion, sham humor, sham eloquence, should have been accepted seriously by any sane man. "Bulwer nauseates me," says Hawthorne, who was himself too genuine to tolerate sham: "he is the very pimple of the age's humbug. There is no hope of the public so long as he finds a reader, an admirer, or a publisher." A few years ago Bulwer's biography was written by his son: the darker shades of his character were omitted, and he was presented to the world with the conventional simper which adorns heroes of the average biography. But the executor and friend of the novelist's wife was determined that the true story of that lady's life should be given to the public. She published the actual correspondence that had passed between Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer. Sir Edward,

by his own showing, was made to appear in so unworthy a light that his son promptly appealed to the law to suppress the book. Now, however, the same friend, Louisa Devey, has prepared a "Life of Rosina, Lady Bulwer" (Swann, Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., London), which is based upon this correspondence, upon the writings of Lady Bulwer, and upon the accounts which she herself gave to the biographer.

It is not necessary to accept everything in Louisa Devey's book as the truth. Lady Bulwer was no angel. She was violent in temper, narrow in mind, bitter in her prejudices. The novels which she published, in which she attacked not only her husband but all his circle of friends,—Dickens, Disraeli, Thackeray, Palmerston, etc.,—simply overshot the mark by their violence. They are vulgar, foolish, execrable in taste, weak in grammar, weak in syntax, strong only in vituperation. The public read the books, laughed at them, and speedily forgot them. They were excusable in looking upon them as the merest vagaries of insanity. But this only made the pathos of the poor lady's position more poignant. After all possible allowances, there is no doubt that she was cruelly, even barbarously, wronged by her husband. He was unfaithful to her, lied to her, deceived her; he made her life wretched by his arrogant and overbearing temper; once at least he kicked her, and once he bit her savagely in the cheek. After the separation he dogged her footsteps with spies, in the hope of convicting her of some divorceable offence. In Paris a disgraceful public scandal was occasioned by the arrest and trial of some of his emissaries caught in the act of purloining her private papers. It may be that the young and the enthusiastic, if in these days any such still worship Bulwer, will be disillusioned by this bare statement of facts; but isn't it just as well that the truth should be known, that the sham should be unveiled?

The most interesting of recent literary "finds," next to that of the two lost parts of "The Journey from Parnassus," is a satire entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America" (Benjamin & Bell, New York), the editor of which, "Geoffrey Quarles," in an introductory argument which is written understandingly and ably reasoned, seeks to prove that its author was Edgar Allan Poe. He makes out an excellent case, the strong points of which are as follows. The satire was published in 1847, under the pseudonyme of "Lavante." The year 1847 has been looked upon as the most unproductive in Poe's literary career. In March of that year he had announced as soon to appear "The Authors of America, in Prose and Verse;" but the only known product of his pen during that year was the short poem "Ulalume," which appeared anonymously. May not this satire have been the final form of his proposed "Authors of America"? He had written on the subject of poetical satire, once in a review of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," and again in one of Wilmer's "Quacks of Helicon," suggesting in each case that the heroic couplet of Pope and Dryden was the best form for satiric verse. This satire is in heroic couplets. The unfamiliarity of the metre makes it difficult to recognize in it any of the peculiar characteristics of Poe's poetical style. Indeed, it may be owned at once that the satire has no poetical merit; but, then, did not Poe himself assert that "a satire, of course, is no *poem*"? In all other respects it tallies perfectly with what we know about Poe. It praises the Southern authors and attacks the Northern, just as Poe did in his critical essays. Yet Poe himself is never mentioned in it. The judgments on Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Dana,

Halleck, Willis, Holmes, Pike, Simms, Whittier, Cranch, are to a great extent echoes of the opinions Poe had already expressed in his "Literati" and in his lectures on "The Poets and Poetry of America." The satire has all Poe's arrogance, egotism, and intensity; it shows the same mental limitations, the same poverty of wit and humor, the same disregard for truth, the same petty spite and malice. As the editor remarks, "Either Poe wrote this satire, or somebody else, still unknown, wrote it with Poe's experience, Poe's doctrines, Poe's animus, and in Poe's language." In the "Supplementary" note the editor overreaches himself by too much subtilty. He rightly argues that, as Poe was fond of ingenious mystifications, he might sign his own name in some cryptographic fashion in his anonymous poems. The last couplet runs as follows:

> Should public hate upon my pen react,
> No matter this: I will not aught retract.

This couplet contains all the letters in the name of Edgar Allan Poe. It also contains all the letters of these words, "American Poets and Poetry, a Satire;" or these, "A True and Honest Satire by Edgar Allan Poe." This is not so bad. However, "Quarles" then goes on to find that "Edgar Poe (Lavante)" yields this anagram: "A Real Poet Aveng'd,"—which is ingenious. But why, if Poe chose the pseudonyme with a view to this anagram, did he not perfect the latter by calling himself "Levante" (a name actually used in one of his poems)? Then "Edgar *A.* Poe (Levante)" would have yielded "A Real Poet Avenged," without the awkwardness of the elision, and with his full name exactly as he signed it.

"Miss Bayle's Romance, a Story of To-Day" (Henry Holt & Co.), is another attempt to paint the American girl abroad, this time from the point of view of an Englishman, possibly Grant Allen. Miss Bayle is the daughter of a Chicago millionaire who has made his money in shady railroad transactions. Her great beauty, and her father's millions, gain admission for her into the highest English circles, even those of royalty; she is toasted at banquets and celebrated in the newspapers, and ends by marrying a British lord. Evidently the author likes her and intends us to like her. But in this he fails. She has nothing to recommend her but frankness and good nature (we are told, indeed, that she is clever, but are given none of her clever sayings), and these good qualities are overshadowed by her essential vulgarity. A great deal of pains has been expended to throw an air of lifelikeness over the book. Real persons—the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, Labouchere, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill—are introduced under their own names, and other well-known persons under very thin disguises. Long extracts are given from the letters of Mrs. and Miss Bayle, which are painfully lifelike,—just the sort of letters that the every-day man gets from his wife, his sister, and his sweetheart. The author's evidently very accurate knowledge of Europe and of America has been laid under contribution. The names of Chicago, New York, Boston, and London papers, of the steamers that ply on various rivers, of leading hotels and restaurants in the New World and the Old, the characteristics of numerous out-of-the-way localities,—all these give the book that appearance of accuracy and reliability and that exhilarating interest which we look for only in a guide-book. Indeed (to drop airy persiflage), the book is dull in spite of the author's evident cleverness. The best thing in it is the sketch of Ezra P. Bayle, a typical American financier. The various tricks by

which he "made his pile," and the manner in which he was received in England when he joined his family there, are excellent bits of satiric comedy.

"Wallingford" (J. B. Lippincott Company) is another book which aims at securing the factitious interest of local color and personality. Wallingford is a suburb of Philadelphia, the author is understood to be an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, various railroad magnates are introduced under their real names, and accurate pictures of Philadelphia and New York streets form a romantic background. The book is not without interest, but it has that air of being written by a clever young man which is somehow (perhaps unreasonably) exasperating to the maturer mind. However, the author will improve. He will not always be young. Let us trust that he will always retain his cleverness.

"Until you understand a writer's ignorance," says Coleridge, "presume yourself ignorant of his understanding." This excellent saying is called to the Reviewer's mind by John Darby's "Nineteenth Century Sense: the Paradox of Spiritualism" (J. B. Lippincott Company). There are portions which he is not sure that he has comprehended, but he is willing to own that the muddle may be in his own mind, especially as the larger portion which he finds intelligible is a sufficiently vigorous revivification of mediæval metaphysics in terms of the nineteenth century. But a Reviewer who has grown to doubt all metaphysics, who is willing, in John Darby's terminology, to grant comprehension but not apprehension to the human mind, who looks on all ontological speculations as "words thrown at" the unknowable with only the result of further obscuring it, to such a Reviewer it can make little difference whether he understands the author's ignorance or is ignorant of his understanding.

The Seybert commission, which, according to the terms of the will of Henry Seybert, was appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate modern Spiritualism, has just made its "Preliminary Report" (J. B. Lippincott Company). The commission is composed of Dr. William Pepper, Dr. Joseph Leidy, Dr. George A. Koenig, Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, Prof. George S. Fullerton, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Mr. Coleman Sellers, Dr. James W. White, Dr. Calvin B. Knerr, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. It had sittings with a number of well-known mediums, whose names are given in the report, and it examined into the questions of independent slate-writing, spirit-rapping, materializations, and other special lines of mediumship. The committee went to work in an impartial and scientific spirit, and they unanimously deny the honesty of the mediums or the genuineness of the manifestations. They hold themselves open to conviction, however, and express a willingness to continue their researches in the hope of meeting with some variation in the monotony of imposture. Aside from their scientific value, the papers are amusing and entertaining reading.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.—Seventeen years of steady and faithful trial upon sixty thousand different people has given ample opportunity to establish for Compound Oxygen these several positions as true. It is the vital part of the atmosphere made very potent, being made magnetic during the process of manufacture.

Compound Oxygen has three distinct modes of action upon the human organism: 1. Its mechanical action, in that it increases very much the respiratory function over that of ordinary breathing. This increased action is felt all over the body at once, because the lungs are just as universally present in the whole body by their rhythmical vibration as the heart is by the ramification of its blood-vessels. 2. Its chemical action, in that the solvent character of the atmosphere is greatly increased by the magnetic property of the Compound Oxygen; hence the blood is more efficiently purified by the more rapid solution and ejection of carbon,—the worn-out tissues of the body ever present; hence it dissolves and eliminates from the system many deleterious substances which otherwise are very difficult of ejection. In this way it relieves the body of its poisonous foreign tenants,—malaria, quinine, mercury, uric acid, excess of bile,—and is the deadly enemy of the now-dreaded bacilli. 3. Its vital action. This latter is vastly more important than the two former, and without it the Compound Oxygen would not work any such results as we have produced. Pure Oxygen possesses the first two properties, but not this third one.

This vital action is directly upon the brain, spinal marrow, and the ganglia of the sympathetic system of nerves. These great nervous centres seize upon this wonderful compound, appropriate it, and thereby become larger, more robust, and more active.

As these centres generate all the vitality there is in the whole man (and normal vitality is health), is it strange that nearly all the maladies (these depend upon deficient, disordered vitality)—so multitudinous in their manifestations—should be made to give way before the steady march of our newly-generated vital forces? And, when the victory is won, the peace of sound health should be permanent.

(2 F., 34.) "LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN, April 4, 1887.

"I will drop you a few lines to let you know how I have held out since using your Compound Oxygen. I am enjoying very good health. As yet have not taken a bit of drugs since using Compound Oxygen, except once last spring I had an attack of malarial fever; sent for a homœopathic doctor and he broke it up. I was quite weak for six weeks, and told the doctor that I wanted some Compound Oxygen. He said he didn't believe in it, but it did not make any difference with me, for I have just as much faith in it as ever. Would have had some more if we had not had such a drought last summer. I have a little yet for an emergency.

"I have been acting as secretary for you ever since my testimonial appeared in print. I did not know that you had a world-wide circulation of Health and Life, but I have received letters from Maine to California and all over the United States and Canada, and am looking for one from across the ocean every day.

There has not been more than three that has sent stamp for return mail, but I have answered every letter but one, and have always been sorry that I did not answer that. It came last spring when I had fever, and I could not find it when I was able to write. Mr. P., of Ludington, saw my testimonial, and asked me if it was true. I acknowledged it to him, and he sent for some. I believe it must have cured him, for he is around again and looks better than before. I have not had any difficulty with my *lungs* this winter; have had a severe winter. Have only had two hard colds during the entire winter, and that from undue exposure. Have not had a touch of the *rheumatism* since using Compound Oxygen, and before, I was laid up every damp day that we had, so *I am positive that it does not act as a stimulant only and wear off as soon as we stop using it*, as neighbors told me it would do. I have not had but two light touches of *toothache* since I used Compound Oxygen, about two years ago.

"I thought, perhaps, some one would like to know how I held out, as I have recommended it to so many all over the country.

"MRS. M. J. FRENCH."

Any one desiring to know more of this remarkable remedy can send to Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for their new Brochure, called "Compound Oxygen; its Mode of Action and Results," which will be sent free by return mail.

The most remarkable short story of the month, if not of the year, is "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth," by Amélie Rives, in the July *Lippincott*. It has the characteristics of a rare old etching with a sympathetic touch that gives the figures life and realism. The whole story is a series of warm and vivid word-paintings, each line pulsing with life. It would be easily susceptible of elaboration into a powerful, full-fledged novel.—*New York World.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN BILIOUS DISEASES.—Dr. D. Schaub, Muncie, Indiana, says, "I have used it in cases of bilious disease, and the results were all that could be desired. It is valuable."

The approaching centenary of the Constitution, to be celebrated in Philadelphia on September 17, 18, and 19, gives timeliness to an admirable article by Moncure D. Conway, entitled "A Suppressed Statesman of our Early Republic," that will appear in the September number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It portrays the career of Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, to whom Mr. Conway insists that the initiation and ratification of the Constitution were especially due. The public will be surprised to learn what an important figure Randolph was in his own day, both as a man of action and a man of thought.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN OBSTINATE INDIGESTION.—Dr. F. G. McGavock, McGavock, Arkansas, says, "It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to its beneficial action in obstinate indigestion."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPATE FOR INDIGESTION.—Dr. George W. Hall, St. Louis, says, "I took it for indigestion and found it of decided advantage."

Complete novels for early numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine* are promised by Louise Stockton, Mrs. A. L. Wister, John Habberton, and Capt. Charles King.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN DIGESTIVE DISORDERS.—Dr. E. V. Wright, Saratoga Springs, New York, says, "I have used it for years, and my experience has proved beyond question that the peculiar combination of phosphates renders it most valuable in the treatment of digestive disorders."

THE

RED MOUNTAIN MINES.

BY

LEW VANDERPOOLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIMS OF LOST HOPE," "ECBATANA," "RUHAINAH," ETC.,
AND TRANSLATOR OF THE POSTHUMOUS MANUSCRIPTS OF
MME. GEORGE SAND.

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LIPPINCOTT'S

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THE RED MOUNTAIN MINES.

I.

THE most interesting and startling event in the life of Mrs. John Stanley was that she was born in Boston,—a fact she always dilated upon, and always with increasing warmth, whenever she could make mentioning it possible. And, since Mrs. Stanley was a woman most fertile of resources, no one ever came within the radius of her brisk sharp voice without being, at least once, informed of this remarkable circumstance.

Mrs. John Stanley's husband was only a common farmer; comfortably situated, it was true, but very much inferior to Mrs. Stanley, because he had never been outside of Arlington, the little Vermont town where the unkind Fates—unkind, at least, in the estimation of his wife—sent him into the world.

A certain spiteful gossip, who had no regard for the delicate sensibilities of Mrs. John Stanley, declared that that estimable woman owed being born in Boston wholly to an accident; that Mrs. John Stanley's parents and grandparents, and their parents and grandparents, were born and reared in Vermont, on the very farm which belonged to the husband of the present Mrs. Stanley. These statements, of course, occasionally reached the ears of Mrs. Stanley, and on such occasions she would smile sweetly and sigh softly. To the still more relentless slander that her Boston nativity was due to the fact that it had taken place because her mother had at that especial time accompanied her husband on a trip which he made to Boston for the disposal of his hogs, the present Mrs. Stanley always elevated her nose with unmitigated scorn. Furthermore, she continued talking of "Boston, where I was born," as if that was the sole reason for according distinction to Boston, until, despite all slanderous statements and insinuations, it

was the fashion of all Arlington to speak of Mrs. John Stanley as a "Bosting" woman.

The second important event in the life of Mrs. John Stanley—an event which did not take place in Boston—was the birth of her son, about five years after her marriage. Mrs. Stanley, among her numerous other accomplishments and tastes, had dabbled somewhat in the classics, and she was, too, according to her iterations and reiterations, an enthusiastic admirer of ancient heroes. So it was in no sense strange that she named her son Marcus Antonius, in the firm belief that if he wore the name he would also acquire the qualities and virtues of this once eminent Roman.

The nerves of Mrs. Stanley, in consequence of her selecting so distinguished a name for her son, received two considerable shocks. The first was from the clergyman who christened the youthful object of Mrs. Stanley's hopes and aspirations. This ancient but excellent man knew more about religion than he did about Latin, and the youngster's name, as it fell from the clerical lips, was a study in pronunciation which, in spelling, would baffle even the excessively wide latitude of the laws of phonetics. The second jar upon the nerves of Mrs. Stanley was when her husband, a few days after the christening, asserted his authority, for the first time since he had assumed the honored position of husband to Mrs. Stanley, and flatly declared that "We'll jest call this 'ere young un Mark, an' nothin' else, an' leave off that air darned heathen nonsense."

Mrs. Stanley made vociferous remonstrance, but all in vain. Failing, she consoled herself by the thought that her husband was not born in Boston, and so could not accept matters after the manner of people of true enlightenment.

While her tears were drying, the stature of the boy gradually increased; and in this was new sorrow for the lacerated heart and tortured soul of Mrs. Stanley. She was, at last, convinced of the sound judgment of her husband in insisting, years before, upon the simplification of the name of their son. It was now plainly apparent that Marcus Antonius would scarcely have fitted him: the plainer Mark was very much better. In spite of herself, the barometer of Mrs. Stanley's appreciation of her son had, little by little, been lowering ever since she first cradled him upon her delighted and hopeful bosom. At first she had entertained for him aspirations toward the Presidency. Later developments made her more modest, and she thought he might do better, owing to certain peculiarities she saw in him, as United States Senator. That hope, too, the unfoldings of his mind forced her to relinquish; but she comforted herself, for nearly three years, by persistently maintaining that he would yet honor his native State as its governor. But after the hard-handed Fates wrung this cherished dream from her, she let slip, one after another, the long line of golden possibilities she had once deemed his to select from, and she was finally confronted by the incontrovertible fact that Mark, taking him for all that he was worth, and making generous allowance at that, would, at most, be only a pronouncedly indifferent farmer.

"He dunno 'nough ter make a stun fence," said his father, when

Mark was twenty years old. "Better sen' 'im down ter Bosting, ole woman; he mought 'mount ter somethin' there."

There was, however, one thing which gratified Mrs. Stanley exceedingly. If he was nothing else, Mark Stanley was pious. This was in part because of a faint dash of Puritanism which he inherited from one of his mother's Connecticut ancestors; in part because of the excessively religious character of the musty and limited family library; and in part because with his peculiar quality of intellect he could comprehend religion better than anything else.

It was his interest in religion which, indirectly, changed the whole course of Mark Stanley's life.

Just before he attained majority, there was a religious revival at Bennington, which, if rumor might be relied upon, was likely to extend throughout New England. So extensive a movement could not fail to call out all of Mark Stanley's enthusiasm, and all through that winter he made regular trips to Bennington, once a week, to attend the "protracted meeting." He found it agreeable and convenient, on each of these trips, to stay in Bennington over-night, and in this way he soon made extensive additions to his circle of acquaintances.

In Arlington, his own town, his father's estimate of him was pretty generally accepted, as a father's estimate usually is when it happens to be derogatory, and he was altogether ignored by the girls, who called him "Stanley's calf." In Bennington the case was very different. Female society was his not only for the taking, but it was thrust upon him, vigorously and vehemently, whether he wanted it or not. This was especially pleasing to him, and he was nothing dismayed by the fact that the most of the young women were "factory-girls." They were attentive to him, and that, since it was so entirely a new experience, was quite sufficient.

The immediate result of all this was Mark's announcement to his parents, the following spring, that he intended marrying a Bennington girl at once. Surprise, the first emotion which this admission engendered, was swiftly merged into consternation when the further disclosure was made that the object of Mark's adoration was a factory-girl.

Subsequent investigation concerning this young woman led to discoveries which wrenched the bosom of Mrs. John Stanley as nothing else ever had.

Mary Harris, whom Mark proposed marrying, was possessed of uncommon beauty, and but little else. She was the daughter of a farmer, who, dying intestate, left his children to take care of themselves. Mary had three brothers, all of whom were older than herself. Her mother had died when she was two years old, and so she had grown up with no very definite principles. She was not quite fifteen when her father died, a few weeks after which event she and her brothers had moved to Bennington, to work in the factories. The transition from the quiet, isolated farm, where, free and unrestrained, she had lived so entirely with her father and brothers, to the lively, bustling town, was a dangerous one for her, in every sense. It was a loose, lax life, without limit or outline, and, though it was new,

strange, and almost incomprehensible to her at first, she soon accepted it as a settled and definite whole, and that, too, without criticism or analysis. Her brothers loved her, and did everything in their power for her comfort; but beyond that they gave her no thought. She was still free and unrestrained. Back on the farm, this freedom had done her no especial injury. Now, because of it, she was overshadowed with every variety of danger and calamity. Worst of all, it was all unintelligible to her. The very hopelessness and helplessness of her position were increased—doubled, almost—because she was so painfully unconscious of its true significance.

She escaped much which seemed almost predestined to befall her, but wholly because of the thorough ignorance which, in direct opposition to what is usual under such circumstances, was her strongest safeguard.

These five years in Bennington did most harm to Mary Harris because in them the heedlessness and carelessness which, by force of circumstances, were her earliest traits, were not only increased, but fastened upon her beyond shaking off. Her sins were of omission rather than of commission. She had done nothing for which she need blush, but her utter failure to grasp and understand the things of life, as they really are, deprived her of so much which is, in the best and truest sense, womanly, that she was practically unfitted for wife-hood. Living in the house with a woman who was a religious fanatic had warped and twisted her out of proportion in this way; while the frequent and indiscriminate praising which her beauty had won for her had developed her vanity a long way in advance of nearly everything else.

This was the woman whom Mark Stanley presented to his mother as his intended wife.

Ever since his infancy, her son had been a succession of shocks, or, rather, one continuous shock, to Mrs. John Stanley. He had disappointed all her hopes,—fondest as well as slightest,—and now he was about inflicting upon her the severest shock and disappointment of all. After talking an hour with Mary Harris, Mrs. Stanley walked out of the girl's presence with set lips and a pale face.

"Mark," she said to her son, "what can you see in this Harris woman to love?"

"She is very pretty and very pious; and——"

But Mrs. Stanley turned away. Marcus Antonius indeed! How could she have been fool enough to select such a name? But the fault lay with her philosophy. She had expected more than was reasonable, and so was bound to meet with disappointment.

A few weeks later Mark Stanley and Mary Harris were married. They went at once to New York, where, in accordance with a plan of Mrs. John Stanley's, they were to stay for a couple of months, so that Mary would have something else than Bennington gossip to talk of.

Mark Stanley and his wife reached New York just as the California gold craze was at its height. He listened to the fabulous stories of the Western wonderland until he was wild with excitement and eager to join the vast army of gold-hunters.

He wrote to his father for money, and received it with a promptness

which startled him. To John Stanley it was the best way out of the difficulty. He looked upon Mark as a thorough failure. His wife, all along, had led him to expect great things from their son. And when Mark, after all, turned out like the general run of young men—perhaps a little below the general run—he felt as if he had been imposed upon, and regarded his wife with contempt, and despised their son. Mrs. Stanley objected to her son's wife because all of that which she counted womanly was lacking in the Bennington factory-girl. Her husband, less generous, hated "that Harris gal" because, but for her, "Mark mought hev got hitched ter somebody what had shekels." If the young husband and wife were sent to California, something might come of it "what 'ould set things straight ag'in."

That was why the money for which Mark asked came so quickly.

There was a constant stream of emigrants pouring westward out of New York, and Mark Stanley and his pretty wife soon plunged into the midst of this enthusiastic tide. These two were happy and contented with each other, and it made but little difference to them whether any third person, no matter who, regarded them kindly or harshly.

The swift railway-trains soon hurried them to the limits of civilization, and the rest of their journey was more prolonged and fatiguing, as they went across the prairies, and up the great plains, with a wagon-train. One night, just as they had reached the very foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, a storm of such remarkable violence that none of the would-be miners had ever experienced anything like it before suddenly swept down upon them. Their guides, hilarious because they had reached the mountains without molestation from the Indians, began pouring undue quantities of whiskey into their throats that morning, and before noon, even, they were helplessly drunk. At nightfall they were wholly incapacitated for making camp ready. Had they been sober, the calamity which followed might easily have been averted. As it was, when the storm was at its height, a war-party of Ute Indians suddenly swooped down upon the emigrants, and, with three exceptions, murdered every man, woman, and child in the party. The exceptions were Mrs. Stanley, who was spared for her unusual beauty, Mark Stanley, and John Dubb, a youthful Maine wood-chopper of about seventeen years. The two men were saved because they were looked upon as good subjects for the torture-stake.

As soon as the work of slaughter and thievery was over, the Utes pushed forward into the mountains, moving as rapidly as possible until daylight, when, for a couple of hours, they went into temporary camp.

When they resumed their wanderings, the party divided. Half a dozen of the hideously-painted warriors took the unfortunate Mary Stanley, and went directly south, and the others, with Mark Stanley and Dubb, moved northward for a day and a night, and then came out of the mountains upon the plains again.

Mary Stanley was not allowed a single word of parting with her husband, and the two were crazed with grief at their cruel separation. He was glad of one thing: convinced that he was only saved for tor-

ture, he felt that he could meet death easier if she was not forced to witness it. He understood, perfectly well, that she would be forced to accept some chief for a husband,—very likely the one who captured them; and he could only hope that death would speedily end her misery and suffering.

At sunset, three nights after the massacre, an Indian scout came in, and the party who held Mark Stanley and John Dubb prisoners was immediately thrown into a turmoil by the news he brought. The fires were put out at once, and the whole camp was made ready for an apparently expected attack. The two prisoners were made to understand that any noise from them would result in their instant annihilation.

All through the night Stanley lay sleepless, and almost breathless, wondering if those whom his captors awaited were soldiers, or only savages, like themselves. About two hours before daylight, when the Utes were sleeping, there was a sudden rush and a series of fiendish yells, which seemed to turn all of Stanley's blood to ice. The Utes sprang up, with answering yells, but altogether too late. In spite of their vigilance, their enemies, one of the marauding plains tribes, had, by superior cunning, stolen in upon them; and now, by force of superior numbers, the Utes were overcome. The murder of the emigrants, three nights before, was now avenged, but Mark Stanley and John Dubb were prisoners to new captors.

The Indians in whose hands the two survivors of the ill-fated party had now fallen started northward, skirting the edge of the mountains, at a slow pace. A week later they went into camp, where the main tributary of the North Platte leaves the mountains. A few days afterwards, Stanley and Dubb succeeded in making their escape. Dubb volunteered to help Stanley search for his wife, and the two men set out along the back track. It is needless to give the details of that long, weary search. Sometimes a small party of soldiers would help Stanley, but most of the time he and Dubb, assisted always by a competent guide, scoured the mountains alone. At the end of two years, which made a radical change in the character of Mark Stanley, the search for his wife was abandoned.

II.

To John Dubb the two years following his escape from the Indians were like the threading of an intricate and puzzling labyrinth, they were in such direct contrast to the kind of life he had known in the pine forests of Maine, where it was customary to take whatever happened as a matter of course, and to make the most of it. In the wild, reckless, uncivilized West, and in the unqualified change in the character of Mark Stanley, Dubb saw a vast deal which he could not reconcile to the tenets of Maine woods philosophy. Dubb's mental processes were somewhat peculiar. It can scarcely be said that he reasoned things out, for he lacked a logical mind; but there were a few stolid principles, or fundamental laws, which, like all other Maine lumbermen, he applied to everything. Whatever came without the scope of this schedule of measurement he regarded gravely, sometimes

suspiciously, and on extraordinary occasions—when circumstances were in an uncommon degree remarkable—with something as closely akin to horror as was in consonance with a man of Dubb's disposition. According to his system of ethics, ill fortune should, whenever it was possible and practicable, be remedied: this, however, being sometimes out of the question, the unavoidable evil should then be uncomplainingly accepted as the best thing possible, under the circumstances, and, consequently, as exactly the right thing. To his calm, serene mind, the only actual, out-and-out evils were resistance of the inevitable, and complaint against the irresistible. Of course he never put this into words, and, in fact, it never even passed through his mind in the form of definite and tangible thought; yet, in substance, he always felt it, and always acted upon it.

Dubb never seemed surprised,—never startled; but there were some things in this new and undreamed-of Western life which resisted encompassment within the limits of his principles of moral harmony; and chief among these was the transition which the character of Mark Stanley underwent between the time when Dubb first saw him, and the giving up of the search for Mrs. Stanley, two years afterwards.

When the Stanleys were coming across the prairies, and up the plains, there were two things about Mark which made strong impressions upon Dubb. One of these was the young husband's piety, and the other was his openly manifested affection for his wife. Consequently, when the Indians snatched Mrs. Stanley away, Dubb confidently expected that Mark would bear his affliction with Christian fortitude, and, furthermore, that nothing short of death would ever dissuade him from his pursuit for his abducted wife.

In both of these more or less warrantable conclusions Dubb was disappointed. Mark Stanley did not bear the interruption of his domestic bliss with anything which bore the slightest resemblance to Christian fortitude; and he would have given up the search for Mrs. Stanley in less than six months after the Utes took her from him, but for the intervention of Dubb. At first, Mark had taken the abduction of his wife with the extremest bitterness, and had declared that he would never rest until every one connected with the outrage had suffered vengeance at his hands. In a few weeks, however, he seemed profoundly indifferent as to her fate, and ceased to evince any further interest in the punishment of the Utes. In fact, he merely seemed bent on the hatching of excuses for omitting even further mention of his wife.

On leaving the East, Mark Stanley had possessed himself of a comfortable sum of money. The journey westward, and the first six months of the search, had deprived him of about half of this, whereupon he declared that prolonging the search for his wife any further would be silly, useless, and that he could not afford it.

Dubb took him so severely to task for this that, as a result, the suspended search was resumed and continued for another six months, which entirely emptied Stanley's purse, and took the most of Dubb's money besides. At this time Mark Stanley was most persistent in his affirmations that it was foolish to make further expenditure of money and time in his wife's behalf. But he finally yielded to Dubb's influ-

ence, and wrote back to his parents, in Vermont, for more money. Half of the amount he asked for came, but it came very reluctantly; and Mark's bitterness was about doubled in consequence.

It must be admitted that the incidents of the search were very disheartening. Almost constant clues to the whereabouts of Mrs. Stanley were obtained, and, in each instance, following them yielded only disappointment. These rumors, which, at first, excited and exhilarated him with the most eager hopefulness, soon began having an opposite effect. In less than a year after the search for the missing woman was undertaken, any fresh bit of alleged news concerning her would only exasperate him into rage and fury. And so the brunt of the second year of the search fell upon Dubb. Before his eyes was ever the image of Mary Stanley, as he last saw her, when the Indians dragged her away, grief-stricken and terrified. To leave her to the cruel fate which unquestionably had overtaken her, while there was the slightest hope of finding her, was, to Dubb, the blackest crime conceivable.

In answer to one of the guides, who called him a fool for chasing up and down the mountains after a woman whose husband was perfectly indifferent as to what befell her, he said,—

"Fool enough, maybe, but that don't make no matter. That poor woman, if she am alive, she be looking, all the while, for somebody for to come and git her out o' these here mountings. And if he don't care, that don't count for nothing with us. She is white, and we am white, but we'd be a mighty sight redder nor these here Indian devils if we didn't go and do all as we can do for her. And what be more, I don't see as how as it's any of your business. You am a guide. You am a man what works for money. You works for us, and you gits your money for all what you does. But we don't pay you nothing for any talking, only about saving of her. And so you haven't got no call for doing no other kind of talk."

Toward the close of the second year of the search, when Mark's money was all gone, and Dubb's money was rapidly dwindling, the former flatly refused to take another step in his wife's behalf. Dubb let Mark rant and rail for a long time before he attempted curbing him; but, as usual, Mark gave in, though with very bad grace.

"If, as you say," he muttered, "all this is the doings of Providence, you can't deny that Providence has made a bad mess of it. What you call the 'higher power' has taken the matter out of my hands altogether, and I don't see why I should concern myself about it any further."

But he did concern himself enough about it to write home for more money, making a strong point of the obligations he was under to Dubb. In fact, but for his desire to pay back the money he had borrowed of Dubb, he would not have written home at all.

The answer to Mark's letter was a very thick package, which led him to think that it contained the money he had asked for. Eagerly tearing the envelope open, he found that it owed its bulkiness to several closely-written sheets of paper, and to nothing else. The much-needed money was denied him, but this part of the letter was very brief. The most it of was devoted to telling Mark Stanley what a bitter disap-

pointment he had always been to his parents. The calligraphy was his mother's, but the substance of the letter seemed to have been dictated by his father. It closed with the following sententious paragraph:

"About your wife, your father entertains a slight doubt, which you cannot say is altogether groundless. In the first place, he thinks it almost incredible that she should have escaped the general fate of your party; but, granting that, he doubts that the Indians abducted her, as you say. He believes that you are living together, and that you are using her pretended abduction as a means of extorting money from us. While we have this unpleasant feeling about the matter, you certainly cannot blame us for deferring further remittances. Furthermore, you certainly cannot blame us for so reasonable a doubt. This man Dubb, being, as you say, under twenty, is far too young to be intrusted with so large a sum of money as the one named by you. If you will tell us how to find his parents, or guardian, we will arrange what he has loaned in that way, which you cannot deny is very much better than sending it to you for him. If your wife is really gone, it may be the manifestation of a rebuke from on high, to you, for making a wife of so undesirable a person. Your father further suggests that, since such glowing accounts are daily reaching us of the fortunes which are being made in the California mines, you might proceed on there and obtain money for the relief of your wife—if she is lost—by some more reputable means than by borrowing and begging. Trusting that something may arouse you to a proper sense of duty, that you will yet do credit to your family name, and that you will be reawakened to a sense of appreciation of your Christian training, we are, as ever,

"Your loving parents,

"JOHN AND MRS. JOHN STANLEY."

After a few moments of sullen silence, in which his face grew very cold and hard, Mark Stanley read the letter from his parents to Dubb.

"It isn't just quite exactly what you expected," said Dubb, quietly.

"Damn them! no!" cried Stanley, tearing the letter in fragments, and stamping them into the ground. "It is a long way from what I expected, though it is exactly what I ought to have expected. Isn't it sweet? Isn't it truly parental? Remember my Christian training! Do honor to my family name! I wish to God they were here now! I'd——"

And then, in an uncontrollable paroxysm of rage, he vented out his emotions in a jargon of sounds which bore no resemblance to words. Dubb regarded him silently and complacently until the first violence of Mark's tantrum was somewhat subsided, and then he said,—

"I don't seem to be able to see what good you am to git out of taking on."

"No good, sure enough; but what am I to do? This upsets the last stone in the heap. I——"

"It don't upset these here mountings, as I can see," interposed Dubb, glancing at the great snowy peaks which surrounded them.

"And what if it did?" snarled Mark, half guessing Dubb's meaning. "What then?"

"Maybe something, and maybe nothing; we am not just quite exactly able to tell. It might help us for to find your wife."

"Find hell!" replied Mark. "That's about all we'll ever find here; and we are apt to find it mighty soon, if we don't get out of it."

"Likely as not," assented Dubb, serenely; "just as likely as not, if that am the way it am meant to be. This isn't so awfully a nice place, Marky, that I be wanting to stay here; but we am staying here to find her, and that be what we must do before we git out."

It might have been Dubb's lack of grammatical directness, or it might have been something in his manner, which subdued Mark; anyway, he suddenly became calm, almost to passiveness, in his outward demeanor. Yet the pain-lines at the corners of his mouth were tightly drawn, and there was a pathetic bitterness in his tones, when he answered Dubb:

"You do not understand me, my friend, any more than my parents understand me. I would sacrifice what the preachers would call my immortal soul, if, by so doing, I could put my poor wife back where she was two years ago. But that is impossible. I never shall see her again. She is lost, forever, from me. I was sure of it within three months after they stole her away, and everything which has since happened only the more fully convinces me that my idea was right. All through this long search, I have known how utterly useless it was. And so——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Dubb. "Wait just a little minute, and tell me if it am not because you was all the while a-thinking that what we was doing wasn't no use, that it has come out in just this here way? Don't you think it all went bad just because you had it in your mind that it would go bad?"

"Sophistry,—downright sophistry," said Mark, snapping his fingers, and frowning.

"It may be, it may very easily be," replied Dubb, "seeing that I don't know what that thing am what you just said."

Mark resumed the thread of what he had begun saying, without explaining to Dubb the word which puzzled him.

"You see, Dubb," he said, "losing her and not being allowed to find her is all perfectly natural. It could not be any other way. Life, at best, is a thing that is all mixed up. Nobody ever finds it as they expect to. The trouble is all in the start. You are taught to believe a whole lot of things, and, when that is all firmly settled, all at once you begin finding out that these things you have been believing in are all wrong,—all lies. Then you set about hunting out things for yourself, and you only go over the same race-course on another horse: you put your faith in a lot of new things, only to find out that they, too, are false. Your lights all go out, and you stand all alone in the dark. You don't dare move, because you can't see what direction to go in. You can't call out for help, because no one would hear you but those who have already deceived you. If you asked new advice of them, they would only tell you new lies. Falsehood and deception are the pap and pabulum on which we are all suckled and fed. We get the wrong start, because we are given the wrong idea of life. All through

childhood we are taught things which we have to spend all our lives as men and women in unlearning. There is where the great wrong comes in. Our parents start us out with the same false views which their parents started them out with. They were deceived. Their lives were lives of misery and disappointment, because they had false and impossible inducements held out. They expected the unattainable, missed, necessarily, the fulfilment of their hopes, and so put on, like so many garments, maturity and misery at the same time. And what then? They simply keep their lips tight shut on all this, and go on and tell their children the same lies that were told them, and plunge their children into the same wretchedness which their false training forced them into. So it has always been; so it will always be. No one is honest enough to tell the truth. Oh, God! why does not some race breed men and women strong to speak out and end all this lying?"

Mark had spoken very rapidly,—some of the time almost breathlessly; and, though Dubb heard him, his slower methods of thought made it impossible for him to gather in the full force of what Mark had said, without a brief moment of reflection.

"Back in Maine," he said, after a moment, "I used to git lost in the woods, sometimes, because the needle in my compass used to git out of fix and point the wrong way. Are you sure there be nothing the matter with your compass?"

"You want to know if I am quite sure I am speaking whereof I know," Mark suggested.

"Well, not just quite exactly that, but something pretty near like it, maybe."

"Listèn," said Mark, with a slight show of impatience, "and judge for yourself. My parents were not only disappointed in each other, but in life as they found it. And they were, too, what the world calls Christian people. When I came into their home, I disappointed them, too. They set great hopes on me, but two entirely different sets of hopes, with no harmony between them. In a general way, they were agreed as to what they wished for me. Individually, they were wider apart than the two poles, on this. Had I been what my father wished, my mother would have hated me; had I been what my mother wished, my father would have hated me; as it turned out, there were so many cross-purposes in my early training, so much spoiling of broth by too many cooks, that I missed everything that they both wanted, and so they both hate me. Still worse, instead of trying to prepare me for life as it really is,—as they found it,—they tried to prepare me for life as their parents had told them that it was. Instead of fitting me to the world, they sought to fit the world to me. As a consequence, they made fresh bitterness for themselves, they spoiled my life, and they did both by trying to displace actual life with fictitious life. All this had its inception and its fostering out of falsehood and unreality, and it could not, possibly, have brought forth any less damnable fruit."

Dubb's comprehension was quicker this time, and it kept exact pace with Mark Stanley's spiteful, hastily articulated words.

"All this may be just as you say it am," he answered, deliberately and calmly; "and I make no doubt that you be telling things as you know they am. But you can't never go and change what am not to be changed. Maybe I be wrong; just as likely as not I be; but what I call being a man am standing what can't be cured, and not making sore shoulders by chafing against the hame-sticks. Anyhow, I can't seem to just exactly see what all this am to have to do with the finding of your wife."

For a moment, Mark was a little disturbed by what, to him, seemed the extraordinary stupidity of Dubb. But his answer was not long in coming, and it was delivered in a manner uncommonly cynical, even for Mark Stanley.

"Dubb," he said, "we may as well tear the rags off, and get down to the bare facts. I kept up this search for Mary more than three times as long as I wanted to, on your account. It only ends up in our both getting cleaned out of money, and in my parents calling me a thief,—or worse. Mary, if she is alive, is still with the Indians. We could never find her if we hunted for her all the rest of our days. And —and—I may as well say it, I don't want to find her. The Indians have put all her happiness and mine at an end. We would only be wretched if we met, now. Life, henceforth, is hell for us both. We may as well spend the rest of our days in the conditions that what you call 'Providence' has sent upon us. I have spent the last day and dollar I shall ever spend on her account. She has gone to the devil, and so have I. To-night I shall start for California. As soon as I can, I will pay you what I owe you. In the mean while, I shall endeavor to carry out the suggestions in the last part of my mother's last letter. I will do honor to the family name, turn to account my Christian training, and keep constantly in mind the fact that my parents, John and Mrs. John Stanley, still love me devotedly! Dubb, old fellow, will you quit this God-forsaken country, and push on with me to California?"

Dubb shook his head.

"No," he answered, with even more than his customary deliberation; "my money am not quite all gone,—there be a little of it left yet; and while there am any of it, at all, I be going to stay here and keep on hunting for Mary Stanley. When my money am all gone, then I be going on to the mines to earn some more. I be just always going to keep right on looking for her, till I find her."

While Dubb was saying this, Stanley's face underwent a dozen changes. It was to him so unaccountable, so remarkable, something so entirely beyond his grasp and comprehension,—this persistency, this wholly unexpected attitude which Dubb had assumed. Finally, with a deeply-drawn breath, Stanley recovered himself. With seemingly perfect composure, he gave Dubb his hand, bade him good-by, and walked slowly away, with his head inclined slightly forward, in the direction where his horse was tied.

Dubb watched him very calmly, as he walked along up the side of the ravine, where they had been sitting on a boulder.

"He will come back; Marky will come back," he said, two or three times, to himself.

Once and once only did Mark Stanley hesitate. When he was but a few paces from his horse, he suddenly came to a stand-still, and moved his arms as though he was fighting something out with himself. Then, putting his hands over his ears, as if to shut out voices which he feared to hear, Mark Stanley started forward on a dead run, untied his horse, sprang on it, and rode rapidly away, without once looking back at the expectant Dubb.

III.

While Stanley and Dubb were searching for the missing wife of the former, things in general, and especially mining-affairs, in California, had resolved themselves out of chaos into definite and tangible working order. Business was brisk and earnest; its boundaries and limits were being extended daily, and all of the towns and camps in the new El Dorado were instinct with brisk and enthusiastic life. Rules, laws, and regulations governed everything, and any swerving or deviating from what was now looked upon as the "proper thing" brought down rigorous condemnation upon whoever so offended. Two years before, at the time of the disaster to the emigrants with whom Dubb and Stanley crossed the plains, all California was rough, wild, and disorganized; ruffians and adventurers had poured in, a considerable degree in advance of decent people, and as a consequence there was general lawlessness, and personal safety could only be wrenched from the Fates by power of efficient arms.

This thing grew worse, first gradually, and then rapidly, until some five or six months before the search for Mrs. Stanley was abandoned, when outraged California underwent what its best citizens called a "revulsion of feeling." The line between right and wrong was most pronouncedly drawn, and this important distinction was not only made, but the unconditional observance of it was smartly insisted upon. Crimes were gravely considered and duly classified, and severe penalties were solemnly affixed as the righteous accompaniment of each. For the time being, there was a premium on morality; and villany, so long in the ascendency, was at a discount. This high, just, and lofty sense of public duty, dignity, and necessity prevailed, rigidly and vigorously, for something over three years, without the slightest lessening or relaxing of the relentless general tension. Even then the modifications were insignificant, changes being rung in only to make the matter of government more practical: in fact, the fires which were kindled by that one general and tremendous outburst of popular indignation have never wholly subsided.

It was when this intense feeling against law-breakers was at its height, that Mark Stanley, reckless and desperate, arrived in California.

Two months had elapsed since he left Dubb and turned his face toward the land of gold. Several times, during his journeyings over and among the Sierras, was Mark strongly moved to go back, join Dubb, and once more enter into the search for Mary, never relinquishing it again until she was either found or her exact fate was determined. One night, when he was very much nearer to the California mines than he was to the spot where he last saw Mary, his mind was so full of this

better feeling that she came to him in his sleep, and moved and figured in all of his dreams. He was so impressed by this that the next morning, on mounting his horse, he actually set out along the back track. His face now lost much of the hardness which, of late, it had taken on, and soon it fairly beamed with the enthusiasm his new resolutions had awakened in him. He sang a bit of an old love-song, talked cheeringly to his horse, and was much nearer happiness than he had been before in many months.

"Dear old Dubb, faithful old fellow, how glad he will be to see me coming back!" he said to himself, as he rode straight on, toward the east, in the full rays of the rising sun. "Maybe he has already found her. If he has, how awfully it will make her feel to know that I gave up the search and left Dubb, alone, to look for her, or forsake her, as he pleases! And it will be all the worse on account of the hard things I said to Dubb when I came away; but then—he would never tell her that! Why shouldn't he, though? I deserted her—I deserted him—I—— Go on, old horse; go faster! You cannot, if you do your best, keep pace with——"

There was a rumble, a crash, the earth trembled, and Mark's horse stood prancing in his tracks, refusing to go either forward or backward. Something caused Mark to look up at the rocky heights above him, and one glance sufficed to explain the trembling and rumbling of the earth, and the terror of the horse. A gigantic boulder, or fragment of rock, had, in some way, been set in motion, near the summit, and now it was bearing down upon him with resistless force. A moment more, and it would crush Mark Stanley and his unmanageable horse out of existence. With a wild cry of terror, the frightened man flung himself backward off his horse, and the same instant the great rocky mass whizzed within ten feet of the horse's very head, and went crashing and thundering down the steep mountain-side, on its way to the bottom of the cañon, half a mile below.

Mark was safe from the boulder, but that was not his only danger. His horse, completely terrified by so unexpected a proceeding, suddenly wheeled around and plunged madly away toward the west. But, in so doing, the half-crazed brute, with his first plunge, planted both his fore-feet squarely upon the breast of his prostrate master, crushing out his consciousness.

It was nearly noon when Mark Stanley came to. For fully ten minutes he could not understand what had happened and why he was lying there; but a full realization of it all suddenly swept over him like a flash, and with it all of his old bitterness came back. This was about doubly intensified when he found that he could not rise, because of his injuries. The heat of the noonday sun, and a strong pull at his whiskey-flask, soon relaxed some of the stiffness of his bruised frame, but he found it impossible to walk, beyond a few steps, and there was no sign of his truant horse anywhere.

He was certainly in a bad predicament. In his pouch was enough food for one meal, and he had his rifle and a few rounds of ammunition; but, bruised and wounded as he was, it would have been an impossibility for him to use his rifle, either in his defence, if that became neces-

sary, or in the obtainment of more food. So far as he knew, there was no other living soul within a hundred miles of him. When the fragment of food he had left was gone, he must, unless Providence intervened, starve; and his faith in Providence was now among the things that were dead.

There was no doubt of one thing, in his mind: the end had come. He might live there a day or two, and then, if his injuries did not wind up the brief period of his mortal career, starvation would. But he would not starve; he still had his rifle; he would hasten the hapless termination of his miseries in that way. Then he looked down over the brink of shelf-like rock along which the trail wound at that point, and stared hard into the far depths below him,—almost beneath him, the face of the mountain was so precipitous at that point. He could, when hunger and pain made their final attack upon his endurance, fling himself over the rocky shelf and go on down in the straight, swift pathway of the boulder which had caused all of his present misery. It would be better, he thought, than standing there sullenly and shooting himself. At once, and without arguing the matter further within himself, he decided upon meeting death in that way. It was so much less repugnant than deliberately sending a bullet through his own heart or brain; and, besides, it might not mutilate him; and he had suddenly conceived a strong horror of self-mutilation. He could, too, carry out his purpose after nightfall, and so, to his mind, somewhat mitigate the significance of it by reason of shrouding it in darkness.

Working his way, by slow and painful stages, to the extreme verge of the shelving rock, he looked, coolly and critically, straight down the face of the cliff upon whose brink he was lying. Exactly at that point the cliff was so straight, so wholly perpendicular, that a stone, which he dropped, fell fully a hundred feet before it struck the strange rocky wall; and then it glanced and made another leap, downward, to so great a distance that it was knocked into small particles when it struck the straight-faced cliff the second time.

Mark watched the success of his experiment with grim satisfaction, his rigid features relaxing into a sort of grotesque smile. He calculated his chances and probabilities with a complacency which was terrible. He knew that the rush consequent upon hurling himself a hundred feet through the air would rob him of consciousness before that swift, unnatural journey was accomplished, and that, if by any peculiarity of chance it did not, his first contact with the rock would award to him instant death. His dead body would then, in all probability, glance off the straight surface of the cliff, just as the stone did. It would then, also like the stone, be knocked out of all possibility of identification with its former—or, to be more exact, its present—condition.

He had now worked himself up to such a pitch that he really enjoyed considering the various details and results of his plan.

When he had fully settled it in his mind that he would make the fatal plunge, he set about reasoning out the best time for the enactment of his solitary little tragedy. It was to be done at night. He had food enough for one meal. He would save the food until the next

morning, when he would make of it not only his last breakfast, but his last meal. Then a second thought struck him. Why should he wait till the next night? why not eat what food he had then, and fling himself over the cliff that very night? The sooner his physical and mental tortures were over, the better.

It should be that night.

From the brink of the shelf-topped cliff, he lay and watched the sun. It was about midway down its afternoon course, and he would never see it set again. That thought, too, afforded him grim pleasure. Then the pain in his chest made him faint with that peculiar kind of faintness which hunger best appeases. So he opened his pouch and began eating. It seemed to him that food never had tasted so good to him before. Perhaps it was because it was his last meal.

His last meal.

The thought enveloped him in a degree of dismal melancholy which, under the circumstances, was almost ludicrous. Really, it was the only association with life which he felt unwilling to sever. Mark Stanley set great store by his stomach. Even this, however, was insufficient to deter him from his purpose. In fact, when he gave it more thought, and duly considered the uncertainty of his ever having anything else to eat, it stiffened, rather than affected otherwise, the fixity of his intent.

When he had devoured his food, even to the last crumb, he looked at the sun, and estimated that, since there were yet three hours of sunlight, he had about five hours more of life before him. It would take two hours, after the sun was down, before the landscape would be enwrapped in perfect darkness,—under the cover of which he intended leaping down the cliff into death.

Just then his reflections were disturbed by the sound of approaching hoofs, along the trail, in the direction whence he had come. The air was so pure and clear, and the general silence so perfect, that sounds were distinctly audible the origin of which was a long distance off. Mark Stanley heard the noise of hoofs at least two minutes before he saw what was approaching him.

His first thought was of Dubb. Had that singular, and to him incomprehensible, being, given up the search for Mary and decided to follow the husband of the lost and unfortunate wife? Impossible; for had Dubb bent his mind upon any such unlikely purpose, he would come from the east, and not from the west. Mark next thought of his runaway horse. Perhaps the cowardly beast had forgotten the fright which had visited such direful consequences upon its master, and now, again remembering that master, was coming back in search of him. Very likely. Indeed, most likely; so Stanley thought. And almost at the instant he reached that conclusion, he crawled slowly back to where his rifle was lying; and then, prostrating himself flat upon his stomach, he levelled his rifle over a horn of rock, pointing its muzzle so that it commanded the western approach of the trail. Whether he was moved to do this by a malicious feeling of vengeance against his horse, or whether he was afraid that the presence of the living beast would eventually weaken him in his suicidal resolution, it is impossible

to say. That he was bent upon shooting the horse the instant it appeared, there can be no doubt.

But when the horse for which Mark Stanley was watching finally did appear, the rifle was hastily uncocked and quietly deposited by its owner's side. It was not Mark Stanley's horse, and it was ridden by a man who looked as if he had reduced shooting to a fine art. Either of these reasons might have acted as an incentive against any experimenting with his rifle on the part of Mark; the two combined certainly made apathy in him a foregone conclusion.

The stranger rode a magnificent horse, and across his arm was a fine rifle; but his dress was rough, soiled, and ragged, like that of the frontiersman in general; and Mark had not yet sufficiently overcome his Eastern prejudices to regard whoever wore such a uniform without some feeling of suspicion. In this case the distrust was further warranted by the stranger's deeply-grooved and sinister face. There were lines up and down his forehead, and also across it, in nearly every conceivable direction. His cheeks, or as much of them as his heavy brown beard exposed, were marked in the same erratic fashion. He was dark, almost to swarthiness, with sun-burn and tan; and the queerest part of his remarkable physiognomy was the fact that his skin, in these singular lines, grooves, and creases, was about ten shades darker than it was at any other visible point. The effect was much as if he had had these depressions painted with a marking-brush. His eyes, too, had a droop which at first seemed sleepiness, but which at a second glance appeared more like craftiness. It gave one the impression that this uncanny droop was something which he had cultivated for the purpose of concealing, for some important reason of his own, the upper part of his eyes. This impression was materially heightened by the broad, shaggy brows which overhung his eyes, and also by the still more shaggy mass of tangled brown hair which straggled down, in wild, uncombed profusion, from his great square head.

He was riding along with the utmost deliberation, and was seen by Mark several seconds before he saw Mark. In truth, he had such an effect upon the disordered nerves of Mark that that worthy earnestly hoped that the unknown horseman would pass by without seeing him. But he did not.

"Hullo, stranger," said the horseman, suddenly reining his beast up. "What seems to be the row?"

"The row is that my horse walked all over me and then ran away and left me here to die," answered Mark, rather feebly.

"Wa'al, that's too bad," rejoined the man of the hair and rags, dismounting. "Where does yer seem ter be hurted wust?"

Mark explained the circumstances, as briefly as he could, and allowed the stranger to open his clothes and examine him.

"Guess yer breathin' appyrattus is kinder knocked outer tune, but they don't 'pear to be no bones broken. I'll jest put ye on my hoss an' tote ye back to camp. 'Tain't very fur from here, an' it'll be a dum sight more comfortable than lyin' here."

"To camp!—why, are you a miner? Am I in California, then?" exclaimed Stanley.

"You bet, stranger. This is Californy. Look jest as fur as ye can, an' ye can't see nothin' but Californy. An', stranger, these 'ere mountings is jest chuck full o' gold. Some on 'em, like enough, is the solid yaller stuff itself."

By this time the brawny fellow had picked Stanley up and set him on the horse. Then, climbing up behind Mark, he spoke to the horse, which, out of seeming deference to Mark's injuries, moved cautiously along the trail toward the point where Mark had encamped the night before.

"Stop a moment, my friend," said Mark, suddenly.

"What's the matter? Does ridin' hurt ye? Is yer pains an' sich gittin' wuss? 'Cause if they am, I'll jest put yer down here, an' hustle quick inter camp, an' git some o' the boys ter come an' help me tote yer the rest o' the way in a rag. I'd 'a' done it in the fust place, on'y I thought this 'ould be quicker." And he dismounted as he finished speaking.

"No, no; not that," answered Mark: "I am comfortable enough, thanks to your kindness. But what is the use of your putting yourself to all this trouble? I have no money—and——"

"Let up, let up," said the man, climbing back on his horse again. "Who in thunder axed yer fur money? Do yer think we fellers runs a nussery, or a hosspittle, an' that I was out huntin' up subjecks when I seen you? No, sir. This is Californy; an' Californy is a white man's country. Lots o' things is free here, even ter preachin'. I'll tote ye inter camp, an' we'll feed ye an' fix ye up. When ye gits over bein' danced on by yer hoss, ye can stake out yer little claim, an' dig all the money ye wants, outen the rocks. Er, ef ye don't like that, I'll let yer work some in my claim. I'll grub-stake ye, anyhow, an', 'casionally, I'll chuck in some yaller dust."

"What part of California are we in?" asked Mark, an hour afterwards, when, just as the sun was setting, the two men rode into the first mining-camp that Mark Stanley ever saw.

"This here is Red Mounting, an' these is the Red Mounting mines," was the answer. "By the way, stranger, fur convenience, let me tell yer that they calls me Droopy in this country. 'Tain't my real name, in course; that is, I mean, it ain't my christenin'-name; but the boys calls me Droopy 'cause my eyes is kinder cut on a bias. 'Tain't allus healthy ter ax a man his name, in this country, an', in course, I don't ax yer what yours is; but yer can do as yer like 'bout tellin' me what yer wants the boys ter call ye, though more likely 'n not they'll hitch some new name to yer what yer mother wouldn't know yer by."

Mark answered by telling Droopy his real name, but it was plain to see that Droopy did not believe him.

The Red Mountain miners gave Mark Stanley a cordial greeting. In a few weeks he was entirely recovered from his injuries, and able to work. He soon decided that mining was not the avenue along which he would pass to fortune. It was hard work, and its profits were a matter of vast uncertainty. He reached Red Mountain in the early part of June, and the last of August he left it for San Francisco. Before going, he took Droopy into his confidence, telling every bit of his

history from first to last, and ending it with the following summary and deductions:

"You see, Droopy, all my troubles have come out of my believing in the religious rubbish which my parents taught me, and out of the sneaking, soulless way in which they used me. As a result, I married a woman whom, but for my parents and the false training which they gave me, I never would have even seen. Then they let me come West and lose my wife by a worse means than death. Why did they let me come? Clearly, since they are rich, was it not their duty to keep me and my wife near them, instead of sending us out here, like so much baggage? They made me exactly what I was, at that time, and the job didn't suit them: so, to get rid of me, I was allowed to come West, without their ever having given me, as a defence and safeguard against mistakes and errors, the least practical knowledge of life."

"Maybe," interposed Droopy, "they didn't give it because they didn't have it ter give. Ye can't get no blood outen a stun."

"Nonsense," continued Mark: "their desire was to make me as artificial as the kind of life for which they designed me. Because I was born with natural impulses, and could not, for lack of genius, change them for unnatural ones, they hated me. Now my life is a wreck. It is worse than useless, so far as my ever doing any good is concerned. You might better have let me go over the cliff. It would have saved you trouble,—and disaster too, if I stayed here much longer. You see, I have only to get fond of a person to have some calamity befall them. It robbed my wife of what she held dearest; it deprived Dubb of his money; it would bring some similar thing on you, if I was not going away. As it is, half of the camp looks on you as a fool for doing so much for me. If I go, you may regain caste again."

"I ain't got no idee what yer means by caste, but don't yer go ter gettin' yer vittals riled up with any notion 'bout me an' the boys. If yer goin', I'm right smart sorry, 'cause I likes yer, an' I'll miss yer, a heap. Ye've got a kinder pizen way o' talkin,' sometimes, but I s'pose yer can't help it. I'm powerful sorry ye ain't had better luck a-minin', but I hopes ye'll jest strike it rich in Frisky. Like's not ye'll be guv'nor o' Californy yet."

"If I am, it will come to me from the devil," said Mark, savagely: "nothing like success ever comes to me from any other source. Whatever I try to do right, only goes wrong and gets me in trouble. It was so when I got married; when I came West; when I tried to find my lost wife; when, after giving up the search, I decided to go back and try it again; and, also, when I tried to earn a competence, honestly, here. Every other man in camp was making money, by the fistful, at my very side, every day; I, as you well know, couldn't earn my salt. But for your charity I would have starved. Now I am going to make money, by no matter what means. As to that, henceforth, I shall be indifferent. If riches come to me honestly, all right; if dishonestly, all right; but come they shall."

"Oh, pard, pard," exclaimed Droopy, "that's ag'in' all sense and reason. I ain't eddicated, an' can't rattle off things glib, like you;

but I knows jest a little bit better'n that. I don't want ter hurt yer feelin's by sayin' onything onkind when yer goin' away; but I mus' tell yer that yer makin' a powerful mistake. Ye knows a dum sight better'n to go an' say yer goin' ter git money onyway. It'll git ye behind stun walls an' iron bars, or hitched on the eend of a rope, er shot so full o' bullet-holes ye'll look like a kullindur. If yer bent on devullin', ye'd better skip back East. The road ter hell in this country is a mighty short one. Californy law is shorter and smarter nor a hornet's tail. They is one thing in the Bible I allus foun' true, an' that is, honesty is the bes' polursy! It ain't in the Bible? Oh, well, 'scuse my ignerrunce. It's jest as true as if it was in the Bible. Now lis'en ter me, pard; I'll make a propersition to yer. Jest stay here, an' work with me. Startin' with ter-morrow, half o' my claim, an' so on, is yourn. We both 'll jest pitch in an' do all we can. Five year frum now, ef ye foller out my idees, ye'll be a millinery—well, millionaire, then, if that's what it is. What ye have ye'll come by honestly, an' then ye'll feel all right about it. What d'ye say, pard?"

"That you have the softest heart and head in the world," said Mark, warmly. "You are so generous that you take my breath. But I can't accept what you offer. It would, to me, be lowering my manhood."

"The hell it would!" answered Droopy, losing a little of his temper. "Ef yer goes on in the wild way yer jest was dilatin' in, a minute ago, yer manhood 'll git lowered in 'bout six feet o' groun', in a pine box. A man what says he's goin' ter have money onyhow, an' then snuffs up his nose at an honest chance what's gin him by a man what likes him, I can't make out. Looky' here: ef yer stays with me, an' works the claim with me, an' we makes it pay, an' we on'y divides up what we makes arter this, it's nothin' more nor less nor a straight bizness transaction. The groun' belongs ter nobody in pertickler, an' is as much yourn as it is mine. Comin' down ter the finest p'int, the law on'y makes it mine 'cause I got here fust; an' you, 'cordin' ter what yer jest said, don't set no great stakes by law, so that needn't gin ye any sleepless nights. Now, then, ef yer am the man I took yer fur, ye'll jest gin up goin' to Frisky, ter make yerself a hull lot o' trouble, an' stay here an' salt down somethin' valler ag'in' yer old age."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Mark, "that I can't see it as you do, but it would not leave me either my self-respect or my independence——"

"Come, now," growled Droopy, thoroughly disgusted with Mark's quibbling, and the lack of sincerity in his tone and manner; "why don't yer come out squar' an' flat-footed an' say what yer means, jest like a man? Why don't yer say that yer am too damned lazy to work, an' that yer wants ter git inter stealin', er gamblin', er somethin' else what's easier? What yer says don't hang at all together. Ef yer folks gin ye the wrong start, an' I reckon they did, ye naturally had 'nough sense ter set yerself straight at the same time when yer had 'nough sense ter see as how it was wrong. That was the time ter start out swingin' on yer own gate. If ye likes yer tea clear, an' somebody puts in sugar, yer ain't 'bleeged ter dump out the sugar an' chuck in

wormwood. If yer folks did make things bad for ye, yer didn't need ter make 'em wuss. They on'y gin ye a bad start. They aint bizzy with yer now. If ye stan' on a hill what's got a frog-pond at the bottom, an' somebody gives ye a boost an' tries ter send yer down inter the mud, yer ain't 'bleeged ter go no further nor the speedin' what they gin ye sends yer. Yer ain't got ter brace fur it, an' run on, as hard as ye can, an' jump in the frog-spawnin', on yer own account. That 'ould be actin' like a dum fool, an' that's jest what yer doin'! Life ain't a bowlin'-alley, an' ye ain't a ball what has been flung an' can't git outen the track. Ye've had a bad start, but many a man has had a wuss one. Yourn can't even hold a candle to mine. But I don't go broodin' over hard luck. I jest spits on my han's, an' rolls up my sleeves, an' sails in, an' makes one thing work, ef another won't. Yer young an' smart; an' now jest stay here, an' gin up this nonsense, forgit all this talk, an' we'll make a fortin outen this old mounting. Say, now, pard, will yer stay? Put 'er there an' say yes."

Stanley took Droopy's outstretched hand, and winced at the grip which the miner gave it.

"Ye'll stay—hallerluyer!" yelled Droopy.

But Mark shook his head.

"I cannot," he said, shamefacedly.

Droopy let the other's hand fall.

"I'm diserp'inted," he said; and then he walked slowly away.

IV.

About two weeks after the departure of Mark Stanley from Red Mountain, the California newspapers were all filled with one theme. Floyd Maydew, an important Eastern capitalist, was coming to San Francisco to interest himself in a stupendous mining-scheme. He would bring with him, besides an enormous amount of ready cash, an enormously beautiful daughter. Miss Maydew was young and talented, and, because of the delicate health of her father, she had made herself a thorough-going business-woman. She attended to the most of her father's banking-affairs, and was even a much shrewder adept in general financiering than Mr. Maydew himself,—which was saying a great deal. Indeed, such was his confidence in her ability and judgment that it was stated, on good authority, that none of the Maydew funds would be invested in California unless, after careful consideration, Miss Maydew was convinced that such an investment would be judicious.

That being the case, all San Francisco was burning with eagerness to please and conciliate the pretty little lady.

Among those most interested in bringing about a result so happy for California was Judge Desborough, one of the principal mine-owners and a noted dabbler in mining stocks. His anxiety was so openly expressed that it soon became almost as common a topic of conversation as the Maydews themselves.

One evening, three or four days before the arrival of the Maydews, Judge Desborough had a caller, who did not give the servant who answered his ring either his name or his card. This was not at all

remarkable, in the judge's experience: so the unknown caller was admitted.

He was a man with sandy hair, complexion, and beard, and he had large brown eyes; which struck the judge as an unusual combination.

"Are you Judge Desborough?" asked the stranger, before seating himself in the chair to which the judge courteously pointed.

"I am," was the answer, and then the stranger sat down.

"Before I tell you my name," he said, "I must ask if you have any particular interest in having the Maydews invest in a certain California mining-scheme?"

"That, sir," answered the judge, "is a most extraordinary question."

"Exactly," agreed the stranger. "It is more than that,—it is an impertinent question,—or it would be if it were not an outcome of more than ordinary circumstances. I have a reason for asking the question, which, if I am rightly informed, is even of more importance to you than it is to me. You are a lawyer, so you will respect me for not wishing to 'give my case away.' If you are anxious to have the Maydew funds remain in California, I can be of incalculable service to you; if you have no such interest, I will bid you good-evening, and go."

The judge regarded his visitor with amazement, leaning toward him to scan him the more closely.

"Who the devil are you, and what kind of a trap are you trying to lead me into?" he at length blurted out, scowling savagely.

"You seem to see occasion for the use of violent language," observed the stranger: "*I* do not."

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the judge, quickly; "but you clean surprised me out of my wits. You see, I don't quite understand. Yes—I—I have the strongest reasons for wishing that the Maydews might stay here, or at least make the proposed investments."

"Thank you," returned the stranger, coolly; "now we will get to business. You are aware, of course, that there are no Maydew investments which are not advised or approved by Miss Maydew. If she says so, the intended business here will be consummated: if she says otherwise, it will not. I suppose that you already understand that?"

"Perfectly, sir; perfectly."

"Very good. Well, Judge Desborough, if Miss Maydew likes the prospects here, of her own accord, you will have no occasion for my services; if she does not, however, take kindly to things, I can help you out."

"You?"

"I."

"How?"

"All in good time, my dear sir: if your checkers are jumped off the board so fast, you won't get any in the king-row."

"Don't fire analogy and hyperbole at me in that fashion, young man," snarled the judge.

"The Maydews," resumed the other, "by reason of influence which I can bring to bear if I choose, will invest here in the much-talked-of mining-scheme. If, though, I use my influence the other way, they will

take their money back East again, and stay there with it. I will be either a stepping-stone or a stumbling-block, as you will. If my services are enlisted, my fee will be fifty thousand dollars, payable, in gold, when it is proven to you that their investment is made by reason of my influence. Is there any analogy or hyperbole in that?"

The judge sat back in his chair, too much astonished to speak. For fully two minutes the two men sat and looked at each other in dead silence.

"What may I call you?" asked the judge, finally, trying to overcome his embarrassment.

"You may call me by my name,—Mark Stanley, or, to be more precise about it, Marcus Antonius Stanley."

"How much time, Mr. Stanley, will you give me to consider your remarkable proposition?" inquired the judge, in tones which showed him to be wavering.

"Fifteen minutes," said Mark, promptly.

"Isn't that rather narrowing things down?"

"It's more time than you would allow me for a speech, if I was condemned for murder, in your court," said Mark, frigidly.

The judge's face reddened a little.

"I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Stanley," he said, after a brief pause. "If you can bring about what you say, I will hand you, as soon as the important result is reached, one-half of what I expect to make out of the transaction, which will be twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Desborough, Desborough," said Mark, reflectively. "It don't sound like a Jewish name, but——"

"Damn you, sir," cried the judge, springing up out of his chair, "you are the most exasperating man I ever met."

"Which, I suppose," said Mark, rising, "is equivalent to telling me to go to the devil."

"Not in the least, sir," expostulated the judge, regaining his good humor; "not in the least, sir. This Maydew matter is one of such vast importance to me that I am forced to accept your terms, monstrous and extravagant as they are. We will have the agreement drawn up and signed to-night, and we will then deposit it, for safe-keeping, in whatever bank you please."

"Why not make two copies of the agreement, and you keep one, and I the other?" suggested Mark.

"Oh, no," said the judge: "I could not think of arming you with such a document. You might, for all I know, be a sharper, and use it against me in some blackmailing scheme. It would ruin me, if my friends and acquaintances saw my name to such a paper."

"It would ruin me, also," said Mark, "if my friends the Maydews saw *my* name to such a document. You seem to forget that I, also, have a reputation at stake."

"In the East, maybe, but not here, Mr. Stanley: you are a total stranger here, even to me. I have an established local reputation at stake. It is as dear to me as a woman's honor; as dear as a woman's honor, sir. Can't you see the difference in our positions? It is very

manifest, Mr. Stanley; very manifest. Why, sir, I don't even know that a word that you have said to me is true; you haven't shown me that it is. Your whole purpose may be to get my name to a document that you can use to my detriment. You see, sir, you have given me only a stranger's unsupported word for all of this extraordinary stuff. You have given me no proof, even, that your name is Stanley; your name may not be Stanley——"

"No," interrupted Mark, sarcastically; "my name may not be Stanley; it may be Smith. Very likely it is Smith. I'd call it Smith, anyhow, just to please you, if it wasn't such a damned ordinary name. But we won't argue the point further. Draw the agreement, and we will sign it, as you say. Its disposition can be arranged upon afterwards."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," assented the judge. "Let me see; our agreement is that you are to have, from me, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, if the Maydews, by reason of your influence, make such investments here as the newspapers say that they contemplate making. If they fail to do this, or if I am not shown that the money which they may expend here would not have been so expended but for you, then, sir, then, Mr. Stanley, our contract is null, void, and dead. Is that satisfactory, sir? Will such a written instrument make you feel that you are duly protected?"

"Yes. Draw it and sign it," said Mark, "and I will sign it also. To-morrow morning I will come here and accompany you to some bank, where we will leave this document, securely sealed, with the understanding that neither of us can remove it without the full consent of the other."

The judge smiled blandly.

"Mr. Stanley, I admire your thoroughness," he said; "I most heartily admire your thoroughness."

When the agreement was drawn, Judge Desborough asked if he should read it aloud.

"I prefer reading it to myself," replied Mark. "My eyes, I have no doubt, will serve me quite as well as my ears."

Again the judge complimented what he called Mark Stanley's unerring sagacity.

After the agreement was signed, the judge asked if Mark was willing to disclose the nature of his influence over the Maydews.

"When you see her, ask Miss Maydew if she ever heard of me," answered Mark, as he picked up his hat and left the room.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, Mark Stanley again rung Judge Desborough's bell.

"Let me see, let me see,—oh, ah, it is Mr. Stanley," said the judge, a little affectedly.

"Mr. Smith, you mean," said Mark.

The judge laughed, a nervous, cackling little laugh, without any mirth in it.

"Mr. Stanley, you are inclined to be a bit facetious; and it is becoming in you, too, sir,—quite as becoming as your remarkable sagacity."

"Have you got the paper?" asked Mark.

"The—the morning paper? Would you like to see it? I will find it for you."

"I mean the paper which we drew up and signed here in this room, last night. I would like to see that. You may find that for me, if you will be so kind."

"That? Oh, yes; that is in my pocket; securely buttoned in, sir; all ready to be deposited in the bank. The carriage is waiting for us at the door, now; pardon my suggesting it, but suppose we set out for the bank at once."

"In a moment," said Mark. "One thing at a time. I wish——"

"You wish some wine, sir," interrupted the judge. "Certainly, sir. How heedless of me not to have thought of it! I will ring for it this instant, sir."

"Spare yourself the exertion, judge. Hand me the agreement, if you please."

"You wish to——"

"I wish to see how it looks by daylight."

"But, sir, it's all securely sealed and endorsed, ready for deposit in the bank, sir. And, besides, it is getting late."

"All securely sealed, is it? All right, judge, we will break the seals, then, and seal them over again. You can take the value of the extra sealing-wax and time out of the fifty thousand, when you pay me."

Very reluctantly, and with a very red face, the judge produced the package from his pocket, and suffered Mark to take it.

The seals were broken, but, instead of the agreement between Mark Stanley and Judge Desborough, the package contained some mining notes and memoranda, which had nothing to do with Mark.

"You have made a slight mistake," said Mark, coolly, tossing the document to the judge.

By this time Judge Desborough's face was purple, but he glanced at the paper with well-feigned surprise, though he looked as if he had been caught stealing a horse.

"How singular!" he exclaimed; "how very, very singular! I can only account for it in one way, sir, and it is really a most shameful, I might almost say disgusting, way, too, sir. You see, Mr. Stanley, after you went away, last night, some of my friends came in. We had a few games, a few very innocent games, sir, but we poured too frequent and perhaps too copious libations, sir. Yes, sir; we used a deal of wine, sir; and it was very fine old wine, too, sir. I never have any other kind in my cellars, Mr. Stanley. Well, sir, wine always affects my sight, and a most lamentable annoyance it sometimes is to me, too, sir. So it proved last night. After my friends went away, I happened to think that leaving such a document as the one we drew, unsealed, in a compartment in an ordinary desk, would be a very injudicious proceeding. So I went to my desk and got out *this* document, thinking, of course, that it was the one that you and I had drawn. Then I sealed it and put it in my coat-pocket. This morning, without discovering my mistake, I endorsed the envelope, exactly as you now see

it. It is with feelings of the most profound humiliation, Mr. Stanley, that I confess to allowing cards and wine to run me into so embarrassing a mistake."

"Under the circumstances," said Mark, "I think it a perfectly natural mistake."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Stanley; yes, indeed, sir. I earnestly hope that there will be no feeling in your mind that I did this thing intentionally?"

"Don't speak of it," smiled Mark: "a man of established reputation, like yourself, certainly would not act so contemptibly with an unknown stranger."

The judge's face beamed.

"You do us both, honor and credit," he said. "You add another to your list of admirable attributes,—generosity. Sagacity, facetiousness, generosity. A wonderful galaxy of virtues in so young a man, Mr. Stanley. Ah, my dear Mr. Stanley, we must know each other better. We must indeed."

A few days later the Maydews came, and to them were devoted the attentions of whoever was interested in California as a mining State. They were feasted, toasted, serenaded, flattered, worn out with pretty sayings and pretty doings.

"It's because of our social position in the East," said Mr. Maydew.

"It's because of our money," declared his fair daughter, with far more accurate foresight.

All of this time, Mark Stanley kept delightfully in the background, and never once presented himself, either to Judge Desborough or to the Maydews. His so doing made the judge believe that Mark Stanley was an impostor. He could not understand why a man who seemed to be playing for such high stakes should keep so abominably still. But Mark was deeper than his legal associate thought: he was waiting until Miss Maydew found the attentions she was receiving nauseous. He did not have long to wait. In less than two weeks after her arrival in San Francisco, Miss Maydew regretted ever leaving the East. Before another week elapsed, she had so emphatically and so openly expressed this feeling that all California despaired of interesting the Maydews in Western mining-affairs.

At this time, Mark and the judge met in the street, one day. The judge fairly bristled the moment he saw Mark.

"Well, sir," he said, "things have come to a fine pass, haven't they? The Maydews are going back East again. If you have any of your boasted influence with them, why in hell don't you exert it, sir?"

"Softly, old man," said Mark; "step softly and breathe low. Things are going just exactly as I knew they would,—just exactly as I wished them to. You people here have pitched in and made California intolerable to the Maydews. They are getting more and more sick of it, every day. When they can stand no more, and begin packing their trunks to go home again, as they very soon will, then my time comes; then I will have you just where I want you. Then you will squeal like a hog with his tail shut in a gate."

"Good God, sir," cried the judge, excitedly, "that is exactly the state of things now! They are getting ready to go East. The time for you to do something has come. I—I do squeal, sir; I do squeal. Do you hear me, sir? I do squeal. What is to be done, sir? I—I am yours to command."

"Now you are talking, old man," rejoined Mark, but with an air of listlessness and indifference which was entirely out of keeping with his words. "You must call on Miss Maydew to-night—are you listening?"

"Yes, yes; go on, Mr. Stanley; do go on, sir."

"Very good. You are to call on her to-night; you are to see her alone; you are to say to her that her old friend Mark Stanley is in this city, in distress. If your sight is not affected by wine, as it was the other night when you sealed up the wrong document, you are to note the effect of that disclosure upon her. You are also to make an appointment for me to meet her to-morrow afternoon."

"Why not make it to-morrow morning?" exclaimed the impatient judge. "What is the use of waiting until afternoon? It's clearly a waste of valuable, very valuable, time."

"Because," answered Mark, "to-morrow morning I have a little business to transact with you, at the bank."

"At the bank? Do—do you want some money?"

"Not quite yet. I want that document safely in my trousers-pocket before I stir a single step in this Maydew matter."

"The document you and I drew up that night, Mr. Stanley? Is that the one you mean?"

"Certainly," said Mark; "I am not at all interested in any other document which in any way concerns you."

"But, Mr. Stanley," expostulated the judge, "I thought we had arranged upon leaving that at the bank until matters were settled, either one way or the other. Why should the plan be changed now?"

"Because you are an infernal old scoundrel, and will cheat me out of my own skin unless I keep both eyes well on you," answered Mark.

"Really, Mr. Stanley," remonstrated the astonished judge, "you are putting it on too thick,—much too thick."

"That," was Mark's reply, "is because your little game is too thin,—much too thin. But now to open this keg of nails. If you surrender that document to me to-morrow morning, I will play out my hand and help you and the rest of California to scoop the Maydews in. If you don't give me possession of that now important piece of paper, the Maydews may go back East, or where else they please, for all me, and you may go to the devil. I'll even cheat you out of the price of that extra sealing-wax. No, no; don't say a word, now; talking won't do you a bit of good. Be at the bank at nine o'clock in the morning. Miss the appointment at your peril. What little there is to be said can be said then. Good-day, judge."

That night the judge called on Miss Maydew. She was bored by his call, and took no pains to conceal it. After about ten minutes she arose and asked to be excused. Then the judge asked if she knew Mark Stanley. At once she was all interest and animation.

"Know him? Yes. He saved my life, five years ago. What do you know about him? Is he here? Where can he be found, and what is he doing? Do answer me, will you?"

"I beg your pardon," said the judge, "but you crowded questions on me so fast, I had no chance to answer. He is here in San Francisco, and is in trouble,—out of money, I think. I can send him to you to-morrow afternoon."

"Do," commanded the girl; "or, if you fail, never let me see your face again. Mark Stanley, and here in California! How delightful! Here is at least one man who will talk to me of something else than mines, and investments, and business prospects. Be sure, Judge Desborough, that you send him to me to-morrow afternoon, and as early in the afternoon as possible, too. Now good-night; go away and leave me; but don't forget."

The judge went home, but he alternately blessed and cursed Mark Stanley, every step of the way.

"Saved her life, did he? She wants to see him, does she? He will get the fifty thousand of me; he will get the girl; he will get all of old Maydew's money, by and by. And I am the innocent means by which they are brought together. And he called me a scoundrel, too, damn him!"

And then the innocent means jumped up and down on the sidewalk, for very rage, and swore himself out of breath.

The next morning, Mark received the Maydew document, of the judge, at the bank; and that afternoon he called on Miss Maydew. She gave him a reception which would have set Judge Desborough frantic had he witnessed it. Mr. Maydew hated Mark Stanley, because, when he had known him in Vermont, Mark Stanley was considered abnormally pious. Consequently, Miss Maydew said nothing to her father about the presence of Mark in the West.

Every day, for the next two weeks, Miss Maydew and Mark Stanley went driving or sailing. She gave him the most of her time, and refused herself to nearly every one else. Mr. Maydew, a confirmed invalid, seldom went out of doors, and very rarely saw callers. No rumor of the relations between his daughter and Mark reached him. He intrusted everything to her, and supposed that business was the sole cause of her repeated absences from him. One day he asked if she had decided just what kind of investments they had best make, and she answered that she had, after due thought and investigation, made up her mind to carry out their original idea, which was to form a syndicate for the operation of a series of mines in various parts of the State.

"To do this," she further explained, "it will be necessary to make an investment of a million dollars, three days hence."

"Our money is still all in drafts, is it not?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, you had best notify the bank of your intention, in the morning, so that they will have the currency ready when you present your drafts for payment."

This suggestion was acted upon, and on the morning in question Miss Maydew armed herself with her drafts, kissed her father, and told

him that she would return in an hour. At the end of three hours she was still absent. Judge Desborough and one or two others were sitting in the room with Mr. Maydew, awaiting the return of his daughter. All at once there was a rush of tramping feet and a tumult of excited voices in the corridor; and, without knocking, Mr. Maydew's door was flung violently open, and then, closely followed by others, the proprietor of the hotel fairly leaped into the middle of the room, his face ghastly with horror.

"Good God, sir," he cried, "some awful work has been done! Your daughter has been murdered. She is stone dead. Her body is down-stairs. They found her in her carriage with her throat cut from ear to ear. Mark Stanley went away with her. The driver says that they went to the bank together. They came out of the bank, chatting and laughing, and carrying a big package between them. Stanley told the driver to stop at his hotel, which is near the bank. When they got there, the driver says that Stanley got out and took the package with him, told the driver to wait a few minutes for him, and then went into the hotel. The driver waited over an hour, but Stanley didn't come back. Then somebody saw blood dripping out of the carriage. They opened the door, and saw Miss Maydew lying there, as I said, with her throat cut. They are looking for Stanley everywhere, for of course they think he killed her."

"Of course he did," yelled Judge Desborough. "He killed her, and then got away with all that money. I always knew that fellow was a rascal."

"You'd better shut up," retorted the hotel-keeper: "they found a paper in that carriage with your name on it,—a paper that shows that you are mixed up in this affair with Stanley."

"The agreement!—that damned agreement!" groaned the judge; and he looked as if he was going to slide down into himself, like a collapsing drinking-cup.

The sheriff hurried him off, and had the greatest difficulty in saving him from mob-rule.

Mr. Maydew was completely overcome by the awful tragedy. His daughter had been his sole interest in life; and now she was dead. He was very calm until he heard the whole story and all the accompanying incidents, and then he turned his face to the wall, and lay on his bed, moaning softly.

"Mark Stanley, Mark Stanley," he said, occasionally. "I thought they loved each other, years ago. He saved her life, then, and now he has destroyed what he saved."

V.

Red Mountain is always at its best in September. From its lofty mines you see daylight come in long, shaking shafts of pink and gray, and you see it pass in clouds and mist-wreaths of amber and gold,—the latter as yellow and perfect as the bright metal which the pick and drill wrench from its rocky sides. There is everywhere the odor of spruce and redwood, and the wholesome atmosphere of healthfulness.

The miners used to say that the old mountain which they so dearly loved always outdid itself in September, because that was the month in which they pitched their first camp there; and no September, it was pretty generally agreed, was ever more delightful than this one, whose early days Mark Stanley made awful, in San Francisco, by the murder of Miss Maydew.

The anniversary of the founding of the Red Mountain mining-camp fell, this year, upon the second Monday in the month; and Droopy and several others had gone down to San Francisco for such essentials as were deemed indispensable to the proper celebration of the day,—such essentials being, principally, a better grade of whiskey than was in common use on Red Mountain. Droopy and his companions set out early enough on this important errand to enable them to get back the day before the eagerly-awaited anniversary; but the day on which they were expected came, and the day of the anniversary also, and still there was no sign of the whiskey commission. The Red Mountain miners were a good-natured, hilarious lot of men, not at all inclined to frown at trifles; but it seemed to them that Droopy and the others were imposing upon the honor of the camp by interfering with the celebration of festivities of so remarkable and interesting a character.

"In my opinion," said Tom Morris, who formerly was one of the veriest dandies who operated in Wall Street, but who was now one of the grimiest of the unkempt and the unwashed,—"in my opinion, they have opened the keg somewhere between here and Frisco, and are running a little celebration on their own hook."

"Likely," chimed in a stalwart Texan, in whom the mention of whiskey awakened such pleasant memories that he took a strong pull from his flask. "Some folks dunno when ter leave whiskey alone." And then he proceeded to rinse the harsh sentiment out of his mouth and throat with another drink.

When it was dark, a great fire was built in the middle of the camp, and, though the whiskey they had was of a questionable character, it was better than none: so it was decided to make the most of it, in true Western fashion.

About an hour after the fire was built, when good spirits and bad spirits were about equally mixed, and every one was jolly, a solitary horseman rode into camp. There was something so irresistibly droll about this new-comer that everybody laughed when the great, glowing sheet of firelight illuminated his face and figure.

Apparently, he was six feet and three or four inches in height, and the most of this plenitude of physical material seemed to be disposed of in arms, legs, and feet. What trunk he had was broad, but it was very much abbreviated in length, as if it had been originally intended for a much shorter man. The first impression which he gave, all the way through, was that he had been put together of odds and ends and remnants, and that the architect who planned him had run short of material before his colossal design was more than half carried out. His joints were so loose and lax that when he got off of his horse there was a sudden hush in the merriment, as if everybody was afraid that

he was going to pieces. His eyes were large, and as blue as a California sky, but they were entirely devoid of lashes, and his brows were absolutely hairless. His nose was long and exceedingly crooked, and he had an unusually large mouth, with thick, pulpy-looking lips. His hair was of the color and fibre of that unknown substance of which gunny-sacks are made, and it grew so low down upon his narrow forehead that the effect was one which was decidedly original. His cheeks were broad, high, and flat, and his beard, which was the same color as his hair, looked as if it had been trimmed with dull shears for want of a razor. His sallow complexion indicated that he was a chronic sufferer from jaundice; and his large stiff ears set straight out from his head, as though they were meant to catch the wind and so increase his motive power. The horse he was on was several sizes too small for him; and he leaned so far forward on the insufficient beast, and drew his legs up so closely under it, that the combination would have furnished a comic artist an excellent model for a burlesque Centaur.

"Am I in Californy?" asked the stranger, when he had dismounted and straightened himself up.

"Did you see the back o' that hoss? It sprunged up nigh on ter six inches when he got off," said the Texan.

There was a general laugh, and the stranger's question was forgotten until he repeated it:

"Am I in Californy?"

"You bet," was the general chorus.

"My name is Dubb," said the stranger. "I just dropped in here for to see if I can't do something in these mines. I used to be a lumberman, up in Maine, and I have been a-living in the other side of these mountings, over among the Indians and soldiers, nigh on to three years. I ain't afraid o' work, and I'd like to stay here, and shift with the rest of you, and stand my share o' what am hard and wearisome."

It was the longest speech Dubb had ever made, and when it was done he suddenly stepped back a couple of paces, as if trying to get out of the sound of his own voice.

"Pard," said the Texan, "ye don't handsome very heavy, but they ain't many on us what can brag much on beauty an' sich; but ye talks pooty straight, an' so we'll take yer on trial for a while."

There was a hearty burst of laughter, which Dubb failed to understand.

"Let me be your dictionary," said Tom Morris. "You don't seem to have caught the drift of Western ways yet, if you have been in this country three years. It is somewhat unusual for a man to ask permission to join a mining-camp; and that is the way the boys took what you said. This is a free country, and people here do about as they please. Join us, if you like; go farther, if you like; but don't ask any one's permission. Strike out straight from your shoulder, and don't forget that California is a book without a preface. Do as you like, in all but three things: don't bring any soap or tracts into camp, and don't jump any other man's claim. That is our code, in a nutshell."

While he had been speaking, Droopy and his companions had entered camp; but Dubb was attracting so much attention that the arrival of Droopy was unnoticed until he stepped forward, inside of the circle surrounding Dubb and Tom Morris.

"Halloo, Droopy," exclaimed Morris: "here's a new man, just come among us. His name is Dubb, and he hails from down East."

"Dubb! Did yer say Dubb?" demanded the astonished Droopy, stepping forward until his face was scarcely a foot from Dubb's.

"Yes," answered Dubb and Morris, both in a breath.

"Why, ain't you the feller what was 'way over along the Platte, a-lookin' for Mark Stanley's wife?" asked Droopy.

Dubb fixed his big blue eyes squarely upon Droopy's face, but that was the only evidence of surprise which he manifested.

"I *was* a-looking for her," he answered; "but I got kinder short on for money; so I had to move on and leave a couple o' guides a-hunting for her while I be somewhere looking out for more money. But how am it you knows about Mark Stanley and his woman? Have he been here? Am he here now?"

"He lit inter these diggin's 'long about the fust o' the summer, an' he stayed here till las' month. Lordy! I wishes as how he'd stayed longer: then he wouldn't be in sich a pizen mess as he's in now," moaned Droopy, pathetically.

"What is it? What's the matter?" inquired Dubb.

"Oh, Jeroosullum!" bawled Droopy, "he's gone an' sot all Californy ag'in' 'im. He's killed that Maydew woman, what had so much money, an' he's run off with a million dollars, what belonged ter her an' her dad."

Instantly the whole camp was in an uproar. Some were excited because they had taken a liking to Mark during his brief stay with them; others, because it had been expected that Red Mountain would receive considerable benefit from the Maydew funds; and others, still, condemned it from a moral point of view. Dubb, alone, was quiet, apparently unconcerned, absolutely emotionless.

"Did Stanley get away?" queried Tom Morris, after the first outburst of excitement had somewhat subsided.

"He got clean span away," answered Droopy. "The officers as took holt on the case said they never seed sich a git-out afore. Nobody knowed whar ter look fur 'im, an' nobody ain't 'peared ter find out."

"And thereby," said Morris, "does Stanley evince greatness. The poor fool who commits a crime and gets caught is a scoundrel and villain: he deserves the full penalty of the law. But the man who commits a crime and escapes the law, he has genius; he is full of the elements of greatness. Mark Stanley will yet be acknowledged as a very great man."

"Maybe so in the East, but not in Californy," cried Droopy, warmly. "Murder is murder, here, an' we never calls it by any other name; an' when we writes it we puts it all in cappertul letters,—big, red ones, too, like them air letters what they puts on a circus-bill."

"I'll wager a pound of dust, Droopy, my dear old grammar-mangler, that you yourself will yet call Mark Stanley a great man, and

be as much in favor of him as you are against him now," said Morris, dryly.

"By gosh, I'll do it! But you look 'ere, Tom Morris, I ain't ag'in' 'im, an' I never was ag'in' 'im: I'm on'y ag'in' what he's done. An' ef I was ag'in' 'im, it's no more 'n you was, all the while he was here. Don't try ter pick me up, Tommy, when yer down yerself. An' let me tell yer somethin' more: they didn't have no grammars an' sich stuff when I was a boy. That was a heap o' years ago. Yer fergits I ain't sich a young, tender saplin' as you am. I'll jest take that bet 'bout the pound o' dust, though; an', ef I wins, I'll buy a grammar with it."

Droopy was angry when he began, but he said so much that he talked himself into good humor again. An hour later, he and Morris were sitting by themselves, engaged in a confidential chat. He told Morris all about the Maydew murder, from which subject the conversation very naturally shifted to Dubb.

"I never seen sich a durned critter afore in all my life," Droopy declared, vehemently. "I dunno what ter think on 'im. Why, when I tole 'im 'bout Mark's bein' here, an' what he said, an' how he went away, an' how he killed that air Maydew woman, who they says was more 'n half in love with Mark Stanley, why, that air Dubb jest took it all in, like as if it didn't 'meount ter nothin'. He never talked er acted as if he was s'prised, er sorry, er mad, er nothin'; an' when I says to him as how I s'poses he won't do no more dickerin' 'bout Mark Stanley's wife, he up an' says, all quiet like, 's if he'd been sayin' it was a nice day, as how he ain't goin' ter stop lookin' fur her till she's foun', livin' er dead. An' when I axes 'im what good it'll do, when her husband's next ter dead, he says that ain't no reason fur leavin' her among them air Injins. I axed him what he'd do with her ef she was foun' alive, an' he says as how that'll all be jest as she says. Ain't it funny? Mark Stanley, nor Mark Stanley's woman, ain't neither on 'em no kin ter Dubb, an' they never seen each other till they was j'ined in that wagon-train; an' yet Dubb spen's his money an' his time fur her, when her own husband gin her up long ago an' don't consarn hisself 'bout her in no way. Now, then, Tom Morris, what d'ye think o' sich a feller as that? What does yer call sich a critter?"

"Call him, Droopy? I call him one of the few men whom the word noble fitly describes. I tell you, my boy, he is made of much better stuff than any of us. We all pride ourselves on our California disinterestedness and generosity; but you and I both know that there isn't another man in this camp who would do what Dubb has done for the Stanleys. I doubt if there are ten such men in the universe."

"I b'lieves yer, Tom; I b'lieves yer," exclaimed Droopy: "they don't make many sich."

"It makes me ashamed when I think how the whole camp—I with the rest—laughed at the queer figure he cut when he struck camp to-night," confessed Morris. "Of course he is grotesque enough to furnish a sufficient excuse for our fun; but I didn't dream that there was so much man under that dull, homely face of his. What arms and legs, and what a name, and what a rig-out all the way through!"

"Don't yer think it 'ould be a pootty good mix if Mark Stanley's 'cuteness an' Dubb's idees o' right an' wrong could be rolled all up in one man?"

"The thought does you credit, Droopy. The combination would, indeed, be good. No woman, though, would ever love him, his person is so forbidding and uncouth."

"Well, mebbe that is somethin' what some other men might envy in 'im," said Droopy, bitterly.

Tom Morris laughed.

"Perhaps, Droopy, perhaps. There is one woman who ought to fall in love with him, if she ever finds out what he has done for her; and that, of course, is Mark Stanley's wife."

"'Twon't do her no good ef she does," muttered Droopy: "she never'll be nothin' but Mark Stanley's wife ter him. He says he wants ter take Mark Stanley's claim, here, an' work it, though Mark couldn't git nothin' outen it. I reckon it's 'cause he thinks Mark Stanley never gits deep enough in anything ter touch bottom."

"It's my belief," said Tom Morris, "that Dubb wants Mark Stanley's claim because Dubb is fond of Mark Stanley."

VI.

There was in Mark Stanley's belt, when he left the Red Mountain mines, enough dust to keep him in comfort for a year, provided that he exercised due economy. This permitted him to reflect upon his past life, lay plans for the future, and employ the present in making a thorough scrutiny into the new, free, and, to him, almost incomprehensible life which surrounded him. When he fell in with Miss Maydew, she, being informed by Judge Desborough that Mark was short of money, insisted upon his accepting as a present a liberal sum from her. He declined this as a gift, but expressed his willingness to receive it as a loan. As it amounted to several thousands of dollars, his future was now reasonably secure for a number of years.

Thus protected so far as actual necessities were concerned, he devoted himself to pondering upon what he considered the vagaries and the probabilities of life. Two of his mother's favorite aphorisms, "Virtue has its reward," and "Be sure your sin will find you out," had been constantly dinned into his ears through all his childhood and youth. These two sayings, more than anything else, had given form and complexion to his Vermont life. The promise and the threat about equally determined the course of his steps, and he had no doubt that both would be exemplified and illustrated in everything which he did. Consequently, when he aroused himself from the negative somnolence of his earlier days and decided to enter into matrimony and the rest of the serious business of life, he watched, naturally, on every hand, for the fulfilment of what he had accepted as the two great laws of life. By this means his lines of thought were not only narrowed, but he was, practically, prevented from thinking at all. He dared do nothing but keep his mind fixed upon these two principles and shrink from the awful consequences of going against them. But when he had

exchanged the depressing limits of his father's house and his mother's religion for the liberality and freedom of thought and action which he found in New York, his mind met with a severe shock. The first effect of the difference between what he found, and what he had been led to believe that he would find, in the great city, was bewildering and painful. By it he was nearly reduced to idiocy. His wife saw, but could neither understand nor appreciate, the strange condition of her husband's mind. At last, after they had left the city well behind them and had begun crossing the prairies, Mark Stanley's mind made its first buffet against the restricting bars which hitherto had hindered its independent exercise. But this first revolt against old beliefs was by no means final. He could not all at once rid himself of that which he had so long accepted as the sole method and conduct of life. Again and again would he end these constant tumults by casting off the old hampering fears and doubts; but it was not until the long journey over the prairies and up the plains was nearly accomplished that he felt that he had any right to exercise the functions of thought and judgment. But such a struggle—with a nature whose inherent boldness and stubbornness precept and maxim had always enslaved—could not fail to leave lasting scars. Mark Stanley rose above the puniness which had made his parents despise him, notwithstanding that it was a result of their teachings; but the change was so pronounced, so remarkable, that it germinated and fostered in him a tendency to doubt and suspect everything with which he came in contact. He forced himself to accept the conclusion that there was no truth anywhere, and that the only evil in the whole universe was weakness. His attempts to explain away old things, and to thrust upon his wife the harsh theories which he had evolved out of the ashes of his dead faith, so seriously grieved and hurt her that he found much difficulty in consoling her. He saw that she turned from the new principles, which he intended should govern the rest of his life, more because she could not comprehend them and him than because they were repugnant to her as the tenets of apostasy. It was plain that she would never be able to grasp the ideas with which his mind was now filled: in fact, unless he could reconcile himself to constant expressions of disapproval, he would have to keep those ideas wholly from her. Before he had put aside the overpowering restraints of form and habit which, in the past, had made independent and original thought impossible to him, he had regarded himself as her inferior. Now, when he was rising into what he felt was a higher, clearer, worthier atmosphere, he saw, to his consternation, that his was the superior mind, and that she could never depart from the ways she had always known. She comprehended love better than anything else, and that now to him was even of less than secondary importance. He considered that they were mismatched; and now, though he knew full well that it was wholly his fault, and that she had consented to marry him with genuine reluctance, he chafed against the bonds which held them together. It was his disposition to shirk responsibilities, and his disposition made no exception of this instance. He regarded uncongenial persons and conditions very much as a club-man regards an ill-fitting garment; and the comparison held good even so far as the matter

of riddance. His wife was very beautiful and sweet, and when his mind was not absorbed with vital topics she still held him by the power of the old influences which first brought Mark Stanley to her feet. How long he would have tolerated her, and what the final outcome would have been, can, of course, be only conjectured; but the Indians settled the question for him by carrying her off, soon after he discovered the change in his feelings toward her. With their separation, some portion of his former love for her returned; and had he found her at once he might have cherished her, the rest of their days, as tenderly as he did at first. But her continued absence, lessening, as it did, the influence of her magnificent personal charms, soon led him into thinking only of her intellectual qualities, and so, after a few months, he was glad of being relieved of her.

His failure to find her, the attitude taken by his parents, and his lack of success in the mines, only widened the difference between the principles of his former life and those of his present life. The interest which Dubb and Droopy had manifested in him only tended, by some strange law of contradiction, to make him the more thoroughly despise everything which his parents had taught him was honest, virtuous, and right. On his way from Red Mountain to San Francisco he had firmly resolved to go directly against every belief of his childhood and youth. Arriving in San Francisco, he soon saw that man's foremost interest and aim was the obtainment of place. This no sooner impressed him than he swore that he would lift himself into success by the very first means which presented itself. Almost instantly, as if in answer to his new aspirations and to facilitate him in carrying into effect the substance of his oath, he heard of the expected coming of the Maydews.

Here, then, was his chance.

Five years before, the Maydews had spent a summer in Arlington, in a cottage near the Stanley farm. Miss Maydew was then a girl of fifteen. She was both a romp and a rose-bud, and her head was crammed full of healthy, pretty romance, which she drew from the books she read. When Mark Stanley first saw her, she was such a revelation to him, in beauty, that he stopped and stood stock-still in the church door, staring at her. For this his mother had sharply reproved him, declaring that Miss Maydew was a temptation of the devil, sent to wean him from paths of right. After that, Mark shunned her as if she had been a plague. Late in the summer, when she was romping beside the Battenkill, a mishap sent her, with a great splash, into one of the deepest pools in the beautiful little river. But for the chance presence of Mark, who brought her out on dry land, Miss Maydew would have drowned; for her feet were entangled in some tough aquatic vines, which held her fast. For this, she regarded him as a very great hero; and her father had looked upon him with favor, until, in answer to Mr. Maydew's profuse thanks, Mark had said,—

"Don't thank me: thank the Lord. It was the Lord's doings, and I was only the miserable instrument in His hands."

When Mark had said this, Mr. Maydew arose in disgust: piety in words was the one thing which he could not stand; and no one ever dared mention Mark Stanley's name to him again. Miss Maydew,

however, took another view of the case. To her, Mark Stanley was a sort of rural Galahad; and she assured him that he could depend upon her if he ever needed friendship. In fact, but for the dampening effect of his mother's remark, which so closely associated the devil with Miss Maydew and so made her ineligible to Mark, there is no doubt but that he would at once have fallen desperately in love with the beautiful girl. Had he done so, she, unquestionably, would have reciprocated the feeling, because of the high opinon she entertained of what she considered his courage and heroism. Twice did she write to him after leaving Arlington, and both of these letters were immediately returned to her by the mother of her Galahad; and with the second letter Mrs. John Stanley, over her mean, cramped little signature, declared that Miss Maydew was a "brazen hussy." After that, Mark Stanley never heard of Miss Maydew, until the California newspapers began discussing her imminent visit to San Francisco.

Mark at once set about scheming. He must turn her coming to practical account in some way; but how should he do it? By borrowing a large sum of money of her and then absconding? No; that would result in unpleasant consequences,—which would be weak; and weakness was now the sole thing which he considered evil. Then he decided to make the conditional compact with Judge Desborough, since he plainly foresaw that Miss Maydew would be certain to sicken of the importunings of the speculators and go home in disgust. This was the first definite plan which he formed concerning the Maydews, and it would have, likely, been the final one, had it not been for the unexpected warmth with which Miss Maydew received him. Perhaps he was mistaken, and perhaps he was right, but in less than three days he was of the opinion that Miss Maydew was in love with him, and that she had been in love with him ever since the old days in Arlington. The confidence she reposed in him, and the interest which she manifested in everything that he said and did, justified him, to a certain extent, in believing as he did. The idea delighted him; not because he in any sense returned the feeling, but because it might be of assistance to him in his ambition to acquire great wealth suddenly. Mark Stanley was now so occupied with his abominable self-love that he had no interest in any one, beyond their capacity for serving him.

Miss Maydew decided to make the investments which she and her father had contemplated making when they first came to San Francisco; and she came to this conclusion wholly and entirely because Mark Stanley had advised it, even after she, personally, had decided against so doing. When she told him that the money for the investment was to be drawn on a certain day, he at once made up his mind that that day should be the last one of her life.

The murder of Miss Maydew was deliberately planned. Mark Stanley knew perfectly well that he could not get the million dollars without killing her, and that he could not, under the circumstances, kill her without having her murder known. The thing to do, then, was to change his personality in ten minutes after leaving her dead body in the carriage. So he made all his arrangements beforehand, and made them so thoroughly, too, that none of them miscarried. He purchased

a regulation Spanish suit, a large valise,—the latter of a second-hand dealer, so that its newness might not betray him,—and some peculiar cosmetics and chemicals. These he concealed in his room in the hotel where he was living.

On leaving the bank, with Miss Maydew and the money, he ordered the driver to drive the carriage which they were in to his hotel. On the way he suddenly called her attention to some peculiar object in the street, and then, with the quickness of lightning, whipped out a knife with a razor-like edge and cut her throat, throwing her mantle over her at the same instant, to protect his person from her blood. So thoroughly had he rehearsed his devilish plan in his mind, beforehand, that he carried it out without the slightest deviation or excitement. The brutal deed was so dexterously done that the poor girl died almost instantly. He so disposed of Miss Maydew's body, on leaving the carriage, that had any one peered in through the window they would have thought her sleeping.

When the carriage halted before the hotel, Mark, on alighting, bade the driver wait a few minutes for him, and then entered the hotel. There was neither haste nor appearance of haste in anything which he did. Once in his room, he deliberately shaved off his heavy, sandy beard and mustaches, and then proceeded to darken his hair and skin, or as much of the latter as was exposed. Even now he would have been safe from recognition; but he quickly completed his disguise by exchanging the garments he had on for the Spanish dress with which he had provided himself the day before. He then hung the clothing which he had just discarded with the rest of his wardrobe, packed the great bundle of money, and a few papers which he wished to save, into the valise, and then, walking unconcernedly, he left his room and entered the hotel-office. To all practical purposes, Mark Stanley was now dead: he who had just left Mark Stanley's room, so strangely metamorphosed, was Don Hernando Altana, and as such he straightway scrawled his name in the hotel-register and was at once assigned a room adjoining the one which he had previously occupied. All this was accomplished in about half an hour, and the murder of Miss Maydew was still undiscovered.

Mark Stanley had been very poor: Don Altana was very rich; he was, also, very dark and very elegant, and not a soul would have suspected him of being anything else than he seemed. At the end of another hour, when he heard a mob of excited men rush into his former room, bent on the immediate destruction of Mark Stanley, the lips of the transformed man wreathed themselves into a triumphant smile. Later in the day he was one among the many who called to express sympathy for Mr. Maydew. He even carried his coolness and bravado so far as to go to the coroner's and inspect the lifeless remains of Miss Maydew.

"Any one else who could have done this thing would have done it," he said to himself, as he leaped into bed, that night. "Life and death are mere matters of chance: both are beyond human control. The Indians and I were common benefactors, for all I know. They relieved me of a silly wife, I relieved Maydew of a silly daughter. So

far as the general score goes, he and I are quits: only I get more out of it than the Indians did."

An hour later he was sleeping as calmly as a child; and so he slept throughout the night.

VII.

Dubb dropped into mining-ways as easily and naturally as if he had been a miner all his life. He asked but few questions, and made but few mistakes. Mark Stanley's abandoned claim, which everybody had regarded, since Mark's departure, as the unluckiest bit of dirt on Red Mountain, became, under the treatment which it received from Dubb, a valuable and tractable piece of mining-property. In less than a week after occupying it, Dubb struck rich "pay-dirt;" and before a month had elapsed he succeeded in following these "tailings" through a short, wavering patch of direct drift to an almost perpendicular vein which seemed practically inexhaustible.

He took his good fortune quietly, just as he took everything else, and did not seem in the least elated by it. Except in some matter of frolic or indignation, the California miners of those days were not a very demonstrative lot: still, they could not comprehend the changeless and unbroken complacency of Dubb. The presence of danger, the contemplation of death,—joy, sorrow, and all the rest of the varying and multiplicate phenomena of life,—utterly failed to break in in any way upon this man's unruffled serenity. He seemed, in every sense, impervious and unreachable. Nothing could move him or touch him. There was no visible evidence that he saw any element of fun in the frequent pranks and jokes of the miners; and the customary gravity, or earnestness, of his face was never in the slightest degree increased if any of his mining acquaintances chanced to be overtaken with misfortune. He never smiled, and he never frowned. No one ever heard a hasty or spirited word from him, and no one believed that it would be possible to make him angry. So far as any person could judge, there were two worlds for Dubb,—one internal and the other external; and there was not, apparently, the slightest connection between the two.

This, by the miners, was first attributed to a lack of intelligence; then to selfishness; then to piety. After that the classification of Dubb was given up as a hopeless impossibility, and he was taken as he was, and for what he was worth.

"He never gits off sermons an' church-talk; he never sees a feller in a hole 'ithout helpin' on 'im out; he takes in everything what's goin' on; an' he allus comes down with his ante, whether he plays his han' er not," declared Droopy, with exceeding warmth, one day when Dubb, soon after his arrival, was under discussion. "He ain't quite the reg'lar article, mebbe; and he may be better, an' he may be wuss, nor the reg'lar article; but he suits me a dum sight better nor some others what I knows on."

A month later, Droopy's estimate of Dubb was accepted by all Red Mountain as the right one; and before winter set in, no man in camp was more popular than Dubb.

His prosperity as a miner enabled him to redouble his efforts for the relief of Mrs. Stanley; and nothing which could possibly be done for her discovery and rescue was left undone. Droopy and Tom Morris were alone in his confidence concerning his vigorous and uninterrupted efforts in behalf of Mrs. Stanley; and they were of incalculable assistance to him in the important matters of making plans and negotiating with the guides who were prosecuting the search for the lost woman over near the head-waters of the Platte. It soon became apparent to Droopy that Dubb was being imposed upon by the frontiersmen, and that they were receiving his money without any attempt at making an honest return for it. The right kind of investigation proved this to be the case, and after that the conduct of the search was reorganized upon a basis which made shirking next to impossible.

All through that winter, Dubb watched and waited for news from the Stanleys. Since the murder of Miss Maydew, Mark Stanley seemed to be as thoroughly and effectually lost as his wife. The officers of the law were as impotent in their endeavors at hunting down Mark as Dubb's envoys were in their efforts at unearthing Mark's wife.

"Blamed ef I b'lieves as how ony on us 'll ever set eyes on either one on 'em ag'in," remarked Droopy, one day toward spring. "The Injins has killed her, long ago. She couldn't never reconcile herself to none o' their notions; an' when a woman keeps on a-kickin' ag'in' an Injin, 'tain't very long afore he raises her ha'r. An' as fur Mark—why, he jest skinned out o' Californy long ago."

Dubb made no answer, but he seemed to be of about the same opinion.

"Why don't ye gin it up, pard?" asked Droopy, suddenly and earnestly. "Ye've got the best claim on the hull mounting, an' ye can't 'ford ter be wastin' time an' money tryin' ter do somethin' what ain't ter be did. Ef they was any sight o' findin' this 'ere woman o' Mark Stanley's, I'd jest say keep it up, allus, till ye gits her. But they ain't no sich sight. Ef she ain't dead, she ain't no'eres near where them fellers is a-huntin' fur 'er. Why, Lordy, man, jest stop an' think fur a minute. The prancin'-groun' o' them air Utes ain't so mighty big but what you an' Mark Stanley an' them air guides 'ould 'a' foun' her in them air two year as you was all cadoodlin' aroun' that country. It's nigh on ter a nother year sence he comed away, an' it's more'n six months sence you dropped in here on ole Red Mounting. Ef she was onywhar in that country, an' was alive, she'd 'a' been foun' long afore this. Ef she am still a-livin', she's got clean outen that country; an' ef she am gone frum there, who in thunder knows where she is, an' what the darn's the use o' looking fur 'er any fu'ther? Leastwise, they ain't no use o' lookin' fur 'er there, 'cause she ain't there; an' ef ye don't look there, where will yer look? They can't nothin' but diser-p'intment come outen this thing, no way ye c'n fix it; an' that ain't wuth the money what yer wastes on it. An' then there's yer claim a-needin' yer 'tention the wust way. Come, pard, gin up the search; gin up the search."

"It don't seem to me nowise as if the mine would spoil if it stood

still," answered Dubb; "and if nothing be done for her, she may die. The mine be not going to suffer if it am left alone, like she am."

"But what good does all this 'ere huntin' an' skirmishin' among them 'ere Utes do her? None o' yer searchin'-gang has had a glimpse at her, or at ony one as has seen 'er, since the Injins toted her off. What c'n ye say ter that?"

"They have not found her because they have not looked for her where she am."

"But how c'n they tell where ter look?"

"That am what they be searching for."

"Look 'ere, Dubb, I tells yer she am either dead er gone outen that country."

"If that am so, they be some one in that country what knows that she am dead, or gone away."

"An' you purpozes," interrogated Droopy, with rising impatience, "an' you purpozes a-keepin' them air fellers what ye have hired a-huntin' till they finds her, er finds some one what knows as how she am gone dead, er gone outen the country?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer.

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Droopy; and Dubb looked as if he was perfectly willing that Droopy should dispose of himself according to his own tastes. "An' this mine o' yourn a-needin' yer hull 'tention so much," Droopy added, sorrowfully, after a brief silence.

"I *be* working the mine, Droopy; I be working it hard, and it am paying me well."

"Yes, but it oughter have yer hull 'tention, an' not be goin' it snooks with this 'ere Stanley woman," maintained Droopy, but with the feeling that he must seem as unreasonable to Dubb as Dubb seemed to him.

The silence which followed was prolonged; and to Droopy it was awkward and embarrassing. He felt that he had been injured, though he was uncertain as to whether he ought to blame Dubb, or himself, for his uncomfortable condition. Droopy did not like to give advice without having it either followed or systematically parried. Somehow, he could not get used to Dubb's way of dealing with superfluous advice, Dubb had such a quiet but decisive way of arraying facts against whatever he found opposed to the plan or course he happened to be following. And facts, with Dubb, were hard, immovable things.

Droopy's embarrassment, or chagrin, or whatever it was, was speedily relieved by the appearance of a man who bore a letter for Dubb from some one at the fort near which the parting between him and Mark Stanley had taken place the year before. This letter was very brief. Dubb read it aloud:

"They have found her, and are bringing her to you. You may expect her almost as soon as you get this."

The "her" alluded to was, undoubtedly, Mark Stanley's wife; but Dubb took the news as quietly as if he had reasons for believing that it referred to a cinnamon bear, and a dead one at that. Droopy regarded him first with disgust, then with admiration, then with awe.

"I'll be darned!" he muttered.

VIII.

Droopy hastened away to find Tom Morris, and, when he was gone, Dubb asked the messenger from the far-away fort on the Platte how far behind him the others were.

"'Bout two days," answered the man.

"Am they coming by the same trail what you come here by?"

"In course: they ain't no other trail, this time o' the year, when the mountings am all slush-snow."

"Can they come as fast, having her with them, as you come?"

"Don't see what difference she'll make: she ain't no very great shakes in p'int o' size."

"That be so," assented Dubb; "that be so: she am rather small."

"Well, I should say so," growled the man, scornfully; "too—well, too *powerful* small ter make sich a heap o' fuss about."

Dubb was about asking the man to explain himself more fully, but just then Droopy returned with Tom Morris, and the latter was so full of congratulatory expressions that there was no chance for saying anything else. Morris caught hold of both of Dubb's hands and shook them heartily, his face beaming with smiles.

"Well, well," he said, "you were right, after all, Giant Great-Heart. Any man is right who succeeds. So long as we thought your quest hopeless, Droopy and I sort of pitied you. Now that you have succeeded, we think you great. We admire you. Dubb, my boy, we gaze on you with wonder. It is incredible that you were born in Maine: you are worthy of California herself. There must be some mistake: you must be a Californian, or else some California zephyr blew upon you the night you were born. You are as great as Mark Stanley himself will be, by and by. Eh, Droopy?"

Droopy grinned, and shook his head.

"Never'll git me ter call Mark Stanley great," he said. "I shan't furgit the bet, though."

"Now, then," continued Morris, "there is another thing to be taken into consideration. When she gets here, what is to be done with her?"

"Let her settle that for herself," answered Dubb.

"Settle it fur herself!" exclaimed the messenger, in a choking voice, as if a pail of cold water was being poured over him. And then, more slowly, he repeated his exclamatory remark: "Settle it fur herself!"

"Why not?" demanded Morris. "But then," he added, "it is so long since you've seen a female decently treated that there is, I suppose, some excuse for you."

"She settle it fur herself!" again repeated the stranger. "Well, I'll be——" but he did not say what.

"Indigestion," said Tom Morris, jerking his thumb toward the man from the Platte. "It might be a good idea to feed him."

"Hungry?" inquired Droopy.

The stranger nodded.

While he was eating a hearty meal which was hastily prepared for him, he volunteered the information that his name was Bilkins.

"I've heered quar things 'bout Red Mounting afore," he muttered, half aloud and half to himself, "but I never s'posed it was okkerpied by a pack o' cussid idjuts."

Tom Morris, the only one who heard this impious commentary on Red Mountain, answered it by giving Bilkins a very large drink of whiskey, after which he refrained from the further discussion of the miners among whom chance had brought him.

It was generally known in camp that Dubb had interests of some sort over in the Platte country: so the arrival of Bilkins excited but little curiosity or comment. The following morning he started back along the trail, with Dubb, Droopy, and Tom Morris, to meet those whom he came to herald.

Bilkins, by reason of too much experimenting with a brand of whiskey with whose calibre and penetration he was not familiar, was a little disabled that morning: so the party did not get a very early start.

As they rode along, in single file, Dubb's thoughts were wholly upon Mrs. Stanley. He remembered exactly how she looked, the first time he had ever seen her, back on the eastern verge of the prairies; and he also remembered her agonized face when she was being dragged away from her husband by the Utes. He wondered if she was materially changed, and if she still retained her beauty, which he had always regarded as the sole source of her influence over Mark Stanley. Dubb was not given to speculation or reflection, but this was such an extraordinary occasion that he was, consequently, warmed into something nearer to human enthusiasm than perhaps he had ever been before.

A ride of something less than three hours brought them to the spot where Droopy found Mark Stanley when he was contemplating self-destruction.

"Here he lay," said Droopy, "a-lookin' down inter the cañon, an' figgerin' out how long it 'ould take ter knock 'im inter kindlin'-wood ef he jumped off. I was right glad, then, ter think as how I got along 'ere in time ter pick 'im up while he was all in one piece; but I've been dum sorry about it a good many times sence. Right ag'in' that rock his head was, an' his rifle was by his side. When I fust seen that, I 'lowed as how he was lyin' there ter shoot whosumever comed along; but when I seen his sick face I knowed better, an' gin up the idee."

Dubb glanced at the spot designated by Droopy, but Bilkins prevented the saying of whatever he happened to have in mind, by suddenly setting up a howl, and pointing up the trail, toward the east. Every one looked, and saw three horsemen coming, one of whom seemed to be carrying a bundle in his arms, and not a very large bundle either.

"There they am! that's them!" shouted Bilkins, attempting to hurry his horse forward; but Tom Morris caught the beast by the bit and intercepted Bilkins.

"Them? Who do you mean by them?" he demanded.

"Why, them as you was comin' ter meet."

"Where is she?" asked Dubb.

"That middle feller's got her on his lap."

All hands were excited now.

"*Who* has he got?" yelled Tom Morris.

"Why, Mark Stanley's baby, you damned fool!" howled Bilkins, breaking away and riding forward.

IX.

Twenty-four hours later, Tom Morris was on his way to San Francisco. It was in the time of the late spring floods, when travelling in the Sierras is so dangerous that no one ventures to undertake unnecessary journeys; and so Red Mountain camp rang with wild conjectures as to the reason of Morris's trip.

He reached San Francisco in much less time than was generally deemed necessary for the accomplishment of the journey, and immediately after his arrival, without pausing for either rest or refreshments, he made two calls,—the first upon the editor of the leading newspaper in California, and the second upon a well-known lawyer, with whom he made an appointment for the following morning, after a brief interview.

The result of the first call was made very clear in the next issue of the newspaper just alluded to, which contained the following story, in the first columns of its first page, after about twenty lines of display-type, which were disposed of in sensational and fantastic head-lines, all of which, with one exception, are best omitted. This one head-line, the first in the motley collection, was "Mark Stanley's Wife;" and the essential points in the story which it led ran thus:

"Of course our readers still remember the fiendish murder of the handsome and gifted daughter of the Hon. Floyd Maydew, and that this dastardly deed was committed by a low-lived villain whose name was Mark Stanley. This Stanley, it will also be remembered, came here from Vermont. We have just gotten hold of new information concerning him which proves that he was always a black-hearted scoundrel. It seems that he was a general Lothario in his native town, where his shocking disregard of morality, and even of decency, involved him in endless scrapes and difficulties. Hundreds of dollars were expended by his parents to extricate him from the toils of the various courts of justice before which his misdeeds were constantly bringing him. It is, perhaps, to this mistaken sense of kindness on the part of his pious and heart-broken parents that Stanley owes, in some degree, his downfall. But why say downfall, when from his very cradle he was always coarse, loud-mouthed, violent, and depraved? He should have been born in California, where law is law, and where the histories of such men as Mark Stanley are only written upon head-stones, in our cemeteries. But to return to our story. Among his various deeds of lawlessness and deviltry, he became entangled with a noble young woman, whose distressed and stricken parents forced Stanley to vindicate their daughter by marriage, at the very muzzle of a shot-gun. It was now thought that he would abandon his former debaucheries and settle down into respectable life. But no: he was too wholly lost to decency to make any attempt at mending his ways. No sooner

was he married than he wanted to be unmarried. He did not dare attempt murder then: so he brought his lovely and adoring wife westward,—for a reason which is actually blood-curdling. His purpose was to abandon her among the Indians, which he did at the first possible moment. Once rid of her, he plunged into a life of the most reckless and revolting crime among the mining-camps. This he continued for over two years, when he came here, murdered Miss Maydew, ran off with a million dollars of the Maydew funds, and forged Judge Desborough's name to a document which nearly resulted in the lynching of that venerable and highly-respected citizen. It will be remembered that this forged document was gotten up by Stanley for the sake of prejudicing public opinion into the belief that there was complicity between the Vermont adventurer and the eminent Western judge, in the Maydew tragedy. The immediately ensuing scene in court, where Judge Desborough, with innocent face, streaming eyes, and faltering voice, explained that Stanley had sworn vengeance against him because he had refused to loan Stanley money without security, was one so touching and impressive that nothing can ever eradicate it from the minds of those who were present. Judge Desborough's triumphant vindication was, very likely, the main impetus to his almost unanimous re-election to the Supreme Bench. But again we digress. Stanley's escape is one of the most unaccountable misfortunes in the history of the gold country, and our able and efficient monitors of justice, order, and citizenship believe that he got off by concealing himself in the hold of some outward-bound vessel; which ingenious theory does our efficient detectives great credit, and we have every reason for accepting it. But now for the strangest part of our story. With the same wagon-train which brought Mark Stanley and his wife from the nearest Eastern approach of civilization into the heart of the Indian country, was one John Dubb, a gentleman who formerly was an extensive lumber-operator in the far-away pine forests of Maine. Mr. Dubb is a talented, polished, and educated gentleman, who came West to benefit this great, new, and glorious country with peculiarly clear and advanced political views, which were dishearteningly hampered and fettered by the narrowness and prejudices of Maine. Mr. Dubb is a brilliant and fluent speaker, and those who have been favored with the opportunity of listening to his matchless oratory pronounce him one of the most gifted men in California. Mr. Dubb is very wealthy, and is owner and manager of one of the most promising and productive mines on Red Mountain; and, as every one knows, the Red Mountain mines rank among the best in the country. Mr. Dubb is likely to achieve the same high measure of success in the mines which marked his notable operations in lumber. A gentleman of such great keenness and foresight could not, of course, fail to penetrate Mark Stanley, when they were coming up the plains together; and Mr. Dubb was quick to perceive that Mrs. Stanley was yoked with an inferior and disreputable man. She won not only Mr. Dubb's sympathy, but his warmest personal friendship. Her desertion to the savage Utes was accomplished without its being discovered by Mr. Dubb for a considerable length of time. When he found out how shamefully she had been disposed of

by her brutal husband, Mr. Dubb at once organized a rescue-party, and then was begun the most remarkable search yet recorded in the romantic annals of Western history. For nearly three years did the chivalrous Mr. Dubb seek high and low for Mrs. Stanley; and only a few weeks ago did he and his indefatigable men get a positive clue to her whereabouts. Mrs. Stanley has been found; and she tells a story which would make an angel weep. Despite her beauty, the Indians subjected her to every possible hardship. She was compelled to do the utmost drudgery, and soon her strength gave out completely. She was wholly unconscious that her capture by the Indians was premeditated by her husband, and fully believed that similar disaster overtook him. Four months after her capture, the tribe into which she had been exchanged being near Santa Fé, she made her escape. Sick, discouraged, and worn out, she begged for admittance into a Spanish household, where, about two months later, she gave birth to a daughter. She concealed her identity, giving some other name than Stanley, until a few months ago, when the news of some of her husband's appalling crimes reached her. Then her reserve was broken down, and for a few hours she was the next thing to a raving maniac. Before she regained her self-possession, she said so much that the Spanish family with whom she was living completely made her out, and at once communicated with the military station on the Platte which was the headquarters of the searching-party. But before Mr. Dubb's men could reach Santa Fé, Mrs. Stanley, ascertaining that they were coming, had fled—to this city, so the note which she left behind her stated. In that note she also expressed her profound and heart-felt gratitude to Mr. Dubb for all his generous kindness; and she added that she had suffered so much at the hands of the savage Utes that she had determined never again to use her own name, or show herself where there was any possibility of her being seen by any one who ever before had known her. Of course the whole civilized Western world will sympathize with the cruelly-wronged and injured lady; and these humble lines, we are sure, will reach the eyes of none who would not do Mrs. Stanley any service which she may require, if she ever comes forth from concealment. Since no recent information can be had concerning her child, it is generally believed that that unfortunate little morsel of flesh is now limp and cold in premature death. Or the sorrowing mother may have taken her child away with her. As to this, of course, no one can tell. But we doubt if the history of the Stanley family is anything like all told yet. The recounting of its future details may yet fill great voluminous folios. What will its next phases be? Mark Stanley is yet unhanged, and, though he is generally thought to be in some part of China or Japan, there is, as yet, no definite knowledge of his exact whereabouts. Mrs. Stanley's purpose in coming to San Francisco suggests several theories: superior advantages for concealment, which this city possesses over the little one-horse town of Santa Fé; superior safety for her child, if that diminutive being be still living; and lastly, and most probable, superior possibilities for wreaking vengeance upon Mark Stanley, her unworthy husband and cowardly deserter. It is believed, by some, that the prominence which Stanley

got out of his association with Miss Maydew attracted Mrs. Stanley's brothers here, and that they quietly overtook Mark, immediately after the Maydew murder, and ran a knife between his ribs. We hope this may be so, but we fear it is too good to be true. If it is, and the young men ever come to trial in this State, they will be acquitted on the ground of justifiable homicide. If Mrs. Stanley ever needs friends, there are three upon whom she can count in any emergency: we mean Mr. Dubb, of Red Mountain; Don Hernando Altana, the distinguished Spanish gentleman whose recent investments have so materially benefited California, and who sits beside us now as we write; and, lastly, the editor of this paper. For much of the material of which this report is composed, we are indebted to Mr. Thomas Morris, formerly a Wall Street speculator, but now a prominent and successful citizen of Red Mountain."

How much of the foregoing is directly chargeable to Tom Morris, and how much to the imagination of the energetic editor, cannot be said; but there are abundant reasons for doubting that Morris vouchsafed anything which would have warranted so warped and biassed an account of Mark Stanley's early life; because, secretly, Morris admired Mark Stanley, and said no more against him than he was compelled to. Certainly, too, he would never have made plain, droll Dubb out as such an ideal gentleman and politician. This story of Mark Stanley's wife made a great stir, and caused general surprise; but no one was more surprised by it than Tom Morris, as he read it the morning of its publication while his breakfast was being cooked.

Two hours later, when he called on the lawyer with whom he had made the appointment the day before, he was greeted with considerable warmth.

"You are in some degree responsible for a magnificent sensation," laughed the lawyer.

"So it seems," answered Tom; "but it rather took my breath away, it was so entirely unlike what I thought it would be."

The lawyer laughed heartily.

"Your conservative New York newspapers would have hardly given the matter that sort of treatment," he said.

"I should say not."

"How much of it can be swallowed without chewing?" asked the lawyer.

"The part concerning the finding of Mrs. Stanley, and her flight,—with the exception of that which pertains to the baby. In that I misled him, and it's about the only part of the story which he printed as I told it to him."

"Good!" laughed the lawyer: "of all your truths he made lies, while your one lie he accepted as a fact. You should have lied to him all the way through. A lie, generally, is more successful than the truth. But now about the baby. That is the part of the affair which most deeply concerns me. You say you have it in camp now?"

"Yes. Mrs. Stanley left it in Santa Fé as a gift to Dubb,—or, to be more explicit, as a charge to Dubb. She begs him to take the little creature and make such disposition of it as seems best to him, so long

as it is kept out of Mark Stanley's reach. She never wants her husband to see his daughter, or even to know that he has a daughter. A letter explaining all this was sent to Dubb from the little fort on the Platte. After this letter was sealed, a brief note was also written, and sealed separately, explaining that the child would follow closely after the messenger. Bilkins, the messenger, was a stupid lunk-head, and he lost the letter on the way, and only brought Dubb the somewhat vague note. Of course we thought that the female referred to was Mark's wife. Imagine our surprise, then, when, on going out to meet her, we found that it was Mark's baby instead. She is a sweet little thing, with a rather serious face. Dubb says she resembles her mother."

"How did you manage about her in camp?" asked the lawyer.

"As to whose child she is?"

"Yes."

"Oh, we told them she was Dubb's daughter. Droopy and I thought it the best way. It gives Dubb a better chance to protect her; it will keep the child out of Mark Stanley's clutches; and it will save her a good many heart-aches when she is grown up. We never intend telling her who she really is. Dubb has given her her mother's name, and she is now Mary Dubb,—the prettiest child, with the homeliest name, in all California."

"That was very wise, giving her Dubb's name," said the lawyer: "it will be better, all around. So you don't think Mark's parents would be likely to accept the child?"

"Not from what Dubb says about them."

"And still you desire me to inform them that they can have her if they wish?"

"Dubb thinks that will be best."

"Very good. It shall be done. Dubb, you say, wants his will made, wholly in the child's favor, and at once?"

"Yes."

"But why such haste?"

"As a safeguard against accidents. A miner's life, you know, is always in his hands."

A few days later, little Mary was Dubb's heiress. The answer from Mark's parents was exactly what Dubb had conjectured that it would be. They flatly refused to even discuss the child. They may have been slightly influenced to assume so decisive a front by a frequent perusal of three San Francisco newspapers, all of which had come to them addressed in Mark's handwriting. One contained an explicit account of the murder of Miss Maydew; a second contained the publication of the reward offered for Mark Stanley because of the said murder; and the third paper was the one just quoted, concerning Mrs. Stanley's discovery and flight.

X.

Time is ever a mighty magician, but his craft and cunning were never more strikingly evidenced than they were in California in the fourteen years which followed the events last narrated. San Francisco, in that time, underwent changes which are but inadequately described by the

word remarkable. Commerce and finance were now established upon a basis more secure and substantial than any one would have ever dreamed of fourteen years before. The foundation which was then laid was now a magnificent structure, of unquestionably solid permanence; and the name of California now inspired confidence and respect throughout the country, and was no longer associated with wild-cat speculation and bombastic brag.

A majority of the mining-posts which at that time were rude, disorganized camps were now thrifty and respectable towns; and among these was Red Mountain. It still bore its old name, but it wore a brisk, wholesome, and business-like air. There were many new faces at Red Mountain, though there was still a goodly sprinkling of the "old-timers." In fact, the most of those who had gazed upon Mark Stanley, with wondering eyes, the night when Droopy first brought him into camp, still revelled in the inspiring healthfulness of the Red Mountain climate.

"Nobody never dies on Red Mounting," said a brawny "forty-niner" to a newly-arrived and nervous-looking "tenderfoot," whose clothes fitted him so tightly that he looked as if he had been made for them, and not they for him. "No, sir; nobody never dies here. Why, we had ter kill a man ter start a graveyard."

Dubb was now the leading man of that region. His mine, the nest-egg of which had been Mark Stanley's abandoned claim, had been a thorough success, and its resources were still a long way from exhaustion. He made Tom Morris his business manager, and Droopy his superintendent, about two years after his arrival at Red Mountain, or when he had found it necessary to go into mining on an extensive scale. The twelve years which followed, which brings matters up to the period under present discussion, made Dubb one of the richest men in the West; and, for all his prosperity, he was still, as of old, unassuming, unconcerned, and quiet.

Political and social honors were offered him, but he always kept in the background. The fourteen years which had passed since prosperity first smiled on him changed Dubb in but one thing: he gradually grew out of the twisted grammar of the Maine woods, and picked up, a bit at a time, the quite as picturesque vernacular of the mining-camps in its stead. None of his other habits underwent evolution. He still trimmed his beard with shears, and he still wore coarse, ill-fitting clothes.

Now that over him were thrown the spell and glamour of great riches, people seemed to see him with more kindly eyes than formerly, and his peculiar demeanor, which used to afford so much merriment was now spoken of as fitting and becoming dignity. Others went so far as to dilate upon his fine personal appearance,—the same ones, too, who had found him so comical and grotesque when he was poor.

There were several barbers at Red Mountain, and their influence was plainly perceptible in the closely-cropped hair and neatly-trimmed beard of Tom Morris; but the only effect of these tonsorial gentlemen upon Droopy was in the suspicious odor of perfumed bear's-grease which was exhaled from his hair and beard, and in the latter's unmiti-

gated smoothness. His beard, so he said, had never been introduced to either shears or razor since he first set foot in California, and he wore his hair low down upon his shoulders. Now that he could afford it, he wore broadcloth,—and a great deal too much of it. His extravagant attire—extravagant, at least, for a mine-superintendent—was startlingly emphasized by an immense diamond which he wore in the front of his "boiled shirt," that chief derision of old mining-days. But, still, Droopy commanded respect: he was far too important a personage to be treated with anything short of respect. Tom Morris, equally potent and powerful in Red Mountain affairs, dressed with becoming taste and neatness. When the two were together, Droopy's magnificence was made all the more garish by Tom Morris's simplicity. Both men were well preserved, and Droopy's face still retained the grooves and serrations of old, and his eyelids still hung down in the same lop-sided way, —the way which had made Mark Stanley shudder when he and Droopy first met.

Dubb and Dubb's mine were Droopy's joy and pride; he talked of nothing else, and thought of nothing else,—excepting his diamond. Tom Morris also set great store by Dubb's mine, but he was much more interested in Dubb's charge, Mark Stanley's daughter,—Mary Dubb, as she was now known.

Dubb had judiciously intrusted the education of Mary to Tom Morris; and Tom's influence over her had never been anything else than good. He found her earnest, intelligent, and eager; and so her education was a matter of mutual enjoyment to both teacher and pupil. Morris was a college-bred man, but he had long since decided that ornate flourishes in the training of youth were entirely superfluous: so his aim was to give Mary a practical education, with no more of the ornamental than her tastes might demand when she was old enough to comprehend that indefinite quantity which is commonly described as a higher education.

Consequently, when she was seventeen, Mary was thoroughly prepared for such of the exigencies of life as she was likely to encounter.

Partly from inherent tastes, and partly from the influence of Morris, Mary became an omnivorous reader. Dubb, always ready to get whatever Mary wanted or needed, had obtained for her such books as Tom Morris suggested, until she was possessed of a fine collection. This little library—or "lyburry," as Droopy called it—was one of the chief delights of Red Mountain while it was still a rough camp; and it furnished the admiring miners almost as much food for conversation as little Mary herself.

Mary, unconsciously, exerted a powerful influence over the Red Mountain miners. At her approach, even when she was a wee, prattling child, a damper was put upon ribald or blasphemous talk; and the mention of her name had a similar effect.

"She am a angel," Droopy had declared, soon after her arrival at Red Mountain; and, though the somewhat extravagant characterization was not generally accepted, she was quite as heartily respected, by the other miners, as a woman. Presents of every description, from toy cats to six-shooters, were unstintingly rained upon her, and before she

was ten years old she had a collection of personal effects which, for miscellaneous character, unquestionably rivalled the belongings of any child in any other country under the sun.

Morris gave more of his time to Mary than he gave to the management of the mine, though the latter certainly was not slighted; and the effects of the association were, in every respect, desirable and happy. He was a susceptible man,—that is, susceptible in its best sense,—and from the time she was a toddling babe she had been steadily creeping into his heart, until, long before she was seventeen, she filled a daughter's place there, and had completely won him from the hideous appetite for whiskey which had ruined him in the East and had sent him to California but little better than an outcast and a confirmed drunkard, despised even by his once admiring family.

She, too, was nearly as fond of him as she was of Dubb, and she generally called him "Father Tom." He gradually smoothed out the antagonistic elements in her nature, which she inherited from her parents, and taught her to be governed by reason rather than by impulse.

Of Droopy she was also fond, while he fairly idolized her. When he was very young, he was, for a time, cabin-boy on a ship called the "Queen Mary." It was the most distinguished title in his narrow range of distinguished things, and he applied it to Mark Stanley's child almost from the first moment he saw her. Could she have penetrated his inmost being, she never would have recognized the extravagantly magnified image which filled his microscopic heart as in any way associated with herself. When she first came to Red Mountain, being less than three years old, her capabilities for pronunciation were somewhat limited, and she could not twist her tongue sufficiently to fetch out the name Droopy. Finally, after continuous wrestlings with the elusive sounds, she hit upon the combination "Uncle Daddy," which she straightway applied to the delighted Droopy, who in after-years begged her never to relinquish it for his more conventional appellation.

With Dubb—well, with him she was simply absolute empress. He only lived, breathed, worked for her. He loved her with that undivided, unselfish love which glorifies rather than abases, and which is the rarest thing on earth. He was her unexpostulating slave, her genii of the lamp, who, at her will, would grant whatever she wished. The color in his great deep-blue eyes always darkened a little whenever she came near him; and his quiet, subdued voice was always gentler and tenderer than common when he spoke to her. Still, he never smiled; perhaps because some chance glimpse which he had had at himself in some unkind mirror had forced him to realize how ghastly a thing a smile would be upon his homely face: whatever it was, his face was always as grave and solemn as if upon him had been laid the depressing burden of all the sorrows of the world. Mary loved him as intensely as he loved her, but, except in point of degree, there was no similarity between them in the matter of loving. She loved him as a daughter always loves her father: but his love for her seemed to have no consideration of earth or relationship in it. Though she felt its force,

Mary could neither analyze nor comprehend it. She saw but one explanation of it.

"I must be like my mother," she thought; "and how much he must have loved her!"

Tom Morris understood it better, and Dubb's love for Mary often made his eyes moist and his face luminous. To him it was the most beautiful thing which life held.

"Dear, grand old Dubb," he thought: "he loves her with the highest and noblest love I ever heard of. It is stronger than the love between husband and wife, because in it there is no consideration of reward or passion. And it is stronger than the love between parents and children, because in it there is no pride of offspring, and no sense of duty or possession. It is absolutely free, dispassionate, indestructible. She could rise to no height which would make it more; she could fall to no depth which would make it less. I have never understood Dubb before, but I understand him now. He proves to me that the theory of the transmigration of souls is no idle fancy. Dubb was a prince, a god, in his former state; and now he is grave, silent, reserved, because his splendid spirit is, this time, encumbered with the awkward natural habiliments of a clown. How fortunate for Mary that she fell into the hands of Dubb! And how sad it will be for him, by and by, when some other man leads her away as his wife! But no one will see the slightest outward sign of this in Dubb. Like everything else, it will be something which Mary wants, and so Mary will have it. It is only natural, though: great joy is ever built upon the disrupted dust of great anguish. Ah, God! what a sad thing life is!"

Tom's ruminations were often pitched in this key, but he never gave them utterance. Since Dubb never talked about himself, there was no way of ascertaining upon just what principle, or set of principles, he based his conduct of life; but there is no doubt that his philosophy contained but few elements, and very simple elements at that. In mining vernacular it would have been, "We allus gits a squar' deal frum Dubb." One of Tom's ideas, at least, was right,—pronouncedly right: Mary could not possibly have fallen into better hands.

With these three men, Dubb, Morris, and Droopy, Mary was imperial despot. She had only to speak, and either or all of them would hasten to do her bidding. The facilities for spoiling her were undeniably first-class; yet Mary came a long way from being spoiled. She had her faults, to be sure, but they were thoroughly womanly faults,—which made them as charming as virtues.

Perhaps the progress of woman from infancy to maturity was never before as it was in this case.

For five years she had been the only female thing in camp; and the first lot of women who came there were not of a kind calculated to be of assistance in her moral training. When these were displaced by better ones, Mary's character was already formed, and she no longer had any actual need of woman's society.

Though so much of her life had been lived among men, Mary was not in the least masculine, either in thought or in manner. From the very first, Morris had appreciated the fact that his was a delicate and

responsible position. He was decidedly a man of ideas and strong prejudices,—of crotchets, he sometimes feared,—and he experienced the utmost difficulty in refraining from engrafting the same views of life upon her. He dealt honestly by his charge, though, and only brought out her traits and tastes instead. Eagerly and earnestly he sought for all her feminine instincts; and he managed these so deftly and discreetly that she not only grew into a decided woman, but into an unusually original woman.

She was, also, a pretty woman. Growing up, as she did, in the wholesome, bracing atmosphere of Red Mountain, she was very unlike what she would have been had her womanly graces unfolded themselves in Vermont, her mother's home. In form, Mary was round and plump, while her mother had been a woman of extreme slenderness. She had, too, the brown eyes of her father, instead of the blue eyes of her mother. Her mother's face had been thin and pale, with only the faintest tinge of pink in her cheeks; but Mary's face was full, and it was rosy with the pleasing glow of perfect health. In one particular only was she exactly like her mother: both were favored with long, luxuriant, curling brown hair. Beyond her eyes, which were exactly like his, there was scarcely a trace of Mark Stanley about her; and the vast difference in the climate between the widely-separated sections of country where she and her mother were reared made her so unlike even her maternal parent that no one could have possibly traced or guessed out her parentage. Dubb was glad of this, it made the matter of protecting her from any possible sinister scheme of Mark so much easier.

"Seventeen year old," he said to Tom Morris; "am it possible? Why, her mother wa'n't much older nor that when I first seen her, a-comin' up the plains with Mark. She am a mighty sight prettier, too, nor her mother, our little Mary is. I think she am the prettiest woman I ever seen."

"You are right," assented Tom; "you are nearly always right. So far as I know, you never made but one mistake in your life, and that was when you accepted Mary as a daughter. I thought that it was right then, and I heartily advised it; but I have been sorry, for many a year, that I did not oppose you with all my might: maybe it would have made a difference with things, and maybe it wouldn't. Anyhow, I would feel better if I had entered my protest. As it is, you have made an unselfish sacrifice of your life for the sake of two women, neither of whom, as things now are, can ever reward you as you deserve. Mark Stanley has, by his baseness and selfishness, wrested from you a service for his family which is greater than man has a right to accept from man; and now I hate him for it, though I was once fool enough to admire him. It would be all right, though, and I would be contented, if you were not, now, in a false position, which makes it impossible for you to make Mary what she should be,—not your adopted daughter, but your wife."

Tom had delivered himself of this speech in Dubb's plain, unpretentious little office, where he and Dubb had been making up accounts. While Tom was speaking, Dubb was carelessly fumbling some papers, which employment he continued for several seconds after Tom's last

word had been said. His face underwent no change, and when he answered Tom his voice was as firm and even as ever:

"It ain't to be supposed, Tom, that men what didn't have the same kind of a start in life can allus see things alike. Two different ways, mebbe, am both right ways. What you says is your way, an' so it am all right. It ain't my way, though my way am right too. Mary am all right, an' so am I. She am seventeen, as I said afore; a year younger nor the mine. That ole mine have let out a pile o' money, Tom; an' I don't b'lieve she have quit the business yet."

Tom Morris never made reference to the subject again, though he admired Dubb more than ever.

XI.

Mark Stanley, under the protecting name of Don Hernando Altana, had nearly doubled his million of dollars in these fourteen years. He was a banker, and a member of several mining companies. In one of these he was associated with Mr. Maydew, who had managed to outgrow his grief for his lost daughter; and in another company Mark had Judge Desborough for a partner. He had been cool, resolute, bold, but never reckless; and all of his plans had worked just as he had wished them to. He was prosperous; he was popular; he was rich. What he had achieved vindicated him, he felt,—even justified him,—in forsaking the piety of youth for the impiety of his riper years.

"How else could I have got on?" he often asked himself. "Truly enough, Dubb got on, and he has made more money than I have; but he started out in such a slow, prosy way. *I* never could have stood it; I haven't the patience for it. Not for the world would I change places with him, though he has made every penny of his great wealth—far greater wealth than mine—by the sheerest honesty, while the mass of mine has come of the damnedest rascality on record. It is, though, something worth living for to be a successful rascal, when all the world calls it impossible. I am prouder of it, too, than Dubb is of his honesty,—in this almighty law-abiding country, too, where legality, virtue, and uprightness are prated about until it makes one sick at the stomach. Talk about no one but an honest man being able to sleep! Ye gods! I'd like to see the man, woman, or child who sleeps sounder, or easier, than I do. I can eat, sleep, drink, make money, and enjoy myself generally. Who could ask for anything more than I have now? No one but a fool. Peace of mind? No one has it altogether: I have it as completely as any one. Why shouldn't I? It is an outcome of satisfaction, and I am thoroughly satisfied with my lot. Nothing could induce me to have it otherwise. The million I cabbaged has done me more good than it would have done Maydew; and he is better off without his daughter, just as I am better off without my wife. Women hamper one. You always expect that they are going to be one thing, and then they always turn out something else. They are so damned disappointing. Maydew has been more of a man, ever since I cut that girl's throat, than he ever was before in his life. He was eternally grunting, and was getting absolutely helpless. Since then, he has helped himself and has more than made that million back again,—a thing he

never would have done with her alive; and it's so degrading and emasculate to have a woman make money for you. What a failure I would have been with that woman always hanging on me! yes, yes, the Indians did me an almighty good turn when they ridded me of my wife. I wonder where she is now? I suppose that my mother, my religion-coated, religion-dispensing, Boston-born mother, would say in hell,—to which tropical clime she used to relegate every one who didn't walk in the track which she mapped out for them. How those fond parents of mine must enjoy the newspapers I occasionally send them, when I am being discussed as Mark Stanley! I wonder if they don't think I've done the family name great credit? I wonder if they don't think I've profited by my early Christian training? Ha! ha! ha!"

Mark lived in an elegant suite of rooms in the finest hotel in San Francisco, and was counted one of the shrewdest financiers in the State. His opinions were constantly being sought, and his advice was constantly being followed.

"Would this be so," he would say to himself, "if I was such a fool as my father used to try to make me out? Could a fool have gotten out of that Maydew affair as I did, and then kept out of the reach of suspicion and the law, ever since? No, no, John Stanley; your son was no fool; but he would have been made into a most thorough and genuine fool had he stayed very much longer with John and Mrs. John Stanley. Lord, what a pity it is that there isn't some way by which she can manage to get her name first!"

Among his other accomplishments, Mark was an expert gambler. Cards, dice, billiards, he mastered them all, and they all contributed to his coffers. The fast life he lived, and the exposure to which he constantly subjected himself, soon took the natural sandiness out of his hair and skin, leaving the first gray, and the second sufficiently dark, so that for several years he had been relieved of the unpleasant necessity of using dyes or stains on his skin. Now that this nuisance was abated, he was so thoroughly satisfied with himself that he had but one ungratified wish. As much as he railed against women, he had, for years, felt the need of some one woman to whom he could turn for companionship and sympathy. But the sort of woman he wanted he could not find. Sometimes he doubted if he ever would find such a one; and it was the sole regret of his life.

XII.

Mary was born on the first day of May; and on the seventeenth anniversary of her birth, Tom Morris's three daughters, and their brother Walter, a young man of twenty-five, made their first appearance at Red Mountain.

The Morris family had been detained *en route*, and did not reach the brisk little mining-town, where Tom had so long awaited them, until five days after they were due. Tom had not seen his children for nearly twenty years; and when he came away from the East they were scarcely more than babes. In the intervening time he had received

many photographs of them, and had been able to judge something of their respective characters from the letters they had sent him; yet his daughters were a disappointment to him. They were pretty, and gentle, and all that; but they seemed so dependent and superficial,—so incapable of thinking and acting for themselves,—in fact, so wholly unlike Mary. His beloved pupil was so capable and self-reliant that for the last year, without knowing why, the conviction had grown upon him that his daughters would be something the same. Now that they were not, he felt, for a moment, some of Mark Stanley's bitterness, and more than half believed that the Fates had dealt unfairly with him.

With his son, Tom Morris was better pleased. Walter was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and was inclined to studiousness. His slightly-stooping shoulders, and pale, grave face, gave one the impression that he had spent too much of his time over his books.

"Ye'll git a tech o' stronger color nor that, bimeby," was Droopy's greeting. "This 'ere ole Californy am better nor liver pills an' arsennick ter take that air bleachy look outen a man's hide."

As Walter regarded the gay old miner closely, he thought that if California ever made his face like Droopy's he would certainly resort to arsenic as a relief, even from existence. But he only smiled cordially on Droopy, and said,—

"I hope that you are right."

When the stage which brought Walter Morris and his sisters arrived at Red Mountain, the whole place was enthusiastic over the celebration of Mary's birthday,—a feast-day in the Red Mountain calendar which the miners never forgot to observe. The festivities were at their height when Walter Morris stepped down from the stage; and one of his elegant and fastidious sisters covered her ears with her hands to shut out the "horrid noise" made by the brass band which the miners had imported from San Francisco, at "great expense," to "put the punctuation-marks in the programme," as the local newspaper expressed it.

"What a magnificent woman, and what an outlandish man!" was Walter's first remark when he saw Dubb and Mary, where they were viewing the merrymakers, from the hotel balcony.

"Hush," cautioned Tom, "or she will hear you: she has ears like a cat. That is my benefactor and his daughter."

An exclamation of surprise, almost of horror, burst from Walter's lips.

"It can't be possible!" he cried. "So lovely a woman the daughter of so ugly a man! And you say she is only seventeen? To what a tremendous extent do incongruities run in this new country of yours! Tell me, father, have you many more such abnormalities as this ill-matched father and daughter?"

Droopy, who had for a moment been speaking with some one else, turned his attention to Walter again, in time to catch the word "abnormalities."

"You bet," he responded, heartily; "you bet. We raises 'em here by the hundred-acre lot, an' we digs 'em outen the groun' in dead loads."

Walter laughed, and Tom was relieved to find that Droopy had not discovered that Dubb and Mary were being discussed. Tom was nettled by his son's criticism of Dubb. To be sure, he himself had never considered Dubb a beauty, but it was painful to hear his hero discussed in that fashion, even by Walter. It made Tom feel, all at once, that the old order of things had been unpleasantly broken in upon. The presence of his children would interrupt, to a greater or less extent, —and probably the former,—the harmonious relations which for so long had existed between himself and Dubb and Mary. His son and daughters would never regard his two friends as he did: all four would ridicule Dubb, and the girls, at least, would be jealous of Mary. He was sorry that he had not either left his family in the East very much longer, or brought them westward before their methods of life were fixed. And then another unhappy thought flashed over him: he was allowing Mary to displace his children, his own flesh and blood, in his affections. Was it right? In less than a second he clinched his fists, and gritted his teeth over a smothered oath. Mary was worth it, anyhow, right or wrong; and he could not change what already was, nor would he if he could.

His line of thought was suddenly interrupted by Dubb, who had stepped forward, with Mary, to greet the newly-arrived members of the Morris family. Droopy touched Tom on the shoulder.

"Straighten up, pard," he whispered: "here am Dubb an' Queen Mary."

Tom introduced Dubb and Mary to his children, and observed, with more or less disgust, that his daughters were disposed to look upon Mary with that degree of condescension which is so little removed from contempt, and mainly, too, because of the somewhat unconventional way in which she was dressed. Though this made Tom's cheeks burn with resentment, he was, from one stand-point, glad of it: it distracted the attention of the three young women from certain peculiarities about the person of Dubb which they might have regarded with even more open contempt than they did the dress of Mary.

At his first glimpse of Mary, Walter had been impressed as no woman had ever impressed him before. This was partly because of her beauty; but even more than by that was he impressed with the certainty that she was a woman who did her own thinking,—something which Walter Morris had been led to believe was the rarest of all phenomena —in young women.

"Your father is one of my best friends, Mr. Morris," said Mary, offering him her hand, with a smile, when they were introduced: "partly for his sake, and just a little for your own sake, I am glad to meet you."

"Thank you," he answered, bending low over her hand: "the pleasantness of your welcome is worth the long journey here, even if there were no other recompense. My father's letters have fully acquainted me with your relations with him; and I am sure that neither you nor he can ever have better friends than each other."

"What you say," she responded, laughingly, "is certainly an estimable compliment to me, but I am afraid that it is rather a doubtful

one to your father." And then, turning from him, she kissed each of his sisters. "This may not be the Eastern way," she said; "in fact, I am pretty sure that it is not; but I cannot be formal with the daughters of a man whom I owe so much as I do your father; and in my father's name, and also in my own, I bid you welcome to Red Mountain."

"Hooray! That's the stuff!" shouted the admiring Droopy; and the by-standers, impressed with the idea that there was something to "hooray" about, proceeded to "hooray" with lusty vehemence.

"Oh, what a dreadful place!" exclaimed Miss Millicent Morris, the elder of the three sisters, and the one whose sensitive nerves had been so cruelly shocked by the brass band. "I am sure that we shall all be killed here."

"I reckon not," said the consoling Droopy: "we never kills nothin' but hoss-thieves in this country."

Mary could scarcely repress a smile, but she slipped a hand through one of the arms of Millicent Morris, and gently impelled her toward the hotel, signing for Morris to follow with the others.

"You are tired, dear," she said, "and all this is new to you. You will feel better after you rest and get acquainted with us. Come into the hotel."

Millicent looked up at the building they were about entering.

"A wooden hotel!" she gasped.

"Yes," interposed Droopy: "out here we on'y makes *jails* out o' stun."

XIII.

The next morning, at an unusually early hour for him, Droopy appeared at Dubb's office. His bulky figure was more than ordinarily erect, which made his sleek but capacious broadcloths look as if a reef had been taken in them; while his diamond seemed to emit a brighter radiance than ever before. Some of the creases appeared to have vanished from his face, and the innermost depths of the others wore a less darkling aspect. Certain scents and hirsute regularities made it evident that he had had recent contact with a barber, and the immaculate spotlessness of his shirt-bosom was only secondary to the immaculate complacency of his smile.

"What a gay-looking old cock you are, this morning!" said Tom Morris, who was alone in the office; and an irrepressible grin illuminated his face as he spoke. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm in love," answered Droopy, thrusting his hands into his trousers-pockets, and strutting up and down the office with comical pomposity.

Tom laughed uproariously, and slapped his thigh.

"Why, Droopy," he cried, "you've got things a little mixed, haven't you? I thought that when a man was in love he was always solemn and downcast, and that he put all his clothes on in the wrong way, and forget his toilet altogether."

"That's an' Eastern idee," retorted Droopy, "an' a wrong one, like 'most all Eastern idees. No, sir; I ain't got things mixed at all;

nary a mix. Why, when a man's in love—a real genooine man, I mean—he gits slicker nor a painter; an' as fur downcast,—pooh, he feels as rizzy as ef he'd took a can o' yeast."

"Who is the happy woman?" asked Tom.

"She ain't happy. Nothin' happy about her. She am the most mizzable woman on all Red Mounting," groaned Droopy, with assumed compassion.

"Oh, then it's an act of charity?"

"You bet; an' charity don't 'mount ter nothin' when yer blows about it, an' so I can't tell ye her name jest yet."

Just then Dubb came in, and Droopy laid one finger across his lips, as if what he had just said was a state secret.

"So that is the way the cat is going to jump," thought Tom: "Droopy is in love with Mary. But why under the sun does he call her miserable? There was never a happier, more contented woman on earth. What an ass, and what a presumptuous ass, he is, to be sure!"

About the middle of the forenoon, Tom left the office and went to the hotel to look after his family. When he was gone, Droopy indulged in the familiarity of slapping Dubb across the shoulders.

"Say, pard, I'm in fur it," he exclaimed.

"What am you in fur?" asked Dubb.

"Love; mattermony; home without a mother; my own vinin' fig-tree, an' all sich."

Dubb knew that Droopy would come down to his actual meaning quicker if no answer was made him, and so he busied himself with his papers in silence and in seeming forgetfulness.

"Say, pard," broke out Droopy, at last, "you seen Tom's gals yisturday, didn't ye?"

"Yes."

"Wa'n't that air Millercent jest stunnin'?"

"She am a pretty woman, Droopy."

"'Tain't that I means, pard; I ain't took with her poottiness; but that sorter wilted look an' wilted way o' hern,—like as ef she wor frost-bitten an' then sot out in the sun. It went all over me like a streak o' gin an' merlasses; an' I kinder wanted ter cuddle 'er up an' soothe 'er. Feared of a brass ban'! took sick when she seen a wooden hotel! Oh, Lordy! I don't wonder they has sich ornery men in the East, ef they raises 'em frum that kind o' wimmin! She am so kinder bleached an' buttermilky, she looks as ef she'd been run through one o' them air machines what they uses ter suck the ile outen nutmegs. They ain't much woman 'bout her; an' yet I'm awfully took with her: I s'pose it's all 'cause I'm so dum sorry fur 'er. Lordy, they is more woman, such as a man wants, ter the nail on one o' Mary's leetlest toes nor they is to the hull o' Millercent. Lookin' at Millercent makes me think that they must git wimmin frum some furrin country, an' that she ain't no woman at all, but jest the empty case what some woman comed in. I'm goin' ter marry her, though, an' then I can keep off the brass ban's an' things."

Dubb took the matter very gravely. He never saw anything to laugh at in anything.

"But you see, Droopy," he responded, "she am not our kind."

"Not our kind! Ain't Tom Morris our kind? an' ain't she his gal?" demanded Droopy, firing up.

"Tom am our kind only because he choosed ter make himself so. He wasn't allus so."

"Neither wor we," expostulated Droopy; "neither wor we allus so. We am all what we am 'cause we choosed to be so."

"In course, Droopy; in course Tom feels that way; but this am a question o' Tom's gals. Am they likely ter feel that way?"

"I don't give a damn," growled Droopy; "I'm goin' ter marry Millercent, anyhow."

"Don't you think Millicent's father will have something to say about that?" asked Mary, coming in unobserved, and pulling Droopy's hair.

Droopy faced about, got very red, and then stammered out the opinion that he had no doubt but that Tom would be glad to get rid of her.

Mary was not much given to sarcasm, but she could not resist asking Droopy if it was not a little inconsistent for him to expect Tom to set such slight value upon what he himself assumed to value so highly. Before Droopy could answer, before Mary had finished speaking, in fact, she caught sight of a package which was labelled "Letters to John Dubb, from Mrs. Mark Stanley."

"Who is Mrs. Mark Stanley?" she asked, carelessly, slightly impressed with the name.

Dubb, as usual, was calm and unruffled; but upon Droopy the effect of the question was frightful. He started as if confronted with a ghost.

"Don't you know? She was your——" and then he clapped his hand over his mouth in time to keep back the word "mother," which so nearly escaped his lips. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed, a moment later; "what a fool I am!"

Dubb and Droopy exchanged glances. Mary regarded them with the most intense interest and surprise. Stepping forward, she placed one hand on Dubb's downcast face, lifted it up, and turned it toward her.

"What is it, papa? What does it all mean? Is it anything which concerns me?" she asked.

"It seems to consarn Droopy, mostly," answered Dubb, evasively: "mebbe you better go up ter the hotel, Mary, an' see Tom's gals. He jest went up."

Without another word, Mary left the office. She met Tom Morris in the hotel corridor, and walked straight up to him, with a very pale face.

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Was my mother's name Stanley?" she demanded, looking him squarely in the eyes.

Her unexpected question took Tom completely off his guard, and his face betrayed his great surprise. In a moment he recovered himself, and said,—

"A woman named Stanley was connected with your childhood; but you must trust us, and not ask for an explanation which cannot yet be made."

He did not know how much she had discovered, and so did not know how else to answer her. Bursting into tears, she flung herself into his arms, just as Walter Morris appeared.

"So this is the lay of the land," muttered Walter, retreating unperceived. "In love, are they?"

XIV.

All through the week which followed the arrival of the younger members of the Morris family, three individual members of the Red Mountain fraternity were miserable, because of three very erroneous impressions.

Droopy's remarks to Tom Morris about being in love, and the mysterious air which he assumed on the appearance of Dubb, led Morris into believing that the imaginative, emotional, and erratic Droopy had suddenly fallen in love with Mary and had conceived the notion of suing for her hand. This made Tom absolutely wretched. The idea was thoroughly abhorrent to him, and he both pitied and despised Droopy for entertaining such thoughts.

Walter Morris, seeing the weeping Mary in the arms of his father, was convinced that there was a warmer feeling than friendship between them.

"Disgraceful!" he muttered to himself, over and over again; "he an old man and she only a young girl. Of course there is more admirable womanhood about her than there is about any other woman of twice her age whom I ever saw; but, then, that don't change her age. Why, my youngest sister is at least three years older than Mary Dubb. On his own account I don't blame him; she is lovely enough to turn any man's head; but he might have some deference for the feelings of his children. And it's awful for a man of his age to think of marrying a girl so young."

This last objection was probably the strongest with Walter: he was half fascinated with Mary himself. The thought that she might marry his father was the supremest torture to him; and as the days advanced, and the end of his first week at Red Mountain drew near, he got nearly beside himself because of his father's supposed intentions.

Mary had, perhaps, more reason than the others for her distress, though she, too, read the symbols wrongly. Until the morning when she saw the package of letters on Dubb's desk, she had never heard the names of her father and mother mentioned. She was only interested, at the time she asked her unhappy question, because the name, Mrs. Mark Stanley, struck her as one which was somewhat unusual. Excepting that she had seen it in books, Stanley was wholly a new name to her. She had asked the question out of the merest curiosity, and had no answer been made her, she would never have given Mrs. Mark Stanley a second thought. But the excitement and consternation of Droopy, and his bewildering words, led her to think that the unknown

Mrs. Stanley was in some painful way connected with herself. Dubb's evasiveness and Morris's non-committal air combined to strengthen her impression. The truth would have been far less cruel to Mary than the theories which she formulated out of the possibilities in the case. She did not jump at any rash conclusion: she was not that kind of a woman. She looked at the matter from the several points of view which presented themselves to her; but she was thoroughly misled by one thing, which hindered her from guessing the truth, even had there been no other obstacle in her way: she never once doubted that she was the daughter of John Dubb. After weighing the matter carefully, according to the limited light which she had, this demure philosopher of seventeen abandoned a score of seemingly improbable theories, which had suggested themselves to her, for one which she deemed most natural and likely. She decided that her father must have always been rich, and that her mother had married him for his money, and then, tiring of her plain, homely husband, had forsaken him for some finer, handsomer man, who was named Mark Stanley. Divorces she knew were granted for very slight pretexts in those days, and she cleared her mother of the suspicion of adultery by supposing that the divorce conveniences were taken advantage of before Mrs. John Dubb became Mrs. Mark Stanley.

"Poor papa!" she moaned; "how he must have suffered! That is why he never smiles, like other men. I wonder that he does not hate me, instead of loving me so. How I must have hurt him when I asked him who Mrs. Mark Stanley was!"

And Mary suffered the keenest torture at the hands of this unsavory phantom of her own conjurement.

These three impressions, all accepted of the Fates on one day, and all cherished for a week, in the most uncomfortable fashion, were, by some strange caprice of the Fates, all dispelled on another day,—almost simultaneously, in fact.

Mary was sitting by herself near the useless shaft of a deserted mine. It was a spot both lonely and picturesque; and of late, made melancholy by her depressing and unwholesome fancy, she had taken to strolling to it two or three times a day. A heap of discarded mining-paraphernalia and other rubbish protected her from passers-by on one hand, and a scrubby clump of stunted spruces shut out profane eyes in every other direction. It was not, either, a place where she was likely to be troubled with any one, because the abandoned shaft bore the name of being haunted.

It was late in the afternoon, and the warm air of mid-day was already giving place to the sharp chilliness which, even in warm weather, came at that altitude with twilight. She was just conscious of the change, and was about arising to go home, when she heard the sound of approaching voices: a moment later, she recognized them. It was Walter Morris and the hotel-keeper; the latter was showing his guest the "sights" in and about the little town.

"So this is the haunted shaft?" queried Walter.

"Yes: this is the spot where Bilkins is said to have been killed. He came here to bring a message to Mr. Dubb concerning Mark

Stanley's wife, when the Indians were supposed to hold her captive. Well, this poor fool of a Bilkins got wild about the camp, and came back here to make his fortune. He struck good deposits here, and would have got rich if some one from the Platte forks, who owed him a grudge, hadn't come along and killed him."

"I dont remember anything about Bilkins," said Walter, "but I can repeat, almost word for word, the contents of some of my father's letters about Mark Stanley. Let me see: Stanley and his wife came West with the same wagon-train with which Dubb came. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"And Stanley left his wife to the tender mercies of the Indians."

"Correct."

"And Dubb, purely for humanity's sake, and out of the kindness of his heart, undertook to rescue Mrs. Stanley."

"Exactly," said the hotel-man. "Why, Mr. Morris, you have an admirable memory."

"Hold on," laughed Walter: "you compliment me much too soon. My memory has already given out. I don't know what became of Mrs. Stanley."

"Neither does any one else, Mr. Morris: it's no case of bad memory at all. As soon as Mr. Dubb got a clue as to where she was, she skipped out,—on account of some fanciful notion she had about the mauling she got from the Indians, you know. Mr. Dubb was never able to find her again, though they say he gets letters from her sometimes."

"Why don't he run her down, and marry her?" demanded Walter.

"There are two good reasons for that, sir. One of 'em is that no one knows whether Mark Stanley is dead or alive; and, then, those who are supposed to know say that Mr. Dubb still tenderly cherishes the memory of his last wife. She died in the East, and Miss Mary was sent here, to him, before she was three years old."

By this time the men were out of hearing; but Mary had heard enough to lift the aching burden off her heart. First the tears came into her eyes, then she smiled, and then she laughed,—long and heartily.

"How silly I have been!" she murmured, while her cheeks got twice as red as they normally were. "How could I have worked myself into such a stew? What a nasty thing an imagination is! I never will exercise mine again."

And, still laughing at intervals, she hurried away home.

She was flying about the house, singing like a bird, when Tom Morris suddenly came in.

"Well, little girl," he said, "this is really refreshing. It's a long while since I've heard you sing like that before. What has come over you? Has Droopy proposed?"

"Droopy? Uncle Daddy propose to me? Why, Father Tom, you are going mad."

"No, I'm not. The silly old fellow is in love."

"Yes, I know it."

"And you are his gentle goddess."

"No, no, no; you were never so mistaken in all your life. It's not me at all; it's—oh, how can I tell you? You'll surely be angry."

"No, Mary: go on."

"It's the most absurd thing I ever heard of. He's in love with—with Millicent."

For a moment there was a shadow on Tom's face, and then, sitting back in his chair, he laughed with all his might. Mary joined him, and the two kept at it till exhaustion stopped them.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Tom; "if I could only hear and see how he'd manage proposing to her!" And then he and Mary took fresh courage, and laughed again.

"Shall you consent?" asked Mary, when she could get breath enough to speak.

"Consent? Certainly: it's the best way of settling him. Why, with all her high-flown notions, she'd scalp him if he ever hinted it to her." And then Tom tried to laugh again, but failed from sheer lack of energy.

"Oh, Father Tom," she broke out, all at once, "I overheard some men talking, to-day, and found out that Mrs. Mary Stanley was merely a woman to whom papa was once very kind, and not his wife at all, as I imagined."

"Certainly she wasn't his wife," answered Tom, delighted to find her suspicions set at ease. "It is too bad you got nervous about it."

"It don't matter in the least now; and you can be sure I shan't be such a goose again."

"One funny consequence of your notion about Mrs. Stanley is that Walter saw you in my arms, that day, and thought we were making love to each other."

"You and I, Father Tom?"

"Yes; but don't let it distress you."

"It don't; it's almost as comical as Droopy's love-dream. Really, your son ought to be ashamed of himself."

Walter was passing under the parlor window at that very moment. He heard what Tom and Mary said, and he was ashamed of himself. Better still, he was undeceived.

XV.

A little after noon, the next day, Mary went for another walk to Bilkins's deserted shaft. She was in capital spirits now, and she wanted to see how the scene of her melancholy broodings would seem to her, now that her unhappy illusion concerning Mrs. Mark Stanley was dispelled.

Just before she reached the haunted shaft, she was aware that some one was hastening eagerly along after her. The light, nimble footsteps convinced her that it was no miner. More likely than not it was Walter Morris; and the thought of him made her also think of what Tom had said the night before; and she laughed outright.

"What unwholesome things suspicions are!" she thought; "and in what wretched directions they lead one! Things which one does not perfectly understand should never have a second thought. Speculation might almost be called the process of making something out of nothing. I believe that papa is the greatest philosopher of modern times. He never frets about anything, and what he does not understand he lets alone. Bacon, in expressing this idea, calls it the underlying principle of good breeding, and declares that no man, until he can do this, is a gentleman, no matter what station of life he is born into. According to that, how many men nowadays, I wonder, are gentlemen? Certainly not Walter Morris."

Half a minute later, Walter Morris stepped to her side and raised his hat.

"Pardon me for intruding," he said, "but you are going in my direction, and so I must beg for the honor of walking with you."

"I shall be glad of your company," she answered, with a smile. "I am not very fond of my own society. It's apt to get monotonous."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed; "why, I had every reason for thinking otherwise. I am sure that I have seen you walking up this way alone, very often, ever since I came to Red Mountain."

"You are trying to show me that I am inconsistent," she laughed. "Well, I don't blame you. You mustn't expect too much of my sex: women's minds are apt to experience sudden changes. We are a fickle lot, you know. Seriously, Mr. Morris, something has been troubling me for the last few days, and it made me moody. That is why I came here so often, alone. It's a good place to be glum in. Yesterday, by accident, I discovered that I had been giving myself unnecessary uneasiness, and that what I had conjectured to be true was wholly a mistake. And to-day I actually came here to laugh at myself for being such a goose and to bid the dismal place good-by—until I get another fit of the blues."

"Yesterday? How strange!" said Walter: "why, yesterday I was also relieved of further faith in a senseless piece of folly of my own. It certainly is very singular that peace of mind should come back to us so coincidentally; is it not?"

She nodded her head, but did not speak. She was certain that nothing else but his fancy concerning herself and Tom could have given Walter uneasiness at Red Mountain; and then she suddenly remembered that while she and Tom had been talking, the evening before, there had been a noise under her window, which she had not investigated, and shortly afterwards Walter had joined them and was unusually affable. Had he heard what they were saying, as he passed the window? She hoped so. It would disabuse his mind of an evil impression, and it would let him down a little from the lofty plane of flawless perfection where her fancy had placed him.

"Here I am, speculating again," she thought. "I must take more assiduously to the reading of Bacon, and, also, must cultivate the womanly art of minding my own business."

They extended their walk a long way beyond the old shaft, going high up toward the summit of the mountain. Incidentally the walk

brought out traits in Mary whose existence Walter had not even guessed before. When he first saw her, he thought her a most admirable woman; but seeing her in his father's arms the next day, and misunderstanding it, as he had, Walter's interest in Mary had wholly subsided. In fact, he was the next thing to disgusted with her. Now he found her more charming than ever, and did everything in his power to make himself agreeable to her.

Before they came home, he was helplessly in love. He saw that her range of reading had been extensive, and that she had touched nothing superficially. Whatever she had gone into at all, she had gone into deeply. She could talk, clearly and intelligently, of the things she had read; her general views of the affairs of life were broad and generous, and her nature was as frank and open as the sunshine in which she had always lived. They held many views and had many tastes in common; and where they differed he was now, lover-like, ready to admit that her ideas were nearest right. Perhaps they were; but twenty-four hours before, he would have disagreed with whatever she might have said.

Loving Mary made an immediate and radical change in Walter. The day before he had been bitter against his father for having brought him and his sisters away from the East. He had felt that all Western women were coarse, ignorant, and offensive, and that all Western men were rowdies, ruffians, and cut-throats. Now, succumbing to the witching spells of Mary, he saw everything differently. He revelled in the lack of conventionality at Red Mountain, and compared its stalwart miners with the old Greeks before their lapse into degeneracy. And as for the women, he measured them all after the stature of Mary; and so they were adorable.

Bursting in upon his sisters, after leaving Mary at her door, he created consternation and panic by grouping everything pertaining to Red Mountain in one brief but sweeping bit of eulogy.

"Why, Walter, have you gone daft? Or are you in love with that Dubb girl?" cried Millicent.

"In love! Stuff! a woman with a boarding-school education never thinks of anything else," he responded, his face flushing at what he now considered an unkind reference to Mary, though he had, until then, been saying far worse things of her, ever since his arrival at Red Mountain.

"Goodness me, Walter!" expostulated Millicent; "what has come over you? I never heard you speak so slightingly of dear Aunt Jenkins's seminary before."

"Aunt Jenkins be damned!" he returned; "I have heard of nothing but her and her infernal sentimental rubbish for the last fifteen years. She is three thousand miles away, now, and I'm glad of it. Do give me a rest on Aunt Jenkins."

Millicent looked sad.

"I never heard you swear before," she said: "if you do it again, I'll leave the room."

"You'll have to, if you get rid of me," he retorted, with true brotherly feeling, as he flung himself into the easiest chair in the room.

"I've come in to spend the evening with you; and, as I am more than likely to swear at the mention of Aunt Jenkins, you had really best retire. You know you can't keep her name off your lips for five minutes at a time."

"This low, rowdy place is making you coarse," sobbed Millicent. "I wish we were all back East again. It's perfectly horrible here. We don't dare stir out of doors, for fear of being insulted by these vulgar people: do we, girls?"

"No," agreed the other sisters, who always said everything that Millicent wished them to, and who regarded her with so much awe that they had no existence separate from hers.

"Well," said Walter, blandly, as he clipped the end off a cigar, "if you young women persist in being silly, and staying in these rooms all the while, why, do it; enjoy your undesirable exclusiveness. I should think that common sense would make you stir out, for the good of your health. If you keep in so closely, and get sick, some of these dreadful creatures, as you call them, will have to take care of you."

"But, Walter, how can we go out? These people are not of our station. We can't associate with——"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Walter. "Father wrote us, before we came here, that we must leave all social grades and distinctions behind us, in the East. If I can do so, you can; you are certainly no more fastidious than I,—or, at least, you oughtn't to be. May I sit here and smoke?"

"You didn't apologize for swearing: why should you for smoking?" said Millicent, sarcastically, and with a look of triumph at her sisters.

"If it's a conundrum, it's a very stupid one, and I give it up," remarked Walter, lighting his cigar.

"It's positively shocking, the effect this uncivil and uncivilized place is having on you," declared Millicent. "The others, here, are bad enough; but you might adhere to at least some relic of your decency."

"Decency? Decency? Is there any decency in you three girls staying here in this suite of rooms, refusing to go out, and turning up your three several noses at all overtures for your comfort which are made by the ladies of Red Mountain? Yes, ladies: don't snuff up your noses at that. There are plenty of women here who both socially and intellectually are your superiors."

"It can hardly be supposed that papa has had the whole place in training," sneered Millicent, the other sisters sneering with her.

"I understand you," said Walter, a little angrily; "but let me tell you that there are people here, from the East, who wouldn't have used your beloved Aunt Jenkins for a door-mat. There are at least fifty fine families here, all of whom were ready to receive you, all of whom you have snubbed. They are fools if they pay any further attention to you, you silly chits."

"But, Walter, see how shockingly they dress. There isn't a woman of taste in the whole town. What would our set say if we so far forgot our training as to mix with these dowdily-dressed women?"

"There you go again!—dress, dress, dress: it's always dress. Dress must have filled a very large place in your 'training,' as you call it. What has it amounted to, your so-called training? It has simply made you in every way false and artificial. You never have a single healthy or natural thought. Dress and position,—position and dress,—straight ahead, backward, crosswise,—one never hears anything else from you than some combination of these two words. You girls were left in the East too long. I've often written father to that effect; but your thundering Aunt Jenkins, and your own silly whining, always overruled me. Why, if I had come out here, and left you girls there, as Aunt Jenkins so often advised, you would have been nothing but three automatons; and you're not much else, as it is. All the originality and common sense you have, you owe to my staying there and railing at the rubbish you were learning. Aunt Jenkins fit you for life, indeed! she was never fitted for life herself,—nor fit for it, either, for that matter. You should have come out here fifteen years ago; then you would have known something about life as it is; you would have been trained in a way befitting your father's daughters, and then there would have been in you some knowledge of life, and less knowledge of Aunt Jenkins. But no, she persisted, and you, Millicent, aided and abetted her, in the idea that it was best for you to stay there with her and finish your education,—stay and graduate. Well, you had your way; you have all graduated; and what is the outcome? You, all three, are stuffed full of silly, petty, mean sophistry, and are so blinded to life itself that you can't recognize it when you see it."

"Oh, Walter," cried Millicent, aghast, "you are as coarse and vulgar as that common fellow here that they call Droopy."

"*Whom* they call Droopy, if you please," corrected Walter: "we never call a man a 'that' in actual life. Such English is strictly confined to the boarding-schools of the Aunt Jenkins breed. And as for Droopy, there's nothing coarse or common about him. He is the soul of sterling manhood. No Aunt Jenkins about him. I never saw a man who could talk more sense. I wish he was here now."

"Well, I jest am, an' at yer sarvice, too," said Droopy, opening the door without rapping, and coming in unannounced. "I thought as how the gals might be lonesome, an' so I comed in ter see ef I couldn't make things a little cheery fur 'em. Yer dad an' Dubb am doin' up some figgerin' down in the office, an' I didn't know you was here, Walty. Hope I ain't in the way, gals?"

"Oh, certainly not," responded Walter, chuckling in his inmost soul, as he sprang up and gave the grinning miner his hand. "I'm delighted to see you, and so are the girls. It was very kind of you to come."

"Very, indeed," said Millicent, in tones which would have frozen up the infernal regions.

"Thanky," said Droopy. "I come in through the office, downstairs, an' I ordered 'em ter send up a right smart smashin' wine dinner. It'll be along pootty soon. They can set a table right here, can't they, Millicent? Gosh, won't it be nice! In course I had 'em charge it ter me, Walty."

XVI.

The last day of May was distinguished, at Red Mountain, by a visit from Mark Stanley and Judge Desborough. For a long time Mark had had an eye on Dubb's mine,—still more on Dubb's "pile;" but he never could manage to lay a finger on either. Of late, since he had made up his mind that his lot would suit him better if some woman shared it with him, he had also had an eye on Mary,—Dubb's daughter, as he believed her to be.

And this was the reason of his visit to Red Mountain on the last day of the month which made Mary seventeen.

The *rôle* of Don Hernando Altana, which he had played so successfully ever since the hour of Miss Maydew's murder, deceived Dubb, just as it had deceived every one else. Dubb believed that Mark Stanley, under his perfect and natural disguise, was Don Altana, and a genuine, veritable Spaniard.

Mark was equally deceived in Mary. The vigorous, bracing climate in which she had grown up had obliterated any trace of her parentage, which, very likely, she would have retained in a climate similar to the one in which her parents had lived. Then, too, Mark had no idea that Dubb would have anything to do with anything like deception. In spite of all of Mark Stanley's cool, wholesale scoundrelism and denunciation of his race, there was one being—and but just one being—in whom he had faith; and this one favored person was Dubb. Mark believed in Dubb as fully as he believed in death; and since Dubb had introduced Mary as his own daughter, no power on earth could have made Mark believe otherwise, so long as Dubb himself did not acknowledge the deception.

It may be argued—and, no doubt, very justly, too—that Mark Stanley had not a single redeeming quality; no honest praise, certainly, could be bestowed upon a man who could so wilfully and indifferently pollute and destroy the most sacred things of life: yet, if one redeeming quality can be accredited to him, it must be admitted that it was this unshakable faith which he had in Dubb.

All California rung with praises of Don Altana; everybody admired his tact, his business capacity, his social qualities. He was lauded and lionized everywhere. Men and women, young and old, fell down and worshipped the modern golden calf. He was liked; he was feared; he was believed in; he was the fashion.

Dubb was the only exception to this. He did not like Don Altana. And yet, before this same Don Altana had found it discreet and healthy to call himself by some other name than Mark Stanley, Dubb had been devotedly fond of him.

Perhaps the invisible taint of blood on Mark Stanley's hands made the difference. Anyhow, while others chanted the virtues and perfections of Don Altana, Dubb regarded him with distrust.

Mark saw this, and could not account for it. Sometimes he thought that it was because his mask had not deceived Dubb; and then he would feel unsafe and insecure and wish that Dubb was dead. Yet Dubb was the one man against whom Mark Stanley, hardened as he

was regarding every one else, could not raise his hand. It was a subject which he did not like to let himself think about; and yet, deep down in his heart, Mark Stanley knew perfectly well that he would suffer himself to be found out and hanged before he would harm a hair of Dubb's head. He could no more understand it than he could understand why Dubb disliked the man as Don Altana whom he had loved as Mark Stanley; and Mark soon decided that the two were both pieces of the same puzzle; and it was the only bit of mysticism which, hard materialist as he was, he would allow himself to indulge in.

There was one thing which he did understand, without an atom of difficulty: he loved Mary, and he wanted to marry her. That he could eventually win Dubb's consent he had no doubt. He felt that his social position assured him of that. Dubb, he knew, did not set much store by social laws; and yet even Dubb could scarcely refuse the hand of his daughter to an eligible man without some grave or important reason; and Mark was quite positive that Dubb cherished no such reason.

If he did, he should have a chance to deliver himself of it, at once.

In deciding upon making overtures for the hand of Mary, Mark gave no thought to the girl whom, nearly nineteen years before, he had married in Vermont. She might be living, and she might be dead: it was immaterial to him which way it was. She was simply the wife of Mark Stanley; and now that there was no longer a Mark Stanley, what had Mrs. Mark Stanley to do with Don Hernando Altana? Nothing, that he could see. Civil law, at least, would not interfere, and he regarded moral law as he did classical mythology,—as the emanation of brains which, at the time when these pretty things were invented, were not particularly crowded with anything else. In spite of moral law and Mrs. Mark Stanley, he should invite some clergyman to make Mary his wife, if she and her supposed father could be induced to consent to such a proceeding. The latter difficulty troubled him: moral law and consideration for Mrs. Mark Stanley did not.

He had a new mining-scheme on hand, and he made this the outward reason for visiting Red Mountain at this particular time. His real reason he would spring upon Dubb when it seemed judicious. And so he and Judge Desborough talked mines and mining incessantly with Dubb and his advisers, as if there were nothing else under heaven worth talking about; and no one, not even Judge Desborough, once imagined that the Spaniard from Vermont was burning to drop the discussion of matters pertaining to minerals, for matters pertaining to woman, and to one particular woman at that.

Mark and the judge stayed at Red Mountain for three days, all of which time the two speculators devoted to the exposition and elaboration of plans for the financial betterment of California, the great Western half of the continent, and, apparently, all the rest of creation as well.

To Droopy, who had an inherent fondness for lions, these were three days of such rare pleasure that they even diverted him from the annoyance of Millicent, upon whom he now called at least once a day, despite her frigidity and her frequent and pointed hints that she could

get on very comfortably without him. He thoroughly enjoyed this visit from the alleged Don, and approved of every scheme which was submitted by him and the judge for the consideration of Dubb.

Tom Morris, however, did not look upon Mark and the judge with so much favor. The first day of the siege of the speculators, Tom stood it very well; the second day he got very tired of it; and the third day he flatly opposed the two men from San Francisco in everything which they suggested or even hinted at.

As usual, Dubb thought for himself; or, rather, he exercised that unthinking but sagacious instinct of his, which always governed and directed him. He listened patiently, because he was never impatient; he was self-possessed, because nothing ever excited him; he was respectful, because there is every reason for doubting that he knew how to be otherwise. In the afternoon of the third day of the business conference with Mark and the judge, Dubb suddenly arose from his desk while the judge was in the midst of an harangue upon the advantages of certain combinations which he had been zealously advocating ever since his arrival at Red Mountain. When the judge had finished,—and justice enforces the admission that his remarks were considerably abbreviated, because his principal auditor was standing,—Dubb moved slowly toward the door.

"They be no use of our sayin' all these 'ere things over again," he said, quietly. "These things as you tells me about am all right, I s'pose; but they am not jest quite exactly in my way. All the money as I wants, I can git out o' the mines what we be now workin'. These fixin's o' yourn pays, in course, or you an' yer frien's wouldn't be workin' at 'em all the hull time. They might pay me, too; I might make more outen them nor I do outen the mine; an' I might make it faster, too; but while I can git good outen the mine, I guesses as how I won't do no dickerin' in nothin' else."

And then Dubb opened the door.

Tom Morris was glad; Droopy felt as if he was being cheated out of some of his personal rights; Judge Desborough felt chagrined; Mark Stanley was jubilant; it was just the chance he had longed for; it was exactly what he wanted.

"Señor Dubb is right," he said, springing to his feet; "Señor Dubb is perfectly right. The mines and their operation he thoroughly understands; his success proves that. Syndicate and corporation management he does not understand. He knows human nature well enough to be sure that if he embarks in any scheme with us, our personal interests will come first and foremost with us. To him, investing with us is like storing money in a powder-magazine, which may, or may not, blow up. So he is wisest to keep out; and I heartily congratulate him on his common sense."

"Good Lord!" groaned Judge Desborough; "you've completely broken the camel's back, now."

But Mark hurried past the judge and joined Dubb at the door.

"Come on, Señor Dubb," he said; "we will go to the hotel, and bury this hatchet, forever, in the best wine which Red Mountain affords."

"I'll go to the hotel with yer, Don Altanner," said Dubb, "but ye'll have ter drink alone. Drinkin' never does me no good."

"As you like," responded Mark, slipping one hand through Dubb's arm. "I use too much wine, and I realize it every day: it makes me fat and beastly; and yet I haven't sense enough to leave it alone. Sometimes I think that an unrestrained man, with social tastes, is the lowest order of animal: no beast, I am sure, would so abase and abuse himself as a man does."

By this time they were out of hearing of the office; and, after a few more brief remarks on the too frequent and too general association of man and wine, Mark changed the subject very deftly:

"You, Señor Dubb, have an incentive to cleanliness and moderate living which I wholly lack. I refer to your lovely daughter. What wouldn't a man do for the sake of such a woman? Had one like her been in my household all these years of my selfish bachelorhood, I would now be a very different man. Upon this possible, but non-existent, adored and adorable she, I should have lavished the affections which, as things are, I have wasted on stocks and syndicates and wine. Woman's influence, for good or for bad, Señor Dubb, is the strongest in the world. It is love for your charming daughter which has kept you clean, all these years, in this land of temptation; and I saw plainly, half an hour ago, that it was solicitude for her which kept you from risking money in the ventures which Judge Desborough and I so imperfectly described. You felt that it would be wrong to open to danger any portion of the results of that success which is the marvel of the State, and which you owe to the mutual love and pride between your daughter and yourself, more than you do to any one or to anything else. Am I not right? Have I not guessed the truth, Señor Dubb?"

"Well," answered Dubb, "I can't say but what it am somethin' like that."

"I was certain of it!" exclaimed the pseudo-Spaniard, warmly; "I was convinced of it, an hour ago. Strange it is that I did not guess it before: I have seen so much of you and your admirable daughter. You have worked three times harder on her account, Señor Dubb, than you would ever have worked on your own account. Ah, such women are the making of men. You cannot, not having always known me, comprehend the awful, the pitiable distance between what I am and what I would have been with a wife or daughter like this glorious woman for whom you have so zealously toiled. Even now it would not be too late; for I well know my every vice and fault, and I well know that I could cast them all off and abandon them forever if only there was some loving and idolized woman to make the effort for. Holy Virgin! how changed I would be! But why do I tell you all this? why do I speak so freely, and unbosom myself so completely, when it can do me no good, and when, really, this lump of lead in my heart will be all the heavier now because some one shares my secret longing with me? I scarcely know what has set me talking so to you, Señor Dubb, unless it is because you give and receive that love which is the sole recompense for life, and which, though it may always be yours, can never be mine."

"Why not?" asked Dubb; and it was the very question for which Mark was fishing.

"Why not? You ask, why not?" he returned, with affected pain, which was quite as pathetic as if it had been genuine. "But, Señor Dubb, of course the question is natural, since you do not wholly understand me. Listen: I love a woman whom I have seen grow into her present magnificence from an equally splendid childhood. Her adored image has increased its stature in my heart, just as her beautiful reality has increased in the bosom of her father's home. For five years I have loved her, and each year I love her more and more; until now the mention of her name arrests me in whatever evil I may hold in contemplation. But my love is hopeless; it must ever be hopeless; because she is the light of her father's eyes, his sole joy, and the pride of his heart. His life, without her, would be as dead and empty as mine is now. Could I, then, be cruel enough to make his pain my happiness? Would I not be a brute to ask him for the dearest treasure of his life?"

"It am nat'ral for women to git married," replied the unsuspecting Dubb. "You oughter talk it over with him."

"Señor Dubb, you make me happy. I—I love your daughter."

XVII.

Mary was sitting in her parlor, that night, talking with Walter Morris. Books, as usual, were the subject, but not the object, of the conversation. Walter, in the month which had slipped away since he first saw Mary, had constantly grown more and more fond of her. How fond, he did not know: he had never had any affairs of the heart, and so he did not realize how great was her unconscious hold upon him. With Mary it was much the same. Love, beyond the kind of love which she bore Dubb and Morris and Droopy, was a wholly unintelligible condition to her,—at least, by any tangible name. She knew that she found Walter Morris agreeable; that everything which he said and did pleased her; and that she missed him, more than she missed any one else, whenever he was away from her. That there was any element of love in this, or that love could, by any possibility, be a result of it, never once entered her head.

There was no whit of sentimentality in either of them; and romancing, about each other or about anything else, was entirely out of their province. Each was content and satisfied with present enjoyment; and neither gave their possible or probable future any thought.

It mattered but little to them what they talked about, so long as they talked; and so books, generally, were the excuse which they made for delighting each other's ears with the sound of each other's voices,—as it was when Dubb came in from his unexpected conversation with Mark concerning Mary.

He had often found them together in this way, and he was always glad of it, they always seemed to be enjoying themselves so thoroughly. Blind as they were to the fact that they were learning to love each other, they were no blinder to it than Dubb was: had it been otherwise,

Mary would never have known that Don Altana had that night asked for the honor of her hand. Dubb was so fond of her, so thoroughly in earnest in his desire to add to her happiness, that he would have instantly consented to her marriage with whomever she wanted to call husband,—whether it was Walter Morris, Don Altana, or an Ethiopian. But Dubb had not the slightest suspicion that anything could ever make Mary and Walter Morris anything more than friends to each other. On the other hand, he was so fond of Tom that nothing else would have suited him quite so well as to see Mary married to Tom's son; but this was something which he had regarded as entirely out of the question. Eastern people, he knew, generally looked down upon Western people; and he had no doubt that Walter, coming to Red Mountain, as he had, with an Eastern training, considered Mary his inferior. Truly enough, he gave Mary a great deal of his time; but that, Dubb thought, was because Mary was the only woman at Red Mountain who cared anything about the things which interested Walter. Dubb thought this very kind in Walter, and was genuinely grateful to him for showing Mary so much attention. Nothing could have made him believe that Walter meant this for anything beyond courteous attention to his father's pupil. And as for Mary, Dubb did not believe that she had ever given love a thought.

Entering the parlor, he said,—

"Mary, I want ter see ye, jest a minute; Mr. Morris won't mind."

Mary followed him out of the room. They went together into the cosey little den which was now her study and library; though for many years it had been her school-room.

It was the first time within her recollection that Dubb had ever wanted to say anything to her which he had not been perfectly willing to say in the presence of whoever might be around. The unusual proceeding of calling her out filled her with misgivings, for a moment; but she banished them when, stopping in the middle of the little room and facing her, he began stroking her hair,—the caress which he most frequently indulged in.

"What is it, papa? Are you displeased with me for anything?" she asked, smilingly.

"No, child, it ain't that: they's somebody what wants ter marry ye,—when ye gits ready. I guesses ye like 'im, too. It's Don Altanner."

"Don Hernando Altana! He wants to marry me!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; an' I kinder thought it 'ould be good news to yer; it allus seemed ter me as if ye liked him a good deal."

"So I do, papa; so I do; he is a very fascinating man, and I like him immensely; but I had never thought of him in that way, nor of any one else. I had never thought of being a wife at all."

"In course ye hadn't, dearie; in course ye hadn't; I knowed that the hull time. Ye needn't, ef ye don't want to; 'cause nobody ain't goin' ter make yer do nothin' ag'in' yer will."

"It is so new and strange to me, papa; I don't know what I want. You must let me think about it a little. But isn't he a great deal older than I am?"

"'Bout twenty year; but that don't make no matter, I s'pose. In course, think about it; take all the time yer wants. I'm goin' out, now; an' you better run back an' stay with Walter: he am a nice feller, Walter am. Don't hurry none about Don Altanner; ef he don't know ter-morrer, afore he goes home, he can be writ to; an' that'll do jest as well."

And then Dubb went away and left her. With the swiftness of lightning, Mary's thoughts went over all of the contingencies of the case as they then occurred to her. Somehow, in doing this, she entirely excluded Walter Morris from her thoughts. For the time being, he had dropped out of her memory, out of her existence, and she thought only of Don Altana and Dubb.

She had known Don Altana ever since when, as a little child, he had held her on his knee and had told her fairy-stories, whenever he came to Red Mountain. That went back to the time when she was five years old; and since then she had never had a recollection of him which was not pleasant. He was a man whose society she had always enjoyed. When she was grown up, and was too old and too large to be taken on his knee and held in his arms, after the old way, she was sorry. It was, in fact, the first sorrow of her childish heart,—the first thing, so far as she could remember, that she had ever cried about. And many a time, since then, she had looked longingly at him, and had earnestly wished that he would take her in his arms again and tell her delightful stories, just as he used to, before she had grown so provokingly large.

And he did, indeed, want to take her in his arms again, and tell her—well, perhaps far sweeter stories than he had ever told her yet. Had he loved her, all these years, when she was growing from a child into a woman? It must be; and her cheeks glowed and her eyes glistened with grateful tears. He loved her; this dark, handsome, fascinating man loved her; and her heart gave an exultant leap at the thought. But did she love him? She did not know. She could not tell, because she did not know what love was. She was sure that she was fond of him. He had always pleased her, and had always entertained her. He was, too, a fine, elegant, and polished gentleman, and was considered very great; and she should be proud of him. Perhaps she loved him, too, but did not know it: she had read of such things: and she was certain that she could soon learn to love him. He was going home in the morning, and he had not even once called on her, this time,—a thing he had never failed to do before; and all, probably, because he feared that it would embarrass her, if her decision happened to be against him.

Why should it be against him? He wanted her; he was not indifferent to her; and it seemed to be something which Dubb, also, wanted. That was the clincher,—that thought of Dubb. He had always done so much for her, and had asked so little in return, but always gave her her own way. She doubted if any other girl ever had such a father. Did she not owe it to him, then, to marry the man of his choice? True, he had not said that Don Altana was his choice; but he never *said* anything, in the way of a wish or a command. He had

always let *her* say what should be done for her. The fact that he had mentioned the matter to her at all convinced her that he would be glad to carry the Don back a favorable answer; and—well, if he wished it, it should be so: she would accept Don Altana for a husband. It would make Dubb happy, anyway; and there seemed to be so little happiness in his life, that she felt bound to add to it.

She listened. Dubb was at that very moment going out of the front door. She had gone over the whole ground so quickly that he had not yet had time to get out of the house; and in less than two minutes after he had communicated the Don's ambition, Mary's little feet went flying through the hall, in hot pursuit of the only father she knew.

"Papa," she called, from the open door. He was only two or three steps away.

"I have decided," she whispered, as he returned. "You may tell him that my answer is 'yes.'"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and then walked away. His kisses were rarely given,—never, in fact, except upon extraordinary occasions, or when he was highly gratified. Evidently, her decision suited him; and she was overjoyed at having made it. She stood motionless in the open door, listening intently until the sound of Dubb's footsteps no longer came back to her. She had pleased him,—she had done the very thing he wished her to do—she was sure of it; and she was happier than she had ever been before. Never before, in fact, had she felt strong emotion, as she felt this happiness now.

But how nearly do joy and sorrow go hand in hand! As she stood, listening for footsteps which had passed beyond her hearing, there came a slight noise from the parlor which reminded her of Walter. It was the first time she had thought of him since the recent question of wifehood had been submitted to her. The first thought of him sent a radiant smile upon her face. She would go to him, and they would resume their pleasant talk where they had left it off when Dubb called her out. It was still very early, and they had three or four hours before them, before he would be likely to go away. Talking with Walter would be all the sweeter, now that this new joy was in her heart. And then a second, and more troublesome, thought came: *would* she find so much pleasure in the society of Walter, now that it was soon to be her duty to find her sweetest pleasure in the society of another man? Pshaw! of course she would; she was getting silly: she enjoyed Walter ever so much more than she did Don Altana; and by no means would she give up the society of the man who pleased her most. What! Did Walter give her most pleasure? And then a sharp pain went through her head. What had she done? Was it right for her to pledge herself to one man, when—when there was another man whose presence made her happier than the one whom she was to call husband? Then she was impressed with the sudden belief that the new life before her had made her nervous, and that she was torturing herself with imaginary and wholly unnecessary woes. She all at once remembered how much she had harassed herself with groundless fancies concerning Mrs. Mark Stanley, and the recollection made her laugh, in spite of herself. It was a forlorn little laugh, true enough, with but little merriment to

it; still, it broke the perplexing chain of oppressing thoughts which had so nearly bewildered her past extrication.

She must hasten back to Walter. What would he think?—she had been gone so long; and then she realized that it was not so very long, after all, but only a matter of a few minutes,—less than five, altogether. How contradictory and confused everything seemed! She could not understand it. Well, what if she couldn't? She would be calmer by and by, and then everything would be all right again. Walter's cheering talk would be the best thing possible to help her. She walked resolutely into the parlor. At the sight of his face, and at the sound of his voice, the smile which she had forced upon her lips died, the light went out of her eyes, and the color in her cheeks gave place to a deadly pallor. Something in her head felt queer and heavy, and the walls of the room seemed shaking and unsteady. The names of Don Altana and Walter Morris were clashing and clanking loudly in her ears, as if the syllables which composed them were being hammered out of great discordant bells. Even her sense of distance grew confused: some things seemed unnaturally near at hand, and others unnaturally far away. Two circles of light, moving in opposite directions, seemed to be revolving swiftly around Walter's head, and she was certain that some horrible unseen force was bearing him gradually backward, out of her reach. She put out her hands to stop him; and then there was a general chaos of lights and colors and sounds and shapes, and all so hopelessly intermingled that she could distinguish nothing which seemed to have form or limit.

She was swaying to and fro, as if she was about falling; and, with a cry of terror, he sprang forward and caught her by the hands.

"What is it?" he cried; "do tell me what the matter is."

His touch thrilled her, and partly brought her back to herself.

"You must not touch them," she said, withdrawing her hands; "they are his; I have just promised to marry him."

"Whom?" gasped Walter.

"Don Altana," she whispered.

"My God! Shall you marry him?"

She tried to speak, but she could not. Her lips refused to open. She seemed to have suddenly grown numb; she could not move, and there was no feeling in any part of her body. Her head fell helplessly forward upon her bosom; and in that dumb sign he read her determination. A tempest of uncountable thoughts whirled through his brain, but he could force none of them through his lips. An iron band seemed to be crushing his skull in. He put out his hands to her in dumb entreaty; but she stood as if frozen to the floor, and did not see him.

Then the pain in his head became so intense that he clasped his hands to his forehead, as if to relieve it, and started for the door; but he only took one step forward, and then he sank back into a chair, in a stupor which the pain induced.

The motion aroused her, and, suddenly facing around, she saw him. She fully understood it all, now, and, in a blind yearning desire to help him, she stepped forward and stood beside his chair. And then

her strength gave way, and she fell helplessly forward, and sank in a limp, unconscious heap at his feet, with her head resting against his knees.

Presently the pain in his head spent itself somewhat, and he partially rallied from his stupor. The sight of the helpless and unconscious girl at his feet completely revived him.

Leaning forward, he found that she was not in a dead faint, but was still breathing. He wondered where her room was. That was the best place for her now. Gathering her up in his arms, he carried her out into the hall and up the stairs. Directly over the parlor was a room from which a faint light streamed through the open door. Advancing into it, he took his chances on its being hers, and laid her across the bed, which stood opposite the door. He unpinned her collar, so that there would be no danger of her suffocating. Already her nerves and muscles were twitching, and he knew that she would soon completely regain consciousness. And then, with one fond look at her, he hastened toward the door. Then his resolution forsook him, and, going back, he bent over her until his lips nearly touched hers; but, before they quite touched, he remembered that it would be cowardly to take such an advantage of her helplessness. Falling upon one knee, he kissed her hand, and then went away, overpowered with the consciousness that they loved each other, and that neither had discovered it in time.

XVIII.

In the course of Dubb's life there had been three things the doing of which he had deemed compulsory,—duties which, though hard and trying, perhaps, were still not to be shirked. The first of these was his departure from Maine,—the place where he was born, and the dearest spot in the world to him. Next, without question, without even inward remonstrance, he had accepted it as his duty to rescue Mark Stanley's wife from the Indians, when her husband had gone away and left her to their tender mercies. Third, and last, he believed it to be his part in the economy of life to guard Mary from future danger of annoyance from her father, if he chanced to be alive. In Dubb's mind there was no doubt that Mark would recognize his daughter if he ever saw her. The fact that Dubb called Mary *his* daughter would not, he felt certain, deceive Mark Stanley.

Dubb's experiences in Maine had not been overburdened with cheeriness. As an infant, he had been left parentless. A stony-hearted older brother had seized upon the family property, leaving John, then a child of two years, and another brother, but little older, to be cared for by an ancient and penurious aunt, who had stinted them on food and on everything else which had a negotiable value. When John was ten years old, he had forsaken his aunt, and had entered a lumber-camp, where he at least had enough to eat. He was a strong, healthy lad, and soon succeeded in earning a little—a very little—beyond his living. As soon as his aunt and his oldest brother discovered this, they joined issues with each other and wrested away from the boy the few dollars which he had earned. Disheartened by

this treatment, he forsook the camp where he was then working, for one farther away,—where, a year later, his earnings were again seized. Then, accompanied by the brother next to him in order of birth,—the one who had gone, with him, to live with the aunt aforesaid, and who had stayed with her, all the while, ever since,—he started on a pilgrimage to a lumber-camp in a remote part of the State. Here they were safe from the solicitude of their relatives, and here they remained for a year, in comparative peace and comfort; and then Jonas, who was about three years older than John, became enamoured of a woman who formerly had been an inmate of a dance-house, where she had served beer in the capacity of a floor-maid. After living a year with Jonas Dubb, she got tired of him, and made a formal transfer of her affections to his brother John. The latter was unused to the ways of women, beyond his unpleasant familiarity with the severe ways of his aunt, and so he did not understand the advances of his brother's wife, until she put them into words. Horrified, he fled to another part of Maine, where in a few weeks she followed him. Again he fled, and again she followed. When this was repeated for the third time, he quit the State and started for California. This episode, or series of episodes, with Mrs. Jonas Dubb, having, as they did, for a background the hardness of his oldest brother and his aunt, occasioned John a vast deal of worriment; and then, all at once, he made up his mind that worrying was profitless, and that the only way to live was to make the best of whatever happened,—which principle he rigidly adhered to ever afterwards.

When Mark Stanley's wife had sent word that she never again wished to see any one who had ever known her before her trouble, he appreciated her distress and respected her delicacy. He had fled from Maine to escape the disgusting affections of his brother's wife, because that was the thing which his sense of right and duty assured him was best. He next, in deference to her wishes, left Mrs. Mark Stanley to her own devices, because the same sense of right and duty impelled him in *that* direction. And now, since the comfort and happiness of Mary were his charge and his willingly-accepted mission, his sole object was to make her safe and secure against whatever contingency might confront her in the days which were still before her; and in weighing and considering this, he gave as much thought to possibilities as he did to probabilities, and nothing of importance in either category escaped him.

As his daughter, Mary was comparatively safe; as the wife of some man of established social position, she would be far safer. While she was unmarried, there was danger of her falling in love with some unworthy man; and he very well knew what the outcome of that would be. He was so wrapped up in her happiness that he could deny her nothing for which she asked. He could not say "no" to her, and cause her present pain, even to save her from a future of sorrow which that same little "no" would have shielded her from. That this was weakness, and unmanly weakness, too, he perfectly understood; and he understood, quite as well, that it was weakness against which he could offer no resistance. If she became the wife of Don Altana, there would be no need for further apprehension from this. She would, too, as the

wife of Don Altana, be safer from any approach which her father might make than she would be as the daughter of John Dubb: provided that Mark Stanley, as it seemed almost certain that he would do, guessed out the secret of Mary's parentage.

And this was the way that the case had presented itself to Dubb when Mark Stanley, wearing the guise of a Spanish nobleman, laid suit for the hand of his own daughter in marriage. It cannot be said that Dubb *thought* the matter out in this way, because thinking was out of his line; but this was the way in which he suddenly saw it, just as a piece of statuary is suddenly revealed to us by the lifting of the veil.

He did not like Don Altana, personally; but Mary liked him, and the world accepted him as an extraordinarily brilliant and successful man; and that, practically, was sufficient. Mary's speedy acceptance of the Don gave Dubb a sense of comfort which was extremely gratifying. Not that he wanted to part with Mary; far from it; but he knew that she was likely to marry some day, and he very much doubted if any one better than Don Altana would ever seek her. And so, for once in his life, the measured regularity of his movements was supplanted by something nearer haste than he had ever shown before, since the days when his aunt had accelerated his movements by virtue of a thorn-tree rod; and in an almost incredibly short time after leaving Mark at the hotel, Dubb rejoined him, and said,—

"Well, Don Altanner, she says as how as I shall say to you as her answer am 'yes'."

"Good!" cried Mark. "Good! Señor Dubb, your daughter, now my affianced wife, will do great honor and credit to the lovely and stately women who, in past centuries, have been wives and mothers in my proud old family. Señor Dubb, you have made me happy,—happier than any other man in California. Now, with me, there shall be no more cards, no more wine, no more clubs, no more gluttony; there are still in me some remnants of manly decency, and I will spend the balance of my days in cleansing them from the moral and social slime with which they are now reeking, so that I may make myself something like worthy of your daughter's love, respect, and obedience. To the little of good there is in me, shall be added the greater good which I shall *draw* from your daughter's love: she shall teach me whatever she will, and I shall make myself what she wills. I shall give her half of my worldly possessions, as a wedding-present, and the rest of what I own shall also eventually be hers."

"No matter 'bout that," answered Dubb: "they be enough money fur her, what I have made outen the mine. I don't wanter say nothin' what soun's boasty and braggy, but the ole mine have gin out a pile o' money, an' it am all hern. In course, I'll keep 'nough back ter keep me peggin' on while I'm a-livin'; but arter that she'll git it all."

"Oh, Señor Dubb, Señor Dubb, you must not speak of an 'after' to your life. We cannot spare you from California; we should——"

"They am lots o' better men nor me in Californy," interposed Dubb; "an' they ain't no man, nowhere, what am so big an' so ne'ssary that they ain't some other man, jest as big an' jest as good, ter take his place."

Mark threw the half-smoked cigar, which he held in his fingers, away. So Mary was to be his wife. He was really happy,—much happier than he had been when he had fancied himself in love with Mary's mother. He had gained two things: he had won Mary, the most charming woman he knew; and he had laid the corner-stone toward possessing himself of the enormous wealth of Dubb. After he and Mary were married, and Dubb's will was made, nothing would be easier than to dispose of Dubb. And then, like a knife-thrust, the old feeling went through him,—the consciousness that he could never let harm come to Dubb through him. As the full and final realization of this swept over him, he looked at the quiet, placid face of Dubb, and wondered what was the secret of its resistless power over him. Once, he had fancied that Dubb's life stood between him and safety; and yet, try as he would, he could not force himself to spill Dubb's blood. Now, the life of Dubb would soon stand between him and millions; and again he knew that it would be impossible for him ever to remove the barrier. And yet this was the man who had coolly and premeditatedly cut the throat of Miss Maydew, and who had committed scores of other crimes, scarcely less in magnitude, with equal coolness. As he thought them over, and then, also, thought what the prolonged existence of Dubb would keep from him, he cursed himself, inwardly, for his weakness,—the one human failing which Mark Stanley looked upon as a crime and a sin.

"They am one thing more," said Dubb, after a few minutes' silence, "which I s'pose you orter know; 'cause no man don't wanter take no woman blind-like; an' I guess ye'd better be told now, when ye am here yet, an' can back out ef yer wants ter."

"No, Señor Dubb," said Mark, warmly; "I beg you to let any secret concerning the woman whom I so madly love stay a secret for the present. Be assured, Señor Dubb, nothing could dissuade Hernando Altana from this marriage upon which his heart is so thoroughly fixed. Believe me, no taint or stain—and I am sure that there is none—could induce me to relinquish the lovely prize which I have won,—nay, which you have so generously given me. Do not speak; pray do not speak; I am satisfied,—thoroughly satisfied; nothing could make me more so; and nothing could make me dissatisfied. Let this trivial thing, whatever it is, go unexplained, until she is my wife; and it need never be told me then, unless you are certain that it will be best for her. Do not look surprised: think how much she has to pardon and condone in me. Let what you hint at compensate, in some degree, for my imperfections; let it be a test of my faith."

"Oh, well," said Dubb, a little more earnestly than common, "they ain't nothin' ag'in' 'er; nothin' at all 'n that way——"

"I knew—I knew it," interrupted Mark; "be sure, I never thought there was anything against her; but it wouldn't in the least matter, though, if there was: I love her well enough to brook anything."

"It's on'y somethin' 'bout her mother——"

"Please don't say any more," implored Mark; "I will esteem it a favor if you will leave unsaid what you just came so near saying,—at least, until I ask for the rest of it."

"Oh, Lordy! look a' there!" shouted Droopy, suddenly, from across the room.

Everybody looked.

Walter Morris had just come in, and was hurrying through the room, as pale as a ghost, and with a face which was haggard in every feature.

"Why, Walty," bawled Droopy, "ye look as ef ye'd j'ined the Masons, an' had j'ined 'em back'ards, an' the goat had rode you, instid o' your ridin' the goat."

XIX.

Mary opened her eyes before Walter was out of the house. She raised herself upon one elbow, and gazed about her, unable to understand why she was lying there, with her clothes on; but when she heard him go out into the street and close the door it all came back to her. She remembered what had happened in the parlor, up to the time of her falling at his feet, and she guessed the rest. Quickly jumping from the bed, she sprang to the window, pushed open the shutters, and looked out.

There he was, walking slowly away, his haste having spent itself as soon as he was out of the house. He was so near her that he could have heard her had she even whispered his name. She could not see his face, for his head was bent low; but his clinched white hands were plainly visible to her from her chamber window; and they betrayed his suffering.

Once, when he was a dozen paces away, she put out her hands and tried to call him back; but her voice failed her, and no sound came through her parted lips. For a moment her inability to stop him nearly drove her mad: she wanted to tell him that he, and he alone, had a husband's place in her heart, and that she would do whatever he said,—go with him wherever he wished,—if only he would not walk away so like a man whose soul was frozen within him. His misery was all because of her: what right had she to let him suffer so? She *must* call him back; she would make him hear. And then, with their full force and meaning, those words of Dubb's—cruel words they seemed now—came back to her:

"They am some one what wants ter marry yer. It am Don Altanner."

And then she thought of the message she had sent back to the Don,—the message which now changed everything and put her and Walter Morris out of each other's lives forever:

"Tell him that my answer is 'yes.'"

If only she could recall those rash words, which she had uttered so hastily and so thoughtlessly, in entire forgetfulness of Walter Morris,—practically, in helpless unconsciousness of their significance, and with no other desire, at the moment, than to please Dubb! But she could not. She had decided. She must keep her pledge, even if it cost both her and Walter Morris their lives. Why had she so foolishly ignored Dubb's suggestion? Why had she not waited until the next

morning, at least, so that she could give the matter some of the thought and calm consideration which its importance demanded?

Suddenly a chill went over her, and she seemed turned to ice. Walter must never come back. She must never see him again: if she did——and then the ice became fire, and her grief, agony, and perplexity completely overcame her, and, letting herself fall across the narrow window-bench, she burst into a tempest of tears and sobs.

It was a mercy to her that no one passed the house, for she was in full view of the street.

How long she lay there, she never knew. She was aroused by the sound of approaching feet. Leaning out of the window, she saw Dubb coming. She arose and closed the shutters.

"Papa must not see me now," she said, aloud, as if there was some one present to hear her: "he would guess everything."

And then she closed her chamber door, but not a moment too soon, for Dubb came in, up the stairs, and walked straight to her door and knocked.

"Mary, can I see yer fur a minute?" he asked; "that is, ef ye ain't gone ter bed."

"I am up and dressed, papa," she answered; "but I am excited and fussy over Don Altana's proposal, and don't feel like seeing any one. You will excuse me, won't you, papa dear?"

"Sartain, in course," replied Dubb. "I orter knowed ye'd feel a little streaked jest now; it's nat'ral an' right. I tole him, an' it made him awful happy. He am goin' home ter-morrer, an' I'm goin' with him; they be some business in San Francisker what I wants ter 'tend to, an' now am a good time ter go, seein' as he's goin'. I'll be busy there four er five days, an' I'll git back jest as quick as I can, then. All I wanted was ter tell yer 'bout my goin', an' ter say good-by, an' ter let yer know 'bout him. Ef ye wants anything while I'm gone, jest tell Tom er Droopy. Go ter bed now, dearie, an' don't git ter fidgetin'. Good-by, Mary."

"Good-by, papa."

She was glad that the Don was going away without seeing her, but she could not help wondering why it was. She was also glad that Dubb was going away: it would be about ten days before he returned, and by that time she was sure that she would be herself again. In the mean time, she must send Walter Morris away. She could meet her fate easier if he was away from Red Mountain.

Going to her table, she busied herself for a long time with her writing-materials. Sheet after sheet she tore up, as being too formal, or not formal enough; at last she decided that it would be best to send him simply the following brief note:

"MR. MORRIS: It is now midnight,—exactly four hours since you were generous enough to leave me. Will you not go a step farther with your generosity, and leave Red Mountain, at once, and stay until after I am married? You can make some misleading excuse to your family, and so save me at least a portion of my anguish.

"MARY DUBB."

She read it over several times before sealing it. When she addressed the envelope, it seemed to her that she was writing his name in his death-warrant.

"And, yet, what else can I do?" she sobbed. "What I have written sounds selfish, but it may make him think that I am not aware of his love for me, and that I am struggling against self-mortification. That will be best."

All through the night she walked up and down her chamber; and at the first sign of approaching daylight she went quietly out of the house, and walked in the direction of Bilkins's deserted shaft. No one was stirring; the whole place was in slumber: she got out of the little town unperceived, and wondered if *she* would ever sleep again.

Reaching the shaft, she passed by it and hurried on along the same path which she and Walter had followed, a week after her birthday. How far back in the past that day seemed! She felt as if ages had gone by since then.

Higher and higher she went up into the mountain, until she reached the point where she and Walter had turned to go back home again. Then she seated herself on a boulder, and thought over the whole of her life. It had always been so happy and careless until now; and now there was nothing in it but despair and desolation. She had but one thing to console her, and that was her conviction that she was pleasing Dubb. Suddenly a possibility flashed upon her that had heretofore been unconsidered. What if she had misunderstood Dubb? What if he was indifferent as to whom she married, so long as she married well? It seemed reasonable and probable: he had never insisted on her doing anything, and why had she supposed that he cared about this on his own account? She would go straight back and tell him the truth, at all hazards. She would *not* marry Don Altana: Dubb should explain to him that her acceptance of the honor which he offered her had been made without consideration, and that it was a pledge which she could not keep without injustice to Don Altana, to Walter Morris, and to herself. The Don might despise her for her indecision, and Dubb might be hurt by her seeming fickleness; but neither would be so bad as her marrying Don Altana under such circumstances; nothing else could be so bad as that. Five minutes before, she had been firm in one purpose; now she was firm in another. Then she had been sure that it was her duty to marry the Don; now she was sure that it was her duty to break the engagement.

With a cry of joy, she sprang up and began running down the mountain, so as to get home before the departure of Dubb and Don Altana. Part of the way her path lay along the steep side of a ravine, and once, in her haste, she came too near the edge, and went crashing down among the rocks below. Her head was dashed against one of them, and there she lay, senseless and bleeding.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in the arms of Walter Morris. He, too, had passed a restless night, and had been walking to quiet himself. Chance had brought him along the same pathway, almost immediately after her fall. He had given her brandy,

and just as he had despaired of ever seeing her eyes open again, she opened them.

"Walter!" she gasped, and then covered her face with her hands to hide her blushes.

He helped her to a sitting posture, and then insisted upon her taking more brandy. Almost mechanically she obeyed him.

She felt strangely confused and bewildered. Beyond a slight shaking-up, her fall had done her no harm; but the presence of Walter embarrassed her as she had never been embarrassed before. She had called him by his first name, too, and that also troubled her.

He made no attempt to force her into conversation, and, after a remark or two concerning her accident, he relapsed into a respectful silence.

"If you can walk, I think we had best go home," he said, after an hour.

She arose, and they walked away together without exchanging a word. When Mary reached home, Dubb was gone.

XX.

There was one characteristic about Millicent Morris which, while it might not have been original, was certainly not directly chargeable to Aunt Jenkins's seminary. She lived, inwardly, in a perpetual atmosphere of romance. Fairy-tales had been her first style of literature, and she had abandoned these for the still more extravagant variety of wonder-tales which are commonly classified and specified as society novels. Reading them was, truly enough, one of the deadly things which Aunt Jenkins vociferously prohibited. But Aunt Jenkins had not, of course, been present during all the hours in the years in which Millicent's mind had been supposed to be developing; and whenever the periods of her absence had been so long as an hour, Millicent had devoted the hour to the devouring of some yellow-covered book with rose-colored contents.

As a consequence, she was always looking out for some prince, or count, or senator, or millionaire, who was provokingly slow in coming. That he eventually would come, she had no doubt; it was always so in the books she had read. To be exact, there was just *one* book which she had read, in which the fair and languishing maiden had, of her own free will and consent, been married to a plebeian, and had lived happily with him ever afterwards, just as such things frequently occur in life. But Millicent was hurt and shocked. The book cost her several sleepless nights, and no end of tears. More than that, she committed the author's name to memory, so that she might never read any more of his painful realism, and he was the only author whose name she ever did remember. But in all the rest of the delightful books she read, the languishing fair, after a suitable amount of languishing, was married to some man as charming, in his way, as his fair bride was in hers.

That Millicent herself would one day be such a fair bride, she had no doubt. She had often studied herself,—in the mirror, of course,—

and she was certain that she lacked none of the essential requisites of the typical fair bride. But when the man—the slow-coming but indispensable auxiliary without whom no wistful woman can be made a bride—would put in an appearance, she had no idea. Recently, she had decided that she would seek him, if he did not soon seek her; and the morning of Mary's mishap on the mountain was the very time appointed and selected by Millicent for her first excursion for the missing unknown.

Quite early that morning she set out for a stroll among the numerous deserted claims, east of the town. She was partially inspired to resort to this expedient by something which Walter had said to her several weeks before, but whose meaning, strangely enough, had only just penetrated her mind. The substance of what he had remarked was that there were at least fifty families at Red Mountain which were equal to any family in the East. This being so, it did not seem improbable to her that there was in some one of these families at least one eligible and marriageable man.

And so she set out, hoping that chance would lead her to the combined objects of her quest,—an adventure and a man. And her faith was rewarded: she found both.

When she had been walking for about an hour, and had come to the unhappy conclusion that she was expecting more of Red Mountain than Red Mountain could give her, she suddenly came upon what seemed to her one of the supremest marvels of that supremely marvellous country. It was a perfectly level patch of dull, dark red, which she mistook for solid rock. It was about twenty feet long by ten feet wide, and the surrounding soil sloped gradually down to it, just as the sides of a pan slope down toward the bottom.

"This," she reflected, "is the beautiful paint-stone with which the red warriors of the forest delight in painting themselves. I have heard that it is as slippery as oil; and if I were only younger I would take a run and slide across it."

Sliding had been one of the favorite amusements of Millicent's childhood, before she got into the tenacious clutches of Aunt Jenkins; and it had been the very juvenile habit which she had relinquished with most regret, upon Aunt Jenkins's declaration that it was not graceful. It was many a year since she had indulged in it; and now that a seeming opportunity had presented itself, she could not resist it.

Looking around, first, and making sure that she was entirely alone, she started back a step or two, held up her skirts, took a smart little run, and a considerable leap,—when she reached the edge of her supposed "paint-stone" find,—and landed, up to her waist, in a mass of soft red clay, which frequent rains had settled in the little funnel-shaped hollow, and which the drainage of a neighboring mine kept constantly of the consistency of newly-made jelly.

Perhaps she was too thoroughly startled to scream, perhaps it was owing to the training of Aunt Jenkins; anyhow, no sound escaped her lips. She might not have fully appreciated her leaping capacity, and very likely she did not; but the little jump which she had given, when her feet left the solid ground, sent her squarely into the middle of the

treacherous and deceiving clay-sink. She struggled a little, but it was no use; she could not escape. For the time being, she was one of the immovable fixtures of the landscape; and so she was unmistakably doomed to stay, unless some one came to her rescue.

So overwhelmed and dismayed was she with the one half of her programme, the adventure, that, for the time being, she utterly forgot the other half of it, the man. But the Fates were kinder than Millicent; they did not forget; and in due course of time the man was forthcoming.

The training of Aunt Jenkins had always been a drag on her; it was a worse drag on her, even now, than the mud. To scream, to empty her pent-up distress in a noise loud enough to be heard by people of enough common sense to keep them from frequenting the clay-bed as a pleasure-resort, would, according to the Jenkinsonian tenets, be vulgar. Truly enough, she screamed, and she screamed frequently; but her screams were so mild, refined, and spiritless that they were scarcely heard even by the birds in the trees above her geological discovery.

There she stood, for half an hour, a perfect study in maidenly despondency. Her arms and her neck were about the only flexible portions of her anatomy which she could move; the clay held the rest of her, hopelessly and immovably fast. And even then, environed as she was, she exercised the extremest caution to keep her arms out of ungraceful positions.

"The test of thorough breeding," Aunt Jenkins had often declared, "is to recollect and exercise its unvarying laws under the most trying circumstances."

She was not exactly *under* the trying circumstances in the present case, but she was likely to be if she stayed there very much longer. She had no difficulty in recollecting the unvarying laws. Aunt Jenkins's precept was thoroughly well learned; and the result was an example of good breeding perfect enough to satisfy even the unvarying Aunt Jenkins herself, had she been there.

When Millicent's dejection was at high-water mark, and she was sure that no one would ever find her, and that soon her flagging strength would give out and let her sink out of sight, altogether, into a grave in that miry clay, she heard a noise. A considerable noise, too, it was, as if a man, and a very large man, was coming. And now Millicent's heart fluttered with a new distress: how could she, under such circumstances, face a man? She seemed to have entirely forgotten that she had been letting off those refined and inoffensive screams for the sake of attracting the attention of a man; that her escape from the mud could only be engineered by a man; and, in fact, that a man—or an insatiable longing for one—had been the prime mover in getting her into this unhappy scrape: and yet, now that there was every reason for believing that a man was coming, she closed her eyes, and covered them with her hands, to shut out the dreadful sight.

A moment later, and the refined ears of Millicent were treated to the sound of a suppressed snort, such as a locomotive might make if stopped suddenly when under a full head of steam. Then there was a brief silence, after which Millicent heard something which sounded as

if a whole battery of merriment was fizzling, like a bad fire-cracker, for want of a sufficient degree of explosive force. All this while, Millicent kept her eyes closed. Presently there was a brisk retreat, and then she opened her eyes in time to see Droopy vanishing over the little hill across which she had come to her clay prison. Scarcely was he out of sight when there came to her ears the most boisterous and uproarious laughter she had ever heard; and her cheeks burned with shame and rage.

Her appearance, notwithstanding her distress, was too droll and comical for Droopy to stand, and he had to laugh in spite of himself. He had tried to retreat out of her hearing, but the mirthful paroxysm seized him too quickly. The knowledge that she could hear him checked his laughter speedily, and then he hastened back to her.

Aunt Jenkins was forgotten now, and Millicent faced him with a blaze of rage.

"How dare you laugh at me?" she demanded. "I was never so insulted before in my life."

"I'm sorry; bet yer life I'm sorry," he said, earnestly; "I wouldn't 'a' laughed, on'y I run on yer so onexpected, an' it laid me out. Let's see: I must figger on some way o' gittin' ye out o' that."

"Don't trouble yourself," she answered, snappily: "I am in no immediate danger. Go away, and leave me alone. I wouldn't let you touch me for the world."

"Wouldn't ye?" he retorted, in the same tone. There was a decided vein of wickedness in Droopy, when it was properly appealed to; and Millicent had touched the vibrant chord. "So you wouldn't let me touch ye, hey? All right, I won't. I'll jest let ye stay there till that air clay gits up ter yer neck. If *you* like it, it suits me. I reckon it's as good a way as any ter die."

"Walter will find me, and save me," she faltered.

"A heap he will. He an' Mary am up yender, in the mounting, havin' a good time."

"I don't believe it," she cried. "That coarse girl sent him a note, this morning, in which she apologized for too much forwardness——"

"How d'ye know?" he demanded, savagely.

"Because I opened it, myself, and——"

"And read it," he added, when she hesitated. "In course they wasn't nothin' coarse 'bout that."

She burst into tears. The woman asserted itself, again.

"You are unkind to me; you are brutal," she moaned. "You pretend to love me, and yet you stand there and triumph over me when I'm in trouble."

Droopy melted.

"I ain't trumpin' over ye. I'm sorry yer in trouble, an' I'll do all I can ter help you out."

"Help me out of this nasty mud, then."

"Will ye marry me, if I do?"

"Papa might not like it, you know."

"Papa be—darned," he grinned, delightedly. But he helped her out.

XXI.

Dubb and Mark Stanley set out for San Francisco at the very moment when Mary, opening her eyes, had found herself in the arms of Walter Morris.

Mark demurred a little against leaving Red Mountain without a few words with Mary.

"Can't help it," said Dubb; "she am all kinder mixed up by this new idea, an' she don't jest exactly feel like seein' any one, an' so you've got ter wait."

"It's very strange," whined Mark, who had had his own way so long that he did not relish being dictated to; "it certainly is very strange. You said last night that she seemed delighted; and to-day you say she is nervous and excited and does not wish to be seen. I don't like the look of it."

"Look here, Don Altanner," returned Dubb; "she am mine yet, an' I ain't goin' ter have her bothered. Ye needn't marry her ef yer don't want ter; they ain't nobody what's holdin' ye ter yer bargain. She ain't dead in love with yer; she ain't that kin'. I make no doubt they be lots o' women what 'ould jump at the chance o' marryin' you, but Mary ain't none o' them. Ye don't like things as they am, an' that be your right; she don't want ter see nobody ter-day, an' that be her right; ef yer can't bide by her right, ye can put the hull thing outen yer head, an' let 'er alone. 'Twon't bother me, an' 'twon't bother her; an' ef ye wants ter grin' 'er down now, afore ye gits 'er at all, ye don't love 'er so much that it'll bother you."

"Oh, Señor Dubb, Señor Dubb, I beg ten thousand pardons," cried Mark, excitedly. "You have administered to me a very just rebuke. I richly deserved it. You shall certainly have your own way. It was my lover's haste and anxiety to see her—the queen of my heart—which made me seem dictatorial. It was not, believe me, any desire to assume authority or to enforce my will against hers. What she says shall always prevail. While I shall be her ever-watchful, ever-solicitous husband, I shall ever, also, be her obedient slave. Do not misunderstand me; do not feel offended with me."

"It am all right," answered Dubb: "we understan's each other now."

The journey to San Francisco was made in good time, and without incident. Mark was smiling, generous, and cordial, and showed Dubb every possible attention, in seeming penance for his brusquerie concerning Mary.

They arrived in San Francisco in the forenoon, and Mark was anxious to make over at once half of his property to Mary.

"Wait till you 'n' she be married," said Dubb: "that'll be time 'nough."

"As you will, Señor Dubb. I'll tell you how we will fix it. You say that there is something concerning her mother, which it is necessary for me to know, so that my wife may be defended against some danger which you seem to think threatens her. Very good. You shall tell me all about it the morning after your daughter becomes my wife. At

the same time, to please you, I will give her a deed of gift of one-half of my possessions,—instead of presenting her with the same now, as *I* wish to do."

In the evening, as they were walking about, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a crowd which seemed to be greatly excited. There were several policemen in the crowd, and there was much noise of expostulation on both sides,—the people, apparently, being of the opinion that the officers were in the wrong. Over and above the rest of the tumult came an occasional sharp, feminine cry, as if some woman was suffering great pain.

"What am the matter?" asked Dubb.

"A drunken woman pitched into Judge Desborough," answered a by-stander; "the police tried to get her away, and she swore and showed fight. They clubbed her too hard, and I guess she is going to make a die of it."

"Judge Desborough!" exclaimed Mark. "Why, how singular! I always thought him afraid of women."

"Not if what this woman says is true," was the answer.

"Come on," said Mark to Dubb; "let's get farther into the crowd, and take a look at her."

They elbowed their way through, and finally succeeded in getting into the drug-store, where the unfortunate woman had been taken for medical aid.

When Dubb saw her, for the first time in his life he was startled.

She was in an awful condition; her whole face was changed and distorted, by sin and vice and moral degradation; yet she still wore upon that face at least a shadow of her once great beauty.

It was Mrs. Mark Stanley.

Dubb was no sooner startled than he was calm again.

"Can she git well?" he asked of the doctors.

The answer was, "No: she is dying."

"Let me talk with her a little, then," he said: "I used ter know her, eighteen years ago."

At the sound of Dubb's voice the dying woman looked up into his face, a little carelessly, at first, and then her eyes suddenly became bright and set.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I know your face—no, don't tell me; let me think. It's Dubb! It's John Dubb! the only friend I ever had!"

"Yes, Mary, it's me. I'm powerful sorry ter see you here, though."

"I'm not; it's the best thing that could happen to me, now. I want to die. Oh, John, I've led such an awful life since I last saw you! Many and many a time I've been sorry that the Indians didn't kill me that night when we first reached the mountains, just as they did all the other women."

And she put her hands over her face and wept. Dubb was afraid she would spend all her strength in weeping, and so he asked,—

"Don't ye want ter know 'bout yer baby?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly; "do tell me about her, before I'm gone.

Is she alive? And still with you? Oh, God bless you, John! She is seventeen now, isn't she? Oh, John, won't you marry her? You are so good and noble; and you would never let the horrible life come to her that has come to me. Do promise me,—do promise a dying woman, and a dying mother, that you will be husband to her daughter."

"I can't, Mary, 'cause she am goin' ter marry some one who am more her kind than I am. She am a lady, you see. I had 'er eddicated, an' she am as han'some as you ever was. I couldn't marry her, nohow, 'cause she thinks she am my daughter."

The grateful woman caught his hands and kissed them again and again.

"John," she said, finally, "you have made me so happy and peaceful that I believe you have saved my soul. Oh, it was grand of you, never to let my sweet babe know the miserable history of her parents. All my husband's crimes, all my sin and shame,—they are dead and blotted out as far as she is concerned. And always keep her so, John. Never let her know. I wish, though, that you were to marry her. You must be fond of her, she has grown up so under your very eyes. How *can* you let another man take her away?"

"It be hard, Mary; it be mighty hard; but it be for her good, an' so I can do it. You see, Mary, I love her a good deal."

The dying woman lay and looked up into his face, until, somehow, the sin and vice seemed to go out of hers. Some of her beauty, as if in pity for her last moments, had come back again.

"What do you call her, John?"

"Mary," he answered; and again she kissed his hands.

"John," she whispered, at length, "do you know if he—Mark—is dead?"

"No," he responded, sadly.

"I hope he is still alive, so that you can find him, some day, and tell him that his wife forgave him before she died. Oh, John, I love him, yet. He is an awful criminal, and his baseness drove me into forgetting everything, even my womanhood, when I found him out. I came straight here from Santa Fé, wild with agony and despair, hoping to find him and save him with my love. Never once did I get a sight or a trace of him. The man here, whom I trusted as a friend, hardened his heart against my helplessness and misery, and destroyed even my soul. After his treachery I kept sinking lower and lower, until to-night, in trying to kill this false friend, I came to this. Now, though, I forgive them all,—every one who has ever harmed me. You will try and find Mark, won't you, John? You will tell him I died loving him?"

"Yes, Mary; I'll tell him, if I ever sees him."

"And my baby; my daughter; a young woman, she is, now,—you will be very sure that she is married to a good man?"

"I'll do the best I can by her."

For several minutes she was silent. There was silence in the room. The crowd outside was also strangely quiet.

"John," she said, with a sudden start, as if she had been dozing and something had startled her, "can you say the Lord's prayer?"

"Yes, Mary." And unflinchingly, for all the crowd, Dubb knelt beside her and began the familiar petition. When he reached the part about the forgiveness of trespasses, her face brightened, and she clasped her hands together. But she did not hear the "Amen," unless she could hear it from across the Beyond.

When Dubb had left the dead woman, and was walking away, a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Hullo, Don Altanner," he said, looking around; "I had clean forgotten you. Now you know what I wanted ter tell yer."

"Yes; I've found it out now; I've found it out, too, more is the pity, in time to prevent my marrying my own daughter."

"What do you mean?" asked Dubb.

"Nothing, except that I am Mark Stanley."

XXII.

Dubb got back to Red Mountain three days before he was expected. He went straight to the office, where he found Tom Morris, alone. Tom was looking very downcast, but, for all his perturbation, he could not help seeing that Dubb seemed ten years older than he did a few days before, when he went away.

The two men shook hands, and then Tom, sitting down beside Dubb, said,—

"Old friend, I'm afraid you have made a mistake about Mary. She does not love the man she has promised to marry, but gave the promise because she thought it would please you. And now it is breaking her heart."

"Poor child! poor baby!" said Dubb; "ef she'd on'y told me she didn't want him, her heart 'ould 'a' been onbothered. But she ain't goin' ter marry Don Altanner, 'cause they ain't no Don Altanner, an' the man what called himself so am goin' ter Chiny, fur his health."

Droopy came in just then, and stood aghast at what Dubb had just said.

"Don Altanner," continued Dubb, "was nobody more nor less nor Mark Stanley."

"Good God!" exclaimed Tom Morris.

Droopy turned pale, despite the thickness of the tan and hair on his face.

"An' Judge Desborough have skipped the country, too," added Dubb; "it am he what did so much harm to Mark's wife,—what them air letters, yender, in the draw, telled us about. They am goin' ter be quite a muss about it, in the courts, an' so we've got ter git Mary outen this, in the East, where she don't git hold o' none o' this stuff. I reckon Tom an' me'd better go with her. You can stay here, Droopy, an' run the mine. I'll give ye half ye can make."

"It am a big offer," said Droopy, "but I can't 'cept it, 'cause I've got ter git outen these 'ere diggin's, too."

"What! am you goin' away?" said Dubb, showing a little surprise.

"Yes," answered Droopy, somewhat sheepishly: "I'm goin' ter git married; I'm goin' ter marry Millercent. We talked it over, but she

wouldn't agree, 'nless I'd tote her back to New York. Well, I wouldn't, an' she wouldn't; an' so we jest sot an' spit at each other, like two tom-cats on a back fence. An' finally, says I, 'Call it Shercargo, an' split the difference, an' it's a go;' and says she, 'It's a whack.' An' that settles it. But Mary can go with us: we am goin' as soon as yer can git a new super."

"Mary might have some plan of her own to suggest about going East," faltered Tom.

"I reckon she have," seconded Droopy, with exceeding warmth and a very knowing grin.

"I don't quite understan'," said Dubb, looking first at Droopy and then at Tom.

"Here she am: let her speak for herself," said Droopy, grinning more than ever.

There was a swift patter of little feet, and then Mary flung herself into Dubb's arms. For one moment the recollection of her mother's words brought up the feeling in Dubb which had, he thought, been crushed out of him completely by his earnest solicitude for Mary; and now, and for the last time, he wanted to hold her fast forever, and call her wife.

"Oh, papa, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, kissing him again and again.

"An' papa am glad ter see his little daughter, too," he responded. The other dream was dead, now, and he was all father again. "Don't you want to go East?" he added. "Droopy, an' Tom, an' Tom's gal, an' I am goin'."

"Can't—can't Walter go, too?" she whispered, blushing crimson, and burying her face in his rough coat.

"Sartin," he answered; and it was the first time she had ever seen him smile.

THE END.

HOW AN ENGLISH GIRL SOUGHT TO MAKE A LIVING.

THERE are in England absolutely but two occupations open to the gentlewoman who *must* work and who is neither artistic, musical, nor literary, but merely a poor but well-educated lady. She must be a companion or a governess. This is what her people expect of her if she must work.

If she elects to be a companion, she ties herself to the most trying duties. Few people want a companion unless they are old, or are losing their faculties, or else are lonely: very few happy persons want companions.

The young lady, then, ties herself down to cheering some doleful house, or becoming the slave of some person's caprice, and sacrifices youth, health, and spirits—for what? For the immense sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a year! Fifty pounds and her board. Not quite as much as we pay a general servant.

What a sacrifice to the Moloch of gentility!

If one does not want to be a companion, she can be a governess; and if she is a graduate of the College of Preceptors, and has diplomas for every known language, and can teach as much as the Encyclopædia Britannica, she can earn one hundred pounds, or five hundred dollars, a year, and her board,—and is passing rich. If, on the other hand, she is merely a fairly-educated girl, and tries to teach because she does not know what else to do, she can earn as little as twenty pounds, or one hundred dollars, a year, and as much as forty pounds, or two hundred dollars.

These badly-paid occupations are the only two open to gentlewomen in England; and woe betide the girl who steps outside them! she ostracizes herself as completely as if she voluntarily herded with lepers.

Under all circumstances a woman is terribly harassed by conventionalities and proprieties; but it is almost impossible to imagine the obstacles and difficulties that are thrown across the path of an English girl. "Men must work, and women must weep," wrote Kingsley, with that sublime impracticability that characterizes most men; and his sentiments seem to be but the echo of those of his countrymen. Englishmen don't want their women to work: they would like to keep them in a state of mediæval submission, with no soul above a tambour-frame, and have them fritter away their lives over some hideous piece of tapestry that might adorn their lord's castle when finished, and therefore they refuse to recognize the fact that there are nearly as many women workers as men nowadays, and determine that if a woman will be so annoying as to disgrace her family by working she shall find the path of her wrong-doing a thorny one.

It is absolutely impossible for an ordinarily-endowed woman to make money in England. She can earn enough to live on, but never

enough to lay by for a rainy day, and she has to look forward to an old age supported by charity, or (if very lucky in her youth) to being able to purchase a small annuity to save her from want. That is the goal she reaches after a long life of arduous work. That is the prize she strives for when, in the first freshness of youth, she starts out to work.

People say, "How can a well-brought-up woman so far forget herself as to go on the stage?"

I do not propose here to defend the stage,—though it has been so good a friend to me,—but I will endeavor to prove by a logical sequence of events that for a woman who has to earn her own living, and has any talent for it, it is the only profession that offers anything like adequate remuneration.

No other profession is so well paid. Even in the lowest ranks of stage-work the pay is sufficient to live on comfortably and allow a margin for dress and saving. A chorus-singer will earn fifteen dollars a week, where a governess will earn barely four dollars, and a shop-girl six to eight dollars.

In England a gentlewoman would rather die than go in a store. It is not genteel! She cannot be a telegraph clerk, for the same reason. The only genteel things she can do are to teach or be a companion; and a woman who has no taste for either of these delectable occupations turns to the stage as to a mother, and finds there the ready employment she can get nowhere else.

On the stage she has the hope of getting on and making a fortune, and, above all, she finds herself among people who are willing to receive her with open arms if she is pleasant. Here are no restrictions of purse or caste. All are her brothers and sisters, and it lies with her and *her alone* whether her new family shall respect and look up to her, or pass her down sadly to those poor silly ones who have missed the nobility of their aim and sacrificed all for a short life of foolish merriment.

No wonder that poor girls of the better classes go on the stage, when they see how much is to be done there, and then regard dispassionately the few other modes of earning a livelihood.

My own experience might be of interest to girls situated as I was. It is not an extraordinary one. There are thousands of young ladies in England at this moment going through exactly the same fight with poverty and prejudice.

At the age of seventeen, equipped with a smattering of languages, a fund of general information, and as meagre an education for teaching-purposes as can well be imagined, I set forth to help support an invalid mother and do my best to earn my own living. I obtained an engagement at a school about two miles from my home, which was situated in a small country town. I had fourteen pupils, of all ages from six to fifteen, and had to teach them for three hours every afternoon; I had to walk back and forth in all weathers, received one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, and was esteemed very lucky. A few months later I was offered another engagement, two miles farther on, for four hours every morning, salary two hundred dollars. I accepted with delight. It would just fit in with my other work; and so every

day I taught seven hours, walked eight miles, and at the year's end had received three hundred and twenty-five dollars for it.

I was, unhappily for myself, a girl with a soul above such mechanical life, and when two years had gone by without varying the monotony I began to long for some change.

Love or marriage never occurred to me. English society girls are brought up to make a good market, but the poor young gentlewoman is labelled Ineligible wherever she goes, and if she happens to have beauty is systematically shunned by mammas with sons. In England, too, there is not that freedom of intercourse between young men and girls which we find over here. No self-respecting girl would walk out alone with a young man, nor would she condescend to know a man whose family did not recognize her: therefore the managing mamma has it all her own way, and the poor young Ineligible becomes perfectly resigned to her fate and turns her thoughts to the problem of life.

So I never dreamt of a Cophetua who was going to make all straight: I simply became thoroughly dissatisfied with my position and longed to change it.

In my long lonely walks I had made a discovery. I had a voice! I used to sing aloud as I walked through the fields, and my heart throbbed with joy as gradually the future cleared itself, and I saw myself a great singer, no longer struggling and poor, but with wealth and position, and with thousands clamoring for a smile from her who was now only snubbed and overlooked.

I spoke of my ambition at home. The consternation that ensued is indescribable. Shoals of aunts and uncles descended upon me, wanting to know if I wished to disgrace the family,—if I was not contented with my present good luck.

Then I lost my mother. After her death there was nothing to tie me to any kind of work, and in a short time I had decided to study singing, and found myself in London, that heaven of all aspiring minds.

Living now became a serious matter. All the relatives who had never assisted me told me I need not look to them for anything further. There was no home now to give me shelter: everything I had must be provided by myself.

An elder sister came with me, and together we took apartments in a quiet square in Paddington, because the neighborhood was handy and cheap. We had a sitting-room and bedroom on the top floor, for which we paid ten shillings, or two dollars and fifty cents, a week. Our food cost us, on an average, fourteen shillings, or three dollars and fifty cents, a week, and was provided by us and cooked and sent up by the landlady. Six dollars a week we found would keep us, but would not pay for our laundry, our clothes, or our 'bus-fare. We had barely a five-pound note between us, for the funeral expenses had swallowed up everything. What was to be done? and how were the singing-lessons to be paid for?

A way presented itself. My sister was a wonderful needle-woman, and a large lace-house on Regent Street needed some one to make the dainty fichus and neckwear which were always labelled "confections"

from Paris. My sister applied, and secured the work. One house sent her to another, and soon we girls had as much work as our busy fingers could do; and the lessons were obtained and the board-question at rest.

With what difficulty did I seize the moments of study! I have passed the morning making the whole street echo with my scales, and then from mid-day have sat stitching away with my Italian book before me, or working the sewing-machine in time to the solfeggio. Then late on into the night a light might have been seen streaming from our window, and the hum-hum of the machine have been heard, telling its own tale of making up the time taken for study.

We were busy and lonely, for we had wilfully flown in the face of decency and decorum, and no one called on us or recognized us: our fight had to be made alone.

Time went on. I had a voice: my master decided it. I sang a little before people, and always with success. I was invited to sing at several out-of-town concerts, and began to feel that the hour of my triumph was at hand.

Then came the stumbling-block. I spoke to my master of my hopes and aspirations, and was met with the question,—

"What influence have you?"

"Absolutely none."

"Then it would be as well to give up singing in public as a profession, and become a teacher."

To this I would not consent, but, after much thought, wrote to two friends who could assist me, and asked them to endeavor to obtain patronage for me.

To a young singer in London patronage is as necessary as learning the scales. There are but two ways of getting within the charmed circle. The singer must pay a large price to some person who will become her manager, or she must get the patronage of a great lady who will make her her *protégée*, and push her forward at her own and her friends' parties and concerts.

It was this latter method I determined to adopt. My letters elicited replies: one brought an introduction to a lady of title and influence, the other to a lady who was the acknowledged leader of a musical set. I was overjoyed, presented my letters, and soon came the first nervous evening when I was invited to a *soirée* and had to sing before Mesdames Trebelli and Marie Roze, and Frederic Cowen.

After this I found myself constantly invited to Lady This's Drum or Mrs. So-and-So's At Home. In all instances it was an understood thing that I was invited to sing. Sometimes I received two guineas, or ten dollars, for "cab-fare;" sometimes I was merely thanked; but I was always expected to sing a certain number of songs and then go home.

I began to find it rather expensive work, my dresses cost so much. I lost much time from the actual bread-and-butter work, and nothing tangible apparently resulted.

One day I ventured to speak to my patroness, and mentioned exactly how I was situated. She kindly consulted several friends about

me, and a short time afterwards I was summoned to sing to a rich gentleman whom my patroness had invited for my benefit.

The gentleman appeared pleased with my voice, and offered to send me to Italy to study for the Opera for three years. He would send me to Lamperti, and pay for lessons and board for one year: the second and third he expected me to earn enough to pay for my board by becoming one of Lamperti's governesses, but he would continue to pay for my lessons, and when I made my *début* I could repay him.

The offer was magnificent, but could not be accepted without serious thought. I did what I had determined never to do: I held a family council.

An English girl might just as well go drown herself as summon her relatives to get their advice or council on her doing anything that would bring her before the public.

With one voice I was condemned. Had I not already done enough to disgrace them, without wanting to be an opera-singer? Was not my poor sister slaving night and day to support me in my outrageous conduct? Why could I not lead a lady-like life, and be a respected and respectable governess? But that I had rendered impossible by my misguided course; no one would take a person who had been singing in public; I had better make up my mind to become a music-teacher. One and all distinctly forbade my accepting the offer, and, impeaching the motives of all parties concerned, desired me to give up my visits to my patroness.

It was a blow to me, but I been so long facing the practical side of life, and this all seemed so unreal, that I obeyed, and refused the offer.

None followed. My patroness, annoyed at my ingratitude, dropped me. I was as it were stranded,—but not discouraged.

I went to my master, told him of the offer and my refusal, and asked if he could not tell me of some one who would bring me out. He told me he knew of a dozen, if I had the money to go to them. I asked if I could not go without paying,—if they might not think my voice good enough to speculate on.

He laughed. My voice, he said, was good, but nothing extraordinary, and, even if it were, no one would speculate on it at my age. I might lose it by over-training, or I might marry. If I had no patronage I had better teach.

I suppose I was never more disheartened in my life. I continued to study, but not in the same whole-hearted manner. I absolutely did not know what to do.

Then came another depression: the fashion changed; lace ruffles went out, and with them our employment. We got fresh work, but badly paid and so little of it that there was not enough for both to do. Still, I could not make up my mind to be a governess, which seemed the only thing really open to me.

I had so much time on my hands that I felt I must do something. I had always had a literary turn, and during off-hours in our country home had written many short stories for country papers. I thought I would try and write. Here was another occupation with a fortune at the end of it.

I had quite a little success. I got stories in the *London Journal.* Then I had a great stroke of luck: I wrote some articles that were accepted by one of the best papers and made some slight stir. I thought my future was safe, and, though my poor sister and I had a hard struggle to make ends meet, we were hopeful.

Then I brought out a book; and again, just as I seemed to be getting on, came a dead-lock in my affairs.

My articles and stories were no longer suitable, and I could get nothing accepted. This time there was no money to be paid to any one to advance me: it was simply a question of lasting out; and we could not last.

My sister married, and I kept up the struggle alone. Every week I paid out a little more of my capital, but nothing came in. I grew so desperate that I almost decided to give in and be a governess; but I had too much strength of mind, thank God! I felt, however, that the anxiety was wearing on me, and that I must find employment that would bring me a regular salary.

With much tremor and uncertainty, I bethought me of the stage. If my voice with further cultivation would have been fit for grand opera, was it not now suitable for comic opera?

I decided that it was, and made up my mind to try.

I went to a manager and sang for him; and never have I felt so humiliated as during that interview.

I was shown into an office furnished like a woman's boudoir, and kept waiting nearly an hour: then in came a little man with a red beard, who demanded, brusquely,—

"What do you want?"

I meekly explained.

"Any experience?"

"None."

"What's your voice?"

"Alto."

"Stand up, please. H'm! you're big enough. Maybe you'll do." He rang a bell. A boy appeared. "Ask Mr. Frank to step here."

A fair, handsome man entered.

"Frank, play something for Miss—— what's your name?—to sing."

"Frank" played, and I sang. Half through the song the red-bearded man interrupted me with—

"There; that will do. What salary do you want?"

I had no idea, and said so.

He rang the bell once more. "Send Edwards in."

Edwards appeared.

"Edwards, take down this lady's name, address, and voice.—Good-day, Miss—— If I want you I'll write to you."

It was done in a flash of lightning, and I went home without the slightest hope of hearing any more from him.

Some days after, to my surprise, I received a laconic summons to the office.

I again waited an hour. Then in flashed the manager.

"Would you like to go to America?" he asked.

"I would not care to; but I want an engagement."

"This is the only thing open. Want to go?"

"Yes."

"Then be at the théatre to-morrow at ten. Bring some music."

At ten I arrived, and found myself one of about fifty applicants. I sat and listened to numbers of voices being tried,—when again the manager appeared suddenly from nowhere in particular.

"Holtzmeyer here?"

I came forward.

"Sing, please," he ejaculated, and disappeared behind the linen covering of the boxes. In the middle of a cadenza he emerged.

"That'll do. Come to my office. I'll engage you if you want to go."

Almost before I knew where I was, I had signed a contract to come to America to play small parts and understudy the contralto.

The manager appeared most interested, and said that, as I was a stranger, he would see that his agent found me a good boarding-place and paid all expenses for me.

"Now," said he, "about salary. All you want is pocket-money. Will a pound a week buy your boots and gloves?"

I laughed: I had never had so much to spend on them.

"All right," said he; and the contract was signed.

Oh, what a storm raged when I broke it to my people! I was disowned by more relatives than I ever knew I had. One aunt requested me never to expect her daughters to notice me again, and desired me not so much as to bow to them if I met them. I offered to break my contract it the family would undertake to give me my expenses and a pound a week pocket-money, but this no one desired to do, and the remark was considered ribald. So, amid general condemnation, I sailed, and landed in America that pernicious thing an actress.

I had been in the country but a very short while when I learned that my salary, even for a beginner, was a very small one, and fortuitous circumstances arose which in a very few weeks enabled me to give up my engagement and take another that brought me in thirty-five dollars a week. From that moment my salary steadily increased, and I learned from bitter experience that the stage only offered a woman entirely dependent on herself the means to earn a comfortable living.

Is it not a hard thing that the only profitable channel open to women should be closed by the superstitious prejudice of the world?

The women of to-day must work. It is only right that they should choose the employment for which they are best adapted. How much wiser and kinder to let the worker ennoble the work, and allow the poor struggling girl all the social privileges that are the right of her happier and wealthier sister, than to force her to accept harassing and underpaid work at the risk of social degradation and ostracism!

Genie Holtzmeyer.

A SUPPRESSED STATESMAN OF OUR EARLY REPUBLIC.

IN the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society there is a portrait so blurred that the face is repulsive. It is the alleged portrait of a man described by his contemporary, William Wirt, as of "a figure large and portly; his features uncommonly fine; his dark eyes and his whole countenance lighted up with an expression of the most conciliatory sensibility; his attitudes dignified and commanding; his gesture graceful and easy; his voice perfect harmony; and his whole manner that of an accomplished and engaging gentleman." The portrait at Richmond, repudiated when painted, suffered all manner of ill usage; and its fate resembles that of the man for whom its dauber meant it,—Edmund Randolph. Painted by partisanship as he was not, his name has been marred by every prejudice, and his fame left to his country in conventionalized disfigurement. The Centenary of our Constitution has already brought a gallery of fresh historical portraits of its leading framers, but one panel, like that of Falieri at Venice, is vacant; there is no portraiture of the statesman to whom the initiation and ratification of the Constitution were especially due, except a blackened effigy hung up by enemies in a moment of partisan passion. This traditional effigy of Edmund Randolph I have examined by the light of facts and documents to which historians appear to have had no access, with growing conviction that the nation knows little of a very interesting figure of its early history.

The Randolph family, before its appearance in Virginia, had gained distinction through Thomas Randolph the poet (1605–34), the friend of Ben Jonson and his circle.

> Such was his genius, like the eye's quick wink,
> He could write sooner than another think;
> His play was fancy's flame, a lightning wit,
> So shot that it could sooner pierce than hit.

A nephew of the brilliant Oxonian thus described by Feltham emigrated from Warwickshire and settled on Turkey Island in the James River, Virginia, with Mary Isham his wife. From these came branches so numerous that they were distinguished by their places of residence, and among their descendants were Chief-Justice Marshall, Jefferson, Lightfoot Lee, John Randolph of Roanoke, and Stith the historian. Sir John Randolph, King's Attorney in Virginia a hundred and fifty years ago, was presently succeeded in that office by his son John, father of Edmund. Edmund was born August 10, 1753, at Williamsburg,—the old capital. Never did fairer prospect open before youth than that which welcomed this heir of a wealthy and famous house when, at the age of eighteen, his career at William and Mary,—then second to no American college,—culminated in an oration commemorative of its Founders, which the faculty published (1771) in

pamphlet form. Randolph had already a keen appetite for literature and metaphysics, and the hereditary passion for the law. After study in his father's office, he entered, at his majority, on a promising practice.

Soon this fair sky was overcast. The Revolution breaking out, young Randolph espoused its cause with ardor. When Washington became commander-in-chief he took the youth (August 15, 1775) to be an aide. He was recommended to Washington by Benjamin Harrison as "one of the cleverest young men in America" and "in high repute in Virginia." Thus father and son parted forever,—one to retire with Lord Dunmore to England, the other to serve at the siege of Boston. His uncle, Peyton Randolph, President of the Continental Congress, at his death, October 22, 1775, left his estate to Edmund. In January, 1776, Randolph was appointed one of the judges to sit on questions relating to "Tories" and their property. In July he was chosen Attorney-General of Virginia. On August 29 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Carter Nicholas, State Treasurer. In the same year he was Mayor of Williamsburg, and also represented that city in the famous "Convention of '76," which anticipated the Declaration of Independence and framed the first republican Constitution. These honors were heaped unsought on the youth of twenty-three. When, twelve years later, he was urging on his State ratification of the Constitution, he described himself as a "child of the Revolution." To that, indeed, his father had left him, and his shoulders broadened under the burden of its responsibilities. The estate inherited from his uncle was barely able to support its negroes, who, as Randolph refused to part families by selling any, made his bequest barren of income. But, as Hugh Blair Grigsby says, "his success at the bar was extraordinary. Clients filled his office, and beset him on the way from the office to the court-house, with their papers in one hand and guineas in the other." The "beautiful speaker," as Wirt called him, had also a beautiful home, and a wife whom he loved. "She explored and studied my temper," he says (MS.), "and anticipated the means of gratifying even my caprices. Innumerable were the instances in which I have returned home dissatisfied with some of the scenes of the day abroad, and found an asylum in her readiness to partake of my difficulties and make them her own, or to divert by despising them." Visiting lately his old mansion at Williamsburg, Tazewell Hall,—now owned by a Northern family of Hamiltons,—I recalled the sighs for its domestic charms audible in his correspondence while filling exalted stations. His home was broken up by his election to the Congress at Philadelphia, where he served 1779–1782.

Randolph returned to Virginia to serve again as State Attorney. He had brought from Philadelphia new eyes for "the laxness and inefficacy of government" under the Confederation. His Virginian pride had been replaced by a national sentiment. The prospects of the great West engage his attention. In 1783 he is dreaming of a better government, and on March 7 submits to Madison his definition of a Constitution,—"a compact in which the people themselves are the sole parties and which they alone can abrogate, delineating the degree to which they have parted with legislative, executive, and judiciary

power, as well as prescribing how far each of the simple forms of government is to be pursued in acts of legislation." (MS.) The Virginia House of Delegates (January 21, 1786) appointed him at the head of a commission of eight to meet those from other States at Annapolis, for the purpose of securing uniformity of commercial regulations in the country. There he united with Hamilton in preparing the memorial which summoned the States to the Convention which framed the Constitution. In the same year he was elected Governor of Virginia by a large majority, over Richard Henry Lee.

At every stage in the development of our nationality the influence of Randolph was paramount. The student of our constitutional history, looking back through the vista of a century, sees in the chain of causes that led to our Union two links especially salient: one was the Annapolis Convention, which convinced men representing divergent views and interests that they could unite for mutual aid; the other was the consent of Washington to attend the Philadelphia Convention, securing for its work the sanction of his powerful name. Both of these were primarily due to Randolph. Two months before the Convention met, Washington was firm in his refusal to attend,—because of a previous refusal to meet with the "Cincinnati" at Philadelphia in the same month,—but yielded to the Governor's entreaties. Next to the name of Washington, in the Virginia delegation, stands that of Randolph. His republicanism, however, was of a type for which the world was hardly ripe. Randolph desired a government much like that which the present English House of Commons would be without a monarch or an hereditary house. The legislature elected by the people of the several States was to be—under the Constitution, as interpreted by the Judiciary—creator of all other powers. It was to elect, from men nominated by the State legislatures, their number proportioned to population, a body more permanent than itself, and composed of older men. The same popular House was to elect judges for life or good behavior; also an Executive Commission of several persons, who, in conjunction with the Judiciary, should form a council of revision on laws, with power to veto them unless passed by an increased majority. Randolph's Republic was thus a democracy subjected to successive filtrations. From the ignorant or passionate populace to their executive hand, the need of the nation was to pass through refining criticisms; that executive was not to be a Head, but a Hand, with its own official fingers, obedient to the legislative brain controlled by the judicial independence. Despite the pleadings of Randolph and prayers of Franklin, the Convention accepted the frame which the Virginians had submitted through their Governor and leader, only to establish within it a system which the small philosophical wing regarded as anti-republican. Randolph's brilliant career in the Convention, could it have been observed by the outside world, would have filled the country with enthusiasm. Some of his sentences became proverbs in the Convention. "Presidency is the fœtus of Monarchy." "An Executive should be independent, therefore it should consist of more than one man." "We have made a bold stroke for monarchy; now we are doing the same for aristocracy." The latter was said on the proposal

that the Executive, if no choice were reached by the State electors, should be chosen by the Senate. The bicameral system had been accepted by Randolph in the belief that a second chamber would check "precipitate" legislation. It did not occur to him that on this feature the smaller States would fix their demand for inequality of representation. In Randolph's Republic, as in Franklin's, a Second Chamber was an anomaly,—at best a fifth wheel to his coach, which required only the State Legislature, the National Legislature, the Judiciary, and the Executive. The Vice-Presidency he viewed with an apprehension which must have arisen in thoughtful minds at various periods of our later history. He pleaded against the President's power to pardon the crimes in which he would be most likely to participate. He opposed executive re-eligibility until after the office was lodged in an individual hand; then he thought that a President debarred from legal re-election might be tempted to continue his power by *coup d'état.* In all these matters Randolph exhibited a philosophic insight which won the admiration of Franklin, who generally voted with him. Indeed, the clearness and force of Randolph's argument several times won the Convention to his side; but after such favorable votes the smaller States, or the semi-monarchical party, managed to work on committees outside and secured reversal of these victories.

Of the fifty-five members who sat in the Convention the names of but thirty-nine were attached to the Constitution. Of the other sixteen three only remained to the end, and among these was Randolph. He had long before intimated to the Convention that he would not be able to sign the Constitution in the shape it was assuming, but he knew that it would, in substance, become the basis of the government. Though Randolph was then only thirty-four years of age, he had for eleven years been actively connected with the administrative affairs of the chief State in the Confederation, and was then its Governor. This enabled him to assist the Convention materially in all the details connected with judicial procedure, finance, and inter-State relations. It is now melancholy to reflect that the Convention passed so lightly over Randolph's efforts to make the relative State and Federal powers definite and unmistakable. The clause he would have added in ink has since been written in blood. By remaining in the Convention Randolph was able to secure modifications now generally approved, and he gained a prestige which enabled him to urge subsequent amendments. He agreed to sign if the Convention would add a provision for a second Convention after the sense of the country had been taken on the Constitution. This motion was seconded by Franklin, but failed; and Randolph, though appealed to by his venerable friend, who uttered an encomium on his services and ability, refused to sign. He said, however, that he did not mean by this refusal to decide that he should oppose ratification of the Constitution by his State. He meant only to keep himself free to be governed by his duty, as it should be prescribed by his future judgment.

Randolph's criticisms of the Constitution partly anticipated those of Mill, Bagehot, Karl Blind, Louis Blanc, and other republican authors of Europe. Indeed, a number of works have recently ap-

peared in our own country, in advocacy of organic reforms, whose writers seem unconscious that they are repeating points made by Randolph a hundred years ago. But, while Randolph's genius was philosophical, his public responsibilities made him practical. There was nothing of the "irreconcilable" about him. His unpublished letters to Madison (for which I am indebted to Mr. McGuire, of Washington) cast interesting light upon the further course of this leader of the recusants, on whom, more than any other, depended the immediate fate of the new Constitution. The Convention of 1787 adjourned finally on September 17. Randolph started with his wife on their Southern journey. From "Bowling Green (Va.), September 30," he writes to Madison, "Baltimore resounds with friendship for the new Constitution, and Mr. Chase's election depends, as it is said, upon his opinion concerning it. He waited on me with an expectation, I suspect, of learning something to foster his opposition. I was prepared, because I had heard of his harangue to the people of Wells Point the night before I saw him. It was represented to me that, after he had finished his speech, Col. Wm. [?] Smith and Mr. Zebulon Hollingsworth asked him whether he espoused the Constitution or not. He replied to this effect: 'Here, gentlemen, is a form of government' (pulling out the Maryland Act) 'under which we have lived happily for more than ten years. Shall we make a new experiment precipitately? Are we to pay taxes indefinitely, have our militia led from one end of the country to the other, and be dragooned by a standing army if we fail in the smallest article of duty? But—I have not made up my mind.' However, in the discourse between us, although he discovered a tendency to reject the Constitution unless amended, he declared he would labor to establish a federal government.—In Bladensburg the Constitution is approved. In Alexandria the inhabitants are enthusiastic, and instructions to force my dissenting colleague to assent to a convention are on the anvil. I wrote to him yesterday suggesting to him this expedient: to urge the calling of a convention as the first act of the Assembly: if they should wish amendments let them be stated and forwarded to the States. Before the meeting of the convention an answer may be obtained. If the proposed amendments be rejected, let the Constitution immediately operate: if approved by nine States, let the assent of our convention be given under the exceptions of the points amended. This will, I believe, blunt the opposition, which will be formidable, if they must take altogether or reject. The re-eligibility of the President and Senate has excited Mr. James Mercer's resentment, and he positively objects to the Constitution without amendments. I learn nothing of Mr. Henry, nor of Mr. Pendleton, except that he is almost perfectly recovered."

From Richmond (October 23, 1787) he writes to Madison, "The first raptures in favor of the Constitution were excessive. Every town resounded with applause. The conjectures of my reasons for refusing to sign were extraordinary, and so far malicious as to suppose that I was chagrined at not carrying every point in my own way, or that I sought for popularity. These were the effluvia until the Assembly met. A diversity of opinion appeared immediately on the convening

of that body, which gave an evidence of the good fruit from one of the revised laws, by being punctual to the day. Among the heroes of the opposition were Mr. Henry, Mr. William Cabell, Col. Bland, and Mr. Franck Strother. A great ferment was kept up until Thursday last, when, contrary to my expectations, the debate for calling the convention was conducted with temper, and a vote passed unanimously for that purpose, *to discuss and deliberate on the Constitution.* This is a happy and politick resolution; for I am thoroughly persuaded that if it had been propounded by the Legislature to the people as *we* propounded it the Constitution would have been rejected and the spirit of the Union extinguished. At present the final event seems uncertain. There are many warm friends for taking the Constitution altogether, without the alteration of a letter; among these are Col. Nicholas and Mr. F. Corbin. But I suspect that the tide is turning. New objections are daily started, and the opinions of Mr. Henry gain ground. He and I have had several animated discourses, but he recedes so far from me that we must diverge after a progress of half a degree further. An incidental question is allotted for to-morrow, by which it will be known how the party positively against the Constitution stands as to number. A motion was postponed until that day for repealing the laws against the recovery of British debts. Much of the repugnance to this motion will be founded on the danger of every defendant being hurried sooner or later to the seat of the federal government. This is the most vulnerable and odious part of the Constitution. I shall therefore conclude, if the acts be repealed, that the majority of the Legislature may be said to have overcome the most exceptionable points.—As to the recusants, we have been spoken of illiberally at least. Mr. Mason has declared in Assembly that, although he is for amendments, he will not quit the Union even if they should not be made. I have thought proper to postpone any explanation of myself, except in private, until everything is determined which may relate to the Constitution. I have prepared a letter, and shall send you a copy in a few days. I see the Pennsylvania papers abounding with eulogiums on some and execrations on others, whose opinions they know not substantially.—Mr. Pendleton, who is here, has expressed himself to this effect,—that this Constitution is very full of radical faults, and that he would adopt it with a protest as to its imperfections, in order that they may be corrected at a future day. The bar are generally against it; so are the judges of the General Court. So is Wiley Jones, of North Carolina. In short, I am persuaded that there must be strong exertions made to carry it through, and my letter will not be the least conducive among the other supports to its adoption in the end.—Why would you not give me your opinion as to the scheme I proposed in my letter from the Bowling-green? I am now convinced of the imperfections of the idea, but I wish to open to you without reserve the innermost thoughts of my soul, and was desirous of hearing something from you on this head.—Col. Mason has said nothing good, and you may rest yourself in safety in my hands, for I will certainly repel the smallest insinuation. You were elected by 126 out of 140; for the second year by 137 out of 140; so that, you see, circumcision and uncircumcision

avail nothing. I sent your appointment on the other day.—The people of this town are still in rage for the Constitution, and Harrison among the most strenuous. I have inquired about reports concerning myself, and if popularity had been my object, as some suppose, I should have overshot my mark.—Pardon this medley written in a crowd, and be assured of my most affectionate friendship."

During the winter antagonism to the Constitution consolidated itself; it became increasingly plain that the decision would mainly rest with Virginia. Governor Randolph's adhesion was coupled with a demand for a second National Convention, which gave Madison and Washington uneasiness. Madison urged on Randolph the indications that among those who desired amendments there was no concord as to what they should be. This opinion was confirmed by the result of the Massachusetts Convention. Mr. Gerry, of that State, stood with Randolph in refusing to sign the Constitution, but the amendments which he and Hancock had appended to the ratification of Massachusetts filled the Virginia Governor with disgust. Some of the amendments, he writes, are destructive of the essential idea of a national government, allowing it none but express powers, some are aimed at the Southern States, "others milk and water." The great questions which concerned Randolph were not alluded to. He began to perceive that few shared his philosophical interest in pure republicanism. His hopes from a second Convention had received a shock. He is still anxious on several points, however. "Does not the exception as to a religious test imply that the Congress, by the general words, had power over religion?" This question he puts to Madison, February 29, just after his nomination to the Virginia Convention; concerning which he adds, "nothing but a small degree of favour acquired by me independently of the Constitution could send me, my politicks not being sufficiently strenuous against the Constitution. Marshall is in danger." Patrick Henry writes to him announcing his "determination to oppose the Constitution even if only ½ a State should oppose."

The struggle in the Virginia Convention—which occupied nearly the whole of June, 1788—was mainly a combat between Patrick Henry and Governor Randolph. In argumentative power they were nearly matched; but Randolph was handicapped by his record in the National Convention, of which Mason was present to supply particulars. Henry was able to hurl at his antagonist arrows forged and feathered by himself. The Governor had no shield save the peril of disunion. In the Union, he urged, amendments could be obtained; out of it, none. Among the striking passages in the debate was one in which Randolph replied to the suggestion that under the Constitution slavery might be abolished. It had been on Randolph's motion that the word "servitude" was struck out of the Constitution at Philadelphia; and he now said, "I hope there is none here who, considering the subject in the calm light of philosophy, will advance an objection dishonorable to Virginia,—that, at the moment they are securing the rights of their citizens, there is a spark of hope that those unfortunate men now held in bondage may, by the operation of the general government, be made free." At the outset Governor Randolph announced that the accession

of eight States—nine being required—had reduced the question before them to one of Union or no Union; and, raising his arm, he cried, "I will assent to the lopping off of this limb before I assent to the dissolution of the Union." At the close of the Convention he said, "Mr. Chairman, one parting word I humbly supplicate. The suffrage which I shall give in favor of the Constitution will be ascribed by malice to motives unknown to my breast. Although for every other act of my life I shall seek refuge in the mercy of God, for this I request only his justice. If, however, some future annalist should, in the spirit of party vengeance, deign to mention my name, let him recite these truths: that I went to the Federal Convention with the strongest affection for the Union; that I acted there in full conformity with this affection; that I refused to subscribe because I had, and still have, objections to the Constitution, and wished a free inquiry into its merits; and that the accession of eight States reduced our deliberations to the single question of Union or no Union."

This was said on June 25. Had there been a telegraph it would have informed the Convention that four days before New Hampshire had supplied the ninth State, and the majority of ten by which Virginia ratified would have been on the other side. Four States, representing more than a third of the population of the country, might have been left out of the new compact; this being the situation desired by Jefferson, as quoted in the Convention. That Virginia was carried even by a small majority was unquestionably due to the eloquence and influence of its Governor.

Randolph still desired a second Convention. Under date of August 13 he writes to Madison, "Gov. Clinton's letter to me for the calling of a Convention is this day published by my order. It will give contentment to many who are now dissatisfied." "I do indeed fear that the Constitution may be enervated if some of the States should prevail in all their amendments; but if such be the will of America, who can withstand it?" To Madison's misgivings he answers (September 3), "Is there no danger that, if the respect which the large minorities at present command should be effaced by delay, the spirit of amendment will hereafter be treated as heretical? I confess to you without reserve that I feel great distrust of some of those who will certainly be influential agents in the government, and whom I suspect to be capable of making a wicked use of its defects. Do not charge me with undue suspicion; but indeed the management in some stages of the Convention created a disgustful apprehension of the views of some particular characters. I reverence Hamilton because he was honest and open in his views."

Governor Randolph was at this time preparing for the anxious work of inaugurating the new government in his State. The defeated malcontents were very angry. "An hundred and seven members are assembled," he writes (October 23), "among whom is the leader of the opposition. I have not seen him, but I am told that he appears to be involved in gloomy mystery. Something is surely meditated against the new Constitution more animated, forcible, and violent than a simple application for calling a Convention. Whether the thing projected

will issue forth in language only, or the substance of an act, I cannot divine. But I believe I may safely say that the elections will be provided for, and that no obstruction will arise to the government, or rather will be attempted,—so far as a preparation for organizing it goes." By skilful engineering, all dangers were escaped, and Randolph presently vacated the gubernatorial chair in a hopeful state of mind. "There is a general calm in politicks," he writes, March 27, 1789. "The discontented themselves seem willing to wait with temper until Congress shall open their views. It gave me much pleasure to read your letter to Col. T. M. Randolph, as it shows a consciousness of amendments being necessary, and a disposition to procure them. Although I am convinced that nothing will soften the rancour of some men, I believe that a moderate and conciliatory conduct [on the part of] our federal rulers will detach from their virulence those who have been opposed from principle. A very injudicious and ill-written publication which you have seen under the signature of Decius may impede perhaps this salutary effect, by keeping in a state of irritation those minds which are well affected to the object of his bitterness. His facts are of a trivial cast, and his assertions are not always correct; and he thus becomes vulnerable in almost every part. The liberty of the press is indeed a blessing which ought not to be surrendered but with blood; and yet it is not an ill-founded expectation in those who deserve well of their country that they should be assailed by an enemy in disguise, and have their characters deeply wounded before they can prepare for defence." "If the peace of this country is interrupted by any untoward event, one of three things will have a principal agency in the misfortune: the new Constitution; British debts; and Taxes." "I feel here" (Williamsburg) "a happiness to which I have hitherto been a stranger; and which is not a little increased by having shaken off a dependence on those who think every man in office to be the servant of the legislature. I enjoy that opportunity, which I long sought in vain amid the tumult of business, of examining and settling my opinions."

Randolph and Patrick Henry, having resumed practice, were opposed in important cases, and in August, 1789, contended for three days at Leesburg in a suit involving much property. In this Randolph was victorious. He was, indeed, easily head of the Southern bar. But his learning deserved a larger field than the county court. The office of State Attorney, which his father and grandfather had held under the king, had in his hands become one of extreme importance by reason of the transformation of the government. He now took a leading part in the readjustment of the procedure of the State, and had just finished reducing the eight volumes of its code to one when Washington asked him to accept the position of Attorney-General in his first administration. This invitation was received in July, 1789, but, on account of his wife's illness, could not be at once accepted. Washington resolved, however, to keep the appointment open, and Randolph performed the duties of his office in Virginia, carrying with him a digested scheme when he went north in 1790. As the first Attorney-General, it fell to him to organize the national judiciary, and a larger task has

never been undertaken by an American lawyer. His splendid services in this matter, and his clear opinions on the difficult cases arising out of the readjustment of State relations, endeared him more than ever to Washington, and when Jefferson retired from the State Department the place was offered to Randolph. It was accepted with reluctance. Nothing but his affection for Washington induced him to assume a post which Jefferson had found intolerable. ("Il [Jefferson] s'est retiré," wrote the French minister, "prudemment, pour n'être point forcé à figurer malgré lui dans des scènes dont tôt ou tard on dévoilera le secret.")

The so-called "federal" and "republican" principles, which had struggled like Jacob and Esau in the very womb of America, were now full-grown. The conflict raging between England and France was going on here also. American trade with both belligerents was involved, and each threatened the country with war if it did not break with the other. Washington was doing his best to steer, as he said, between Scylla and Charybdis. He sent a friend of the British side, Jay, to England; a champion of France, Monroe, to Paris. In his own Cabinet he was trying to keep on good terms with both parties, but could hardly keep them from seizing each other by the throat. While it was Jefferson and Hamilton competing for the control of Washington, Jefferson complained that on his side they were "one and a half against two and a half." The halves were Washington and Randolph. Jefferson and Hamilton having retired, it fell to the lot of Randolph to deal with an issue on which the passions of the contending parties were exasperated to the verge of civil war. This was the famous British Treaty.

A combination of European monarchies had been formed to starve France. In pursuance of this "boycott," England had inserted into the Treaty an article forbidding the United States to export to Europe any of its staple products or those of the West Indies, the prohibition to last during his majesty's war with France. Notwithstanding the certainty of its unpopularity when revealed, the Senate ratified it, with a condition that this article should be suspended. But before signing it Washington received information that England had issued an order for the search of neutral ships in European waters, and seizure of all provisions found on them. The Treaty, having leaked out, along with this "Provision Order,"—an invitation to join the monarchies in starving a republic by whose help our independence was won,—kindled popular fury. The Treaty was burned by mobs, the British minister insulted, and the President thrown into a cruel dilemma. France was enraged at the negotiation of such a Treaty and its consideration by her professed ally, and threatened war if it were ratified. England threatened war if it were not ratified. Those nations were represented here by jealous ambassadors. The people were divided into hostile British and French camps. Politics became an exchange of insults threatening to come to blows. The "British party," as the high federalists were now called, was represented in the Cabinet by Wolcott, Pickering, and Bradford; whom Hammond, the English minister, kept in panic with menaces of war. They insisted that Washington should sign the Treaty

without hesitation or reservation. Randolph urged the President to sign only if the "Provision Order" were revoked.

The Cabinet stood thus three to one in favor of the Treaty. But there was a factor in the situation of which the three new-comers into the Cabinet were ignorant. Washington had committed himself pretty far to the French side the year before. When Jay was sent to England, France grew suspicious, and her minister, Fauchet, had shaken the dust of Philadelphia from his feet. Washington had then commissioned Randolph to follow the angry ambassador into the country, to soothe and flatter him, so that he might pacify France,—where Monroe could hardly remain because of the anger at America. Fauchet was assured that Jay was sent to demand compensation for spoliations, and that the President did not sympathize with the British party in his Cabinet. While this soothing diplomacy was proceeding, the Whiskey Rebellion at Pittsburg was troubling the country, —each party accusing the other of fomenting it for its own purposes, —and Washington suspected that the extreme federalists were not unwilling to utilize if they did not incite it. Much had been said and done in those days which, if published by the French, would have seriously compromised an administration which should sign a Treaty amounting to alliance with the British. The President dreaded a war with England more than one with France, but he feared civil war in America more than either, and this was mainly threatened from the enthusiastic partisans of France. Randolph was not one of these. His earlier French sympathies had cooled after the revolutionary massacres in Paris. The principle he had long urged on the President was, in his own words, that "the United States should shake off all dependence on French and English interference in our affairs; but that we ought not to deny or baffle the gratitude of the people to France, under the pretext of independence, in order to give a decisive preponderance to Great Britain." His aim was to free our politics from that thraldom to European questions which had absorbed every hour of the nation's history. He had from the first curbed the enthusiasm of Monroe at Paris. He had proposed (April 6, 1794) the special envoy to England, conquering Washington's fears that it might wound Pinckney's feelings. In regard to the British Treaty, his position was nearly that of Hamilton, who wrote advising Washington not to "exchange" the Treaty with England until the "Provision Order" were revoked. Washington's resolution not to sign without this condition was attributed by three of his ministers to Randolph's influence, while, at the same moment, Jefferson and his party were raging against the Secretary of State as a renegade because he did not insist on tearing up the whole Treaty. Between the two parties thus glaring at each other stood Washington and Randolph,—those whom Jefferson sneered at as "halves" now making a powerful whole.

Such was the situation as the day approached when Washington must declare his ultimatum. He was at Mt. Vernon, and ordered Randolph to write a memorial to Great Britain demanding revocation of the obnoxious Order as a condition to affixing his signature. The "British party" were in dismay. The British minister suggested to

Randolph that the Order might be "suspended" until after the Treaty was signed. This the Secretary refused, rather warmly, to advise. The President approved Randolph's memorial on July 31, 1795. But fourteen days later he signed the British Treaty without the reservation which he had declared essential.

What had occurred to cause this change of front in a fortnight? Nothing in the public situation; but the bulwark of the President's position had been destroyed. Randolph had been politically assassinated, and under circumstances which disabled Washington from saving him or the policy for which they had battled together. On this incident, so prolific of results, and never fully investigated, we must dwell for a little.

On March 28, a French vessel, the Jean Bart, had been captured by a British frigate, and with it dispatches from Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, to his government. These were forwarded (June 4) to Hammond, the British minister here, to be used at his discretion. English records, of which copies are before me, show that Hammond received a number of dispatches found on the Jean Bart. These he acknowledges, July 27, 1795, adding, "The originals of the French letters are peculiarly interesting, and will, I am persuaded, if properly treated, tend to effect an essential change in the public sentiment of this country with regard to the character and principles of certain individuals and to the real motives of their political conduct." Investigations in the archives of the English Foreign Office have failed to discover any of the French dispatches intercepted except one—the one which apparently compromised Randolph and others. Hammond at once invited Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury,—Randolph's relentless enemy,—to dine, and secretly revealed to him this dispatch (No. 10), giving him a copy.

Fauchet's dispatch 10 was dated October 31, 1794. It refers mainly to the Pittsburg Rebellion. The passages affecting Randolph were three: —1. "Besides, the precious (*précieuses*) confessions of Mr. Randolph alone throw a satisfactory light upon everything that comes to pass. These I have not yet communicated to my colleagues." 2. "Mr. Taylor, a republican member of the Senate, published towards the end of the session three pamphlets. . . . In the last he asserts that the decrepid state of affairs resulting from that system" (Hamilton's financiering) "could not but presage, under a rising government, either a revolution or civil war. The first was preparing: the government, which had foreseen it, reproduced, under various forms, the demand of a disposable force which might put it in a respectable state of defence. Defeated in this measure, who can aver that it may not have hastened the local eruption in order to make an advantageous diversion, and to lay the more general storm which it saw rising? Am I not authorized in forming this conjecture from the conversation which the Secretary of State had with me and Le Blanc, alone, an account of which you have in my dispatch No. 3?" 3. "In the mean time, although there was a certainty of having an army, yet it was necessary to assure themselves of co-operators among the men whose patriotic reputation might influence their party, and whose lukewarmness or want of energy in the existing conjunctures might compromise the success of their plans. Of all the

governors, whose duty it was to appear at the head of the requisitions, the Governor of Pennsylvania" (Mifflin) "alone enjoyed the name of Republican: his opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury" (Hamilton) "and of his system was known to be unfavorable. The Secretary of this State" (Dallas) "possessed great influence in the popular society of Pennsylvania, which in its turn influenced those of other States: of course he merited attention. It appears, therefore, that these men, with others unknown to me, all having without doubt Randolph at their head, were balancing to decide on their party. Two or three days before the proclamation was published, and of course before the Cabinet had resolved on its measures, Mr. Randolph came to see me with an air of great eagerness, and made to me the overtures of which I have given you an account in my No. 6. Thus with some thousands of dollars the" (French) "Republic could have decided on civil war or on peace! Thus the consciences of the pretended patriots of America have already their prices (*tarif*)!"

When it had once been privately brought to Hamilton's colleagues in the Cabinet that he was charged with official corruption, they hastened to tell him, and to hear his explanations. The same gentlemen now had to deal with the libel of a foreigner on Randolph, but the stakes were too high for nice considerations of honor to prevail. Wolcott was jubilant at the "fortunate discovery," as he called it, and writes to Hamilton, "Feel no concern, for I see a clue which I know will conduct us through every labyrinth except that of war." It would seem that even the prospect of war with France was a trifle to the Treasurer in that jubilant moment. The dispatch was not mentioned, however, to Hamilton, nor to Washington. The explosion was skilfully arranged between the three ministers,—Wolcott, Pickering, and Bradford,—between whom it was kept a profound secret until the two most important witnesses, Hammond and Fauchet, should be out of the way, both being on the eve of departure for Europe. Sixteen days elapsed, after Hammond showed his bomb, before Washington heard of it, and twenty-four before it fell on the astounded Secretary. The British minister was then well out at sea, and Fauchet supposed to be still farther away. The dates are significant. On July 26 Wolcott had been invited to dinner by Hammond and shown the dispatch. On July 31 Washington was urged to return to Philadelphia, without being told why. On August 11 he arrives, and is shown the dispatch. August 17, Hammond sails from New York. August 19, Randolph is for the first time shown the dispatch.

It will be observed that eight days had elapsed after the President had seen the dispatch before it was communicated to Randolph. During that time Washington's behavior towards Randolph was remarkable. Regardless of his usual etiquette, he visited Randolph, in a friendly way, in his own house. He invited him to dine with a few chosen friends, and gave him the place of honor at the table. Indeed, Randolph twice enjoyed Washington's hospitality during the eight days, and was treated with exceptional marks of friendship up to the fatal morning when, coming at an appointed time, he found the President with the hostile Secretaries, was received with formality, and

shown the Fauchet dispatch.* Randolph denied Fauchet's statements, going over them categorically, without much feeling; but when he found that the President had been consulting with his adversaries for a week without mentioning the matter to himself, and that he had not applied at the French Legation to inspect dispatches 3 and 6 (referred to in 10 as giving particulars, and manifestly part of his case), he saw that he had been prejudged, and indignantly resigned his office. The last act of Randolph in the State Department had been performed the day before, August 18, when he had countersigned the President's signature to the Treaty. Though astonished at this change, he had concluded that Washington had yielded to Hamilton's advice, that the ratifications should be signed, but not exchanged until the remonstrance was complied with. This seemed a compromise between himself and his colleagues, and he silently acquiesced. It may be added here that Randolph's remonstrance was sufficiently vigorous to secure the repeal of the obnoxious Order.

Randolph, of course, at once applied at the French Legation for the dispatches 3 and 6. Though their egotistical and pretentious style would go far to prove their falsity, considerations of space limit me to the bare citation of points affecting Randolph. In dispatch 3 the Secretary is represented as saying that the President "is the mortal enemy of England, and the friend of France;" that some are manœuvring to make a monarch of him; that he (Randolph) trusted in the ascendency which he daily acquired over the President, "who consulted him in all affairs, and to whom he told the truth which his colleagues disguised from him." In conclusion, Fauchet quotes four sentences from the instructions to Jay, expressive of the determination of the United States not to deviate from its treaties or engagements with France. This quotation, which, now that Jay's instructions are known, appears a model of diplomatic selection, must be credited to Washington, who suggested it, and the whole interview, for the soothing purposes already mentioned. In this dispatch there was nothing to compromise Randolph more than some "bumptious" sentences so very Fauchetesque, so different from the Secretary's severe dignity, that no man after reading a page of the latter could ascribe to him any sentence of the "interview." Nothing is plainer in this and in all of the Fauchet dispatches than that the man is attitudinizing. He was variously said to have been a lawyer and a strolling player before the French Revolution, and may have been both: casuistry and melodrama are combined in his dispatches. This will appear from the passage in dispatch 6, which must be quoted literally, as it contains the alleged "overtures" of Ran-

* "And, finally, an attempt was made to embarrass him and take him by surprise, by inducing the President, whose mind they had thus poisoned, to put the letter suddenly in his hands and demand an immediate explanation and answer,—where the letter was written in French, filling fifteen pages, containing a variety of matter, some assertions and some conjecture and speculation, very desultory; and in which the passages in relation to Mr. Randolph are to be found in different places, mixed up with other matters so as to make it difficult to understand what Mr. Fauchet meant. These were the impressions made upon me by the Wolcott correspondence."—*From a letter of Chief-Justice Taney, January* 29, 1856.

dolph, referred to in 10. Referring still to the Whiskey Rebellion, Fauchet says, "Scarce was the commotion known when the Secretary of State came to my house. All his countenance was grief. He requested of me a private conversation. It is all over, he said to me. A civil war is about to ravage our unhappy country. Four men by their talents, their influence, and their energy may save it. But, debtors of English merchants, they will be deprived of their liberty if they take the smallest step. Could you lend them instantaneously funds sufficient to shelter them from English persecution? This inquiry astonished me much. It was impossible for me to make a satisfactory answer. You know my want of power and my lack of pecuniary means. I shall draw myself from the affair by some commonplace remarks, and throwing myself on the pure and unalterable principles of the Republic. I have never since heard of propositions of this nature."

This very particularly pure young man, on reaching France, sold both himself and the unalterable principles of the Republic to Bonaparte for office, wealth, and the title of Baron. But he did not reach home so soon as had been supposed. If one British ship intercepted Fauchet's dispatch which laid Randolph low, another intercepted Fauchet himself, so that the fallen Secretary could overtake him. Fauchet was waiting at Newport for a British man-of-war to leave the mouth of the harbor, in order that he might sail on the Medusa. It was a three days' journey Randolph had to make, but he managed to secure an interview with Fauchet. Wolcott had already a spy there, who made the important discovery that Fauchet, while ignorant that any dispatch had been intercepted, was heard to express chagrin at the failure of his mission in profane denunciations of Randolph, at the same time praising Hamilton. These, being just the reverse of the expressions which would have suited the anti-Randolph cry, were left to be revealed by Wolcott's grandson to our later generation. Fauchet wrote his explanation on the Medusa, which weighed anchor the morning after Randolph's arrival, and sent it ashore by a pilot. It was addressed to Adet, who had superseded him, so that Randolph did not read it until his return to Philadelphia. Among the manuscripts before me I find two notes relating to this journey, written to Senator Langdon, of New Hampshire. The first is dated at Fairfield, Connecticut, September 7: "I write this short private and confidential letter for your own inspection only, to inform you that I am returning from Newport, where I have seen M. Fauchet. My object in this errand was to remove some very injurious impressions which an intercepted letter of his had cast upon myself and the republicans of our country. He has made explanations which will, if justice takes place, be satisfactory. When I get matters arranged I will again write to you. In the mean time, I will only say to you that a dart is aimed at me, and through me at many others. Let this rest with you till I lay before you fully the reasons of my resignation." The second is dated at Philadelphia, October 2: "Since I wrote to you from Fairfield I have received your friendly favor; and hold myself justified in saying to you (as the fact is) that Mr. Fauchet has, by the most positive declarations, repelled all

the insinuations arising from his letter. I expect soon to send you a statement of facts. But it is now manifest to me that the calumnies which have been circulated, and the malicious movements which have been made, were calculated, first, to operate in favor of the British interest in opposition to the friends of France; secondly, to destroy the friends of republicanism; and thirdly, to remove me from office. The last, thank God, is accomplished. But God forbid that the first two should be! Spain and France have certainly made peace."

It is probable that Randolph when he came to read Fauchet's "explanations" did not find them so "satisfactory" as his "declarations:" he accepted these without endorsing those. Fauchet explained that when he had complained to the Secretary of manœuvres against France by British agents, "he said to me that I ought to make efforts to obtain the proofs of this fact, and he added that, if I did so, the President would not hesitate to declare himself against all the manœuvres which might be directed against the French Republic." Randolph, he says, further suggested that he might for this purpose use some of the flour-contractors engaged by him (Fauchet) for France, and, as the said contractors might also be debtors to England, and liable to be harassed by process, perhaps by early payments to them on existing contracts these flour-merchants might be rendered "independent of British persecution." "But now, calling to mind all the circumstances to which the questions of Mr. Randolph call my attention, I have an intimate conviction that I was mistaken in the propositions which I supposed to have been made to me. I declare, moreover, that no name or sum was mentioned to me; that Mr. Randolph never received, either directly or indirectly, by himself or by another for his use, one shilling from myself, by my order, or according to my knowledge, hearsay, or belief, from any other public officer of France. I declare that he never made to me in this respect a single overture; and that no part of the above circumstance has the least relation to him personally."

Randolph did not base his "Vindication" on the flour-merchant romance. The statements were preposterous. No man in his senses could have applied for money to a minister of notorious poverty, in discredit with his government, and whose accounts, always subjected to the inspection of two agents, were traceable. Fauchet was received by Washington in February, 1794, and throughout March was imploring the Cabinet through Randolph (the letters are before me) to relieve his pecuniary distress by an advance on the debt due France, which government is represented as embarrassed. The Cabinet must have known how ludicrous was the suggestion that Randolph could, at that very time, have been hoping to handle any French gold. Moreover, dispatch 10 pointed the "overtures" of dispatch 6 to the Governor and Secretary of Pennsylvania: the idea of bribing those men, to say nothing of doing it with "some thousands of dollars," could not have been entertained out of Bedlam. Finally, the dispatches attest throughout Randolph's constant efforts to allay Fauchet's fears and inspire him with confidence in the President,—the very reverse of what a venal aim would have required. As to the other charge, betraying Cabinet secrets, Randolph proved undeniably that his communications with Fauchet

were all made in pursuance of the President's direction, their substance invariably matters of previous consultation; that Fauchet's dispatches showed that he knew no secrets, and that Randolph, had he been perfidious, could have sold him some that would have been worth much French gold. If Washington had sent for No. 3, he would have seen that, under a guise of communicative frankness, Randolph had left Fauchet without any faintest suspicion of the one thing he desired to know,—that Jay was negotiating the Treaty, under Randolph's instructions. The Fauchet dispatches show that this impecunious and ambitious diplomatist of thirty years was transmitting newspaper gossip to his ignorant superiors, pretending to receive it from high quarters, hoping to be kept in office, and also that he might have the handling of some of the cash with which France was buying up foreign support.

Fauchet's explanations and Randolph's pamphlet form a sufficiently interesting chapter in the diplomatic history of the two Republics, but they are now unnecessary for the vindication of Randolph. In these latter years his witnesses have come from their graves. The letters and papers of the great men who participated in those events are now before the world. Jefferson, much as he disliked Randolph, declares (letter to Giles, December 31, 1795), "His narrative is so straight and plain that even those who did not know him will acquit him of the charge of bribery. Those who knew him had done it from the first." Madison (letter to Jefferson, January 10, 1796) recognized the whole thing as part of "the plan of running him down." Wolcott himself wrote to his father (November 19, 1795) of Fauchet's "calumnies" at the very moment when he was using the calumniator to crush his opponent. Pickering too, having got into Randolph's shoes, proceeded to brand Fauchet. For Randolph was not the only man compromised by Fauchet; Hamilton too was involved in a way that could not be ascribed to the Secretary of State, and there was no escaping the taunt of Callender,—"The friends of Alexander Hamilton want to recommend the veracity of Fauchet when he impeaches Randolph, and to disown it when he impeaches Hamilton." These volumes of correspondence of the chief men of that era may be searched in vain for any reply to Randolph's "Vindication," or denial of any of his assertions.

After all, what did the charge against Randolph amount to? It being undeniably proved that Fauchet knew no Cabinet secret whatever, there remains only the charge that "to save his unhappy country from civil war" Randolph suggested that the French minister, whose country was also involved, should "lend funds" to certain men able to save it if relieved of indebtedness to Englishmen. That is the whole of it. Absurd though it be, what if it were admitted? The independence of this country was won by aid of French gold. Mr. Parnell is now fighting the cause of Ireland with American gold. That Washington himself, in the summer of 1794, feared a general revolt against the government is proved by instructions to Jay (August 18). Whatever means Randolph might have employed to "save his country" would have been condoned by history, if not by his adversaries. But this object of Randolph's alleged "overtures" was not named in the intercepted dispatch; it was contained in dispatch 6, referred to in the

other, but not sent for by Washington, Wolcott, and Pickering (Bradford being now dead) while determining Randolph's fate.

Here the greatest name in American history is implicated. Here also lies the gravamen in Randolph's case. There was really no case against Randolph, though a plausible one for the momentary purpose; and it is certain that his shining name would long ago have emerged from its eclipse but for his unpardonable sin of speaking against Washington and the assumption that his disgrace represented the President's judgment. But Washington never dismissed Randolph from his service; in his voluminous letters he never uttered a word against him; and by the assumption that he passed such judgment on the Secretary a real stigma is cast upon Washington, whereas Randolph's words were but the outburst of a wounded friend fancying he had been betrayed with a kiss. On the surface there was reason for Randolph's wrath. Let us suppose the matter brought before Washington one simply affecting his friend's honor. It is a charge brought from an interested foreign Legation through a fiery partisan who had been in his Cabinet six months, against an old friend and comrade who has served at his side from youth,—on his staff in the field, his private secretary, his fellow-worker in the affairs of Virginia, for nearly six years an unwearied worker in his administration. Washington has seen this man as a youth parting, as then supposed, with a large patrimony for his country's cause, taking the undowered hand of Liberty, serving her chief for twenty years: he now finds him accused by acquaintances of yesterday, avowed adversaries both of the man and of his own policy. The accusation is based on an equivocal paragraph in the otherwise admittedly untruthful letter of a foreigner; which letter refers to previous ones—on file near by at a Legation interested to respond to Washington's every request—for particulars which might put a different face on the matter. What would a loyal friend, a just man, a gentleman, do under such circumstances? Would he make no effort to see documents obviously essential to the case? Would he conceal the charge from his friend, while conspiring with his friend's adversaries, until their purpose was accomplished? Would he meanwhile lavish exceptional affection on his unsuspecting friend, exchanging hospitalities with him? Would he give the place of honor at his table to a man he meant to degrade as a traitor?

This was the apparent conduct which Randolph resented. "Why," he asked, bitterly, "was all this stratagem observed towards him of whose fidelity you had never entertained a doubt?" Washington made no reply. Who has ever justified his conduct? It has never been defended; it could not be denied; and historians have simply suppressed this notable chapter in the career of Washington.

I submit that it is susceptible of but one explanation consistent with the honor of Washington: he did not believe one word of the charges against Randolph. Jefferson, Randolph's enemy, said no man who knew Randolph would believe them; and none knew him so well as Washington. But from the moment in which the intercepted dispatch was laid before him every step of the President was compulsory. It was brought from the British office to be held as a pistol at the head of the administration to compel an unconditional signature to the Treaty.

The dispatch involved Washington equally with Randolph, unless the latter was delivered up as the scapegoat. Washington's enemies were even more relentless than those of Randolph. That might be of little importance to him personally, but the peril of his administration was the peril of the country. In that critical week, when peace or war hung in the balance,—not only foreign but civil war,—a British bomb was suddenly revealed which no subsequent disclosure could deprive of its adequacy for immediate service. The intercepted dispatch could raise enough clamor about executive intrigue and French gold to ruin an administration already divided against itself. The bomb had a time-fuse, set to explode at a moment too late for discussion, to be averted from the administration only by rolling it under Randolph and the republicans. Washington could not save Randolph; he could easily have shared his fate. The British party had conquered; the President could now only send a remonstrance against the odious Provision Order where he meant to send a demand. But he resolved that no British sympathizer should write this remonstrance; on Randolph alone he could depend to do it vigorously; and for that purpose, and to complete the transaction, he was compelled to keep the Secretary for a week in ignorance of his fate.

It is plain, then, why Washington did not send for the other Fauchet dispatches. Washington would not even investigate Fauchet's miserable insinuations against the best friend he had in the world. It was cruel enough that among them they had rendered necessary the sacrifice of that friend; he would show them that his faith in their victim was unabated. He visited no minister but Randolph. At his table Randolph had the place of honor, and was treated with a friendship which afterwards appeared to him as a mask. It was natural that it should so seem to the stricken statesman, but to share his view now were to fix on Washington a brand of treachery worse than any ascribed to Randolph. In fact, Washington's character is especially shown in this omitted passage of his history. Unable to rescue his friend, but prepared to utilize even that injustice for the security of his country, Washington afterwards refused to shelter his own personal reputation at Randolph's cost. He could not, indeed, then, or at any period, have confessed his disbelief in the charges, after having based a change of policy on the disgrace of the "French party" effected by those charges; but, the blow having fallen, Washington was prepared for any personal penance; nor would he allow Randolph's adversaries more than their pound of flesh. These desired to withhold from the forthcoming "Vindication" parts of Fauchet's dispatch involving Hamilton; still more they desired to suppress Washington's letter saying he would not sign the Treaty written just before he did sign it. Pickering, now in Randolph's place, removed this damaging letter from the State Department and insolently refused the ex-Secretary's demand for it. But Washington compelled its surrender. "You are at full liberty," he wrote to Randolph, "to publish without reserve *any* and *every* private and confidential letter I ever wrote you; nay, more,—every word I ever uttered to, or in your presence, from which you can derive any advantage for your vindication."

Pickering endeavored to make up for Washington's silence under Randolph's Vindication by bequeathing an "interview" much more discreditable to the President than to Randolph, and containing inaccuracies Washington could never have committed. Several historians have sought to show that Washington did not change front under menace of the intercepted letter; but the original documents which I have obtained from England prove that such was the case. Hammond, writing home August 14, 1795, gloats over the chagrin of Randolph, and ascribes his own victory to "the declining influence of that gentleman in the Councils of this country."

At no period up to his death could Washington have done justice to Randolph without seriously affecting the foreign relations of the country. If his treatment of Randolph was not hypocritical, he no doubt hoped that eventually his old comrade would see that during their last week together the kindness was real, the unkindness the mask. Those last actions would say to a calmer year, "I sacrificed you, but never doubted you." Even so, probably, it was. After fifteen years of freedom and happiness, Randolph's wife died, and his heart broke. Then, for the first time since they parted, did he refer to his trouble with Washington. On July 2, 1810, he wrote to Hon. Bushrod Washington, "If I could now present myself before your venerated uncle it would be my pride to confess my contrition that I suffered my irritation, be the cause what it might, to use some of those expressions respecting him which, at this moment of my indifference to the ideas of the world, I wish to recall, as being inconsistent with my subsequent convictions." He added that it was his hope that he might yet recover strength enough to leave the world his sincere homage to Washington, and it was partly fulfilled by a fine passage in his History of Virginia, never published, which presents a very realistic and striking portrait of the soldier and the man. This was the last work with which he was occupied. Randolph died September 13, 1813. Without a word of elation he had seen the recoil on his adversaries of the blow that struck him down. For there never was a more suicidal victory. In that favorite of Virginia they drove from public life the Southerner without sectionalism, the anti-slavery Virginian, the one republican able to curb revolutionary democracy. Randolph and moderate republicanism fallen, in their place rose Jefferson and a democratic imperialism under which those victorious federalists saw their party buried in the grave of their leader, with Aaron Burr's bullet in his breast.

Moncure D. Conway.

REMORSE.

NOT that I grieved you; no remembered thorn
Left in your heart frets now my own repose.
I only wonder—left so soon forlorn—
Whether I could have found you one more rose.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH: A TALK WITH THE MAN THAT CAPTURED HIM.

CAPTAIN ED. DOHERTY, the man who commanded the expedition which captured John Wilkes Booth, has lately received a government appointment as Indian post-trader in Dakota. He is a tall, straight, broad-shouldered man of forty-six years. He has a dark complexion inclined to be florid, a broad open face, a high forehead, and hair as black as a piece of cannel coal. He talks well, and chats very entertainingly about his experiences at the time of the assassination. He told me the story of Booth's capture not long ago.

Said he, "Twenty-one years ago! It does not seem as many days. The scenes of that time are photographed on my memory. I was sitting in Lafayette Park, talking with a brother officer. It was my day off, and I was rejoicing my soul in the bright rays of the spring sun. The trees had begun to leave. The first flowers were out in the park, and the grass was of its greenest. My friend and myself were talking to a couple of ladies, when an orderly came up and gave me a message. It was to report to Colonel Baker immediately. When I reached Colonel Baker's head-quarters I was directed to take twenty-five men and proceed on the track of Booth to Fredericksburg. A very short time after this I had my detail at the Sixth Street wharf at Washington: there I found a steamboat, the John S. Ide, ready to carry us to Belle Plaine. Here we left the boat, and, landing our horses, we struck across to the Rappahannock at Port Conway. At the house by the Port we questioned the people, and finally got them to admit that the men we were in search of had passed onward. They had been met there by three of Moseby's men, Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Jett, and had gone with them on to Garrett's and Bowling Green. The keeper of the house told us that he was accustomed to guide people to Bowling Green, but that Jett was in love with the daughter of a tavern-keeper there, and he had offered to guide them, as he was going that way. Herold was a friend of Jett's, and he told the men that Booth had killed the President and wanted to get on South. In a short time Booth came up on his crutch. It seems he had not been with Herold at this time, and he acknowledged to these men of Moseby's that he was the President's assassin. The party then went on towards Bowling Green.

"Between Port Conway and Bowling Green lies the Garrett farm. Its buildings were not far from the road, and they consisted of an old frame house with a barn and outbuildings. When the party reached this house Booth stopped here, and was allowed to remain over-night, while Herold continued on to Bowling Green with the rest of the party. We left Port Conway and rode on towards Bowling Green. As we did so we passed the Garrett house, and I learned afterwards that Booth saw us as we passed. He was looking out of the window as we came up, and he snatched his carbine and yelled to Garrett to bring him his

pistols. We passed on, however, without knowing this, and reached Bowling Green. I found here that Herold had left, but that Jett was sleeping in the tavern. I went up to Jett's room, and told him that I knew all about his doings during the past few days; that I was going to catechise him, and if I found him lying we would take him out and hang him. He was badly frightened, confessed that he had been with Booth, and consented to guide us back to Garrett's farm, where Booth had stopped. We then started back for Garrett's, and reached there in the early morning. We surrounded the place, and I went up to the door and knocked loudly upon it. In a moment the old man Garrett appeared, in very light attire, carrying a candle. He told me that the man I described had been there, but that after the cavalry had passed he had taken his crutch and hobbled off to the woods. In the mean time my men had been hunting about the place, and one of them called out to me that he had a man in the corn-crib. I went to the crib, and found that it was Garrett's son, who said he was there to watch the men in the barn, fearing that they might steal the horses. I thus found that Booth and Herold were in the barn. Herold had returned from Bowling Green to Garrett's. We surrounded the barn, and Boston Corbett was stationed at a place where there was a hole in the boards about two feet square. As soon as we surrounded the barn we heard men moving about in the hay.

"I told Booth that I knew it was he, and we carried on a short conversation before he was shot. He first asked,—

"'Who are you? You may be my friends.'

"On my answering, he replied, 'I am a cripple and alone. Give me a chance for my life. Draw your men up at fifty paces, and I will come out and fight you.'

"I replied that I did not come there to fight. I said, 'I came here to capture you. I have fifty men, and I propose to do it.'

"About this time he said, 'There is a man here who wants to surrender awful bad,' and with that the boy Herold came out. As Herold left, Booth made a movement as though to raise his carbine, and Boston Corbett fired. The ball struck Booth just behind his ear, in about the same place where he struck the President. The bullet lodged in the vertebræ of his neck, and this part of his anatomy was afterwards cut out, and the bone with the ball in it was kept in the Medical Museum at Washington. Just before Corbett fired, the straw at the back of the barn was lit by a detective, and as the blaze leaped upward I rushed in and seized Booth, throwing my arms around his waist under his uplifted arms, and dragging him out of the burning barn. We carried him to the porch of the Garrett farm-house, and he died within a few hours.

"We sent for a doctor; but he could do nothing. Booth's intellect was clear, but he was in great agony. He did not deny his crime. The only expression that he made was, 'Useless! useless!' He did not say, 'I died for my country,' nor, 'Tell mother,' as has been reported. At one time I offered him some water, and at another time brandy. He refused the brandy, but took the water. He could not swallow from a cup, and I soaked a towel and gave it to him to suck.

Notwithstanding Booth's rough travels, his clothes were at this time neat and clean. He had a fine physique, was tall and dark-faced. He had shaved off his mustache since he had left Washington, but his face was rough, as he had not used a razor for several days. His leg was in splinters, and the flesh was black. He had hobbled around upon a crutch of pine which a servant of Dr. Mudd's had, I think, whittled out for him. After he died I took a horse-blanket, and, having got a needle from Miss Garrett, I sewed the body up in it. I then borrowed an old rickety wagon from a neighbor and carried him back to Belle Plaine, where the boat was still waiting for us, on the following morning. I delivered the body to a naval officer on the Montauk, near the navy-yard. It was buried in the Capitol Prison; but it was afterwards exhumed, and it now reposes, I think, at Baltimore."

"Do you think Booth would have allowed himself to be taken alive?"

"No, I do not. He had told Herold that he would fight to the death; and I am sure he meant what he said. The reward for his death of seventy-five thousand dollars was divided among his captors in the same way as a naval prize is divided. I received seven thousand five hundred dollars, and the men under me got smaller amounts. They were chiefly young men from New York State, thrifty fellows, with a good deal of German blood in them. Most of them bought lands with their money, and are now well-to-do farmers with families."

Frank G. Carpenter.

UNREST.

ALL day upon the garden bright
  The sun shines strong,
But in my heart there is no light,
  Nor any song.

Voices of merry life go by
  Adown the street,
But I am weary of the cry,
  And drift of feet.

With all dear things that ought to please
  The hours are blest,
And yet my soul is ill at ease,
  And cannot rest.

Strange spirit, leave me not too long,
  Nor stint to give;
For if my soul have no sweet song
  It cannot live.

A. Lampman.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 6.

SOCIAL LIFE AT JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

THE new student, who, after leaving his hotel, gets his first sight of Johns Hopkins University, finds a number of large, presentable buildings, containing the general halls, libraries, lecture-rooms, etc., right in the heart of the busy city of Baltimore. And no retirement of moss-grown fronts seems to hide their life from the passers-by, but their doors open upon the pavement with democratic heartiness. Here is no Campus, no belt of lawn and terrace around the buildings, nor rows of "immemorial elms" nor long avenues of approach. Probably the new man is used to such things in the home school or college which he has left to come here, and is struck with the splendid simplicity that greets him. As he enters the office in the main building, he meets the President of the university, who kindly welcomes him, and asks about his section of the country, and his studies and hopes, until he is somewhat at home. He is soon introduced to his professors, and in a few hours has a general course of study blocked out for the session.

Early in the first week of the year a general informal reception is given in Hopkins Hall, for the purpose of getting the new and old men acquainted with one another. In this large hall may be seen students from up and down the world. Strange faces and tongues greet the new-comer. The young Japanese who can barely break a few stubborn Saxon words in our presence may be escorted by his fellow-countryman who is at ease in French, German, or English, and who can meet on common ground with young men from Paris, Heidelberg, Bonn, London, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, or Toronto. The greater part of those assembled are "graduate students,"—graduates either of Johns Hopkins or some other good institution, who have come here to pursue independent courses of study, or work towards the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Besides these are the matriculates, or undergraduates. The unsophisticated collegian probably imagines that out of this gathering of men, graduates and undergraduates, is to be developed year after year the *esprit de corps* of the university life. What an effete idea these words convey to us! Our conceptions of university life change at every step. Our old epithets of recognition and description fail, and must be modified.

Here is something original,—a young university that has continued to live through its few years up to the letter and spirit of its ideal. Pioneer as the life is in a certain sense, let us look at it closely. It takes a number of weeks' residence and work here before a mere comparison of the customs of this place with his former associations ceases to confuse the new student.

Nearly all the old college backgrounds are changed or removed. That castle of the student's sovereignty, the dormitory, and its refec-

tory, are no more. We are cosmopolitans while we eat and sleep. We are out of reach of temptations to stolen visits to a chum's room, or midnight spreads whose greatest charm is that they are out of order. Inspection, "lights out," or such annoyances we are happily free from. The students have their rooms and boarding-houses all over the city wherever they may choose. The freedom, the comfort, and quiet of this fashion are soon appreciated by one who has lodged in a large building with fifty or sixty other students.

The Campus, or play-ground, is several miles off, on the grounds of Clifton, the estate of the founder of the university. This makes a quiet game, or an athletic match, somewhat like a picnic, a matter of a half-holiday. The half-hours or hours of exercise so necessary to the studious are passed in the gymnasium, after which those so inclined stroll out to the Parks or drop in at the libraries. Another feature that the visitor here does not find is a university periodical. The college newspaper or literary weekly has no existence.

There is no division of matriculates into Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes. The scope of privileges and strifes based on such a division is narrowed to a poor margin of differences so little emphasized as to furnish no comfort to even self-asserting superiority. The matriculate courses of study are marked out for three years, and when the student is ready to be examined, and try for his degree, he is free to do so. Class jealousies and impositions are unknown. There is no approach to hazing or the terror of forced speeches at the dead of night. So far as the present writer has been able to discover, there is no working chapter of any secret fraternity here. There are no rival debating or literary societies, hotbeds of enthusiasm, where the frenzied young speakers may defy and deify one another. There is, however, one very flourishing literary organization, called the Hopkins House of Commons, in which "bills" embodying various principles and public questions are passed under consideration according to the strictest parliamentary processes. The public session of this body in Hopkins Hall about once a year is a great treat to both university members and the general public.

Much as we may at first miss certain representative features of average American college life, we soon accommodate ourselves to our surroundings, and are easily taught the lesson for which we come here. Between the governing and the governed there is no worry of police surveillance. One great source of enthusiasm lies in our community of interest. The student has an open field and the free year to develop himself by whatever proportion of work and recreation he may allow himself. He is a visitor made welcome in the city, to enrich himself by the treasures of a corporate bureau which is enthusiastically concerned that his stay shall be profitable and pleasant. And all the forces of the city seem to co-operate in the design.

One great power of appeal playing between teachers and students is exercised through the "advisers." Each matriculate is expected to designate one of his professors whom he will consider his adviser while at the university. The professor is to be consulted by the student as a personal friend and guide, whom he will find to be interested in all

matters concerning his success as a student. In this way, more than any other, does the young man get a good view of the benignity and wisdom of his professor; as the latter also obtains a direct knowledge of the pupil's aspirations and fears, and is enabled to conform the impulsive ardor that meets him into a hearty co-operation with the university's efforts for its members. The "advisers" act very considerately, yet very heroically sometimes. Though once in a while a pair of knit brows coming out of a study may announce positively that at least one person "can't see it that way," on the other hand I have known a consultation to make sunshiny and hopeful what had seemed to one student a dark fruitless year, and relieve it of a trouble which, without the inducement of such confidential relationship, would never have been confessed through the whole college course.

After the session has worn on a little and every one is settled well to his work, a pleasant diversion occurs in a number of grand receptions given by the President at his residence. Through these, the professors and students are still more generally introduced to each other. It should be understood that as a rule the student has had neither time nor opportunity to meet more than a few professors outside his own special department of study, and a very small proportion of the great number of students that do not attend the same lectures and recitations. With this last large body of gentlemen, whose names are not yet known to him, he is thrown in daily contact, in the libraries, the gymnasium, or the business office. He wishes to learn their names, have some conversation with them, and feel quite at home whenever he meets them. At these receptions the opportunity is offered for becoming pleasantly acquainted.

Another friendly help by which this circle of acquaintances and pleasures is widened comes from the University Y. M. C. A. This association is very happy in entertaining all who come to its halls. On Sunday afternoons during the past year it has offered a series of entertaining and spiritual addresses by prominent clergymen and men of letters of Baltimore. Through earnest, devout students, this organization sustains an active interest in various kinds of mission-work. On Sunday, all through the city its workers may be found as Sunday-school teachers, visitors of the sick and the poor, lecturers in mission-churches, leaders of classes in the penitentiary and jails,—enjoying the work, and learning profound lessons from actual life.

A very interesting phase of our life here is the attendance of the students on the professor's "Privatissima,"—a good instance of how the American does sometimes import foreign customs to his own benefit. These are cosey meetings of students of some one department of study, usually held at the home of the professor of that study. His pupils gather around the doctor in his library, and listen to the statement of some new chapter of science, or the analysis of some complex philosophy. One of them will then probably present a paper, or give a review of a scientific journal or monograph. After about an hour the company moves to the drawing-room, where discussion is less formal, but where science is by no means ignored. Literature, music, and conversation is then the round for the evening, to which is added the corporeal com-

fort of refreshments. Patterned to some extent after the Privatissima are the meetings held in turn at the rooms of the several members of a special branch of study. Here is no professor to bless or restrain. Here the young gods, no longer over-modest, work their will, and discuss grievances to vary the quiet of the steady search for truth. These gatherings are Bohemian, sometimes even Philistine; proper always, but by no means staid. At these times there is no lack of panaceas to drive dull care away. The Kentuckian passes around his "vinaigrette," and all examine the curious device; the young American born in China brings out his jar of tea that he has brought straight from the heart of the Celestial Empire, and we make a simon-pure amber brew; the master of the evening then presents "substantials," with cakes and confections manifold; and finally the member from North Carolina bountifully furnishes us with his native country's golden tobacco, wherewith we proceed to make ourselves happy. These are our veritable *Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

In the course of the year our hearts are made glad by an invitation to a reception given by some warm-hearted considerate citizen of Baltimore. Here we find, besides professors and students, ladies and gentlemen of this city, and distinguished visitors. Surely we are blest in having friends so full of encouragement and hearty cheer for our progress as we have found the people of Baltimore to be. We are welcomed kindly at their homes, are introduced to their guests, and warned of the futility of very hard study, to such good purpose that we often lose the distinguishing mark of the pale cast of thought upon our faces. Then there is another power which exerts a wonderful influence against a suicidal application to books. For the flower of an ideal social environment for a university, commend us to the young ladies of Baltimore. What is your taste? Transcendentalism? Literature? Special theology? Palmistry? You need not be surprised to find some wise Minerva to accommodate you. Will you discourse on yachting? driving? base-ball? or a military parade? Every girl may be a ready authority. Is not this as it should be? "The wheel is come full circle." Such light is quite approachable. It is no more difficult for a student of Johns Hopkins to become acquainted with any young lady than it would be for any other young gentleman residing in Baltimore to do so. In fact, the students are supposed to act in general as if this were their home city; and we think the idea well carried out. For we have never known a case of viciously obstinate homesickness in our midst; and in the high tide of the year all traces of regret are put away into cosey oblivion. To those who have ever had little twinges of homesickness, this should speak volumes.

The public lectures given during the fall in Hopkins Hall are of much interest to members of the university and their friends. The lectures treat of literature, science, and art, more or less exhaustively. They are delivered by both resident and non-resident lecturers on stated days during the week, and usually at five o'clock in the afternoon, when the regular lectures for the day are concluded. In the audience may be observed many a fair listener, intent on the matter under consideration, and expecting to be equal to discussion on the subject at the close,

whether it be the etiquette of the Nibelungenlied or the authenticity of some new archæological specimen.

Two Recesses are allowed during the year,—one in the fall, another in the spring. Each consists of about a week or ten days. On these occasions those who are not far from home like to take advantage of the opportunity and renew sweet memories by the family hearth. Others may accept the invitations of friends to spend the holidays with them, or else visit the Capitol, Mt. Vernon, or some of the many places and objects of national or special interest which are close at hand. Whatever he may do, the student need not feel at all lonely or abandoned, even if he cannot join the happy exodus. Christmas never comes to find his good-fellowship unchallenged. In spite of his local reputation, he is no hermit. He has usually gone abroad to come here; and he explores while here. Various are his discoveries. He is not hampered by prescribed hours. No beadle or proctor waits for him. He is not passported to his privileges, but is considerately permitted to be his own friend. Not as a stranger do the museums and libraries of the city know him. He shows the homelikeness of thorough and sympathetic use of gifts. However exorbitant his wants, be he epicurean and gourmand, he shall not go heartlessly through a Christmas or an Easter in Baltimore. The home of the soft-shell crab, the diamond-back terrapin, and the canvas-back duck scorns to harbor a connoisseur as a starveling; and the large parks, with their lakes, fountains, trees, and flowers, the grand churches, with their wonderful music, and the busy streets, with the numberless beautiful faces, would defy even a listless æsthete to remain dreary under their influence.

Two prominent days in the calendar are worthy of mention. The first is Commemoration Day. This falls on the 22d of February, and celebrates the inauguration of the President of the university. On this day the names of the successful candidates for degrees and honors are published and diplomas bestowed. A large audience is assembled, and listens to a formal address by the President, followed by one of the professors or a distinguished visitor. Often a grand reception in the evening prolongs the celebration and the day is rounded with great rejoicing. Commencement Day repeats this variously happy programme, and closes the work of the year.

There are no groups, sets, or cliques, into which the students might be classified. No matter whether certain signs might suggest such cues as "sport," "dude," "masher," or what not, still we are forced to acknowledge that those under criticism for the most part prove their right to the title student. Probably that is the reason why there is no luxurious indulgence of nicknames among us. A collegian represents his father's whole family. "Hic jacet Joe, hic jacet Bill," under these skies seems a barbaric "In Memoriam."

The haunts of the student are not very shadowy or mysterious. The undergraduates have a room for themselves, where they congregate and compare opinions at unoccupied hours. The graduate student, if not in the laboratory or lecture-room, may be found in the seminary-room of his department. The seminary is quite an institution among us. At stated times, usually every two weeks, the students of a de-

partment assemble in their seminary-room with their professor, for specially advanced work. Original studies are reported on by the members, and papers are read upon themes previously announced. All confer together in a friendly enthusiastic spirit for the mutual good of the members and the furtherance of scientific progress in the department. All conveniences, such as books or apparatus, for reference or illustration, are near at hand. These hours are full of suggestions for original investigation. Many a learned thesis has been evolved from some dark, irrelevant question that has troubled these circles. For those who will carry the war into Africa there is always some region of the dark continent still unsatisfactorily explored. Another resort of the students is the *club;* not one of those defamed thoroughly-equipped homes for bachelors, but a retreat where one can find pleasant company, or spend an ostensibly idle hour in a quiet corner over the latest magazine. Here are celebrated now and then the festivities of the *Kneipe.* The bibulous scholar boldly takes his plunge into the foam of old Gambrinus; and some venturesome comrades go down in the billowy sea, while the remorseless crew howl their requiem in barbarian song. It is given out that on rare occasions the forms of these unfortunates are caught from the depths in a comatose condition, and arranged supine upon the long table, whereupon the Babylonian or some other ancient and startling burial-service is intoned over them in all its severest and most classic detail. But we have not seen or heard this thing; and it may be a canard.

Athletics receives a fair and hearty recognition. The gymnasium is well patronized throughout the year. Base-ball, lacrosse, foot-ball, and the full round of field sports are cultivated at Clifton. Match games are frequently made up with other college teams, and the backing of the home-men is quite spirited. The exhibition of games and various athletic contests in the spring on the Clifton grounds arouses a lively interest, and is worthy of the enthusiasm that sustains it.

One's annual expenses as a student here are moderate. Probably the greater number spend between five and six hundred dollars. Some whose circumstances make it expedient engage as "coaches" for other students, or find academies in which to teach, or else deliver public lectures while they continue their studies. These give but an incomplete view of the many means by which deserving young men may meet a part of their expenses.

Such is our life. It is new in a number of ways. We have no encumbrances of legendary custom to burden or handicap us. We are as free as an Olympian runner in the first heat of his race. We cannot tell what this university's social life may be after fifty years have passed away. But we are willing to think it will be much as it is to-day. It is natural to suppose that as teacher or student friend passes away to meet those whom we already mourn, a mysterious body of council will appeal to our spirit of conservatism, and the words of every memorial tablet will read as a binding clause on our conduct.

James Cummings.

SONG.

GO not, O perfect Day!
O Day so beautiful, so golden-bright.
A little longer stay!
Soon in thy western window fades the light:
Soon comes the Night!
Delay!
Go not, O perfect Day!

Go not, dear Life, away!
Dear Life, one's cheerful friend and guest of yore.
A little longer stay!
Soon wilt thou steal from us, and shut the door,
And come no more!
Delay!
Go not, dear Life, away!

Robertson Trowbridge.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PERHAPS that vast constituency of lay readers, of which you speak with such charming certainty, is entitled to a word in the controversy between editors and authors; because it is to them the mighty hotch-pot concocted by the editor, the author, and the devil is served,—which they devour, too,—God help 'em!—to the bones and the rank dregs, whether they will or not,—a phenomenon as occult as the *raison d'être* of the black fly. In Japan I have eaten living fish, with the cold eye of the fish upon me in baleful melancholy,—because I was in the presence of royalty that loved live fish—because I was hungry—because I wanted to see what it was like—because I wanted to vaunt myself of the achievement to less ichthyic friends. But later, in the privacy of my bed-chamber, I cursed live fish loud and deep.

Is this parable a hint of the why we "peruse every line from the pens of authors of established reputation"?—in preference, too, to "the work of the cleverest tyros"?

Why should author and editor persist in serving us always hash because once, under the force of circumstances, we lied and said we liked hash? Or why, again, if they have once served us a rare tenderloin, over which we smacked our lips (metaphorically, of course), should they poke it at us with a shovel,—no longer rare, indeed, but common enough, and underdone, overdone, till we are wellnigh undone? I confess I like something verdant now and then, if for no other reason than to invent a new oath for the new writer; for we soon exhaust

our Anathasian vocabularies upon the old ones. It is a question whether the second best of the literary hack is always ahead of the cleverest tyros. His work may be faultless in style; but, great heaven! *how* barren it sometimes is of ideas! Naturally, too, the galled jade must wince.

I do not sign this note, because I know some of the people I am going to name; and because I have not the fear of the waste-basket before my eyes; and because, after all, I have faith that I shall prick the tender cuticle which I have heard venomously called the editorial pachyderm, and this shall be glory enough. This leaves me free to cite *sans peur* the very cases upon which you have challenged the whole world,—as *I* see them, of course; leaving the rest of us to speak now or else forever hold their shameful peace.

Stockton: One may read his "Rudder Grange" again and again, and "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke" (I believe that's right) at least twice, and "The Lady, or the Tiger," once or more; but "The Discourager of Hesitancy" and "The Transferred Ghost" not at all; unless one wishes, prepense, to suffer the chill of a futile jest. And the dreary stretches of "The Hundredth Man" make my feeble mind ache,—I presume from aggravated vacuity. Of this latter a dim idea has penetrated me lately that in its arid photographic imbecility it aims to parody Mr. James,—one of the *ad nauseam* sort of jokes that only the joker can appreciate,—a sort of humorous *solitaire.* If this be true, I hope Mr. Stockton will not fatuously attempt to explain the joke in the painful fashion that kills. Has he forgotten his "Bull Calf"? If not, perhaps he will be merciful; for even the judge who sends men to the scaffold begs the Lord to have mercy on their souls.

Howells: Perhaps the most delightful of American writers. Almost I am persuaded to call him altogether lovely. And yet, and yet—over against "A Modern Instance," "Silas Lapham," and "Indian Summer" stand "A Foregone Conclusion" and "A Woman's Reason." But when Howells does not write with a visible weariness of the pen he *is* delightful. If he photographs, his camera is steady, and gives us a true *genre* effect sometimes through the gauze that softens and harmonizes the hard angularities of this life of ours. But for the most part there are trees that sough and whisper in our ears, turf that springs beneath our feet, and men and women whom we recognize for such through all their silly nothings, for of these—strange!—men and women are mostly made.

But, by way of contrast, take that society of New York into which Miss Magruder has just introduced Stella. Her camera was not steady. The features crop out at any place on the plate. No one, I think, would recognize the portrait. Its creation is clearly morganatic. And those cow-boys in knickerbockers and Tam O' Shanter caps!—shall we ever look upon their like again? Her camera certainly had uncontrollable recollections of former doings with lawn-tennis lads and lassies.

And what evil genius prompted the author of "Marse Chan" to write of "Soldiers of the Empire"? Did Mr. Page personally know this soldier? Sure no Frenchman ever knew such an one. And bad poetry? Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make to write poetry, I think. And of dialect stories generally might we not with profit have surcease? Is it not true that enough is better than a feast? And do not Mr. R. M. Johnston's people latterly talk as if they were stirred up with a stick and reminded of their proper business?

No, no, my dear sir: if you recruit your magazine largely from the ranks of authors of established reputation simply because of that reputation, and with-

out due regard to merit, you practise upon us the basest of false pretences. Look! You send us a great name, and behind it a tinkling cymbal or sounding brass. Is it not better to read behind an unknown name into such delights as "Marse Chan," "A Brother to Dragons," or "A Story of the Latin Quarter"?

St. Inier.

In the July number of *Lippincott's* appeared one or two short articles from both authors and editors upon the difficulty of getting into print,—the biassed mind of the editor and his susceptibility to influence being the reason from the point of view of the author, and the number of contributions and their worthlessness in the long run, from that of the editor.

Both editor and author, however, were more or less down upon that wretched creature the amateur.

It is in the interest of this long-suffering devotee that I address the question, How can one cease to be an amateur? How become one of those professional and paid writers of whose contributions every editor will assure you he has a large stock always on hand?

The editor says, "Write as well as Howells and James and Stockton." But the trembling amateur acknowledges that he *can't*, and to encourage him I would humbly venture to remark that few *can*. Our magazines are not wholly supplied (more's the pity) by those gifted pens, but largely by others, and the amateur declares to himself he can write as well as these.

To the amateur I would say, Don't think to get in because you can write *as well:* you must write *better*. Also don't write to please what *you* think suits the public taste. The public taste will have time to change several times before your manuscript will, in all human probability, see the light, even after it is accepted. If you can find out what the editor individually likes, never mind the public. Write something that will please *him!* *An Amateur.*

I have been very much interested, instructed, and amused by your last "Monthly Gossip" article. Ah, you sly rogues of editors, how well you know what to put into your magazines! I turned at once to that article, and found it quite a tidbit. What! you really receive five thousand articles a year from contributors, or would-be contributors, and can accept only two hundred of them! Dear, dear me! What an amount of hope deferred, of heart-burning and bitter disappointment, is represented by these figures! Have you no poet to write an elegy or a lament on these unfortunate contributors,—these unsuccessful men of genius, shall I call them? How I pity them! I am awfully glad I am not one of them myself. I never offered you an article, thank heaven, and I probably never shall. Not that I distrust your judgment; not that I think you are not as fair as another; not that I wouldn't like to shine, like the others,—the successful contributors, I mean; but I don't care to let my poor literary bantling run the one chance in twenty-five of floating on your stream; I don't care to attempt something in which there is so little chance of being successful. I'd rather write for some less popular periodical, and be sure of having my articles accepted, than write with such a slim chance of acceptance for yours.

But, seriously, Mr. Editor, what, in the name of all that is sensible, drives so many people into such an unprofitable business? Is the hankering for literary fame such a wide-spread disease among Americans? Is it the desire of gain, in a country where there are so many surer and easier ways of making money?

What is it that has so drugged and glutted the literary market? Many persons imagine, I suppose, that this is an easy way of gaining money, and many others that it is an easy road to fame. For my part, I would rather be a successful pork-butcher than the most famous literary starveling alive. For what does the fame amount to, after all? Of all our literary men of the present day, how many will ever be mentioned, think you, a hundred years hence? Not one in fifty. And what is a hundred years to a race whose history is now counted by the ten thousand? "What fools," indeed, "these mortals be!"

By the way, Mr. Editor, wouldn't it be a good idea for these unsuccessful men of letters to club together and get up a magazine or a book composed entirely of "Rejected Contributions"? Suppose fifty such articles in a book with the title "Rejected Articles offered to Harper's, Scribner's, Lippincott's, and other Magazines." I should just like to see what stuff these articles are made of,—what those things are that you unfeeling editors have so unceremoniously rejected. The venture might pay, like the Smith Brothers' "Rejected Addresses." I know these were all written by two men, and were all in imitation of the style of various living authors; but might not these contributions be couched in a similar way? No doubt there are many pearls in the ocean of rejected literature. May not some of them have been "cast before swine"? Pray trot out some of these blue-pencilled articles, *verbatim et literatim*, that we may see what they are like, and whether the judgment of you editors, the Judicious, will be supported or confirmed by that of the multitude, the Vulgar. *Robert Waters.*

In the above three articles the Editor has given a selection from several communications received in answer to certain remarks made in our July number, —deeming it unfair that the other side should not have the opportunity to be heard. He has always sympathized with Miss Baylor's "Aunt Sukie" who joined the Methodist church because it gave her a chance to jaw back at the preacher. Neither preacher nor editor sums up in himself all, nor indeed any considerable proportion of, the wisdom in the world; but when these gentlemen occupy their respective pulpits they too often have all the jaw to themselves.

However, it is to be feared that St. Inier's amiable desire to pierce the editorial pachyderm has not been gratified. Nature is a kind mother. When a man first takes up an unfamiliar tool she sends him blisters to warn him that he should stop and think before he persists in its use. If she finds that he is in earnest, that he intends to persevere, she gathers up her energies and furnishes calluses that protect and strengthen his hand. The Editor of *Lippincott's* has gone through his blister period, and is now caparisoned with a defensive armor of calluses which the criticisms of his most esteemed contemporaries, the well-deserved rebukes of his correspondents, and even the stings of conscience, are powerless to pierce.

There is one point made by St. Inier which is well taken, though he has misinterpreted a sentence which the Editor acknowledges lends itself to misinterpretation. In speaking of authors of established reputation as compared with tyros, the Editor was right in classifying them as opposites, as the two great divisions of writers who submit articles to the magazines, but he might have paused to explain that there is an intermediate class, who are not yet "authors of established reputation," but who cannot either be called tyros or amateurs. Miss Rives was no tyro when she produced "A Brother to Dragons," nor Page when he produced "Marse Chan," nor Mrs. Burnett when she produced "A

Story of the Latin Quarter." Yet it was by these stories that these writers lifted themselves above the unknown millions and established their reputation. This may at first sight seem like the vicious logic known as reasoning in a circle. But in truth it is not so.

In no line of human work and endeavor is it more difficult to distinguish the professional from the amateur than in literature. In law, for instance, a student reads certain books with an attorney, passes an examination before a board of examiners, and receives a diploma which certifies that he is a member of the legal profession. In medicine, the student takes a prescribed course of study in a college, graduates, and is privileged to style himself a doctor. There are schools for artists, for actors, even for farmers; there are no schools for literary men. There is not only no school, there is no obvious curriculum which they can pursue. The mental training which produces the professional man of letters (professional as distinguished from amateur) is a purely subjective one, and it may make no sign until a poem, a story, an essay, proves that the man has not mistaken his vocation. This is true of the greatest artists, as well as of the humblest of those whom St. Inier calls "literary hacks." A man cannot learn how to put the best that is in him in a form that will be recognizable to the reader without long years of secret travail, of delight amounting to pain in the works of some great writer or writers, of despairing attempts at emulation.

Even a poet is made, not born, but he is made by such subtile and unconscious processes that they seem to date all the way back to his birth.

It is possibly on account of this difficulty in differentiating the amateur from the professional, on account of the want of some external sign for deciding his own status, that the young aspirant is so innocently, so delightfully vain. A young doctor does not say, "I can assure you without vanity that I would manage your case better than Dr. Weir Mitchell or Dr. Hammond." Nor does a young lawyer claim to be the superior of Evarts or Brewster. But a youth or a maiden making a first essay in literature sees nothing incongruous in assuring an editor or a publisher that, whatever its faults, the work is superior "to the dismal trash which Henry James is foisting upon the public," or "to the platitudes of Howells."

Goethe has an opportune anecdote in his autobiography. In early youth he had joined a party of boys who used to meet and compare verses of their own composition. "Here occurred something strange, which long troubled me. I could not help regarding my own poems, be they what they might, as the best. But I soon observed that my competitors, who produced very poor things, were in the same case and thought no less of themselves." He began, therefore, to doubt the soundness of his self-estimate, until the verses were all submitted to competent judges and his declared the best. This recognition of the general law of self-deception and its application to his own case is characteristic of Goethe, and it marks one great difference between the "born" author and the amateur.

St. Inier's criticisms, as criticisms, the Editor will not attempt to discuss. They are expressions of individual opinions, and nothing would be gained by asserting that the Editor's opinions are different. But when, on the strength of his own criticisms, the saint accuses the Editor of practising "the basest of false pretences," it is just as well to point out where he is wrong. St. Inier does not like "A Foregone Conclusion." Many people think it the best thing that Howells ever did. St. Inier does not like "At Anchor." The news companies will tell him that they have had unusual difficulty in supplying orders for the magazine

containing this novel. St. Inier does not like "The Transferred Ghost." It has been one of the most popular of Stockton's extravaganzas, has been copied and recopied, quoted, criticised, imitated. Supposing St. Inier had been the editor of a magazine, he would have made a mistake in following the dictates of his own judgment and declining it. The editor, too, must learn to recognize the law of self-deception. And this is where "An Amateur" is in error when she suggests that writers should try and find out what the editor individually likes, and write to please him. One editor of a magazine used to declare that he accepted the things he *disliked*, in the hopes of pleasing the public. And all editors make at least a conscientious effort to cater to the public. The formula, therefore, should be changed to read, "Try and find out what the editor believes to be the public taste, and write to suit that." Of course, editors are human and fallible. They may misjudge the merits of an article, they may misjudge its popularity. They may be imbecile, but why accuse them of baseness?

With regard to a large number of "authors of established reputation" there is a test of popularity which St. Inier entirely ignores. He intimates that many of their articles are read only because the base editor forces them down the public throat. But this does not explain why these same articles, collected into book-form, find a ready sale,—in these days, too, when publishers have learned by dreary experience that it is only in the case of very popular authors that collections of miscellaneous sketches and stories find any sale at all. Again, take a serial like "The Hundredth Man." St. Inier dislikes it. It is safe to predict that when published in book-form its sales will outrival those of many, many books that St. Inier does like. The masses may be wrong. St. Inier may be right. But magazines are published for the masses, and not for the saints. Remember that this entire discussion is based upon the merits of the editor as a caterer to the public, not as a patron of literature.

In answer to Mr. Waters (who will please "accept the assurance," etc.), the Editor would say that there *are* undoubtedly a large number of pearls in the ocean of rejected literature. He often has a severe struggle with himself before he decides that an article is too long or too short, too special in its interests, too severely learned, too tragic, or is for any other reason unsuitable for his purposes. A certain proportion of these articles are by authors of established reputation. A certain proportion, again, find their way into other magazines. What is unsuitable for *Lippincott's* may be suitable for *Harper's*, or the *Century*, or *Scribner's*, and *vice versa*. And as to what induces so many people to write, he has no doubt that they are all—successful and unsuccessful alike—impelled by worthy and proper aims. The desire of fame, the wish to earn an honest livelihood, or to amuse and instruct your fellows, all of these are honorable motives. Some succeed, many fail. But there would be fewer successes if fewer people were willing to take the risk of failure. It is true that the test of marksmanship is to hit the target, but it is better to begin by aiming high than by aiming low.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

BOOK-TALK.

THE most prominent figure in the present literature of the United States is Mr. Howells. Even those who disagree with him cannot deny him that prominence so long as they retain their present fondness for disagreeing with him in print. In one of the most difficult and delightful walks of literature he is without a peer: he is the greatest American humorist. He has another of the rare marks of genius: he is sincere and genuine. His individuality breathes through all his writings. You can form from the latter some mental picture of the man. In this respect he differs from Henry James, who has progressed so far beyond "the confidential attitude of Thackeray" that his personality entirely eludes us. You may like or dislike Mr. James's writings without being either attracted or repelled by the man. Your feelings towards Mr. Howells, whether favorable or unfavorable, are distinctly personal ones.

The series of critical papers which Mr. Howells is contributing to *Harper's Magazine* are entertaining and instructive, even to one who does not accept his conclusions. He has thought earnestly, and he says what he thinks, without regard to the prejudices or conventions or established principles he may offend. He is not afraid to adopt a little of the infallibilist air; he is careless of the hard things that may be said against Sir Oracle. Towards the college of American novelists he cheerfully adopts the position of Dean. Above all, he is not afraid of being inconsistent,—the final test of genuineness and strength. Whether these papers have any great critical value may be doubted, in view of the frankness of their partisanship. A critic who "finds *no* fault" with Henry James's "Princess Casamassima" is certainly entirely alone in the present, and it is not likely that his solitude will be shared in the immediate future.

An amusing instance of Mr. Howells's inconsistency is afforded by his recent diatribes against critics and criticism. He says much that is very just. But his strictures on the limitations of modern criticism are strictures on the limitations of human nature. Critics are not very wise; but neither is the rest of humanity. All men talk an immense amount of nonsense; the wisest utters but one true word in a thousand. Critics, in order to have any influence at all, must be a little wiser than the unthinking masses whom they address. They can bring the masses up to their own low level and leave their higher education to higher influences. Human progress is not attained by leaps, but by slow toilsome ascent of the rungs of a ladder whose summit is hid far, far up in the future. The lowest rung is as necessary as its fellow above it. But modern criticism, Mr. Howells proceeds, only amounts to this,—the critic likes or dislikes a certain performance, and he says so. Well, it is a good sign that critics are independent. Only out of the clash of many discordant opinions can the truth be evolved. Mr. Howells's own criticisms are largely the announcements of individual preferences, and derive their chief value from that fact. Again, the utterances of critics frequently give pain to their betters. But warfare, whether literal or lit-

erary, involves the giving of pain to your opponents, and warfare is a necessary factor in the evolution of the race. An otherwise entirely amiable lady assured the Reviewer that Mr. Howells is the only person in the world to whom she would like to do a personal injury. He had only attacked her idols, but he must have inflicted much pain to raise such bitterness in so gentle a bosom. And still again, modern criticism cannot be content with disliking, it must make faces and call names. But Mr. Howells does not hesitate to stigmatize those who disagree with his estimate of Henry James as "critical groundlings," nor to speak disrespectfully not only of Rider Haggard, but of those who read his romances, "The world," he says, "often likes to forget itself, and he brings on his heroes. his goblins, his feats, his hair-breadth escapes, his imminent deadly breaches, and the poor, foolish, childish old world renews the excitements of its nonage." This looks like a neat method of making faces not only at Mr. Haggard, but at Andrew Lang, R. H. Hutton, and all his coterie of admirers.

To be quite candid, the Reviewer himself, much as he prefers the novel of incident and emotion to that of photographic "realism," has found himself yawning over "Allan Quatermain" (Harper & Brothers). Perhaps this is because it is inferior to "King Solomon's Mines" or "She." And yet, and yet—there is the same direct, vivid narration, the same passion, the same affluence of imagination, the same brilliant color just verging upon gaudiness. "Allan Quatermain" carries on the fortunes of the band of adventurers who discovered King Solomon's Mines. Somehow one gets weary of these tremendous Englishmen, who, with a dozen men or so, attack a camp of two hundred and fifty Maori and suffer not a savage to escape; who are sucked in by underground rivers, who are nearly killed by magnificent flaming jets of natural gas, who are attacked by monstrous crabs of almost human intelligence, who discover a strange and wondrous land inhabited by a semi-civilized white race, who excite love and jealousy in the two beautiful queens, and introduce strife and a tremendous civil war into the mysterious country,—until at last the curtain falls upon the leader of the enterprise, Sir Henry Curtis, calmly seated with his bride, Queen Nyleptha, upon the throne of a once more united Zu-Vendi-land. An old Zulu chief, Umslopogaas, who accompanies these heroes, is quite the most striking figure. He is drawn with all the careless vigor and generous, rollicking extravagance of the warriors in mediæval romance, and is as thoroughly delightful as any paladin of them all. In the caricature of the little Frenchman, Alphonse, Mr. Haggard has been tempted to display his humor. Now, Mr. Haggard has no humor.

To the end of "Allan Quatermain" Mr. Haggard has appended, under the heading of "Authorities," a list of the persons and the books that have been of any assistance to him in the preparation of his novel. This is done to ward off the attacks of the literary detective, but it will probably be fruitless; and in any event the literary detective is too small an animalcule to be deferred to in this way. What should be the main object of a writer?—a selfish desire to tickle his own vanity, or an altruistic pleasure in giving pleasure to his reader? If the latter, and if he succeeds, why should the reader inquire too curiously into the sources of his pleasure? In enjoying a dish you don't care to know where its constituent elements came from. The Reviewer confesses that it is difficult for him to summon up any indignation over the most flagrant instances of plagiarism. He is rejoiced that Shakespeare and Molière had so little literary con-

science,—Shakespeare whom poor Greene called "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," and Molière who "reconquered his own wherever he found it." He is grateful to Owen Meredith for having transformed George Sand's "Lavinia" into "Lucille;" to Charles Reade for having altered one of Maquet's dramas into his novel of "White Lies;" to Thomas Hardy for having adapted a chapter from "Georgia Scenes" so as to fit it into "The Trumpet Major." He is grateful to these authors for the pleasure they have given him, as it is more than likely he would never have come across the originals. And the original authors ought to have been unselfish enough to rejoice that their creations had given this additional delight. "What matters it to the world," says Longfellow, "whether I or you or another man did such a deed or wrote such a book, sobeit the deed and book were well done?" And, *a fortiori*, what matters it who gets the credit? The perfection of form which the proverbs of all nations have attained is owing to the fact that their rough edges have been gradually smoothed and polished as they passed from mouth to mouth without any autorial vanity to hinder their progress. The same is true of the popular ballads and epics: it may even be true of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." In modern times a large proportion of the wise sayings of great authors, which have become embalmed as familiar quotations, can be traced back through many hands to the rude quarry from which they sprung. And as to incident, any one who has the smallest familiarity with comparative folk-lore and mythology is well aware that originality is impossible. Wiseacres have begun to see a resemblance between "Allan Quatermain" and Mayo's forgotten romance of "Kaloolah." There is a resemblance, undoubtedly; but "Kaloolah," in its turn, resembles "Peter Wilkins," and "Peter Wilkins" resembles a number of mediæval romances, and they can be traced to Eastern sources, and so on *ad infinitum*. Very likely Mr. Haggard never read "Kaloolah," as he asserts that he never read "Peter Wilkins" before writing his story. In his recent article on "Plagiarism" Mr. Andrew Lang says, "It lately happened to me to see an illustration of an unpublished work, in which a wounded and dying warrior was using his last force to break, with singular consequences, the weapon that had been his lifelong companion. I knew (being bookish) the incident was perfectly familiar to me, but I could not remember where I had met it before. It haunted me like the names which you try to recover from faithless memory, and one day it flashed on me that this incident was at least eight hundred years old. But I leave (not its source, for the novelist, who is no book-man, had probably never tasted of that literary fountain), but the place of its early appearance, to be remembered or discovered by any one who is curious enough to consult his memory or his library. But here another question arises: let it be granted that the novelist first found the situation where I found it, and is there any reason in the world why he should not make what is a thoroughly original use of it? The imagination or invention needed for this particular adaptation was at least as vivid and romantic as the original conception, which, again, might occur, and may have occurred, separately to minds in Japan and in Peru." The novel in question is "Allan Quatermain," in which Umslopogaas treats his trusty battle-axe, Inkosikaas, exactly as Roland in the Carlovingian romance treats his wondrous sword Durandal. All which encourages the Reviewer to remark that if ever he finds it easier to steal brilliant things than to say them he may himself turn plagiarist.

Miss Evangeline O'Connor has compiled and the Appletons have published "An Index to the Works of Shakespeare," which will be found invaluable to all

Shakespearian students who do not care for the larger and more exhaustive concordances of Mrs. Cowden Clarke or of Dr. Schmidt, and of the greatest assistance to the students who do possess those invaluable works. For, although in one aspect of the Index it is a concordance to the more important passages in Shakespeare, and so but a condensation of the labors of Clarke and Schmidt, it contains distinctive and original features. For example, it is a dictionary of Shakespearian characters, from Hamlet and Othello down to the nurses and lackeys who make but a single appearance, with references to all the scenes and acts in which they are on the stage, and with critical notices (not always selected with the nicest discrimination, yet useful and interesting, so far as they go) on the most important. Under the title of each play, also, critical notices are appended and a short *résumé* is presented of the history of the play,—the dates of composition, performance, and publication, the sources from which the plots have been derived, and other data of literary interest, in which the results of the most careful and recent Shakespearian researches have been turned to account.

Perhaps "The Yoke of the Thorah" may put an end to the criticism which has been fond of comparing Sidney Luska with Hugh Conway. The criticism was not only unjust in suggesting that an author of striking originality was an imitator, but also in subordinating him—as the imitator must always be subordinated—to a distinctly inferior writer. Sidney Luska is an artist, which Hugh Conway never was, though in "A Family Affair" he gave promise that he might become one. Luska's descriptions of phases of emotional feeling are unique in modern literature. His characters love, enjoy, and despair with a heartiness and an intensity that send the same thrill of emotion through the reader. When, for instance, he pictures his heroes under the spell of exquisite music, even the traitor, the strategist, and the despoiler to whom the concord of sweet sounds is an unknown tongue cannot help feeling strangely moved. He is almost the only writer now left who really respects a lover, who is willing to leave him to his illusions, who paints him in his divine innocence, naked and not ashamed in the Garden of Eden, without whispering to the spectator that the Garden is a fool's paradise after all. These excellent qualities are manifest—more strikingly than ever, in fact—in "The Yoke of the Thorah," and the gruesome or sensational plot which made the unthinking liken "As It Was Written" and "Mrs. Peixada" to the works of Conway has been abandoned. "The Yoke of the Thorah" is a realistic story of modern life in New York. The scene is principally laid among the Jews, and the interest is furnished by the unsuccessful attempt of the hero to throw off the yoke of the Thorah—*i.e.*, of the Mosaic law—and marry a Christian. Elias Bacharach is only conventionally speaking a hero; his weakness and superstition prove his ruin; but he is always lovable, and is drawn throughout with a firm, strong hand. His uncle, the Rabbi, is delightful,—in his calm, remorseless bigotry lending a touch of unconscious comedy to the tragedy for which he is mainly responsible. The background of Jewish life is carefully studied, and to many people will let in new light upon the domestic manners and customs of a peculiar and picturesque people.

One of the literary authorities of Chicago, that Athens of the West, in a recent notice of Miss F. C. Baylor's "Behind the Blue Ridge" (J. B. Lippincott Company), thinks that "anybody who can read the story of poor old simple-hearted, shiftless 'Pap' without tears, better go sell himself for hayseed at once."

Perhaps the Reviewer might accept this counsel were he sure that in the present fluctuations of the grain-market he could secure his proper value. For, to tell the truth, he has read the book without tears, though not without laughter. Humor, indeed, he finds to be a far more prominent characteristic in this author than pathos, though pathos is not wanting, as it never is in the case of a true humorist. It is the humor of genuine insight, of patient artistic fidelity to detail, but it is the humor of observation rather than of sympathy. The artist gives us sketches of a primitive lot of people, shut out by the mountains from contact with the outer world, in whose quaint dialect, uncouth ways, strange customs, creeds, and superstitions she has found infinite delight, and she makes us sharers of her delight. Her style is still as witty, as full of epigrammatic surprises, as when we first made her acquaintance in "On Both Sides."

From the French publishers of *L'Art* (J. Rouam, Paris) a number of handsome illustrated books have just been received. The handsomest of these is entitled "Fantaisies décoratives," and consists of a portfolio containing forty-eight large engravings, printed in colors from designs by Habert-Dys, which can be used in the decoration of fans, parasols, baskets, and all manner of bric-à-brac, thus furnishing an agreeable diversion from the stereotyped designs now in current use, that are simply variations on the inventions of the old masters. M. Habert-Dys has a graceful fancy, a ready pencil, and an astonishing fertility of resource. The work, it appears, may be obtained in parts, with four engravings to every part, or the engravings will be sold separately. A large octavo, "Les Styles," by Paul Rouaix, is remarkable rather for the number of its illustrations (seven hundred in all) than for their excellence, but it affords a good *résumé* of the various styles, of architecture, painting, household decoration, jewelry, etc., which have in various ages prevailed among civilized nations. "L'Orfèvrerie française," by Germain Babst, is a handsomely-illustrated history of the goldsmith's art in the eighteenth century, as represented by the productions of the Germain family; and "Le Meuble en France au seizième Siècle," by Edmond Bonnaffé, is an interesting treatise on mediæval French furniture. Besides these works, the Reviewer must record his acknowledgments for a series of biographies, "Les Artistes célèbres," under the general editorship of M. Eugène Müntz, in which competent critics consider the lives and works of such artists as Donatello, Fortuny, Bernard Palissy, Jacques Callot, Prud'hon, Rembrandt, Boucher, Edelinck, Decamps, Phidias, Regnault, Fra Bartolommeo, etc. The series will be indefinitely extended. The illustrations that accompany these volumes are well engraved, and the selection of subjects is such as to do justice to the artist under discussion

Of all the works that owe their origin to the Jubilee celebration, the most satisfactory—the only one, indeed, that has any permanent value—is "The Reign of Queen Victoria: A Survey of Fifty Years of Progress." It is in two large octavo volumes, illustrated with maps and diagrams, is edited by T. Humphrey Ward, and contains contributions on "The Army," by General Viscount Wolseley, "The Navy," by Lord Brassey, "The Administration of the Law," by Lord Justice Bowen, "Religion and the Churches," by the Rev. Edwin Hatch, D.D., "Schools," by Matthew Arnold, "Science," by T. H. Huxley, "The Drama," by William Archer, etc. The papers are all thoughtful and well written, and some of them are of unusual interest.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.—Seventeen years of steady and faithful trial upon sixty thousand different people has given ample opportunity to establish for Compound Oxygen these several positions as true. It is the vital part of the atmosphere made very potent, being made magnetic during the process of manufacture.

Compound Oxygen has three distinct modes of action upon the human organism: 1. Its mechanical action, in that it increases very much the respiratory function over that of ordinary breathing. This increased action is felt all over the body at once, because the lungs are just as universally present in the whole body by their rhythmical vibration as the heart is by the ramification of its blood-vessels. 2. Its chemical action, in that the solvent character of the atmosphere is greatly increased by the magnetic property of the Compound Oxygen; hence the blood is more efficiently purified by the more rapid solution and ejection of carbon—the worn-out tissues of the body ever present; hence it dissolves and eliminates from the system many deleterious substances, which otherwise are very difficult of ejection. In this way it relieves the body of its poisonous foreign tenants, malaria, quinine, mercury, uric acid, excess of bile, and is the deadly enemy of the now dreaded bacilli. 3. Its vital action. This latter is vastly more important than the two former, and without it the Compound Oxygen would not work any such results as we have produced. Pure oxygen possesses the first two properties, but not this third one.

This vital action is directly upon the brain, spinal marrow, and the ganglia of the sympathetic system of nerves. These great nervous centres seize upon this wonderful compound, appropriate it, and thereby become larger, more robust, and more active.

As these centres generate all the vitality there is in the whole man (and normal vitality is health), is it strange that nearly all the maladies (these depend upon deficient, disordered vitality)—so multitudinous in their manifestations—should be made to give way before the steady march of our newly-generated vital forces? And, when the victory is won, the peace of sound health should be permanent.

(Name sent, if desired.)

(7 C., 60.) "CHULAFINNE, ALABAMA, March 5, 1887.

"It is now six weeks since I commenced the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment, and with the exception of the slight attack I wrote you about in my last letter, I have had no *asthma*. I am feeling quite well, *sleep* well, appetite somewhat improved, can get up hill now without puffing, and I have lost one little companion who has not forsaken me before for ten years. I know he, she, or it is gone, because I don't hear the whistling with which I was constantly reminded of its presence. You just ought to know how an asthmatic enjoys (from Compound Oxygen) on retiring at night that there are eight (yes, as many as he may wish to indulge in) hours of *sweet unbroken and refreshing sleep* in store for him; yes, a thing so unusual. How strange it does appear! I am doing as well

as I reckon any one could wish to. Shall continue the use of the Compound Oxygen. Will order again soon. *Have already been paid ten thousand times for the expenditure.*"

Any one desiring to know more of this remarkable remedy can send to Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for their new Brochure, called "Compound Oxygen; its Mode of Action and Results," which will be sent free by return mail.

L. R. McCabe's article, "Literary and Social Recollections of W. D. Howells," which was promised for the present number, has been unavoidably postponed, by press of matter, to the October number.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Invaluable.—Dr. B. A. Cable, Dauphin, Pennsylvania, says, "I find it invaluable in all cases for which it is recommended, and I cheerfully attest my appreciation of its excellence."

Mr. Wm. S. Walsh has written, and Mr. Hermann Faber has illustrated, a book on "Faust, the Legend and the Poem," which J. B. Lippincott Company have in press. It will be issued in handsome octavo form for the holiday season.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Makes a Cooling Drink.—Into a tumbler of ice-water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.

Through a curious misunderstanding with Mr. John M. Ward, the article "Is the Base-Ball Player a Chattel?" appeared in some of the Sunday papers almost simultaneously with its publication in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for Dyspepsia.—Dr. J. C. Webster, Chicago, says, "I consider it valuable in many forms of dyspepsia."

Professor L. M. Haupt will contribute an article to the October number of *Lippincott's* on "The Reorganization of the Government Bureau of Public Civil Works." Professor Haupt, who is a graduate of West Point, agrees with the recent strictures on the Academy made by Fred. Perry Powers, and believes that the corps of engineers in the government service can be reorganized on a far more efficient basis.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Headache and Mental Exhaustion.—Dr. N. S. Read, Chandlersville, Illinois, says, "I think it a remedy of the highest value in mental and nervous exhaustion, attended with sick headache, dyspepsia, diminished vitality, etc."

J. Henri Browne, journalist and essayist, will contribute to *Lippincott's* for October a literary autobiography under the title "The Lesson of Practicality."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate a Good Tonic.—Dr. R. Williams Le Roy, New York, says, "It is a good general tonic, and worthy of trial."

APPLE SEED AND BRIER THORN.

BY

LOUISE STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHEA," "KIRBY'S COALS OF FIRE," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

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APPLE SEED AND BRIER THORN.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE had the courage to dare for happiness. A life of negation, of surrender, drove me to the conviction that to each of us belongs the right to the happiness we most desire. If life is but an experiment, why not try the experiment each in his own way? It appeared to me, as I thought on the subject, that many souls are lost because of misery and of thwarting, and this did not seem to be the Divine order. For years I looked at my happiness through the eyes of another, and I found it bitter, barren, and without color. Then, when the time came, I said that Fate having refused to me what I most wished for, it should give me what I chose for the one who was dearest to me. And I took it.

In my strife for happiness I did not think of myself. My mistakes were made, my headlong course was taken, thinking only of another. Looking only at her, I did not see the path into which my feet were going. When I was but a child I used to hear that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, that his days are few and full of evil, and I did not believe it. In my heart I said that happiness, not grief, is our natural heritage, and because this is so, the whole race of man longs and strives for it. If this life shuts upon us the door of Paradise, we picture the next life opening it, and as here our miseries outweigh our joys, there our joys are to know no shadow. If here we are forlorn, there our destinies are splendid. Here the cross of anguish, there the crown of blissfulness, and the hermit's cell opens into the eternal palaces. All this, I said, is but the invention of poverty. Starved, we prophesy a feast; blind, we dream of color and of light. And in no such paltry subterfuge had I then faith. Of this life only was I sure, and of it—not of death—asked I the completion of life.

I began as a child to reason on this question, and even then I could not understand why happiness was not regarded as a sacred possession, and why people did not band together to protect it. When our neighbor Aaron Garlic was arrested for robbing a hen-roost, it appeared to me that he should rather have been punished for ruining the life of his wife. Her existence was a curse to her because of him. He was harsh to her, and cruel, and she could not even be glad when he was away from her, because she dreaded news of him,—news of disgrace and wrong-doing. He got money, and she went hungry. She could not speak of him without shame, so worthless was he. Yet who cared to rescue her from the prison he made for her, where he was her jailer, and where, at his will, he tortured her? For her there was no deliverance; for him no penalty. And I was but young when I perceived that it was not just that one man should ruin the life of another and go free of judgment. And, perhaps, because I saw how this poor woman's burdens were laid upon her, I have never desired to make another carry the weight of my troubles, and I have lived my own life. Yet never have I been resigned to misfortune. I have not complained, and I have not asked that another should be miserable in order that I might be happy, but I have resented the coals of fire over which my feet have passed. I have never called misery a blessing. I have known the difference between ease and labor, joy and grief, stagnation and peace, and I have called them by their names. Never, never, but once, has my cowardice tried to cheat my brain by compromise or fiction.

It is possible that I have expected more of life because I was taught that our heaven was to come to us, not that we were to go to it. The earth was to be the inheritance of the saints. The people to whom was promised the kingdom of heaven were the very people who lived in the house with me, who ate, slept, and talked under my father's roof. The line between the heirs and the strangers was sharply drawn, and it was only those who were born again who were "conditioned for immortality." All others were dead in their trespasses and sins, and for want of repentance had no souls, so when their bodies died they were dead altogether. And at the Second Coming, many would fly out of existence at the first sound of the trumpet.

Thus, more kindly than some other creeds, ours gave man the choice between eternal bliss and eternal sleep, and to-day I hardly know which is the better.

I lived in a little village in the southern part of Pennsylvania, among the hills, and many a time from the stump of an oak-tree have I jumped over Mason and Dixon's line from Pennsylvania into Virginia. Over in Virginia our minister, Mr. McMasters, lived, while Mrs. Garlic had a small house almost on the boundary, and this her husband sometimes found convenient when the law disturbed him.

My father was not a preacher, but it was his innocent vanity to desire to look like one. Clad in sober black, with a huge white neck-tie, he would ride miles to strange churches, expecting the minister to ask him into the pulpit. He never accepted the invitation, but it pleased him. He was a man almost absolutely without color. His eyes

were pale, his hair light and very straight, and he was short and stout. My brother, who was much older than I, looked like my mother, who had been a woman of beauty and spirit. Her education had been so slight that I doubt whether she knew how to write; but she sang in a voice so sweet, so clear and noble, that I used to think she had learned of the angels to whom she went when I was only nine years old. I looked more like my father, except for my eyes, which were brown, and in that I was tall and slender. But I was not like him in mind or disposition. I was not content to sit still and sigh. He deplored his fate, I laid strong hands on mine. Nature, he would say, meant him for a minister, but Providence had made him a wheelwright. This was foolishness to me, because Nature ought to be strong enough to force her way. I rather believed that whatever made my father a wheelwright, it was Nature that kept him one, and whatever energy and imagination he had was given to the Second Coming.

And he was not a good wheelwright. His best business was done in coffins, and in his shop stood boards of various lengths, ready for orders. All his ready money came from coffins, and to him a sickly season meant prosperity. He and my brother were both regenerate, and they would sit and talk of the Coming Life until my brother's wife would lose her temper. She thought they should be at work; but then she was not at all converted, nor did she desire to be. She looked upon heaven as an outing, and said if it meant staying forever in the village she had no use for it. My father listened to her in silence when she spoke her mind, and he must have thought that before a heaven of mildness could come to our house with Sophia there, she would have to be much changed. None of them troubled themselves about me. I, possibly, represented to them the legal amount of baggage to which each traveller is entitled, and they expected to carry me in.

The coming of the Master was talked about in our house as people talk of the return of a married daughter or of a student son. And as to us the Cross-Roads was the centre of existence, the millennium was to come direct to us. Any day or hour the Master might appear, and the faithful watched for him. He was to come to us as he did to the disciples who, walking with him ignorant of who he was, spoke of him, but we were to know him. He was to enter our houses, come into our congregation. The little path that ran by our garden fence up to our door was kept in perfect order by my father's own hands, and it was a curious proof of the impression created by his quiet persistence that close to it ran another made by the feet of people who laughed at him, but who forbore walking over the way kept ready for the Master. I used to stand inside the gate and watch these people. Most of them were "doomed to perish like the beasts of the field," and it seemed to me a pity that so few had souls. They looked alike. I never could tell from watching them which of them were conditioned for immortality, nor could I decide from their works. For the second birth we had to take a person's word, there being no other way of knowing. Most of the people who claimed to have souls, naturally went to our church, and I noticed that among the condemned was a large majority of Episcopalians. Mr. McMasters, our minister, was very severe on

what he called in conversation the "hedged-in and hand-tied P. E. brethren." He declared that most of them went the way of Abraham and Isaac, who were as dead as pigs in a gutter. I used to listen to all this with indifference, but I lost all patience when he said that no babies would enter the Second Life, because they were unable to repent of sin, not yet being conscious of it. This was intolerable to me, and I could not fancy our house as glorified and without little Juliet. There was always talking at the table, and in the summer evenings on the porch, about the Second Coming, and a new interpretation was more interesting than any news possible to find in a paper. My father and Mr. McMasters did not always agree, but they both knew a great deal about it all, and it happened that the fulfilment seemed about to be accomplished when I was a girl not thirteen. It was not only that the time reckoned by prophecy had come, but there were also signs and tokens that even Sophia could not disregard. One night after sunset, when we were all at supper, and I had the baby on my lap, Bettie Longstreet came running in crying, and then, hanging to my father's arm, sobbed out, "He is coming!" Now, Bettie, I was very sure, had never been converted, because we had often talked the matter over, and wondered if it made one feel different to have a soul, so she was properly frightened about it, and I jumped up and ran out with the baby. I had made up my mind that if I ever saw him coming along father's path I should go at once and show him little Juliet. I meant to stand right in the way and ask him to give the baby a soul before he went any farther. And I thought, remembering how he felt about the little Jewish babies when he was here before, that he would never consent to have such a lovely little girl as Juliet perish and go to nothingness with Abraham and old Aaron Garlic. So no sooner had Bettie gasped out that he really had appeared than I jumped up and away I went with the baby fast in my arms. As soon as I got on the porch one hasty look satisfied me that he was not in sight: so I ran down the "Jesus way," as the village boys called the path father had made, thinking I should meet him. Between our garden and the gate leading to the road there was a ravine over which two boards made a bridge, but to go over this would take me a little farther from the point where I fancied he would turn coming up his path: so I forsook it and ran over the grass, and, jumping the ravine, got out through a broken place in the fence. But all I saw was a number of people standing looking at the sky.

The sun had gone down, yet a great bank of red and golden splendor lighted the west, and just above all this glory, resting on the edge of it, but against the green-blue sky, was a great white harp. Here and there its edges were lightly touched with gold, and it seemed to be waiting for the Angel to come and strike it. And at that moment, all excited and bent on one object as I was, I thought how fine it was to have the world called by a harp instead of a trumpet. Even a converted person would be frightened by such a peal as Gabriel would give; but a harp would be so much more tender and less terrifying. Still, I did not give much attention to the sky, because I was so busy looking up and down the roads watching for the Master himself.

For this reason I did not watch the harp as it faded away without any appearance of the Angel, but I was just as much relieved as any one.

Very few of the village people believed in my father's creed, but in such a case as this they all naturally wanted to know what he thought of the harp: therefore there was soon quite a crowd around our gate, where he was standing, and he had no difficulty in persuading Napoleon Garlic to ride over to Powhatan Branch after Mr. McMasters.

But the minister also had seen the harp in the sky, and when Napoleon had gone about a mile he met the old gentleman driving along in his sulky, all in a hurry to get to the Cross-Roads, where we lived, and where his church was. Napoleon turned around and came on a gallop back, but Mr. McMasters drove a fast mule, and he soon clattered up, with Napoleon behind. Father had not been clear in his mind about the harp, because, he said, clouds were curious things; but Mr. McMasters had no doubt at all, and he jumped out of his sulky and began to get everything in order. Even Sophia did not oppose him that night, and when he said that the house must be got ready, and the table spread, she not only made no objection, but she helped, and worked very hard indeed. Mrs. Garlic came in, and they washed all the dishes, and let the fire go out, and then carried the ashes out of the house. They took all the sheets and table-cloths and covered everything, even the chairs, with what Mr. McMasters called "pure white linen;" but the very best table-cloth they put on the dining-table. Then, when Napoleon Garlic, who was almost as old as I was, heard that a supper of grapes and figs was to be prepared, he not only climbed our trellis and picked all the grapes, green and ripe together, but he went over to Mrs. Mason's and took all the figs off the two trees she prized, and she was so frightened she did not dare to forbid him.

I had a harder time, because Mr. McMasters sent me to bring in nine other young girls to wait on the table with me, and he bade me see that they were "fair and pure of heart." I went first to Bettie Longstreet, but the very idea scared her, and she flatly refused to come, and indeed went at once to bed. I tried one more girl, but she began to cry, and her mother told me to go home. So I did as she said, and kept out of Mr. McMasters's way until they were all ready to go to church, and I followed with the baby.

The church was one of those long frame buildings, built in colonial times, which you sometimes see in the South. It had eight windows and one door. Most of the wooden benches had backs, but some were broken off. The men sat on one side of the aisle, and the women on the other. This was the rule, no matter who preached, and the church was used by all the denominations in turn. We occupied it one Sunday each month, and as often as we pleased in the week.

This night I sat down on a bench to which there was no back, and as soon as the meeting was fairly under way I put my feet over on the other side, sitting so that I could face the door, because I wanted to be on the watch for the sake of the baby. I never thought of the dreadful fact that, if my prayer for her should be granted, I should be forever parted from her, as I had no soul myself.

At first there was in the church much talking and excitement, but Mr. McMasters silenced it by a creepy chapter out of the Bible, and then they sang. I held Juliet against my shoulder, as I joined in, patting her to keep her quiet. Then the sermon began, but, after the harp, Mr. McMasters could not frighten any one, and people began to think of other matters. By and by a man took out his watch, and old Perry Atkinson stood up and told Mr. McMasters that there was a brother present who had a long way to go.

"Very well," said the parson, looking over his glasses: "let him thank the Lord for that. There are some of us present who have a very short way indeed." And thus he alluded, I suppose, to Abraham and the pigs in the gutter.

"But he may have matters to attend to," rejoined the speaker.

"Let him pray for grace to attend to them properly," was the minister's answer; and he went on with his discourse.

Then he stopped and asked if Father Abercrombie would lead in singing, and father stood up and looked around for me, but, as I sat against the wall, and had my face turned from him, he did not see me: so he asked if his daughter Janet was present. I got up and pushed by the people on the benches until I was pretty close to father, who said, quite loudly, "Give that baby to some one else. You can't sing and hold her."

But all the same he knew that I sang to her almost every time I did hold her: so, as I had not the slightest idea of giving her up, and risk the Master walking in while I was not looking, I just held her tighter, and began to sing. I had not the least hint of what father meant to sing, but I started off all alone with that dreadfully solemn hymn,—

> Great God, what do I see and hear?
> The end of things created!
> The Judge of mankind doth appear,
> On clouds of glory seated.
> The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
> The dead which they contained before.
> Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

And my brother Joseph joined in with me, and some of the other people, but father did not. This hymn was not in our book, and it taught false doctrines. I never thought of that, but, with my eyes fixed on the door, I sang it through, and I never noticed that father had seated himself and with heavy frowns was looking at me.

When I had finished and sat down, up jumped father as if he had been blown out of a gun.

"Oh," he cried out, "he comes, but in peace, and not to the wicked, but to the righteous only." He called this out as if it was a proclamation, and Mrs. Garlic, who was sitting near the door, tired, and no doubt sleepy, started up with a shriek.

"Praise the Lord," she screamed, "he has come!" and out of the house she flew, and every one after her.

The next morning father said many things to me, and I cried bitterly over them. Then I told him that I should like to go to my

uncle Dalton, and, to my great surprise, he at once consented, and told Sophia that I was to be made ready. I could not understand, nor could Sophia then, why he was so willing, indeed so anxious, to have me go, for I was strong, well grown, and of use about the house, and also his only daughter.

CHAPTER II.

My aunt Dalton and my mother had been sisters, yet their lives had been far apart. They were both beautiful, but my mother married my father, and my aunt a summer visitor who took her home, educated her, loved and prized her, and finally deeply mourned for her. He had asked my father more than once to send me to him, so that I could go to school, for I was named for his wife, but my father refused, and bitterly, because he resented that they were rich and we poor. The fact that my uncle had no soul and so no share in the coming Paradise ought to have consoled him, but it did not. There were few preparations to be made for my journey, a new gown or two, boots, and gloves were all got on our bill at the village store, and it seemed marvellous to me that my bureau-drawer should hold in it so much that was new and my own. The ready money for the travelling expenses was more difficult, and only to be had after a funeral. So I had to wait until some one was called away or fell asleep, and I grieve to say that when Mr. McMasters grew ill I could not sorrow as I should have done for so intimate a friend of the family. I knew that Sophia shared my feeling, although she said not a word except that he was difficult to please, and too fond of rich food. Yet it was not for him that my father made at last a short broad box of the best walnut, but for Mrs. Longstreet. As Bettie lay on her bed, refusing to be comforted, I sat by her, feeling like a traitor, knowing that I was to have the money she was to pay in her grief. And I reproached myself because I wondered how soon she would pay it, and when she told me to tell my father to line the coffin with silk, I did not carry the message, because all the extras were also to be mine. I had better have done so and saved Bettie's feelings when she found that there was flannel instead.

As my father worked on the coffin he gently whistled, and at this sign of content I wondered. Mrs. Longstreet had long been a neighbor, being kind and pleasant to us all, and Bettie had come in and out as though she had been my older sister, so it seemed to me that my father should have grieved. He willingly, however, agreed with me that Bettie should take her time in paying the bill, and that I was to wait until she did. In this way it happened that Mr. McMasters had time to recover, and to come to our house the day I left, eat his dinner, and go to the stage-coach with me.

Perhaps it was well that he did so, for between my dread of a lonely journey, my grief at leaving the baby, and Bettie's loud lamentations, I think I might have broken down and refused to go, had he not, at the most critical moment, kissed me good-by. This made me furious, and I jumped into the stage without another word, and in a moment we

were off. When I remember my age, for I was but thirteen years old, and how little I knew, and how great were the dangers to which I was exposed, it seems a heartless thing that I should have been turned out of the nest as I was. I might have spared myself all my reproaches thinking that I profited by Bettie's troubles, had I known that my father sent me out of the way because he was going to marry her, and they feared there would be no peace in the house if I was there. And as Mrs. Longstreet had opposed the marriage, my father took her death as a kindly providence, and so regarded it all the days of his life, living as he did in her house, which was better than his own.

But of all this I had no idea as I sat in the coach with an old Dunkard woman who talked to the driver about butter, and a one-armed soldier who complained of the administration to a jolly young man who gave me a newspaper to read, and also bought me candy when we stopped in a village to water the horses. It grew dark as we passed through the woods, and I fell asleep. Every now and then I awakened, and felt lonely, and as if I could cry; but I was afraid of pity, and so I kept back my tears, and would fall to sleep again, and at three o'clock in the morning the driver awakened me, and we all got out of the stage, and he took me to the cars, which were standing by a dimly-lighted platform, and put me in a seat, and told the conductor to keep an eye on me, and so I was launched upon life. Until we reached Harrisburg I had no trouble, but when I came to leave the cars and change for the Philadelphia train I could not find my valise, and in it were not only all my changes of clothing, but nearly all my money. The conductor declared that I had not brought it on the train, and I could not contradict him, because I remembered nothing about it. And so with but a dollar or two I stood alone on the streets of Harrisburg, with no friend. I did not dare to go upon the cars without ticket or money, and I could not go back. I made no plans, nor appeal. I simply began to walk because I could not stand still, and I walked on, day after day, a sturdy, dusty little girl, until I reached Philadelphia. And yet I was not miserable. The weather was perfect. Clear, exhilarating air blew on my cheeks and brightened them, there were flowers, people, houses, dogs, all sorts of things to interest me, and I was strong and used to walking. I had nothing to carry, and I had so much faith in the kindness of the world that I met friendly greetings with a smile and told my little story with honest frankness. And I made many friends. Not once was I refused a meal or a night's lodging, and no one would take a cent from me. More than one farmer's wife offered me a home if I would stay with her, because my energy pleased her. No one was rude to me, and although more than once I had companions whose characters could not be sheltered even under the term dubious, so declared were their looks, they were gentle to me, and directed me over country roads and by safe by-ways. One Sunday I sang nearly all day in a farm-house where I stayed, and in the evening the neighbors came in to hear me: so after this I knew how to repay kindness, and I sang for any one who was good to me and who wanted to hear me. Once I sat under a hedge and sang to some gypsies, and another time I rode nearly all day with an old farmer to whom I sang, over

and over, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," because it reminded him of his mother. When our roads parted,—and I think he went some miles out of his own way for my sake,—he called me a brave little girl, and made me take some money from him, and he said he wished he could know whether I reached my uncle's safely. He did not tell his name, nor where he lived, but I am sure he never forgot me, any more than I have him, and here I say, God bless him!

I was over two weeks on the road. Twice I rested a day, and once I picked blackberries for payment in a field with a family of tramps, who every now and then emptied their buckets in mine. So I had little to complain of in weather or friendliness. I liked the walk, and I was never hungry, and, curiously enough, I never had the sense of begging. My first feeling of degradation was when I entered my uncle's house. He lived twenty miles from the city, in an old town on the river, and I went there on the railroad, because I had the instinct that respectability would now count for something. I had no trouble in finding my uncle's house, as every one knew him, and I was not surprised at the air of wealth and comfort which it presented. I had never seen anything like it before, but I liked it. As I stood waiting to be announced to him, how dirty and forlorn I felt! I peeped into a glass in the hall, and I saw that my face was clean and my hat straight, but I remember that I pulled off my gloves, which I had, comically enough, worn all through my tramp, feeling that, like a patch on a patch, their tatters told too much. I had not sent my name in, because it never occurred to me to do so, and thus when I entered the room it was as a stranger to him. It was twilight, and supper was over. A great lamp was burning on the table, but through the open window the western sky was still glowing and the light shone on the river. My uncle was reading, and his son sat by the window, tuning a guitar. From the moment I entered I saw only this young fellow,—my cousin Ogden. I had not dreamed that an angel could be so beautiful; and my childish judgment was not exaggerated. Man or woman, I never saw another so perfect as he. He was tall, and yet his height was not noticeable, because he was so well proportioned, and he was strong and vigorous with youth and health. His hair was brown with a dash of gold, and his eyes matched it. He had the eyes that flatter women by simply looking at them, so tender and observant were they. He did not mean one-half his eyes would say, for in truth he was indifferent; but he liked to please, and this is easy work when one is young and beautiful. Me he found absurd, as I came abruptly into the room, but he spoke to me kindly, and he looked as if he was friendly, affectionate. But now I only glanced at him as I went direct to my uncle and told him that I was Janet Abercrombie. For a moment my uncle was silent. Then he got up, led me to the light, and gazed at me.

"You must look like your father," he said.

This was the key-tone to the history of my life in my uncle Dalton's house. I lived there for eight years, and I was never the daughter of the house. I was of value, I was trusted, educated, provided for, but I never forgot that I did not belong to them. Had I been like my

mother, had I been beautiful with that family beauty that had bloomed so richly in Ogden, how proud my uncle would have been of me! And yet I was not ugly. I grew into the brightness of youth, but contrasted with Ogden I faded and was insignificant. I make no complaint of my life, for I was most kindly used, and it was not Ogden's fault if I loved him. For years I lived to serve that man. He was kind and sweet to me, he thought of little pleasures for me, and he liked to have me near him. He often told me I should never marry and leave him. I read to him, I played for him, and until I lost my voice I used to go to heaven in singing with him. I waited on him, and when he showed me some careless proof of affection I was abjectly grateful to him. And he drew from me my life's strength, taking all my thought and energy to himself. I gave him my sympathy before he asked for it, and my help when he did not need it. I played at friendship with girls whom I despised because they sought him through me, enduring them because their devotion amused and flattered him. Since then I have watched other women going through the same experience, until I have almost come to believe that friendship between a man and a woman means that she shall give him an affection as thoughtful, as faithful, as exclusive, as love; that he shall have no rival in her attention, and every claim on her time, and that in return he will give her—his confidence.

If Ogden had loved me, I should have hardly been able to bear the happiness; but as it was, I was so absorbed in him that other men did not exist for me, and so all possible lovers passed me by, and I never missed them.

All these years I was studying music. From the moment I appeared in his house, my uncle considered that I was thrown on his care, and he accepted me. He found me useful to him. I became his housekeeper, I read to him, he bought me pretty gowns, and I presided at his table, and went out with him, and he found great interest in my musical education. This began at once, just as soon as he heard me sing, and I had lessons with Ogden. But when I was seventeen I lost my voice because of a cold and of Ogden's carelessness, and then I began to care for the organ, and I worked hard with it to make it sing for me. Yet a great pleasure went out of my life with my voice, and I was the more troubled because I saw that both my uncle and Ogden were disappointed, for it had attracted much social attention.

Then my uncle died, and Ogden married and brought his wife home. I desired to go away, but to this he would not consent, and I had no will but his. I could not have. It was purgatory to me, but I gave up no portion of my care of him, and I was attentive in seeing that he owed all his comforts to me only. And this suited both him and his wife. She was a handsome, dark, little creature, full of caressing ways, and they were happy together. They greatly admired each other, and they understood how to get the cream of social pleasure, and so they went their way merrily and in great content.

Over this part of my life I must pass quickly. There is nothing to tell, and it pains me to recall it. It was full of restlessness, and I was like a buoy which dances on the surface as if sporting with the

waves, while in reality it is tugging at the anchor which holds it. I never heard from my home. My father and Joseph were both dead, and Bettie was married again to young Henry McMasters. Sophia and Juliet had become dreams to me.

Then suddenly a great blow fell upon me. It is almost impossible even now to speak of it, so awful, so crushing was it. Ogden was killed. On a railroad. Coming home from a summer journey. Ogden! And he died at once; but Lilian lingered some days. There is nothing more to tell. And so I left the house which was my home, and I began to work for my living; but I cared nothing for that. I had friends who were indignant because neither my uncle nor Ogden had provided for my future; but I was entirely indifferent to my poverty, and I refused to think of possible legal claims on the estate. If Ogden had thought of my welfare and provided for it, how gladly all the days of my life would I have eaten of the bread he gave to me! But I sickened at the thought of what might come to me because he was dead and I was nearest of kin. Bitter, bitter would it have been to me,—the price of blood, the price of all that made life precious to me. In nothing was I so little poor as in money. I was alone. I had no family, no home, no love for whom to think and work. I lay on my bed and wept through the long nights, thinking of Lilian who was with him. Neither in life nor in death could he be mine, and the very thought of going to him was abhorrent to me, because I should find her there. In life I had tolerated her, in death I hated her. I had known that I could be nothing to him while we lived, but I had not faced an eternity apart from him. Vaguely had I looked forward to the sometime, the somewhere, when those kindly, lovely eyes were to seek for mine; and now he was dead, and she was dead, and they were together forever and forever, and I was alive, and I was alone forever! Ah, how happy should I have been to have had my father's faith, and to have believed them both perished out of God's universe! but I could only picture them in Paradise, and together there.

So I took my miserable way into the world again. I lived at a boarding-house, and I was fed at a long and dreary table, and I lay on my bed in the evening and made geometrical figures out of the pattern of the wall-paper. It tired me to teach all day; I was not used to it, and I missed the household ways in which I had so long gone. On Sundays I played on an organ, and earned a little money: so, with what my scholars paid me, I was supported, and my friends were not concerned, because they knew I was housed, fed, and clothed. Of the mute despair and misery of my life no one knew, and there was no one to care, or to help me, and I cared too little to help myself out of the pit into which I had fallen.

CHAPTER III.

In these days I fancied that I had lived my life. I had run a gamut of so much suppressed and silent unhappiness and grief that it seemed to me that there was nothing left to me but a listless bearing

of the days appointed to me. But what woman of twenty-two can say her destiny is accomplished or her individuality developed? In the time to come she may be herself, or another.

But one thing I certainly did not calculate upon, and that perhaps because I had so little knowledge of it,—and this was my own character. It was but natural that I should be prostrated by the blow which had made me homeless and so rudely taken all I loved away from me, but after a time life began to run quickly in my veins, and youth and strength led me out into the open again. Instead of lying crushed and tired out upon my bed, I took long walks after my lessons, and I gathered up my strength and studied orchestral music. I suppose I should have turned to some language, or literature, as a heroine does, but I fear I am but a practical person, and it was to my interest as well as my pleasure to take up a study in which I was by reason of poverty, as well as by nature, interested. And so after a time I grew stronger, and began to go among my friends, and to have dreams of the future; but they were poor little dreams, after all, and unlighted by ambition or genius, for I only thought of getting on and making more money, and having a home of my own, and, perhaps, some one in it for whom I could care, but who that some one would be fancy offered no suggestion, except that it was to be a little child. Then, one day, a friend who was a doctor spoke to me.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are a very sick woman?"

At this I laughed. I knew that I often felt weak and miserable, and that when I first arose I dreaded the day, but I also knew that the day brought its strength, and that I never failed in my duties.

"Well," he continued, "you can laugh if you will, but you have used up your strength, and now you work on your will. The moment that goes, you will fail completely, and then what will become of you?"

What, indeed? I had come to the habit of lying awake, and so I had leisure to think. Of all things, least did I wish to become an invalid. I wondered what would become of me if I should, and I smiled as I thought of what people would say when they heard I was in an almshouse, but, really, what else I could do but go to one I could not think. After this I began to take notice of myself, and I found that I neither ate nor slept, and that I was tired all the time, and that "to-morrow" was my time for everything that "to-day" could shirk. When we are ahead of our tasks, we are their masters; but mine were dragging me after them, and I was their slave. So I went to my friend, and I said,—

"Suppose I agreed that you were right,—but I don't, mind,—what would you tell me to do?"

"I should tell you to go to Florida."

"To Florida! There is nothing the matter with my lungs. I have no cough. Now, *that* is absurd!"

"Did I say you had a cough, or weak lungs? And don't you think that Florida would be good for a tired-out woman? Consider, Miss Abercrombie. The winter is coming, and in this temperate zone the winter is hard and cruel. You have neither vitality nor strength

to fight it. You will work hard, and go out in all sorts of weather. In Florida there will be no demand made on your will or your resistance: you can live out of doors, that you need to do, and you will rest, and that is most important of all."

I went home and counted out my money. I had exactly sixty-four dollars and fifty cents, and at the end of the quarter, which would be just before Christmas, my music-lessons would give me seventy-five more to spend, as my organ paid my board. But on one hundred and thirty dollars and fifty cents I could not travel to Florida and spend the winter. So I went on with my work, and grew weaker, and began to have pains and take homœopathic pills because they were cheap and it seemed less like doctoring, especially as I prescribed for myself. One day, however, as I puzzled over my little manual, unable to decide what my symptoms indicated and whether I needed belladonna or nux, or whether I had typhoid fever or a disordered stomach, I began to cry, and then to hate myself for doing so. And then all in a moment I got up, and opened my trunk, and took out a box that contained the jewelry my uncle and Ogden had given me. I did not look in it, but I put on my bonnet and went out and sold it for old gold. I did not expect to do this, it had seemed to me that the workmanship on it was worth something, but the jeweller told me better, that it was only worth its weight, so then I added my watch to it, and I took back to my room nearly one hundred dollars more.

Now I was bound to accept my own sacrifice, and I did not delay about it. As soon as I was through my lessons, I started for Florida, meaning to spend the winter in some cheap place and so get well. For if one must live, it is best to do it with as little weariness of body as is possible.

When I reached Jacksonville, I was told of a little settlement of Northern people among the pines, and on high ground, where the air was healthful and the prices low: so there I went, and stayed in great quiet until late in January.

Then something very strange happened to me. One night I went to bed early, leaving most of the other boarders in the hotel still up. So homely and primitive was this place that the women boarders used to sit in the kitchen and talk to the hostess as she cooked, and this night, I remember, I left three or four there watching her set the bread for breakfast. Some few of the others had gone to their rooms, but they were sick people.

I now know that it was near midnight when I was awakened, but I then thought it later, because I had come to sleep well and long. I was awakened by a voice singing. At first I lay perfectly still and peaceful beyond the power of words to describe. It seemed to me so natural and in place to hear the voice and to hear the song it sang. It was a woman's voice, and most delicately managed. It was low and soft, but every tone was clear and distinct. I greatly dislike the *pianissimo* which has to be made on the piano with the soft pedal, or by a voice with muffled, smothered tones, because the effect is then mechanical, but I delight in it when it is firm and clear, soft, yet sustained and delicate withal. And this voice was plainly of compass and

power, for every tone was firm, and every note well taken. All this I understood, although I did not analyze it at all.

Then suddenly I started up, because I remembered where I was and how old I was, for I was now twenty-five, and my mother had been long dead. For the voice was my mother's, and the song was one I had never heard since she sang it. I sat up in my bed, and the fright made me tremble. But the words, which were Moore's, and were "Oft in the stilly night," suited the hour and my condition, and the sweet, sensuous tune charmed all my terror away, and I lay down again. Then the voice was still, and there were only the sounds of the night and the breeze in the trees.

So I slept, and when I awakened early and left my room for a walk, I met four men who were very quietly carrying out of the house the body of one who was dead.

He had died just before dawn, and now they were taking him away because it was not well to have death in the house where there were so many ill.

When I was told that the dead man was young, and that only his wife was with him, I remembered him. I had watched them the day before, and I had seen the girl, who was graceful, lead him in the sunshine, and when he sat down to rest she had carefully wrapped him in a shabby shawl which she had carried on her arm. I had regarded them with interest because they were poor and looked lonely. No one could have expected him to recover, so wan and rigid were all the contours of his face, so bright and glassy his eyes, and so wasted his figure. But the girl walked with a firm, elastic step, and I noticed that she had a charming smile as she spoke to him. It was she who looked so very poor. His dress was far better than hers, but he was plainly her inferior. In spite of his feebleness, he carried himself jauntily and with an air at once vain and plebeian. But the girl was different, and I liked her because she had held herself apart, and had even had her meals served in their rooms, so that her husband might not be left alone.

As I walked through the pines to a little lake, which gave the village its name, I thought of her with sympathy, but I soon forgot her and her troubles. The night was still present with me, and the sense of exceeding peace still held me. It was so wonderful and so real that I almost thought it a dream, because I could hardly believe that my mother had come back to me. Yet I knew it could be no one else, because I remembered her voice so well, and I had never heard one like it. Thus absorbed in the sweetest memory, I stood by the lake, when suddenly I looked up and saw the young widow coming toward me. She was walking very fast: the sun shone on her hair, which was golden, and I saw that her eyes were brown, and this combination of color stirred me to the heart, because it reminded me of Ogden.

The girl had her eyes fixed on me, and I saw that she was coming to me: so I stood still awaiting her.

The saddest little smile parted her lips as she said to me,—

"You are Miss Janet Abercrombie?"

"Yes," I answered.

For a moment she paused, and turned her head, gazing on the water. When she looked again at me her eyes were full of tears.

"I am alone," she said, "and my husband is dead, and I have come to tell you because I think you must be my aunt."

Now, in all my life no one had ever before claimed me. My uncle and Ogden had owned me as a relation, but I was the shadow, they the substance. But this girl asked my protection by her attitude, her soft, sad eyes, and I said, as gently as I could,—

"I fear I am no relation of yours; but I should like to be your friend, if I can help you."

In reply she said,—

"I am Juliet Abercrombie. Surely you are my aunt?"

"You are married?" I answered, as if I doubted her.

"Yes," she said; "I married Napoleon Garlic only a week ago, and I think you must remember him, because it was he who recognized you and had me look out your name on the hotel register, so as to be sure. You know that I could not remember you, Aunt Janet, because I was so little when you left home."

I took her hand, and led her back to my room at the hotel, and we sat down on two chairs put close together by the window, and I still held her hand as she told me the little story of her marriage.

Never in my life have I had as curious an experience as this first acquaintance with Juliet. Women who have had mothers and sisters can have no idea what it was to me to feel that this girl was my kin, blood of my blood. I was ignorant of all the sweet liberty of a relationship nourished by love and sympathy, but I took Juliet into my heart at once, and forgot that she was really a stranger to me. I watched her as she talked. I noted the color of her hair, the fine poise of her head, her youth and her grace, and when she looked back at me with love and content in her eyes I found her irresistible. And it pleased me to find that she accepted me as she did, and that she had made an ideal of me, meaning to know me some day. Time and distance had not kept my little Juliet from me, and I was very happy. As she told me her story, I knew that mine would have been very like it had I stayed at the Cross-Roads. I too would have been scantily educated, and I too might have found comfort in Napoleon Garlic's neutral gentleness. It was plain that he had been kind to the child, and that she had found him a refuge from the harshness of her mother's temper. When she talked of him it was as a little girl telling of an elder brother's goodness. She did not see him as I did, and there was nothing ignoble to her about him. She told me that his father had finally gone West, where he had died, and that Napoleon had been a good son to his mother, and had supported her, and, when she was ill to death, had nursed her with faithfulness. Then when his health began to fail and his only hope was in a milder climate, I could understand how naturally she would be content to marry him, so as to go with him to Florida.

"I was not his sister," she said, "and there was no one else. It was the only thing to do."

"You were very young," I replied.

"I am almost sixteen," she said, gravely, "and you know the girls of our village always marry young. Mamma was only six months older when she married."

She never once spoke of any love for Napoleon. I do not think she gave her feeling for him a single thought, and he certainly had not regarded her as anything but a necessary companion. He had saved a little money, and he paid her expenses as he would those of a nurse.

"I had no time to get wedding-clothes," she said, "but Napoleon promised me that we would stop somewhere as we went home and get all I wanted. Then, you know, they would be new when we got back to the Cross-Roads." Her face clouded as she said this, her eyes filled with tears, and she softly whispered, "Poor fellow!"

When the time for Napoleon's burial came, I put one of my black gowns on her, and I took the crape veil off my hat and pinned it on hers, covering up its faded brown ribbons. I never put it back on my own, because I felt that, somehow, my period of mourning was becoming shorter. But neither did I allow her to wear it.

As Juliet looked at herself in the glass, her eyes were sad and grave. Then, suddenly, with that lightning change of mood that was almost startling in her, she smiled.

"Come here, Aunt Janet," she cried, "and see how you look!"

She caught me by the hand, and we stood side by side reflected in the glass. "How *I* looked!" I could not but smile as I saw my worn face by her radiant one. The sombre dress was a part of my dimness, but it threw out her color. My hair was faded and straight, hers was golden and full of wave and curl. My eyes, like hers, were brown, but mine were tired and sad. We were of the same height, but she was slender and I was thin. The color came into her face as she could not but see how the contrast struck me, and she turned and kissed me.

"I wish," she said, "that I knew how to be a comfort to you, dear."

But indeed I had no right to be old. A woman cannot be old before she is thirty except a hard life make her so. It seems to me that a woman grows old when her ambitions are dead, her future barren. When the day comes for her to live in her past, when her present is empty, and she cares nothing for what may come, then she is old, be she twenty or sixty. But let her have ambition, hope, let her love her life and live it, and she will keep her youth in her blood and her bearing, let her cheek fade as it may.

But I had never lived my life. I had, however, I thought, spent my heart, and until I met Juliet I had desired nothing but to be allowed to stagnate in my own way.

CHAPTER IV.

JULIET never allowed any one to stagnate. So merry was she that one had to smile with her, if not at her. I often caught her looking at me with an odd little air of study. One day I demanded what she thought of me.

"Why," she answered, with a half-guilty smile, "you remind me of a hydrangea Napoleon once gave me. It was one of those half-green, half-white flowers, you know, and sometimes I used to forget to water it, and then the whole plant would droop and look as if it could never, never hold up its head again; but just give it water and pretty soon it would be as peart as ever."

"Don't say 'peart,' Juliet."

She laughed. "But I mean 'peart,'" she said. "And, no matter how often this happened, it always came up all right."

"Still, it didn't grow as well. It used too much of its strength in reviving."

"And"—now she looked at me with mischief in her eyes—"Napoleon once put iron-filings into the soil to make the flower purple. Do you think, Aunt Janet, if you were put on a diet of mental iron that you would turn purple?"

"Did the hydrangea?"

"Mine didn't; but Napoleon said it ought to have done so."

I looked at her with delight: so much of a tonic was she to me that I felt as if some kind of change was coming over me.

I now had enough of Florida. It was still winter, and we had reports of hard weather in the North, but I wanted to go back and take Juliet, and settle into the life of which we constantly talked, and so get her away from the grave of Napoleon Garlic. For the girl had at once taken possession of me, and I was enchanted to have it so. We were lonely, and we were kin. I made Juliet feel how dear she was to me, and how important, and this her mother had never done, and the girl felt that Sophia was happier now because there was no one to put the house out of order. She said her mother was one of the women who never used but one size and kind of hair-pin, while she liked a dozen different ones, and so they disagreed! We had much in common, and we agreed especially in that what we wanted to do, thought best to do, that we tried to do. Neither of us, desiring to go to Rome, would have turned our backs on the roads that led to it, and declared it was of no use to try. We at least kept our faces Zion-ward. So now, desiring, of all things, to have a little home together, our constant talk ran on this subject. Stored away in a friend's house I had furniture for one room; and it was good and handsome, because my uncle had given it to me for a birthday-present. And Juliet had a few hundred dollars which Napoleon had left to her by a will in which he declared her heir to all he owned. This included the little house in Virginia where he had lived, but that was of no value in our plans. We determined to get a cheap little house, and to furnish as much as we could. I was sure of my organ and of pupils, and we hoped to live along. At any rate, we meant to try.

One day, soon after she came to me, she spoke of singing.

"Why, Juliet," said I, "can you sing?"

"What an absurd question!" she replied. "Do we not all sing?"

I jumped, so startled was I.

"Oh, Juliet!" I cried. "Now I know that you do, for I have heard you."

Her face clouded with pain and memory.

"Did you?" she said. "He died just after. He was so restless, Aunt Janet, and he asked me to sing to him; but I did not know that he was dying. And I was all alone with him."

I sat perfectly still, saying not a word of comfort. And indeed I was irritated with her because she mourned Napoleon Garlic. I remembered him, so unlike her, shallow, plebeian, and I could not endure the shadow he had cast over her. And all in the heat of the moment I said impetuously, what I should have said gently, if I said it at all,—

"When we go North I want you to forget that name."

"What name?"

"Napoleon Garlic's."

"Oh, I cannot do that. You forget how kind he was to me. And, Aunt Janet, it is *my* name now."

"It is *not* your name," I replied. "Your marriage was the affair of a moment, idle, unmeaning. The name does not belong to you. You are Juliet Abercrombie;—only that. What is there about you that suits such a title as 'Mrs. Napoleon Garlic'? It is a farce for you to wear it. It falsifies you. Do you not see that it does?—that it must? Come, Juliet, let the week when you were Mrs. Garlic pass out of your present. It belongs to the past."

Juliet stood still, looking at me, but not saying a word.

"Tell me," I continued, "which name seems most natural to you? To which does heart and brain answer?"

"To my own," she promptly replied. "To Juliet Abercrombie."

"Then keep your own. I do not want you to make a mystery of it, fit only for a novel, but for practical life ignore it. You are tall, and look older than you are, but you are still a child, Juliet. You will find this out when you go North, where girls do not marry at fifteen. I want you to be a school-girl for a while, and not a widow. Do not let this one week shadow your whole life. For indeed, dear, it will do you no good to speak of it. It is really a masquerade on your part to play either wife or widow, and you need only remember that you have done a kindly act to an old friend, who was ill, by coming with him as his nurse in Florida. That is all over. Now enter life as yourself."

She stood irresolute, her pretty eyes filled with perplexity.

"I do not like to be deceitful, Aunt Janet."

"That I do not ask you. We will conceal nothing. Whenever there is a need we will be frank; but indeed, indeed, I do not want Aaron Garlic's daughter-in-law obtruding on our happy life. Are we not Janet and Juliet Abercrombie? Is not that best?"

Impetuous, loving, and, to me, docile, the girl flung her arms around me.

"You always know best," she cried; and so from the moment we entered the stage that carried us to the station she was herself, and not the widow of a village shoemaker, the inheritor of his ignoble name. I think I loved her better from the moment I heard her addressed as "Miss Abercrombie." And because I would not permit her to wear black, I too put on colors, and so we went back home, and, although it

was bitterly cold, the weather seemed to me delightful, and the air bracing and wholesome.

Let me tell you what to ask of the gods. Ask for tranquillity. It is not stagnation, nor is it submission. It has its ebb and its flow, and it is keener than content, calmer than joy. It is built upon strength, and with weakness it has no part. It gives you days of the endeavor which leads to accomplishment, and nights of peace and rest. It is the equipoise of nature, the centre to which gravitate the uses of life. Great work has been born of terrible grief, and sometimes of wonderful joy, but such work is volcanic. The tasks to which a Shakespeare sets himself are wrought out by souls as tranquil as they are strong. And it is also happiness, enduring and sweet.

Thus ran the days after I took Juliet home. People who met me exclaimed at the alteration in my appearance. Florida, it was said, had worked a miracle, and never had I looked so well. Ah, never had I been so happy! I stood on my own rock, I was living my own life. No longer was I on the outside of all affairs, all interests. I was not a spectator, I was an actor. And yet what gave me all this? Only Juliet.

We had found one of those little houses, not uncommon in Philadelphia, where they build the rear of the house first, neatly finish it, and put a little porch for an entrance. On the little garden which is between the house and the street will some time stand the house proper, but not until the property rises in value. Our house was on a quiet, shaded street far up town, but not a new street, and instead of being shamed by the finer houses around us we were endorsed by their superiority. We took great pleasure in furnishing our house, and truly it needed but little, and then we settled down to work. I taught, and not only increased the size of my classes, but boldly charged higher prices, and I put Juliet under the charge of the best teacher of singing in the city; and because I could not also send her to school, and I very much doubted her going, we read together in the evenings, and I played for her the music I wanted her to know thoroughly, and in this way I became a pianist, and liked the instrument passing well.

It astonished me to see how rapidly Juliet progressed in her music. For one thing, she had little to unlearn. Some fine musical instinct, some unusual physical perfection, perhaps, had given her a natural method that needed little more than training and development. In our tiny parlor her voice was never too large for the room, and yet she could fill the church where she soon sang, without effort. I never heard but one other voice that had the same thrilling clearness and power, the same fine bird-like musical quality; and that belonged to a great singer,—Madame Parepa-Rosa. But Juliet was still a very young girl, and not yet an artist.

One day in the late spring she came to me with a letter in her hand, looking sad and troubled.

"See," she said, her eyes brimming with tears, her lip trembling, "see how cruel I have been! This is from Bettie McMasters; and my mother—— she—she is dead! I ought to have gone back to her,

and not allowed the neighbors to nurse her. I have forgotten her, Aunt Janet!"

For the life of me I could not help the cruel thing that leaped from my lips. "She was as well satisfied, Juliet," I said, "for she has never missed you."

Then she cried bitterly; but after this I felt she was all my own, and she clung to me more than ever.

CHAPTER V.

As became a gentleman of wealth and leisure, my uncle Dalton had been a philanthropist, and was concerned in the affairs of several charitable institutions. In one of these, a home for little girls, I had kept up a steady interest, never dropping it even in the season of my greatest depression and uselessness. A year or more before the death of my uncle the directors of this home had bought a house, the title of which was now in dispute. And to engage the interest of old Mr. Richard Griswold in the affair, I one morning set out. It was late in the fall, and I remember it was a clear, beautiful day. It was now two years, nearly, since Juliet had come to me, and I had had much peace and quiet content in that time. We still lived in our little brick cottage, which we had made cosey and pretty, and Juliet was quite independent, as she had a position in a church choir, and also gave lessons to several little girls.

Mr. Griswold's office was in a large, old-fashioned house, facing one of the public squares. But into it the sun never shone nor the wind blew. It was a back room, once a parlor, looking out on a dark, close yard, and over the one window hung a heavy venetian blind, once green, but now brown. The ladders of this blind had been repaired many times, sometimes with tape, sometimes with twine, or even with pins, and it hung awry and looked tired. The furniture of the room consisted of books. They lined the walls, they were piled on tables and chairs, and stood in ranks all over the floor. Indeed, from the door to Mr. Griswold's desk there was a winding path looking as though it might have been shovelled out, and you went to him through an avenue bordered by piles of reports, magazines, encyclopædias, and bound newspapers. All of his law-books belonged to an early geological period, and possibly were in the cases against the wall, as none were ever in sight. His own arm-chair, which was a black and ancient affair, with a flattened and worn leather cushion, stood between a great desk and a bureau. It was easy to see what he kept in the bureau, for every drawer was so fully stuffed that it would not close. In one of the lower ones there were bundles of bills neatly folded and endorsed, and in an upper one was a set of Scott's novels, handsomely bound in a fashion gone by. The top of the bureau was piled high with everything that could gravitate to such a place, but the desk was evidently reserved for current affairs, as on it the papers were fresher and there were but few books. On the chair I occupied had been a pipe, and a little tin case of Liebig's extract of beef, and a penknife with which he

had been spreading the beef on Trenton crackers. But let no one think him an ascetic, or a miser, for there was no gayer, more generous old gentleman in the city. A lawyer of repute, the president or secretary of many prominent societies, he was also a *bon vivant.* He presided at public banquets, and gave toasts as no younger man would presume to do, so finely rhetorical were his habits of expression; and he was, also, always one of the pall-bearers to any dead man of distinction in the city: so both at feasts and funerals was he a familiar figure. He was a tall, spare man, and he wore a very black wig, and handsome gold glasses. His office coat was ancient and shiny, and as I talked to him I watched a moth-worm wriggling on the velvet collar; but the rest of his dress was neat and handsome. He was a courteous old gentleman, but he could be roused to quick resentment if any one shouted into his ear-trumpet. He had no use for view-halloos, he said. I was always well received by him, and he always told me stories of old singers and musicians, because he fancied that I cared for music only, although I always went to him on business, and he also always told me that he was the oldest man since Noah, and that he well remembered my uncle, "but as a figure in my panorama of yesterday; and a fine, handsome figure he makes," he would add, "as I recall him both in his house and in public." That he had a history dating back to Noah I could believe, so curious and ancient were his surroundings, and so suggestive was he of that animal called the elephant by us, which has been left over by mistake, the sole survivor of a curious creation.

He listened to the story which I told into his trumpet in a voice as quiet and clear as I could make it, and he nodded approbation as I spoke.

"Your uncle," he said, "was too good a business-man to be careless, and, as you say, he negotiated the purchase. Still, the title must be looked after. Of course I am out of active business, except for some old clients; but my nephews will do it as well and readily. Bernard!" he called.

From behind the bureau, where he had managed to have a desk bestowed, appeared Bernard Mendoza, one of these nephews. He had peeped out and smiled when I first appeared, and had, necessarily, heard my story.

"Where is Duncan?" asked Mr. Griswold.

"Shall I call him?"

"Are you a Quaker or a Yankee, that you answer me by asking a question?"

"Neither, thank heaven," replied the young man, who was a South Carolinian of Spanish family, "and Duncan is, I suppose, in his office."

"Go and bring him here," said his uncle; "and come yourself, for you have a chance to oblige some very good and very lovely ladies."

Young Mendoza smiled and nodded, and off he went. I knew both of these young men, and Bernard Mendoza I heartily liked. He looked like a Spaniard, and this pleased me, because I dreaded fair men, remembering Ogden, and he held his head well, as became his blood, and he was frank and cordial in his manner. Duncan Macfar-

lane I had known longer than Bernard. He was the elder of the two, and had made one of the court of young men which it had pleased Lilian to keep around her, and he had more than once been drafted into the duty of escorting me and thus walking behind her or making the fourth in our carriage. Then I discovered that she meant him—some time—to marry me, and so I disliked him as much as I could. It was not easy to dislike him. He was a good friend, and thoughtful, but he was blunt and obtuse, and, Ogden said, mentally all thumbs. Ogden did not like him as Lilian did, and I could see that Duncan was never cordial with him; yet he was constantly with Lilian, and so familiar in our house.

When they came back together, Duncan brought Bernard's chair from behind the bureau and placed it in the avenue from the door, the only spot where there was room for it, and Bernard carefully balanced himself on a pile of books.

"Are we going to talk about music?" said Duncan. "If we are, I speak for the piano. I don't know the difference in tunes played on the violin, but on the piano I do,—generally."

To this I made no reply, for I thought Duncan Macfarlane's pleasantries sometimes clumsy, and I fancied his uncle agreed with me, for he said a little testily that I had business to put into their hands. The old gentleman held his trumpet to his ear when remarks were made, but not always when questions were asked.

"I am sorry," replied Duncan, "that Miss Abercrombie has anything to do with the law." So then I told my story as briefly as I could, because when business and not reminiscence was on hand Mr. Griswold liked to come to the point, and it also was characteristic of him that he made me state the case to the young men. I noticed that it was Duncan who asked the questions and assumed the responsibility, but it was Bernard who afterwards always came to see me and report their progress, although Duncan met the Board of Directors. The affair became a little complicated when it was investigated, and dragged on until spring, but I never again went to Mr. Griswold's office, because Bernard Mendoza said it was better for him to come to me.

And he came in the evening. Sometimes he had nothing at all new to tell me, but it seemed he thought it proper to report progress, and after a time he ceased to speak of business, and finally grew bold enough to ask for Juliet at the door, or to walk in unannounced. From the very first I saw what I had to expect. It was not their love for music, nor the pleasure they took in singing together, that made these young people so pleased to be together. Bernard made his meaning clear, and he courted her favor bravely. I own I liked to see such wooing, it was so direct, so gentle, and he made so charming a lover, and was so handsome. But I was in doubt about her; for, although she liked his attentions, I was far from being sure that she cared for him as much as he did for her. Indeed, I was not sure that Juliet meant to marry. I was afraid that she did not. But I wished her to do so, for it was easy to see that if I was content with our life, Juliet was not. She was ambitious, and she wished to have fortune and celebrity. As I saw that I should have a rival in her heart, I preferred that this rival should be

a husband rather than a career that would take her from me. Her plans were all for a public life,—on the stage. She had constant social triumphs, and there were professional people who strongly urged her to sing in opera, and this she meant to do as soon as she could complete her education in Europe. I believed that Bernard would not separate us, for he too was lonely, having no family nearer than his uncle and the Macfarlane family, and he showed that he was fond of me as I was of him, and, with me, he could not bear to think of her as buffeted, disappointed, or spoiled by the life of a public singer. But I said nothing to her, fearing to arouse her opposition. But while they were over the cribbage-board, which was only an excuse for teasing each other, I would play the music which I knew should say to Juliet what she must understand; and sometimes she would listen to it, but more often she was annoyed by it, and would ask me to play something more jolly and pleasant, because, she said, such serious music seemed like work. And when Duncan Macfarlane came, as he often did with his cousin, he always agreed with her, and called out for "tunes." I was never quite sure of Duncan, and I often wished that I had some good reason for not liking him. I did not want to like him, but I did, although I was quite sure that I did not understand him. Perhaps he hurt my self-love because I was never at my best with him. And neither was Juliet; yet he pleased her, and he used to persuade her to do things that I did not like. I could not think of him as caring for her, but sometimes I fancied that he did not mean her to marry Bernard. Yet, if this was so, why should he be a dog in the manger? For he did not want her himself: of this I was sure.

CHAPTER VI.

One night we all went to the theatre. It was in the late spring, and the night was soft and warm. The house was crowded, but it was perfectly silent, and not even between the acts was there the usual hum of voices. Every one listened, and with their eyes as well as their ears. It was Salvini who was playing Lear, and he spoke in Italian. For the actors whose parts were in English we cared nothing, but it was with pain and grief that we followed the old king. And when the curtain fell and left him lying dead, the people arose and filed out like a funeral procession, and friends barely spoke, and there was none of the customary hubbub and cordial congratulations on a pleasant evening, but instead silence and serious faces. It was not only the actual tragedy that affected us, but the key-tone to all that is irrevocable had been struck, and our own lives had answered.

So deep and sombre was the impression made upon our little party that we walked home talking very little, and when I opened the door with my latch-key we stood silent for a moment in the hall, and then the two young men went away. But before I had come back from the kitchen, where I had gone to see that our one little maid had left everything safe for the night, the bell rang, and when Juliet opened the door, there stood Duncan and Bernard again.

"See here, Miss Janet," called out Bernard, coming back into the house, "where are you? Do you know this won't do at all? We shall all have the nightmare to-night. Duncan is talking of his wrongs, and I feel as though I was going to cry. Let us go get some supper."

"Some supper!" I cried. "Do you know, Bernard Mendoza, what time of night it is?"

"You do not," was his answer: "you go by clocks and watches, and they are good for nothing but to mark the hour for leaving off work. Time, Miss Janet, is what we make it. I make it supper-time now."

"Oh, if you are hungry," said I, "we can give you something to eat, and we can even make you a cup of coffee."

"I'll hold that over for another time, but just now we want to be with people, and to see lights, and to have the sense that Lear had, in reality, a very good time indeed."

"As for the people," I replied, "they are all in bed,—all but burglars, and the men who print to-morrow's paper."

"Come, good Nicodemus," he answered, "come and see." And then he turned down the gas in the kitchen, where we were talking, and Juliet met me in the hall and put her soft gray wrap about me, and we all went out into the street. I ran down the steps, and Bernard after me, while Duncan closed the door and followed with Juliet. I was now in a gay good humor. The little frolic at an unusual hour excited me; and when Bernard drew my hand into his arm with the touch of ownership, I smiled and went lightly by his side. I felt like a young girl with a lover, and it amused me to find myself so pleased.

And then Juliet just behind us laughed, and Bernard stood still.

"Why, Miss Janet!" he said, "do you know I thought you were Juliet?"

So shallow was my gayety that it fled at these words.

"I was certain," he continued, "that I saw Duncan put that cloak on Juliet."

After this we went along quietly, and I felt no longer like a young girl, and he talked to me sensibly, and of Salvini, and when I drew my hand from his arm he did not seem to know it, and so we soberly walked, and I could hear Duncan teasing Juliet about her insensibility to everything that was not superlative.

The night air was warm and heavy, and we fancied we could perceive the odor of wisteria and early blossoms in the air.

Down in the city there was still noise and bustle. The saloons and cigar-shops were open. In drug-stores we saw ladies drinking soda-water, and carriages from the opera-house dashed by, giving glimpses of gay dresses and pretty wraps. The electric lights made the streets look like part of a gigantic stage, except that the stage does not achieve such sharp, deep effects in its shadows.

Bernard took us to a fashionable restaurant attached to one of the great hotels, where we found people sitting at tables, waiters coming and going, lights, mirrors, flowers, and everything full of life and pleasure. But I was out of humor with it all. The two young men and Juliet seemed a part of the scene, but I was not in tune, and I sat

silently waiting for the supper which Duncan had ordered. He would not tell what he had chosen, and so, with pencil and paper, Juliet and Bernard were guessing out the bill of fare, which was distinguished chiefly by its erasures. As I watched them I thought of Lear, and I grew cross because the tragedy was so useless, and I said that I always wanted to shake Cordelia.

"In which desire," replied Duncan, "you would have had the sympathy of her father."

"You are too young and too untender to suggest such wickedness," said Bernard. "The idea of shaking Cordelia is sacrilege."

"I should have certainly done it if I had been Lear, or Regan, or Goneril, or Kent, or Burgundy, or any member of the family. A good shaking would have done that young woman good and saved no end of trouble."

"Why, what is the matter with Cordelia?" cried Juliet.

"Her temper," said I.

"Her temper!" scornfully repeated Juliet. "Why, she is one of Shakespeare's loveliest heroines. There is nothing the matter with her temper."

"All the same," said Duncan, "Miss Janet is in earnest; and if she ever owns a Sunday-school, there will she read Lear to illustrate the result of want of control over temper and tongue."

"You are exactly right," I answered. "I don't know a better homily on the subject."

"You will have to prove your assertions," said Bernard. "I agree with Juliet that Shakespeare has created no more lovely creature than Cordelia."

"It is not necessary for me to prove anything; for certainly you can remember? The whole family had violent tempers, but Cordelia was a virago."

"Now, that is treason," cried Juliet, "and I won't stand it."

"Indeed, she was almost—mind, I say *almost*—vulgar."

"Oh!"

"That is what Shakespeare meant," said I. "You have only to consider the situation. Here is a fond old father, and three daughters. He wants to please himself by pleasing them, and so he fancies he should like to see them enjoying the dignities to which they are heirs."

"Yes," interrupted Duncan, "and, because he was vain as well as fond, he wanted all the world to have the benefit of the exhibition of family affection which he is about to give, and he not only invites the whole court, but Cordelia's suitors, to it."

"He wanted witnesses to his abdication, not to the filial devotion of his daughters," returned Bernard. "You would not have had him walk in while they were at lunch, and say, 'Here, girls, is my crown. Break it up into three pieces, and make them even. All I want is a hundred or so knights: the rest you can divide.' You could not expect the people to be satisfied with that."

"Of course not," said Juliet, quite as complacently as if she had said all this herself.

"Oh, you can *infer* what you please," I cried, "but look at facts. The facts are that, as Duncan says, the whole arrangement rests on the daughter's exhibition of filial affection. The first thing the king does is to ask Goneril if she loves him; and what does she say?"

"Do you ask me?" said Bernard.

"I do."

"She says a good deal, but the amount of it is that she loves him better than eyesight or liberty."

"And Regan?"

"Oh, she adored her father. She loved nothing else. She was an enemy to all other joys."

"And Cordelia?"

"Cordelia was more noble than George Washington. He saw that the odds were in the favor of confession, and he confessed. She saw the same, but she did not confess. She said that not even for a third of the kingdom would she tell the truth."

"Now you are flippant," cried Juliet, her eyes sparkling; "and I don't like it! Duncan has gone over to Aunt Janet's side, and you should stay on Shakespeare's—and mine."

"My side is Shakespeare's," I retorted. "He is clear enough. And it is all very well to remember how Cordelia, when it is too late, seeks her father and tries to mend the misery she has caused——"

"*She* 'caused'?" interrupted Juliet.

"Yes, she caused it. Why, see how she hurt and mortified her father, insulted her lover, allowed faithful old Kent to be sent into exile for defending her. And why? Because she is in a rage with her sisters. Because they are fulsome, she will not be just. The dull old king does not understand her hair-splitting, and she will not as much as say she has the ordinary affection of a daughter for him. She never gives his wounded heart a thought. Even as she goes off she is cool enough to taunt her sisters and to scoff at Burgundy, but not to give her father one last look of regret. 'So young, and so untender!' I think so!"

"When you are excited," said Duncan, "the likeness between you and Juliet is remarkable. Her eyes have a way of dilating and growing darker when she takes mental atropine, just as yours do; and if your hair was as near red as hers is, you would look like sisters."

"Red!" cried Juliet; "my hair red!"

As she said this, she took off her hat, and ran her hand over the fluffy curls on her forehead. The light shone on the soft curls and wavy locks of her bright little head, her soft, dark eyes were glowing with youthful happiness, and I looked at her and smiled. It would have delighted me to look like Juliet, but never in my prettiest, most youthful days had I had that charming air, that soft radiance of complexion. But I only said, "It would have pleased my uncle Dalton if I had looked like Juliet."

Duncan gave me one look, black with anger, full of an indignation for which I could see no foundation in my careless speech, and then he called sharply to the head-waiter and asked if our supper was to be served as a breakfast.

CHAPTER VII.

THE day after our little supper, which ended merrily enough, Bernard asked Juliet to marry him. It was plain to see that he would do this; but I was not sure what her answer would be. The girl was often beyond my comprehension, and now I could not be certain which would conquer,—her love, or her ambition. I thought she must love him; but I knew that if she accepted him she would have to surrender all her desire to sing in public, and I was not sure that she would do this.

But this day she came in, her hands full of pink roses, and her face sweeter and lovelier than any flower that ever grew. Her eyes were filled with soft light, and she stood off for one moment, looking at me. Then she flung down the roses, and ran to me, and threw herself on her knees, with her happy face looking up at me.

"Oh, Janet dear," she said, in the tenderest voice, "how dearly he loves me!"

I think we were three preposterously happy people, and Bernard and I certainly did spoil Juliet. Nothing pleased me so much as to see how kind and devoted he was to her; nothing amazed me more than to see how he influenced her. And yet she did not yield to him without struggle, and sometimes she was irritable and showed a sense of bondage. I sometimes wondered at the patience with which Bernard met her changes from gayety to fretfulness, but he thought it nothing more than the unrest of a wild creature caught in a cage. Sometimes it seemed to me the rebellion of a free, rather than a wild, creature. He did not know, as I did, how differently she had planned her life, and he counted her experience by the years she had lived.

One evening, when he had left the house laughing at her, and not realizing how bitter was the retort she had thrown at him, I told her that she had best take care, because his patience must have its limits. "You can see how hasty and hot-tempered he is. Why do you try to provoke him?"

"I do not try to provoke him," she answered, sitting wearily down in the chair he had occupied. "It is he who provokes me. I cannot bear the blindness that refuses to see the storm that is coming."

"What nonsense!" I replied. "You are romantic indeed, Juliet! What storm is coming?"

She did not answer, but began to fold a slip of paper between her fingers.

"Are you still longing for the stage, Juliet?"

"No," she answered, "I do not long for it; but I wish I had chosen it. The stage may be a master hard to satisfy, but it asks no questions."

The meaning of what she said turned me cold.

"And what questions does Bernard ask, Juliet?"

"Oh, he asks none!" she cried, throwing away the bit of paper. "He has no idea that there are any to ask. He takes Juliet Abercrombie

on trust, and fancies he knows all about her. It is of Mrs. Garlic—Mrs. Napoleon Garlic—that he will ask questions."

To this I could make no reply, and we silently looked one on the other.

"You ought to have told him," I finally said. "You ought to have told him long ago."

"I have never had a chance to tell him,—never! There has never been a time, a single moment, when I could tell him. For, Aunt Janet, I liked him from the first; and there has never been a time when I felt that *now* he could go and leave me."

"He would not have gone. Not for that. Not if you had properly explained it."

"There is no proper explanation—for him! None at all. He would be a relentless judge. He would pronounce me deceitful, untruthful."

"Oh, no! oh, no! Not if you told him how young you were, and that you never meant to deceive, only ignore."

She shook her head.

"He will never forgive me." Then she laughed. "Do you know, Aunt Janet, that I often feel as if I should like to spring it on him? I'd like to see how he would look when I should say, 'Oh, by the way, Bernard, our marriage-notice must read, Mr. Bernard Mendoza to Mrs. Juliet Garlic, widow of the late Napoleon Garlic, shoemaker.'"

"Indeed you shall do nothing of the kind," I cried, in alarm, for she looked perfectly capable of exploding the affair in just this manner. "I shall tell him myself. To-morrow. And you shall not have the name of Garlic on your cards. It is *not* your name; and that of Abercrombie is as good as Mendoza."

"Hardly," she answered. "Mendoza is an historic name, and makes you think of Moors, and of knights in armor charging on them, and of castles on the tops of mountains, and of Spain; of statesmen, and poets, for Bernard says that while his ancestors fought in line with their peers, they thought and wrote far ahead of their time."

"Very well," said I.

"And you don't claim such a splendid record for our family?"

"Why, yes, I do. I know so little of my forefathers that I do not know their names, and so they may have been knights and poets both."

"Those we *know* were not. And as for our marriages!—you cannot get over it, Aunt Janet, Napoleon *was* a shoemaker. I have often sat by him when he made shoes, and when he mended them."

"Oh, Juliet," I cried, "be reasonable! Don't be so bitter and hard! It does not become you. It is not necessary. Let us face your position in a better spirit. It is bad enough as it is."

A bitter smile passed over her face. "It certainly is," she replied; and again we were silent. Then she spoke. "I shall tell him," she said, "but not to-morrow. I want to have a little day of happiness without a flaw. When it is all over I can console myself by singing."

"When it is over?"

She nodded her head. "It will be over after a little. Bernard will never marry me after I have told him."

So she went her way, and tried to be happy. She grew capricious, and made Bernard her slave. He served her with unfailing goodness and in all sorts of delightful ways. As a lover he was perfection. Never servile, but always attentive, and never maudlin, but ever tender, he was a lover who kept his dignity and his lady's as well, and yet gloried in her service. His one object was to make her happy, to be the source of all her pleasures. He walked with her, he read to her, and if she treated his attentions with indifference, met his plans with refusals, he never showed feeling nor resentment, but set himself to something new for her.

If I had not comprehended the struggle going on in Juliet's life, I should have judged her unworthy of such love; but I knew how truth and love were fighting in her heart. I knew that she was persuaded that when she took courage to tell him she would also have to have the courage to lose him. And I knew how dear was his love to her.

I ought to have interfered, but I was afraid. If her happiness was to be the price of honesty, I could not be the one to pay it out. But it is feeble wisdom to try to bury a secret quick with life, either under mountains or seas. It fights for life and air, and both will it have, let ruin follow as it may. Better, far better, is present calamity than accumulative disaster.

But this I did not then realize, and, having had but little experience with life, although I thought I had had much, I fancied that when it twisted itself it would of its own accord untwist. Now I know that the logical development of a twist is a knot, and that the swords which cut knots are not often at hand. And both Juliet and I possessed one of the worst characteristics of cowardice—of the difficulties upon which we had time to think, we were afraid, while we rushed upon those which suddenly confronted us. And so there came a time when the ferment in Juliet's young blood refused to be inactive. As she would not do what she knew she ought, she tempted Fate and did what she knew she ought not to do, and Fate promptly gave her a foretaste of what she expected lay in waiting for her.

One night when Bernard had gone away from the city for twenty-four hours, Juliet said she would console herself and fulfil a neighborly —a Samaritan—duty at the same time; and so, after an early dinner, Duncan Macfarlane called and took her to the house of a young friend just married. All through our little dinner she had been very still, but I noticed that the arrival of Duncan excited her, and she left me with him and ran up to get ready to go. It was now winter, and when she came down she had on her heavy wraps, and a pale blue zephyr scarf was wound around her head and neck. It was late when she came back, but I had been very busy, and when she came in alone I reproached her for allowing Duncan to go, because I had a little supper waiting them. She laughed when I said this.

"He was afraid to come in," she answered; and then she flung off her wraps and stood before me in evening dress. She had worn a trained black silk that we shared between us, we were so near of a size, and the neck was turned in so as to show her lovely throat, and she had laces there, and on her elbow-sleeves. Roses were in her belt, and

in her hand she carried a superb bunch of them. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were brilliant with color.

"You little scamp!" I cried. "Why did you not let me see you before you left? and when did you get all that costume up? Did Duncan give you the roses?"

"Oh, Janet dear, I have been in heaven!" she said.

"So I should fancy from your eyes."

"For I have—I, Juliet—I have sung to an orchestra! Oh, that is life, Janet! It is far finer than singing to an organ, and we have sometimes, you know, thought that divine; but the orchestra is alive, and it calls, 'Come on, come on, rise higher, *fly!*' It made the blood rush through my veins keen and strong. I felt as if I never could stop, and I could hardly wait for my turns to come. I did not sing any great songs, but lovely ones, and for an encore I chose Mozart, because you like me to sing his music, and the only flaw in my perfect bliss was that you were not there to hear me. But I sang to *you!* Somehow, I fancied you would know I was singing, and guess how happy, how happy I was!"

"Are you crazy?" I cried. "What do you mean? You waited for your turn? Oh, Juliet! you are but teasing me?"

"Indeed I am not," she answered. "I never was more serious, if there is anything serious about it when every nerve is tingling, every drop of blood dancing; for I *can* sing, Janet!"

"If this is the truth, Juliet, why did you conceal it from me? You know how it would have delighted me."

"You would have told Bernard," she said.

"Oh, who put you up to this?"

"'Put me up'!" she repeated. "Ah, that is not pretty, Janet dear. Say, rather, who helped and encouraged me? Why, Duncan. Who else?"

"Duncan!" I cried. "Oh, Juliet, it is not worth while to throw away your happiness in this way. What will Duncan ever give you to compensate for Bernard's indignation?"

"Did you ever see Bernard very angry?" was her flippant reply. "Well, it is becoming to him. His lips become resolute, and his eyes blaze. And he does not look at you. He looks away,—out of the window,—into space. Generally his face is too amiable; and amiability is not good for a man who is not a blond."

I did not answer her. I began to close the shutters and get ready to go up-stairs.

She sat very still and quiet on the lounge, and her face had grown pale and the light in her eyes was darkened.

"To-morrow," she said, "I shall see him. He will come back in a morning train. He was to have gone yesterday, you know, but I persuaded him to wait until to-day. I told him that I wanted to go with him to the church festival last night, but it was really because I wished to have the coast clear to-night. What do you think he will say to me?"

"I don't know. You are perfectly well aware of his feeling about your being a public singer."

"It will not be the singing he will care for this time," she said, in a tired voice.

And Juliet read her lover aright. Never had I liked Bernard as well as I did that day when he came in straight from the station with a newspaper in his hand. He looked worried, but that was all. So generous and honest was he that he never doubted that there was a mistake, that an explanation was ready.

"Look here, Juliet," he called up the staircase to her. "I have something to show you! You have a namesake, and in all your life you'll never sing as well as she does."

Juliet came slowly down the stairs, and she took the paper, but she did not look at it. She had not read any of the notices, although she knew that I had bought all the morning papers and that they were in my room. But Juliet cared little for the past; her eyes were always on the future.

I was in the parlor. I had been copying music, and I stayed there. Juliet sat down by the fire, holding the paper in her hand, and Bernard stood smiling at her.

"You look tired," he said.

"I am," she answered.

"And how do you think she feels?"

"Who?"

"The other Juliet Abercrombie."

"Oh, nonsense!" she answered. "You know there is no other."

"You don't mean that *you* sang last night?"

"Certainly I do."

He answered her not a word, but he turned and went out of the room. We watched him as he put on his overcoat and hat in the hallway, but we said not a word. Then he went out of the house.

After a little Juliet spoke. "That, I suppose, was the Mendoza blood!" she said, and she too left the house, and it was hours before she came back from a long walk.

Now, as Juliet told me the story, without apology, she was not so much to blame, except for her most lamentable concealment. Her singing-teacher, Mr. Leopardi, was an old man, and poor, because of an improvident son, and in the long years of his life he had never had such a pupil as Juliet, and it deeply disappointed him that she had surrendered a public career, for he was training her for opera. When there came to him a letter from the leader of a famous orchestra saying that his chief soprano was ill and that her place in the concert to be given in our city in a day or so could not be filled, he telegraphed back that he would fill her place and that he would guarantee a success. Then he sent for Juliet, and he told her that if she would but sing, his future, because he was her teacher, would be secure. Juliet was fond of him, and he had been kind to her, so she consented, and then did not know what to do, because she was sure Bernard would be violent in his disapproval, and she did not tell me, because she resolved to bear all the blame herself.

We looked for Bernard that night and the next, but he did not come. Then there arrived a little note, and this was all it said:

"I see, Juliet, that I am a tyrant to you, and that I am keeping you from what is more to you than I am. But, although it seems to me that I should *never* be able to reconcile myself to the sight of my wife on the stage, and that the life we should have to lead would be a life robbed of domestic sweetness, still, I might have consented to it had I seen that it was a necessity to you. Now I feel that if you can so plan to deceive me, and that with the help of another man, I must be very little to you. This is all I need say to you, I think.

"B. M."

When Juliet read this she laughed, and she gave it to me to read.

"He kills two birds with one stone," she said, "but he does not know it! If he objects to a secret *début*, what will he say to the secret widow?" And she laughed again, and I should far rather have had her cry. Then I said, just to test her, that perhaps it was best to separate, and she replied that there could be no doubt of that, and she turned to the piano, where she was sitting, and went on with her scales in a clear and brilliant voice.

I did not pretend to understand Juliet in the days that followed. My own experience in life had been so simple and straightforward that I found in it no clue to her complex nature. I had thought she would turn to me in her trouble, but she seemed to have no trouble at all. She studied and took her lessons. She visited, and in the evenings we spent together I played while she sang. She was in good spirits, but she never spoke of the past or future, and this was not like Juliet, because she was a child in expecting gifts from coming days, and so I knew she was only "silent, not dumb."

And the months went by, and we said nothing to each other of what filled our hearts, and I knew nothing of either Bernard or Duncan until one day I met Mr. Griswold at a lecture, and he came and sat by me. He said, when we arose to go out,—

"The Home had no more trouble about the title?"

"None at all. Your nephews attended to it, and there can be no more dispute about it. We were perfectly safe."

"That is well," he said. "It is comfortable and of advantage to be safe. But what is the matter with Bernard and your niece? He told me they were to marry?"

Now, I could not shout the story of a broken engagement into his ear, nor could I tell it to his trumpet, going, as we were, down the hall, in the crowd, so I only smiled and said something inane.

"I suppose you know that the two boys have separated, and that Bernard has his own office?" he then said.

Now I did lift up my voice, and shout, "No! Why?"

"Temper, I think. I did not ask the explanation, because I did not mean to interfere. In a quarrel interference is fuel. The best extinguisher is silence and time, taken together. But I am sorry for Bernard. It is Duncan who has the money and the connections. The Macfarlanes made money during the war, and the Mendozas lost everything. A young lawyer has to wait, and Bernard, I hear, has not had a case in two months. When I first entered practice I resolved that the

first eight years I'd take all the cases I could get, with or without fees, but that the tenth year should pay for the nine preceding ones. And it did. I had two big cases that year,—a railroad, and an actor's divorce. Different lines of practice, but both paid well. But when a man has no money, and his people are dead (and that is Bernard's position), the law is worse than Jordan, as roads go!"

Every one must have noticed how often it happens that after a person has passed out of our lives and we neither hear of nor see them, suddenly the spell is broken, and we have news of them, we meet them; paths once more cross, and the air echoes their names and their doings. And thus it was with Bernard. I told Juliet what Mr. Griswold had said to me, and she replied that she had that very day met Duncan, who had told her that Bernard had thrown up his partnership, and was out of town, but he did not say anything of a quarrel.

"And why does not Duncan come to see us?" said I.

Juliet looked at me with surprise in her dark eyes.

"Why, how could he, when it would so displease Bernard?"

"It makes no difference to us how Bernard feels."

"No," she said, and that was all.

Then we saw him. It was at the theatre, and he sat just in front of us, on the other side of the row of seats, and we saw him plainly. He had not borne the separation as Juliet had, and he looked like a man ill with a fatal disease, so pale and wan was his face, so glassy his eyes. I remembered that I had heard that his mother had died of grief for his father. He rested his head on his hand, and once I heard him cough. Juliet never looked elsewhere. Her eyes were fixed on him. When the performance was over she held me back, and so he came upon us, not knowing we were there. When he saw Juliet the surprise was like a blow to him, and he staggered back. Quick as her thought, Juliet slipped her hand into his arm, and held it with her young strength.

"Bernard," she said, "come home with us."

He looked down at her, his eyes brilliant with happiness, and then tears came into them, for he was very weak, and sudden happiness is sometimes harder to bear than sudden pain. And so he came back.

I said to her afterwards that she had shown true courage,—that I should not have dared, because I should have feared a repulse.

"There was not much daring about it," she replied. "He longed for me, as I did for him. It is easy enough to be brave when you know that the enemy's heart is on your side."

I made no answer, for she knew more of love than I did. I had only known the love that sacrifices, never the love that trusts or dares.

CHAPTER VIII.

But Bernard came back to Juliet changed in many ways. The quarrel and the separation had awakened in him that sense of masterhood which belongs to the masculine temperament, and, while

he tenderly considered the girl, he was no longer her slave. Sometimes I have seen him look at her as if he almost pitied her for the constant surrender of her will. This was needless. Juliet was decided enough in temperament, but it now pleased her to submit to him. It made some amend for the past and for the present, and it was easy to give up in trifles when she was holding her own in what was of supreme importance. For she had promptly decided upon her course, and she frankly told me. "He will die," she said, "if I allow him to leave me again, and he will leave me if I tell him. But after I am bound to him, when I have him constantly by me, he will forgive me my silence; for that is all there is to forgive." And that was true, for there was nothing illegal or wrong in the marriage. And I came to believe that Bernard was one of the men who will forgive in the wife what they would bitterly revenge in the betrothed; but I could not believe that he would die of love, ill as he was when she called him back, because this is true of so few men and women.

I do not know what these young people said to each other that evening, but they made a peace that was delightful to both, and Bernard took her into council upon two proposals which had been made to him. One was a legal position in the city with a salary of one thousand dollars, the other was an excellent connection in Canada with an old lawyer. Juliet wasted no time in giving her opinion. Canada, she said, was impossible, he could not endure the cold; and on the salary they could live with me; "and you know, Janet dear," she said when she told me, "that you are happier here with your friends than you would be there." "But Bernard has not asked me to go to Canada," said I. "He has asked me," was her reply.

And so they were married, and for two happy, peaceful years we lived together. Juliet was the housekeeper, and she liked it. She made great use of the Household Columns in the Saturday newspapers, and every Wednesday night we had a new dish, even if our usual dinner at that hour had to be changed into a supper to make a place for it.

In the second year the little girl came to us. She was my goddaughter, but she was not named for me. She was called Sophie. "I was not just to my mother," said Juliet. "I thought her harsh and unloving; but how could I have borne the poor, barren life she led? and I might have had it had not Death interfered!" she added, but under her breath, as if she was afraid that the baby would hear and understand.

But the child had as many names as a Spanish princess. Bernard called her Dolores, after his grandmother, and Isabella, for his mother, and Jean Ferdinand, after his father, and the "Czarina Jeannette," after me, until Juliet proposed that there should be days assigned for the different names. Bernard was so proud of her that one day he marched Duncan in to see her and so join the worshippers. The cousins came in together as cordial and friendly as ever before, and Juliet and I realized when we saw Duncan how much we had missed him. He stayed to dinner, and afterwards we all played whist, and listened for the baby, who sometimes stirred in her sleep and so gave Juliet the delight of rushing up-stairs to soothe her.

After this Duncan was a frequent visitor, especially Saturday nights, and the little maid put his plate upon the table whenever he appeared, knowing that he was sure to stay over meal-time. He was like a breeze in our life, which might have stagnated in stillness and sweetness.

Then one day something astounding happened. Juliet and Bernard were up-stairs with the baby, who had gone to sleep in excitement and so was restless, and Duncan and I were alone, when he said that Bernard had made a happy marriage, and I replied that it had made us all happy, and that I loved Bernard like a son.

"Now, that is absurd," replied Duncan. "Why don't you say like a grandchild? I never knew a woman who so persistently tried to make herself old; and your will is so strong that you try to look so."

"Indeed I do not," I said. "I should like to look much younger, but when a woman comes to my age she has to realize her years."

"But you 'realize' those which are coming instead of those that are gone."

"I don't care much for those that are coming."

"You ought."

"But I don't."

"Well, I do; and I am but three days younger than you are."

"You are a man," said I, "and your life is before you. Mine is behind me."

"Indeed it is not. But you ought to have been born old. That would have suited you. I think perhaps you would have looked forward then to good days, and you and I would have grown young together, and to-day we'd plan all we should do as girl and boy when the time came. Now we spend the days in which we ought to be taking our pleasure, in earning money for those which we will have to endure."

"'Endure'?" I repeated. "Is that all the future has to offer? I think fighting is better than enduring, although I know less about it."

"Of course it is better," he answered, "and it is not in you to endure, although you think it is. That is Juliet's part in life, not yours. But she will take what she wants, and that you never will. She is the wiser."

His tone startled me, perhaps because I was always on the watch.

"You will never again make trouble for Juliet," I cried.

"I never did. I own I was glad to be her escort the night she sang, because I was glad to have her do it."

"But you must have known it would make trouble?"

"Of course I did."

"And you called yourself Bernard's friend!"

"Oh, I was not thinking of him."

"You ought to have thought of him. You know how violently he opposed even the idea. Why should you, of all others, seeing how fond he was of you, why should you want them to quarrel? It almost killed Bernard."

"He would have got over it. But do you not know my object?"

I was silent. He came near me.

"Do you not know it?" he repeated.

"I do not."

"Do you not guess it?"

"No!" I answered, crossly. "Not unless you wanted to annoy us."

"And I did. I wanted to annoy *you*."

I laid down my embroidery. "Annoy me! What satisfaction could that give you?"

"I hate a slave!" he exclaimed, walking the room, "and you are one, Janet Abercrombie. A born slave! You had no thought in life but Juliet. She filled up your horizon; and I was tired of it. I wanted you to see her as she is,—a pretty, self-willed woman, who seems to yield so that she may govern. There was nothing too exacting for her to ask, nothing too precious for you to grant; and it was not wholesome for either of you."

"You are very impertinent."

"But one cannot change nature, I suppose, and you have it in you to submit. Years ago, when I was a very young fellow, it used to irritate me to see how absorbed you were in Ogden Dalton. He was superbly handsome, but that was all there was of him! You were porcelain to his crude clay."

"Duncan Macfarlane," I cried, "leave Ogden alone! What he was, what I was to him, certainly does not concern you, and I will not bear it."

"Still, you were a slave to him, and, because of him, to Lilian," he repeated.

I was so furious that I could not answer.

"You think that your idols all have feet of brass," he said. "Suffer me to show you that they are clay."

For answer I stood up, meaning to leave him, but he came in front of me.

"Oh, I am not nearly through," he said. "I have a great deal to say yet! Do you not know why I wanted Juliet to disturb your calm and show you how shallow your foundations for happiness were?"

"No," I replied; "I haven't the slightest idea. Perhaps you wanted to oust Bernard and marry her yourself."

He laughed at this.

"No," he said. "But I did want to marry you."

"Duncan," said I, "will you let me go up-stairs?"

"It is not time for you to go, and it is not polite to leave me. I still want to marry you, Janet."

By this time I was so excited that I sat down and cried, and he stood still and watched me, and I hated him for it. Presently he came to me, and drew a chair close to me, and took my hand in his, and would not let me draw it away.

"You do not believe me, but I love you dearly, Janet."

"Love me!"

"Yes, love you. Why should not a man love you?"

I laughed. I could not help it, being so nervous and wrought up.

"They never have," said I.

"You have never allowed it. I have seen men try to make love to

you, but you never turned your head to listen to them. You do not know the alphabet of love."

"Nonsense!"

"You do not!"

"Very well. I am too old to learn it."

He took my hand in his own. "Let me give you a lesson in what you should say. Now repeat after me: 'Duncan, I know I have been insensible to you, and even now——' Go on."

"'Duncan, I know I have been——'" I obediently began.

"'Insensible to you, and now——'"

"'Insensible to you, and now——'"

"'Even now——'"

"'Even now——'"

"'Do not do you justice; but I will believe that you honestly love me.' Go on."

"'Do not do you justice; but I will believe that you think I am a hopeless idiot.' Is that right?"

"But I am in earnest."

"So am I."

"Janet!"

"Duncan!"

He jumped up. "I am not jesting," he exclaimed. "Never was man more in earnest. Do believe me, Janet. You do not guess how tenderly I regard you. In all your life you have had no chance, for you have always been overshadowed. Come with me, Janet, come, and you shall really live, your life shall have in it vitality and strength. Come!" He stood in front of me and held out his hand; but I shook my head.

"Janet!" he softly repeated; but still I was silent. I could not go to him. Then the quick color came into his face.

"Is it because of Ogden Dalton that you are so cold, so inflexible? Has he done you this harm?"

At that moment I could have wished to love Duncan, but my heart was like ice to him, and I said, patiently, as one owns to a fault he cannot cure, "Yes. It is because of Ogden."

My curious lover grew white to the lips.

"Damned vampire!" he said, and without another word he went away.

For a week we saw nothing of him, and then he reappeared behaving as usual, and neither Bernard nor Juliet saw any change in him. But I did, and I knew as well as though he had called it out to me when he entered the room, and repeated it when he left, that he was but biding his time and had not given up. And he was good to me in many little ways which showed how his thoughts hovered around me: yet, although I could not but be kind to him, as any woman must be to the man who attentively loves her, the idea of marrying him was absurd and disagreeable to me.

But Duncan was a man who could wait. His heart might fire his brain, but the brain dominated the heart, keeping it under until its day should come. And no one guessed what had happened, and our family peace was not disturbed by it.

CHAPTER IX.

When from the skies falls the fire that consumes our fields and destroys our flocks, but leaves our neighbor's very boundary-lines in bloom and peace, is it a special providence that smites us but smiles on him, or is there in some of us a magnetic power that attracts all that is malignant? I have seen those who by no ill ways of life or of temper deserve such a fate, spend all their days in fighting misfortunes. And it was not one kind of trouble, such as might come because of this or that condition in life, but it seems as if no wind, whether of war, pestilence, or famine, could pass them by, but as if each was compelled to wheel about and blow bitterly upon them. They are like

> Ships that spell-bound roam the deep,
> And pass by many a happy shore,

upon which they may never touch nor land, while others go gayly along, fanned by winds of fortune only, and tarrying at any port they fancy.

But no such thoughts as these came to me one afternoon in early June, when Sophie was over eighteen months old, and I went peacefully home, carrying her a dainty blue plate for her own simple dinners. Little did I think, my mind being partly on the baby and partly on the organ rehearsal in which I had just taken part, that Misfortune had overtaken me and was walking by my side, and that when I entered my door and closed it I should shut out Happiness and see her no more for many long days. I remember how I tarried on our little porch and looked at the small garden all in bloom. The vines had grown heavy and shaded the house, and the woodbine was in bloom. The roses and the white lilies were crowding together against the fence, and the pinks were all in bud, just ready to burst. Over on the tiny grass-plot lay a forlorn little rubber doll, close at the side of the porch stood the baby's carriage, and near it Juliet's wicker chair, with a book left open. I looked on all these signs of home peace and blessedness, and my heart was filled with thankfulness. Back in the house I could hear our little maid singing, for in our house every one sang, and her voice was low and pleasant. Then suddenly I heard Juliet moan as if she was in great distress, and I ran into the house, and up into her room, only to see her sitting quietly with the baby asleep in her arms.

"Why, that is absurd," she replied, smiling. "What should I moan about? Certainly I should not wake the baby by any such performance as that! It was a noise in the street, or a shutter that creaked."

But it was nothing of the kind. It was Juliet's voice, and it was a stifled cry of anguish, such as I knew well in after-days, but which I then had never heard from her.

It disquieted me greatly; and when Bernard came home, and Juliet laughed about it as she told him, for over such little things we gossiped

at our table, I could not be merry with her, because it still sounded in my ears.

After our dinner was over, Bernard and Juliet went into the parlor, because we were afraid to have the baby out after the dew might have begun to fall, and I drew the wicker chair close to the window, so that we made a group although I sat out on the porch. And it was then Bernard took twenty dollars out of his pocket, and told Juliet that there was the reason for her moans.

"If you will give it to me," she said, "I will groan or laugh, just as you wish."

"Oh, you shall have it," he answered, "every cent of it, for heaven only knows when I can give you any more, because my country needs me no longer."

We were a little dismayed at this news, because Bernard's salary was of the utmost importance in drawing together the ends which must meet, but we cheered up and felt confident about the future, for we had thus far lived plainly and with care, and had been comfortable and independent, and as for the work we did in earning the money, neither Bernard nor I shrank from that. All he wanted was to make us happy and to relieve me from any need to work. But I liked to feel that my shoulder was helping to run the wheel, although I was often tired and would have been glad to command my time.

This loss of money was only the beginning of the cyclone of misery that swept through our lives. That very night the baby sickened with diphtheria, and in less than a week she was dead, and Juliet lay very ill with the same disease, with the doctor looking seriously enough as he watched her.

As soon as it was known what the disease was, our little maid went away, and Bernard and I were left alone in the house. I could not give my lessons, even had we had a nurse, because parents would have been afraid of contagion, therefore, as the season was nearly over, I stopped them all, and collected what money was owing to me. Bernard nursed Juliet through the day, and we relieved each other at night, but I had to go alone with the undertaker and minister when the baby was buried. Here is misery enough in a few lines, but it came like a storm, sudden and quick, and I have no memory of it that needs the telling in greater detail.

Duncan Macfarlane was in Nevada, and our other friends were afraid to do more than call at the door, inquire, and go away relieved when I told them there was nothing they could do. It was reported that Juliet's case was of the most malignant form, and this frightened the people. But, because we could not yield, Bernard and I kept up our courage, hard as it was when we saw how fast our little store of money was going and knew that there was no more in waiting. We never told Juliet of the frugal meals we ate down-stairs, and she little guessed the perplexities into which the rent, the gas-bill, the undertaker's bill, and all the expenses of life and death were plunging us. But as she grew better, and came down-stairs, she began to comprehend it, and all her troubles together made her depressed, and it was hard to keep up her heart, or to get her beyond a point where her convalescence

was really more painful and trying to her than her sickness had been. The doctor told us we must take her away from the city; but how could we do that? By this time Bernard was free to go day by day into the blazing streets, where business was stagnant and friends absent, to eat out his heart in misery and mortification, looking for work. For it mortified him deeply to find himself so helpless. There was so little he could do. He had been educated for a lawyer, and lawyers do not pick up cases on the street, nor is it to their credit to beg for them. Our one anchor was my salary as organist, and this was but little, compared with our needs. It is not well to go into the details of the privations in the little house, but we were more unhappy and more helpless than any of God's creatures ought to be, for it does sometimes happen that the tide comes in and catches us at the foot of a cliff up which we cannot climb, and we are neither birds to fly nor fish to swim.

And then in the middle of August Juliet's second child was born, and again she was very ill. We now indeed had trouble, which we had to take with set teeth, and this time we had sore hearts; for, what with mortifications and privations, and, at last, debt, even Bernard began to lose energy and faith. He was not used to struggle, nor to the worrying, mean expedients with which we now were tormented. I was desperate, and it seemed to me that my very muscles tightened as I resolved that poverty should never get the better of us and spoil our lives. Curiously enough, Juliet now became the hopeful, cheery one. Her little boy brought back her smiles, and it amused her to see how dark his eyes grew, and how black his hair. She declared him a Spaniard, and gave him his grandfather's name of Ferdinand; and as I heard her softly murmuring her tender caressing talk to him, I could fancy little Sophie back again.

It used to amuse us sometimes, for we had not lost the power of viewing our misfortunes in prospective, to see how few resources we had. We were not at all like the heroes of novels, who always have jewels to sell, for we owned none; and no friend ever sent us an envelope with two or three hundred pounds in it; and neither did an uncle die when we were at the worst, and leave us all his property. We used to talk of these possibilities and resolve what we would do when any one of them should happen; and it was true, as Juliet once declared with a little tremble in her voice, that the first thing Bernard and I thought of was something to cure her.

It came to be September, hot and dry. The streets were dusty and ill of odor, and the very air seemed to weary in staleness and want of vitality. And we were very poor. I had paid our rent, and had gone home tired out and weak, with twenty-five cents in my pocket and two peaches in my hand. On my way I stopped and bought a loaf of bread, and I carried it into the kitchen, where I found Juliet sitting on a chair, looking very pale.

"Janet," she said, "there is not a thing to eat in this house."

"But there is," I replied. "Bread, peaches and chicken, and tea, —and lots."

"I see the bread; but the chicken!—oh, Janet!"

Still, there *was* chicken; a piece of the breast, too.

It was a very ancient fowl, which Bernard had bought because he thought it was so large and looked as though it might taste like turkey. He insisted that I should broil it, because Juliet liked it so, and I did, but I was not an expert in cooking, and I did not know that there was any way of making it more tender. Therefore it had lasted a long time. In private Bernard told me that it tasted like sleeve-buttons. He had sold his own to buy it.

Having proclaimed my larder, I sent Juliet back to the baby in the parlor, and I took off my hat and began to prepare her supper. I made the tea in a little china pot, and I cut the bread, and pared the peaches, and brought up the chicken and laid a rosebud on it, and carried the waiter into the parlor.

The Supreme Court, I told her, had decided that butter was against the law, but that fruit could be substituted; and here it was. And so I drew up a little table in front of her, took the baby, and sat down to see her eat.

I recollect how hungry I was, and how much I wished that I too had a peach, but when I remembered that all I could give Bernard was tea and bread, I stopped thinking of peaches for myself. And then in came Bernard, looking more happy than usual, and he took the baby from me, and together we made Juliet eat every bit of her chicken, although she declared it made her teeth ache. Bernard had news that cheered us all. His uncle Griswold had returned to the city, and he was amazed when he found that Bernard had no employment, and had said it must be attended to at once. "What I shall have to do, I do not know," he said, "but it will be something." And he kissed the baby, and then he kissed Juliet too.

On the sofa lay the book Juliet had been reading, and he picked it up and laughed at her choice. It was the history of a Pennsylvania Quaker settlement, and he said it was as dry as dust.

"But I like it," answered she, "and it is not at all dry if you read between the lines and see what must have happened. There was one of the family, Samuel Scatterworth, who was a preacher, and once going to yearly meeting he stopped at an inn, where he saw a God-fearing and modest young woman who pleased him. So as he mounted his horse the next morning he said, 'Phœbe Tatem, when I come again next year, if the Lord wills, I will marry thee.' Now read between *that!*"

"But did he marry her?" said I.

"Why, of course, or why tell the story? Just think of her waiting a year on such an offer! and do you suppose there were no other young Quakers who wanted to marry her? But I don't know whether I should rather be called 'Tatem' or 'Scatterworth'."

"Talking of names," exclaimed Bernard, "I heard of an odorous one to-day, and it came in a letter from Duncan."

"From Duncan!" cried Juliet. "Is he coming home?"

"Not yet. He seems to have no end of work. And I expect it pays him well." Because he said this with a little sigh, Juliet asked, quickly and gently, what Duncan had written.

"And the name?" I added.

At this Bernard smiled, and he lifted the baby up on his hands and held it aloft as he said,—

"Señor, how should you like to be named Garlic?"

"Named *what?*" I cried, and I ran to Juliet; but she sat perfectly still, white and like a stone.

"Garlic." Then he turned in alarm, looking at us both. "What is the matter with you two? Why, I shall fare worse than the barber's brother, if I have to suffer for merely mentioning the name of the vegetable."

"There is nothing the matter with us," replied Juliet, who took the blow which she saw coming with a strength possible only to a woman weak and on her mettle. Then she smiled,—such a pale little smile,—and she put out her arms.

"Give me our baby, Bernard," she said.

He did not understand the force of this appeal, but he gave her the child, and sat down by her, pushing the little table away.

"Duncan wants me to ask you if you, either of you, ever heard of a man named Garlic in your old home?"

I turned from the window where I was standing,—at this moment I see the geraniums all ablaze in the garden,—and I said,—

"Yes: *I* have."

"And was his name Joseph?"

"No."

"Thomas?"

"No."

"Well, authorities differ about his name. What was your Garlic called?"

"Aaron," said I, boldly.

"That's the man! Aaron is the name his partner persists in claiming for him, but he has signed himself both Joseph and Thomas,—but always Garlic. Juliet, you are sick! Are you faint?"

"I am perfectly well," said Juliet, but she drew away from his arm, and, leaning against the sofa, held tightly to her child. I think she took breath, as I did, when we found the name was Aaron, near danger as that was.

"You have heard of the Lightning Mines? You know Duncan has something to do with them? No company need want a neater bit of property, for it has already turned out tons of money. Now comes a man named Ferris,—you never heard of *him*? No. He says that he and a man named Garlic bought that very tract of land ten or more years ago, and that he can prove it, and he has convinced the company that as Garlic is dead his heirs had best be consulted about the title. It was a long time before they knew where Garlic came from, and then Duncan heard that he came from the Cross-Roads, Pennsylvania, and naturally thought of you and that you might know something of him."

"I don't," I said.

"But you can tell Duncan how to begin his search."

"No, I cannot." Then I added, "They are all dead,—every one of them."

"They must have had some relations. Leeks, for instance?"

At this feeble joke the baby might have smiled, but I did not. I kept my eyes on Juliet.

"I never heard of his having any relations."

"But you will tell Duncan what you do know?"

"I do not know anything;" and I took up the waiter to carry it out of the room, but at the door I stopped. "Juliet don't know anything of Aaron Garlic. He left there before she can remember. Don't worry her, Bernard." And I put the waiter down in the dining-room, and went up-stairs and cried. I was very weak, and I did not see how either Juliet or I could face any more trouble just then. And I was unjustly angry with Duncan for throwing this firebrand into our home.

After that I was restless, and I could not sit down where Bernard was, for fear he would ask me more questions, and I could not stay out of the room, because I thought Juliet might betray herself, or even confess, and I felt that rather than bear all that betrayal or confession would now bring, I would kill myself. Much of this terror came from physical weakness, from hunger, worry, and the trials of the summer, rather than from cowardice. In the night, after the others were in bed (and I prayed both asleep, Juliet not being able to bear such agony as I was suffering), I realized how weak I was, and I went down-stairs to get some food. In the dining-room stood Juliet's tray, reminding me that I had not given Bernard any supper, but the poor boy had got it for himself. And I sat down and laughed, and laughed, like a crazy creature, because I found that he had eaten all the bread, and there was nothing for me but some sugar! But on the kitchen-table, under a flat-iron, was a five-dollar note, and I remembered then that he told us that he had boldly asked his uncle for fifty dollars. I was at once indignant because old Aaron Garlic had made me forget it, and we might have had a good supper before we went to bed! For at that moment, and in the middle of the night, I thought that nothing on earth would be so delightful as a good cup of coffee, some bread and butter, and a piece of broiled rare beefsteak. This was exhausted nature's way of asking for stimulant and nourishment.

CHAPTER X.

We had a very reviving breakfast, and we allowed Juliet to come to the table, from which she had been exiled while Bernard and I did not share her poor little list of dainties. And the good meal, the smell of the coffee and the meat, the taste of butter, the grapes, and the breakfast-rolls, made us all merry, and because we had been extravagant we were the merrier. It was such a delight to *dare* to be extravagant. And when Bernard went away, Juliet made use of the age of her worn little slippers and threw one after him.

After he was gone, she came back into the dining-room, where I was busy clearing away the dishes, her eyes sparkling, her tone eager.

"Well?" said she.

In a moment I was sobered.

"Oh, Juliet," I cried, dropping into a chair, "what are we going to do? We have denied the truth, and judgment is come upon us."

"Oh, I am not concerned about that," she replied, violently trembling from excitement. "Bernard told me more about it after we were alone. I could not ask him questions when you were present. Oh, Janet, we are very rich!"

"We? How are we rich?"

"The mines are so valuable, Bernard says, that the company will offer stock in part payment to the owners rather than give all the property is worth in money. But the money payment will be a fortune to us."

"I do not see of what importance all that is to us."

"Do not be so wilful, Janet! Was not Napoleon an only child, and am I not his widow?"

Even at that moment I resented this. I never could bear to think of Juliet's being married to Napoleon Garlic, so repulsive was the memory of him, so disagreeable all the associations with his parents.

"I'd rather starve than claim his money!" I cried out.

"You have starved long enough, Janet dear," she said, gently, "You must have thought me very blind indeed if I have not seen how you and Bernard have struggled ever since my little girl died. If you fancy that I have not known how I have been guarded and protected, you must fancy me heartless and careless indeed. What bitter tears I have shed over the tempting food you have brought me, when I knew how little you and Bernard could have for yourselves! If we knew more of such poverty we might have fought it better; for there must be ways, if we knew them! I have often tried to think of something I could do; but there was nothing, unless it was that I should get strong and use my voice in public."

I put my arms around her, and we cried together. It was not a bitter weeping. It was a happiness to both of us to have the barriers which love had built between us swept away, and to be frank once more. And then we smiled, and joked over things we remembered and told each other as if they were news, and she said, "Do you remember how"— and this and that, and I would return, "And once"— and so on, until the little boy cried out, and Juliet ran —really ran—up-stairs to him. I looked at the clock, and it was almost noon. It was little more than eight when Bernard went away.

All the rest of the day I was like one in a dream. To have been offered a decently sufficient income would at that moment have seemed a miracle; but the possibility of a sufficient fortune within reach overwhelmed me. I was too dazed to know what I was doing, and Juliet laughed at me when she found me sitting on the stairs, holding a broom and staring into vacancy. She was as cool and alert as a woman could be, and, also, as determined. We talked very little about what absorbed us, and in the afternoon I went out for a long walk, because I was too nervous to face Bernard and to answer the questions I was sure he would ask. But Bernard came home with his own news. Mr. Griswold had been prompt, and Bernard was installed in a new position. It was not very brilliant, and it was only for six months, but

it was legal work, and there was a salary. "I can easily remember," said he, "when eighty dollars a month would have been half-pay indeed; but just now it is wealth. It looks so to me."

"May I tell you what it looks like to me?" said I. "It looks like a farm I know, and it looks like trees, and grass, and an old shady bench under an oak-tree, and Juliet sitting on it, and a herd of cows coming home at night, and Juliet drinking pure milk, and going down the lane to meet you, and it looks like both of you getting stronger and rosy, and the baby growing. And it looks like my packing a trunk to-morrow, and both of you—all three of you—going off the next day."

"And doesn't it look like four of us going?" asked Bernard.

"No."

"Then it is a false prophet," cried Juliet. "Do you think we would go away and leave you here?"

"I shall be very busy. I could not go away. Remember, there is my organ and Miss Saddler's voice. It is the organ that is to prevent every one who has heard you from finding out how uneven and thin her voice is."

"Very well," Juliet replied: "you can take the farm out of your prophetic vision. It has no existence."

But I would not give up the picture I had made, and finally Juliet consented to go from home for a few weeks, but she did this, I knew, in order that she might grow well enough to attend to her inheritance.

As Bernard was half-way up the stairs that night, going to bed, he called to me that I must be sure to tell him about the Garlic man in the morning, because Duncan must have an answer.

"Very well," said I. "You rest content. I will tell Duncan myself."

"You will write to him?"

"I will."

And so he went away, satisfied.

But I was all on fire. Little doubt had I that Juliet would that night tell him the whole story, and I was ill with dread and anxiety. I could not go to bed, and I sat crouching on a chair, listening to every sound. The whole scene passed and repassed before my fancy, and I pictured Juliet's anguish, the consternation of Bernard, his indignation, —but here I stopped. I opened my door when I thought how possible it was that Juliet should fly to me for refuge and comfort. As I did this I heard voices and the sound of one walking; but their room was under mine, and the noises were confused to my ear.

And so nearly all night I watched, and everything became quiet, and there was no word from the room below my own, and when the morning came I was afraid to meet them.

I waited in the breakfast-room until I was so weak and nervous that I could not stand up. When they came in they were in gay spirits, and Bernard carried the baby, while Juliet brought her own hat in her hand. She had meant to walk a little way with Bernard, but when she saw how white I was she would take no denial, but forced me to go in her stead. The fresh air, and the great relief of mind at the horror

postponed, exhilarated me, and Bernard talked only of what amused me, so when I came back home and found Juliet dusting the parlor I could not believe that my fears through the night were anything but nightmare.

It seemed as if my anxieties were but food for Juliet's mirth; and when I told her of my night of fear she flung her arms around me and laughed as she kissed me first on one cheek and then on the other. "You dear creature," she said, "it was not Bernard walking. It was me! I was showing him how old Mrs. Garlic used to look with her funny little gown of rusty black, and that small cape she wore over her shoulders, and her great overshoes that came flopping off at the heel. I had on his slippers for the last performance. Don't you remember how she minced as she walked? And did you ever smell that dreadful cough-mixture she used to make? But perhaps you never had coughs? I did, and the old woman made me a fresh brew for each one."

"Oh, Juliet!" I cried, in horror, "it is not possible that you were *laughing* over the Garlics!"

"Indeed I was," she replied; "for, Janet dear, it will never do to go into paroxysms of fear when their name is mentioned. I told Bernard expressly that I remembered her very well, but that I never saw the venerable Aaron, who was never mentioned except with a shake of the head."

"And what did you say about Napoleon?"

"Nothing. Until I can say all, I must say nothing."

"When will you say all?"

Juliet sat down on a low stool, her feather duster in her hand.

"Janet," was her reply, "we will have to be quick about this affair. If the lawyers have traced Aaron Garlic to the Cross-Roads it will not be long before we hear from them, and Bernard must not know it from any one but me."

"Of course not; and you should tell him at once. You should go after him, go to the office, and bring him home, and tell him at once. He may hear it before night."

"Gently, gently," said Juliet. "First I must establish my claim on the land."

"Bernard can do that for you. It requires legal knowledge, and he will know what to do."

"He! Bernard! *Bernard* do it? Why, don't you know him better than that? Do you think he would profit by my deception? It would be like the price of blood to him. He would be incensed if I dared to claim it. And you know"—then her dark eyes filled with tears—"that *I* could never, never do it against his command!"

As I saw the tears I hardened. "Surely this deceit is worse than disobedience."

"And I don't believe," she added, "that as a married woman I could move in the matter without his consent and co-operation. I do not know, but I think this is so."

"Well, what *are* you going to do?"

"I don't know. The first thing is to consult a lawyer. I must do it at once."

I sat still and looked at the girl. I have said that I did not understand Juliet; and now her perfect fearlessness, her cool reliance on her power to work the future to her will, impressed me with a feeling that was not all surprise, but partly respect, partly belief, so much value is there in courage in the moment of danger.

"You are right about Bernard," I finally said; "but neither will he allow you to touch the money."

"Do you know what money means?" she cried. "It is not indulgence, nor luxury: it is freedom,—*freedom*, Janet! Ah, do not tell me that the rich and the poor alike have trouble. Once I might have believed it; now I never shall. The rich woman may lose her baby, as the poor one may, but she has not the anguish of seeing it starve, of seeing it fade away without nourishment, medicine, or doctor. If foul air sickens it, the rich mother can carry her child to pure air; but the poor mother watches the breath as it draws in poison, and cannot even give her own as something better. When poverty becomes your master it means degradation, humiliation, wickedness. It means that opportunities pass you by, that misfortune drags you down. I came to understand this when I was ill, and I saw you growing hollow-eyed and Bernard looking like a ghost, and when I knew there was no money to bury my little girl——"

"Oh, yes, there was, Juliet. We had money for that! And poverty is bitter and cruel, but it does not degrade."

"But it *does*," said Juliet, fiercely. "I do not mean narrow incomes, nor economy, nor denials, but poverty, *poverty*,—when you starve, and are cold, and you go up and down the streets wondering where you will get a little money, and you have no other thought, because you are hungry and cold and you suffer, and when you go to sleep thinking of it, and you wake up in the night and think of it, and you arise in the morning, and nothing has happened, but you are still poor, and hungry, and cold, and there is still no help!"

"Juliet! Juliet!" I cried, "*you* know nothing of this!"

"No, but hundreds of other people do; and where I have but dipped my foot and shivering drawn it back, they have gone in deeper and deeper, and the water has grown colder and blacker, so after a while they drown."

I cannot describe the look in Juliet's face as she said this, and she was still so pallid, and her eyes were bright and had that glassy, haggard look that comes from suffering and worry.

"Janet," she continued, but her voice sinking, and becoming calmer, "we had better look at matters as they really are. You see that with us life goes on crutches, and if they break we fall. Suppose Bernard or you had been taken sick also? Suppose you had lost your organ salary? What would have become of us?"

"Juliet Mendoza," I said, "you have no faith! Do you not believe that God sees us and pities us and will help us?"

"Yes," she said, wearily, "I do believe it; but I see that people do starve."

To this I made answer,—

"You can be happy if you are not rich. You will never starve."

"Perhaps not; but I am going to try to be happy and rich! I don't want fine clothes, nor a fine house, Janet dear, but I do want *freedom!* I want to feel that I do not have to pledge my soul to keep my body alive, and I want to use my brains for something else than contriving how to feed and clothe my child. I intend to educate him in the way we think best for him. And I do not mean that we shall be trembling in the balance of no work, no wages, and, therefore, misery."

She paused, and leaned her head against a chair; the excitement faded from her face, and she grew pale, and her eyes closed. She was not fainting, but she was very weak, and I had to help her up-stairs and put her to bed.

And now she was ill indeed. As soon as Bernard came home he went for the doctor, who told us that the fight was this time against brain-fever, and that there must be quiet and peace in the house. And so for hours Juliet lay in great pain, and entirely prostrate; and as the baby wailed and could not be comforted, I thought ever of all she had said to me, and in the night when she could not rest, and I bathed her head and hands and tried to soothe her, I said, suddenly, and not because I had meant to do so,—

"Juliet,"—and I knelt down and looked her in the eyes,—"I want you to listen to me. You are worrying yourself in futile thought. You are not well enough nor independent enough to do what is necessary. If you stir one step, Bernard will hear it; and then comes the storm, and if it breaks on you now it will kill you." She feebly pressed my hand, for she knew it was true. "And you were right in deciding that the money is yours and that you should have it. There is no reason why you should not. It has come to you naturally and legally; and you even told me that Napoleon had made a will and left you everything."

"He had a cousin who was bad, like his father, and, although there was but the little house and the few hundred dollars, he said there should be no trouble over them for me," she whispered.

"Now listen," I repeated. "All that you could do I will do. I will make every inquiry; I will find out just what steps are to be taken; and what I can I will do for you, and when it is necessary I will tell you, and you shall then do your part."

"And you will see at once?"

"At once."

"You will not tell Bernard?"

"Never. You shall do that."

She drew my hand to her lips and kissed it. "You are ever, ever good to me."

After that she did not sleep, but she was quiet, and when Bernard came softly in to relieve me of the watch she smiled so naturally and so peacefully on him that the poor fellow's face lighted up with joy, and I went off to sleep, happy in the thought that the crisis was over, and with no prevision of what my promise was to cost me.

CHAPTER XI.

When I attempt to recall the days and weeks which followed my promise to Juliet, I get only a sense of confusion and haste. And yet this was not true at all. I had to work quickly and do much in a short time. I had to have advice, instruction, assistance, and I had to be circumspect and keep my own counsel. But we arise to such difficulties when they come into our lives, and I saw clearly, and I was alert. I said to myself, "What next?" and I took each step understanding it. Divested of lawyers and of legal terms, the law is not difficult to understand where business is concerned, and there were no perplexities in my way. Juliet's claim on her father-in-law's property was simple and easy to state, and I at once sought competent advice. I went to a lawyer whose knowledge and discretion were alike to be trusted, and I stated the case to him. I gave him no names, and I told him that I did not come to put the affair in his hands, but to ask what action I was to take. Thus far I was his client, and when legal forms were to be procured I should also want to come to him.

He sat silently looking at me when I said this.

"You make an unusual request," he said, "and you ask me to take hold of a case in an unusual and not professional manner. But I will give you any advice you need; and if you fail in establishing your claim, remember it is your case, not mine."

"It is not my case," I replied. "I am making my inquiries for a friend."

"We will waive your friend," he replied, with a little smile. "I prefer knowing no third party."

"Very well," said I, a little nettled because of his doubt of my honesty. "You can speak to me as if I was the claimant. At this stage it makes no difference who is the person most concerned. I am the one who has to procure the necessary information."

"Where is the property?" he asked.

"In Nevada."

"Where does the widow live?"

"In Pennsylvania."

"Where did the father-in-law live?"

"In Virginia."

"Where was the husband's will made?"

"In Virginia."

"Where were they married?"

"In Pennsylvania."

"Have you the certificate of marriage?"

"Yes."

"Can the widow be identified?"

"Easily."

And thus he cross-questioned me; but I did not then tell him Juliet's name, nor did I ever tell him that she was married again.

Then once more he sat silently regarding me, as though he was

making a diagnosis of my mental idiosyncrasies,—as, indeed, I suppose he was.

"I have no doubt," he finally said, "that you will make some great blunder. This is always in the amateur to do, and you will do it. You will let some little cord slip, and find too late that it tied all the bundle together, or you will overdo the business. But if you want to burn your fingers, do so. I can see that you are determined. Now take a piece of paper and write what I tell you."

Briefly, tersely, he gave me my orders. He told me what I should have to prove, what documents I should have to possess, what witnesses, what steps I must take.

"Now do you think you are equal to this?" he asked.

"I will try."

"Keep that paper, and when you have followed any one of my directions, say so on another record, which you can call 'progress,' and come to me and let me see how you are handling it." And I did so.

As soon as she was able to be moved, Bernard took Juliet to the country, and I was then free to act and think, and I gave myself up to my task. I had incessant work, and some perplexities, but I found few real difficulties. The recent date of nearly everything connected with the claim was a strong point in my favor, and there was not the least trouble in proving Aaron Garlic's claim. His partner Ferris in establishing his own had necessarily made that good also. I had some intelligent help from Bettie Longstreet, my father's second wife, and the way in which she did just what I wanted without comment or question proved what I had long suspected, that in business where both curiosity and inquisitiveness are to be avoided it is better to deal with women than with men. My lawyer asked me few questions, but he had settled the position for himself, trusting to his own shrewdness, and I soon knew that he had inquired of others concerning me, and that he knew who I was. It amused me to see how he prided himself on his ready reading of what he fancied my shallow mask of incognito.

Then the time came when the claim was in order to be presented to the Lightning Mine Company, and my lawyer told me that it must be given into legal hands. He said that I had done admirably. Plainly, it pleased him to show himself so magnanimous.

I listened to him, and did not answer. But I left him, and on my way home I borrowed five hundred dollars, and the next day I started for Denver, where the agents for the company had an office, with which I had corresponded. I was not afraid to borrow the money. I now was sure that Juliet would be in a position to repay it, and if her claim failed I meant to earn it. Until the last moment I would not trust the business to an agent. It must be nearly complete before any mortal but Bernard should hear the whole story. He, first! And surely it would help Juliet to be able to say, "I have deceived you by being silent, but I give you this, not as a bribe for forgiveness, but because I have it, and I love you!"

And if he did not forgive her, was it not best that she should not be cast off into poverty?

So I went to Denver myself, leaving a brief letter for Juliet saying

I had business in the West and that I would explain when I returned. This, I knew, she could read between the lines, and I could not help it if Bernard should wonder.

I reached Denver ready for combat. The claim was heavy, and would certainly be disputed. I could not sleep while I was journeying, so busy was I feeling the links in the chain of evidence, trying to find its weakest place. I supposed many obstacles, and I supposed all sorts of additional proof, and now, for the first time, I trembled because I was a woman and not a lawyer, and I had dared to take this responsibility. Tired and disheartened, I came to the end of my journey, yet as soon as I was refreshed by food and a bath I went to the office of the company, and told them that I had come on the business belonging to Mrs. Juliet Garlic. I was received courteously, and listened to with attention. There was no opinion given, no question raised, and the interview was as brief as the paying of rent. The money involved was not mentioned, and I gave them the papers for which they asked with a reliance on their sincerity and honesty that would have vexed my lawyer had he known it.

For a week I waited in Denver, and then came a letter. It was very short. It did not cover one page of paper, and it told me that the claim of Mrs. Juliet Garlic was allowed, and that the company desired a personal interview with her at their principal office in Leaping Rock.

Now, by this time I knew all about the Lightning Mine, and I knew that Juliet's fortune would mount into the millions. Into millions of dollars, and six weeks before—not more than that—she had had no butter for her bread! Here was the proof that she was a rich woman, here the crown to my labor! It seemed to fall from the skies into my lap. Surely never had such a fortune been wrested by law so readily, and by a woman without a lawyer to stand in front of her. But of all this I did not think. I was not elated. I was not glad at all. I only realized that they wanted to see Juliet, and at once.

It was impossible! Should she tell Bernard and immediately leave him? That was out of the question. Tell him and ask him to bring her? The idea was absurd. And Juliet could not take the journey; she was still too ill. And there was the baby!

I did not know what to do.. I sat down and wrote a letter to the company, and I told them she was ill and could not come, and asked if the business could not be transacted without her. I tore this up, and wrote a long, long letter to Juliet, telling her what I had done, and leaving it all in her hands to decide upon, and then I tore that up also. I could not give this responsibility into her judgment.

Long sat I pondering and seeing no way out. Leaping Rock was far from Denver, yet I almost resolved to go there. Surely I could convince them that she could not come. If I knew just why they wanted her, I could make answer for her. I should at least know what the hitch was, if hitch there should be. And then like a flash it came to me that perhaps they had felt that there was a mystery, and that they might suppose her dead!

I grew so confused thinking over all this that I felt I must have

fresh air, and, although it was now late in the day, I arose and began to prepare for a walk, and so put all my papers away and safely locked up this fateful letter.

Then, as I tried on my hat, and turned my head looking on my bureau for my gloves, I caught the reflection of myself, with my head turned to one side, and in almost profile. It was like a blaze from the skies: it seemed as if a voice spoke to me, so sudden, so clear, was the way out; and I dropped on my knees and hid my face in my hands, and I was cold with the shock.

Thus it came to me that the choice was given me, that the way was open, and I had either to take it or return Juliet to poverty. I heard her impassioned cry, "Money is not indulgence, nor luxury: it is freedom!"

All the fire, the purpose of my life seemed to climax in this supreme moment of agonized decision. I had never before lived; I had never before known what inflexible power abides in the will. Reluctant, protesting, my will dragged me on. I had lived my quiet life as other women live; I had loved, surrendered, grieved; I had been content, happy, forlorn, resolute; but now Life, real Life, the power that animates, that creates, that ordains destruction, that orders the sun to shine, the winds to blow, the pestilence to rage, rushed through my veins, and I was overwhelmed. It is those who do great deeds, who commit great crimes, who are thus baptized in this fire of the soul, and they, they only, know what it is! Think not, O reader, quiet and self-satisfied in your trivial life of little duties, with no greater temptation than comes to any domestic creature, well fed, and put into a groove of shallow sentiments, with your morals formulated for you, your temptations hung with red danger-signals, that you know anything of the struggle that tore my soul as I knelt, or rather lay, on the floor. In all my life I had been honest, open, except in this one matter, and what had at first seemed but a thread of cotton, that I could tie or break at my will, had grown into a snake, and its coil was around me, its eyes numbed me, its breath held me. And I could not look away.

I did not dare to refuse to dare. My purpose seemed to be my soul, and I could not let it go. I, only I, could carry to the end what I had begun. Yet in terror hung I back, because I was honest and true and on my soul there was as yet no lie. But my will and my brain still dragged me on, and they conquered me, so that there came the moment when suddenly I sprang to my feet and ran out into the air of the night. And I was determined to do it.

CHAPTER XII.

I SAT in front of my mirror and looked at myself, and then at a photograph which lay before me. I saw myself with my hair combed back behind my ears and knotted in the back. My eyes were dark enough, but my eyebrows were too pale. I wore a black dress and a linen collar. Everything about me was simple and plain. No time need be wasted over such a toilet as mine. I looked as if life had

tired my very heart and taken sparkle and gayety from me. I wondered how I looked when I was animated,—if my eyes grew brighter, my face less resolute. I did not know. I came to my mirror thinking of many things, alone, grave, in a hurry. I knew nothing of Janet Abercrombie as she appeared to others. But with the face in the photograph I was familiar. Every expression of Juliet's was known to me. I had seen it gay, and in great grief; I knew it radiant with health and joy, and wan and thin with illness. It was a lovely face to me, fresh and unworn. The dress in the photograph was simple enough, but it was a simplicity very unlike my own. The pretty, fluffy hair crowned the head in soft masses. It curled in rings on the forehead and about the neck. The dress showed the soft white throat, around which was fastened a bit of narrow black velvet. I looked long at this picture, and then I looked at myself. I took down my hair. I combed it out. I piled it up on the top of my head. It curled readily, and I cut it off over the temples and made it loose and in rings such as Juliet wore. I took off my collar and turned in the neck of my dress and laid lace in it. I tied a little black ribbon around my neck, and again I looked at myself. I took a burnt match and delicately darkened my eyebrows, and I now laughed at myself, seeing how much I was like Juliet. It pleased me because it was almost like seeing her! And for the first time it came to me that my style of dress had never expressed what I was, and that I had disguised myself by an unbecoming fashion. I had never struck the natural key-tone of my own appearance.

But my hair did not please me. I had pretty hair, long and abundant, but it was faded. It made me look like Juliet's ghost. In my Bible I had a lock cut from her head, and I laid this against my own hair, and mine was colorless indeed by contrast.

I sat down unreasonably disheartened. It was unreasonable because who where I was bound was to know that Juliet was brilliant in color? Which of the owners of the Lightning Mine, except herself, knew that she was young and golden-haired? Surely I looked more like Napoleon Garlic's widow than she did. I was nearer his age, I was not gay nor beautiful, and she was both. I could far better pass for a widow than she. In her very bearing there was buoyant happiness. She looked like what she was,—a happy young wife. It was I who looked as though the grave might hold all I loved, and my faded hair, my sad eyes, were suited to the widow Garlic.

Yet *I* knew! To me it was a necessity that the woman who bore Juliet's name should look like Juliet and not like her aunt Janet. If ever she was described, the description must be that of Juliet, and so must have color. I put on my linen collar again, but I did not rearrange my hair, and, putting on my hat, I went out into the street to look for a hair-dresser.

I soon found one, and although the place was small, it looked prosperous. It was clean, and the stock was evidently neither stale nor ill chosen. On the counter played a little fountain of fragrant water, and a bird sang in a cage. A young girl with a rose in her belt stood behind the counter. There was no one else in the store.

I took out the lock of Juliet's hair and showed it to her.

"You dye hair," I said. "Can you make it that color?"

The girl smiled.

"I think so," she said. "That is a very uncommon shade in nature, but none is more desired when hair is made blonde artificially."

"But can you do it?" I repeated.

"You will have to see Madame Beckwith herself," she replied.

And then she took me into a large back room, where there were a great many mirrors, a great many chairs, and a lady sitting in front of one of the mirrors in one of the chairs, having her hair dressed by a woman. In another chair there was a little girl whose hair was being cut by a man, and walking slowly up and down the room was an immensely fat woman.

The young girl turned and walked with her as she told her my errand, and I had to follow, for Madame Beckwith never paused when she addressed me. Her voice was strong yet soft, and her eyes looked keenly from a very large, flat face.

"Let me see the specimen." And she held out her hand to the girl, who gave her the hair. "H'm! That is lovely hair. Natural, too. Will you take off your hat?" she said to me. "You must excuse me for walking, but I am very nervous, and my business keeps me in the house, and unless I am in motion I suffocate. When was your hair that shade? When you were a young girl? I see this lock is young hair."

"Mine was never that color, Madame Beckwith, but I should like it to be."

She laughed. "Naturally you would. You are pale, but that color would be very becoming. It would make your skin almost—almost creamy. Well, it is not impossible. You are quite sure that your hair has not bloomed?"

"I do not know anything about its 'blooming,'" I said, keeping pace with her, and carrying my hat in my hand, conscious that five people were listening to our conversation, "but I should like to have it made blonde. I think you call dyeing it making it blonde?"

"My faith," said she, "you don't think I should *dye* it! Your hair needs treatment, stimulating, not dyeing. Perhaps you do not know much about hair?"

"No," I said, "I do not."

"Very well," she replied, walking a little more slowly. "Hair the color of yours ought to be golden at some period. This generally occurs in childhood. You know how often golden-haired children grow up to have dingy brown, about like your own?"

"Yes," I meekly answered.

"And you have seen other girls whose hair brightened when they first grew up?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that period of brightness is the blooming. It comes to all hair, but of course is most noticeable in the yellow shades. It very seldom happens to a woman as old as you are. You are perhaps thirty-five?"

"Thirty-one."

She made no reply to this, but she probably fancied that my desire for golden hair was a desire for youth, and that my statement about my age was governed by the same desire. But for this I cared nothing.

Then after a pause she said,—

"Well, a year or so makes no difference, and you are still quite young enough to have that shade of hair and to look well in it." She then quickened her pace, and called to the woman hair-dresser, as she passed her, "" Do not make your customer's hair too high! Do you not see that she is tall, and her head narrow?"

When we reached the other end of the room I said,—

"Your mission, Madame Beckwith, is to rectify Nature's mistakes?"

"Certainly. The beautiful takes care of itself. Your teeth are pretty and very white. Do you ask me to do anything for them? No. Yet I could redden your lips, and so make your teeth look even prettier. But you are content. To rectify mistakes is to assist Nature's highest development. The fault in your appearance is your hair. It is very poor in color,—meaningless. You ask me to remedy *that.*"

"But I am not so vain as you think," I retorted, with rising color. "For my own sake I should not care if my hair was blue!"

"No? Well, a good shade of natural blue hair would be a fortune—in a Dime Museum! But it is not the desire for a fortune that animates you? I understand! I have had great experience in the reasons that govern both men and women. A very young person makes clothes of first importance,—good clothes, I mean, not becoming ones. They like to feel that they are smartly dressed. After a time, men or the women who wish to please consider themselves. They see that Nature has made mistakes here and there, and that the years have deepened these and are lessening their fine points, and then they bring Art to the rescue. They consider the colors and materials when they buy clothing, and they come to me for what is most important,—the texture of the skin, the color and the quantity of the hair. Do you know what I do? Well, I will tell you frankly, for I can see you have already made up your mind about me, and I am not used to be judged,—people appeal to me."

"I am not judging you, madame: I am much interested."

"You know that I am a Frenchwoman?"

"I should not have thought so. Your English is admirable, but your intonations are foreign: still, I should not have thought you French."

"German?"

"I do not know."

"So! Now you see you have judged me! You have even made a question of my nationality. You have decided that I am not French, you will not say that I am German. And you are right. I am a Hungarian, and I speak four other languages almost as well as I do English. I should speak them quite as well if I used them as I do English,—in my business, and every day."

I smiled at this, and it pleased her, because she saw that she had

impressed me, and she had strong dramatic instincts. She walked more slowly.

"I do not hesitate to tell you the principle on which I conduct my business. I assist Nature. That is all. There are people who assert that the object of Nature is decay. I say no. They say that a plant springs from the ground, grows, bears leaf and flower, simply to produce seed, and then dies. To this I say no! I assert that the object of Life is Life. It is the Conditions that are wrong,—the Conditions of Life. You understand?"

"I listen."

"And think? I wish you to think. I both read and think, but not in English. That is a good language for trade, for money-making, but not for thinking in."

"In what language do you think, madame?"

"In Hungarian. I read in German. But I will speak of that another time. I claim that if the Conditions of Life were better it would not be the grass to which man is compared, but the evergreen. The evergreen is hardy. It bears heat and cold, it can stand Arctic winters and tropical summers. And so should man. The law of growth is at the least the law of fives. Do you know what I mean?"

"Not at all."

"You ought. It is very simple. It is a deduction from observation. When does a boy complete his growth?—become a man?"

"Legally, at twenty-one."

"And naturally. But, to be more precise, at twenty,—four times five. That is one period,—the period of growth. Now, the period of youth should be of the same length; and so should that of manhood."

"Is not the first period that of youth?"

"Certainly not. The first period is immature, crude. Youth is completion, and it assumes the use of powers matured, strong, fresh, and vigorous. The unknown is then explored. Life is experimented with, the brain and the whole system investigated. Youth is the second period in life, and is also twenty years. That brings us to forty. Then comes maturity, from forty to sixty. The next period is what you may call the natural pause,—the rest-time,—the ripening of the seed. The blossom is gone, but the plant is still vigorous, and there is only here and there a yellow leaf,—a gray hair, a dimmer eye. And then from eighty to one hundred comes old age,—if indeed it ought to come then."

"You give us long life."

"We should have it. Our present limit is absurd, wicked. Map out for me the life of the vigorous old men whom you know, or of whom you have heard, and tell me if it cannot be thus divided. In them there is nothing abnormal. You recognize that? The abnormal you see in those who grow old prematurely. What we do—we who should be called Artists in the Human—is to contend against the Abnormal."

"I am afraid I do not follow you."

"It is easy. Now see. I tell you that I assist Nature. I say that the Conditions of Life are wrong,—climate, habits, nourishment. And I say that we are in our youth until we are forty. You recall that

I have said so? Well. Now, a lady comes to me, faded, yellow, and wrinkled. She wants a cosmetic to renew her bloom. I have no cosmetic. But I say to her, 'You are too young to fade and to grow wrinkled. You have no right to do that until you are at least eighty.' 'Eighty!' she cries: 'why, by Nature I'll be a mass of yellow wrinkles then!' 'Pardon me,' I say; 'by false ways of life you may be, but not by Nature.' And then I look at her as a physician would. I see that most American women need nourishment,—not food, for sometimes they eat like pigs and show it, but nourishment. And I tell her what she must eat, and what she must not touch. I do not simply say, 'You must drink milk.' I say, 'You must drink so much milk, and at such hours,'—you see? that is the secret of a successful physician:—he makes a direct grip on his patient's habits,—and 'You must walk at such times and for such a time.' And then I give her the wash she needs, and it is not a cosmetic. This climate has certain injurious effects on the skin. The counteraction is produced by all my washes, but each complexion has its own weakness, and for that I make my remedy. Thus I assist Nature, I arrest premature decay, I correct conditions of climate and life. You see?"

"I cannot tell you how much you interest me, madame, but I have very little time."

"True; but you must comprehend my theory. You do not please me when you think I will dye your hair. I will treat it; and you must follow my directions, and it will bloom, and have its own color naturally."

"And how long will that take?"

"By Christmas your hair will have a gleam all through it, and by spring it will possibly match the lock you have in your hand."

"But that will never do! I must leave here in a day or so, and my hair must match this lock then."

Madame Beckwith frowned, and walked with short, quick steps, and very uneven were they. Then she sharply asked,—

"Is this positive?"

"Positive."

"Then there is nothing to do but to dye it." She drew a sharp, irritated breath, almost a cry. "It is a thousand pities. Your hair is a beautiful chance—gives a beautiful chance," she corrected herself. "Could you not wait two weeks?"

"Not one."

She stopped in front of a chair.

"Sit down," she said. "I will do it myself, but it is a great pity. It only needs stimulating treatment."

As she combed my hair out she said, "I can do this at once, because I do not have to bleach it at all. There is no color that needs to be removed."

And it was not an uninteresting process, but it was long, and before I left the chair night had fallen. My hair was first washed, and with much manipulation made dry, like hay, indeed, and there was no natural oil left in it. It was then covered with a paste that smelt like a chemist's shop, and left to harden for at least a half-hour, and while

this process was completing I was served with a cup of coffee. This refreshed me; for I was growing faint. The paste was then washed from my hair, which was carefully oiled and well brushed by the man hair-dresser, and a liquid was poured on it, very little at a time, and this was rubbed in by the hand. Every one seemed to take their turn at this process, and every little while Madame Beckwith would compare the lock of Juliet's hair with mine, and perhaps order more or less of some other most mysterious compound. By this time the business was serious, and not a word was spoken except when necessary, and I went to sleep. I was not sure that when all was over I should not be bald or have purple hair, and more than once I realized my folly in trusting my hair to a stranger who was perhaps worse than a quack, but I was soothed in spite of my fears.

"Now!" cried Madame Beckwith, and, startled, I awakened, and, looking in the glass, saw myself with a mass of beautiful golden hair falling over my shoulders.

"Behold!" she again cried, and flung it out like a cloud. Her face beamed with triumph. "Nowhere—not in Paris—nowhere could this be more beautifully accomplished! I took great trouble for you. In two hours did I do what should have taken months. It is good work; and if your health were not superb you could not have stood it. It is not dyed! It has been treated."

She put it up with quick, skilful hands, and I blushed to see myself, so changed, so fair was I.

It cost me much money, but it was a great success, and there was not a defect in the color, while the skin of the head was clean and pure.

When I was about to go away, Madame Beckwith took my hand.

"I wish," she said, "to answer some of your unasked questions. To yourself you say, 'Why does not this woman rectify Nature's mistakes in herself? Why is she old, fat, ugly?' I reply, because of the conditions of my life. I have my business. I cannot have fresh air, exercise, and I grow fat and coarse. How else, when I live in a room heated, and dry, and filled with the effluvia of hair? I grow sallow, and I am both nervous and indolent, yet what can I do? I have my business, and I must attend to it, for I have a family to care for and to educate. After a time they will be older, and I will have made money enough, and then I shall retire, and I already know what is necessary for me to do in order to redeem myself. I cannot renew the youth I have lost, but I shall *rest* properly and in vigor. Do you know that is a great secret? for the old person to rest properly? to hold on to life, to have vigor, hope, interest, and yet to have laid aside care and to *rest* content?"

CHAPTER XIII.

I DO not believe that in either of the Americas there lived at the moment a woman calmer, more composed, than was I when I journeyed on to Leaping Rock to see the officers of the Lightning Mine Company. I should, I suppose, have been apprehensive, tormented with nervous

fears about detection, but I was entirely at my ease. The villain who has been successful in his enterprise will understand this. Let him come forth and speak. He who knows how to dive is not afraid of the surf. Daring will nerve, success gives vigor to the will, calmness to the brain, and the man who is undetected can ruffle his way without dismay or terror. I had no time to give way to apprehensions. The step, full of peril, had been taken, and now I needed firmness and resolution if I meant to go on and not fall.

And I had a curious feeling that I *was* Juliet. My glass showed her to me, I saw that I moved like her, stood like her. A hundred little traits in common were apparent to me, and my fancy was so affected that I began to eat dishes of which Juliet was fond, but to which I had been indifferent. It was hardest to get used to the interest with which strangers regarded me. All my life I had passed unobserved, but now eyes followed me, and I could see that men pointed me out, one to the other. This was not pleasant to me, and did not flatter me, although the glances were friendly and kindly enough.

With the officers of the company I had no trouble. Everything was left in the hands of the president, who was plainly the controlling power. He was over sixty, and moved like a stout stone statue. He had a large double chin, and his mouth was complacent, his eyes crafty. He was ignorant and rich, and he prided himself on the possession of qualities that had made him rich. But he had no "qualities" which lead to success: what he had had was opportunity. And as he was, to himself, a final authority, his instant recognition of me as "Mrs. Garlic" was enough. When he afterwards recalled that as soon as I entered the office he had met me, called me by name, he was pleased by his own quick perception. He had known it could be no one else. It also pleased him to show me much flattering attention. If he had not had a wife, I fear, he would have proposed that the widow Garlic's claim should be put into a new husband's hands. As this was not possible, he made everything easy for me, and was in the best of humors until I refused to sign any of the papers presented to me. For this I had good reason, and here I drew my line, being steadfast.

I pleaded that although I had every trust in the company, in its honor and generosity, I was not a lawyer, and the interests involved were too large for risks. There was, necessarily, business which needed legal intervention, and this I would not trust to a Western lawyer. I declared that all papers must be referred to my own lawyer, and that I should go home and personally consult him. I agreed willingly that they should appoint their own agent to confer with mine, but I held to it that I should choose my own.

Mr. Barlow—this was the president's name—argued long with me, but nothing moved my resolution.

For now my work was done! I meant now to go home, and say to Juliet, "Here is your inheritance. Claim it. Say what you please of me, your fortune has been proved to be your own."

Everything was now made ready to her hand.

So, finding me inflexible, they yielded to me, and I made ready to go East again. For the last time I went to the company's office, and,

as we parted, Mr. Barlow, with pardonable self-complacency, asked me if I thought such a large transaction, involving so much money, would be so promptly and simply carried through in the East.

"What your lawyers' bills are, I do not know," he said, "but from what I have heard of your aunt's business ability, and from what I see of your clear head and quick decision, I should imagine that you did not allow them to draw you deeply into their clutches. As for us, the whole affair has been in the regular course of business. It has not been a single fat plum on a tree, but has belonged to the regular crop on our lawyer's potato-field, and goes with the other tubers into the measure. They won't believe you down East when you tell them how simple and plain the affair has been!" And then he smiled, and his bright little eyes beamed with delight, so well did he appreciate himself.

And I? Well, I was satisfied. I had carried the inquiry, the proof, the settlement, through without help, except that of the pilot who showed me a chart of the rocks which were to be avoided, the path which was to be followed. And no one was injured, and Juliet was served. I thought of Bernard, and that Juliet could go to him and say, "You know that I have loved you,—you only,—and you loved me when I was poor, and you have tenderly cared for me when I was sick and miserable, and will you turn me away because I am rich,—when it is love and not money that has knit us together? Is it possible that money can tear us apart?" I said this to myself as I walked back to the inn where I was staying, and I went carefully, picking my way over a muddy road. Then, crossing a little street, I suddenly turned as though I had been bidden to do so, and face to face met Duncan Macfarlane. Surprise and pleasure lighted his face. He sprang forward, he took both my hands in his own.

"Juliet!" he cried.

Then, standing thus, with my hands in his, there came into his face perplexity and dismay, and, letting my hands drop, he rubbed his eyes as if to clear his vision.

"I do not understand," he said, with a little gasp. "What have you been doing to yourself? Who are you? You look—you look—so strange! You are like—why, Janet, I thought you were Juliet!"

Duncan was not tall, but neither was he short. I was five feet seven inches, and he looked down on me. He gave one the impression of strength, so muscular and powerful was he. His head was handsome, and well set on a short, resolute neck. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and his skin, well bronzed by exposure, deepened into healthful color on his cheek. He was a good friend, an enemy easily prejudiced. As he now stood looking at me with eyes that were both doubtful and pleased, I grew irritated with him. I had always resented Duncan Macfarlane. He had never taken me at the valuation with which I wished to be taken. He measured me, judged me, as he pleased, and his conclusions were not to my liking. It tired me to even think of being what he insisted I was. I did not wish to realize myself as he realized me. I preferred myself as I saw myself.

"Don't be absurd," I said. "You remind me of the stock actor in a melodrama. Of course I look like Juliet. When did I not?"

"What is the matter with your hair?"

"Is it out of order? Has the wind blown it?"

"Janet,"—and he turned to walk with me,—"do not speak to me in this manner. It is not worthy of you. Pardon me if I have offended you, but to meet you here, so unlike yourself, is a great surprise to me."

It was also a great surprise to me, and I could not readily find an answer to him. Duncan did not like silence. He liked to have things explained, cleared up, and, turning to look again at me with eyes of grave scrutiny, he continued,—

"Who is with you? Bernard?"

"No one is with me," I said. "I came here on business. It is really not worth discussion, Duncan."

"Very well," he answered. "Are you at the Louvre?" for such was the astounding name of my inn, and I replied that I was.

"I supposed so," he answered. "It is the only endurable house in the town. I am there also. I came to attend to some business, for,"—and he smiled as he spoke,—"you see, I am franker than you,—I came to attend to some legal business, and to see a beautiful Eastern widow, who has suddenly become rich, but who is not open to reason. I am to go East with her, if she will permit me; after her, if she will not."

At this my heart leaped as if it would burst, and I gave one wild glance at him, but his eyes were gay, in his face there was no suspicion. But I—I could not longer feign, nor could I confess, nor indeed listen, and with a little hoarse cry I fled from him, and to my room in the inn, where I locked the door and came from it no more until the midnight train was due, and then I crept out and went away softly. I did not even take my trunk with me, so afraid was I that the noise would arouse him. The money for my board I left in my room, and with it a note saying that I should send for my trunk. I also left a note for Mr. Barlow, in which I stated that urgent and distressing news had made me go at once. And I hoped that no one would guess that the news was that I was to face Duncan as Mrs. Garlic!

Now that I was on the verge of detection, I grew fearful, and the cars could not fly fast enough.

I went to St. Louis, and there I tarried to get strength and collect my wits, and from there I sent for my trunk. It was several days before the trunk came, and when it was brought into my room Duncan Macfarlane came behind it. A child might have expected this! As for me, I began to tremble, and I could scarcely keep back the tears from my eyes, so unhappy was I at seeing him again.

I could not endure the look with which he regarded me, and I sat down, and covered my face with my hands, because my heart was broken, but he thought I was ashamed, and he came closer, speaking gently. All he said was, "Janet!" I could not answer. For Bernard's wrath I was prepared, but I had never once thought of Duncan as judging me and finding me guilty and without defence. Then again he called me by my name, and, drawing up a chair, he sat down in front of me. Do you know that this is either a most familiar or a most aggressive position for any one to take? The lover, the friend,

sits by your side. It is the one who does not care, or he who wishes to argue, to judge, who chooses to sit and face you. When Duncan did this, I drew back.

"Janet," he said, "this is not well. Had you no confidence in us, that you should treat us in this manner?"

I laughed at this: "I do not know that you should reproach me with anything."

"I have a right to reproach you," he answered. "You cannot ignore the interest I have in you, and that gives me a right to know enough of your life to be able to protect you. You need not shrug your shoulders: I have that right, and I mean to exercise it. You have certainly developed an extraordinary amount of business ability, but you have been rash and foolish about it. In the past week, while I waited for news of you in Leaping Rock, I have heard much of you, and I know that you have been business-like and prompt. I do not know a man who could have done better."

"Thank you," I replied.

"But there is much I do not understand. Janet, I want you to tell me the story of it all. You need a friend. You look tired, worried. There are lines on your face that I never saw there before. There is no one who would serve you more gladly than I will."

I drew away the hand he had taken.

"There is nothing to tell. You know the facts. There is a large claim. The heir has appeared, everything necessary has been proved, and the proof has been admitted. That is all there is of it. If I have chosen to attend to it, what is to be said against me? I have not bungled over the business. And you know perfectly well, Duncan Macfarlane, that if I had asked counsel of you—but I never once thought of doing so—you would have been opposed to my taking one step by myself."

"Of course I should."

"But I have done well. Had I put the business in the hands of a lawyer, it would have cost no one knows how much, and it might have gone on for years."

"All that is true. There is no doubt but that you have managed with economy and skill, but that is not all."

"What else is there?" and I arose, and walked away from him to the window, but he followed, and stood by me.

"You may have had your own reasons," he continued, "for having concealed your marriage. That is your own affair,—although, I acknowledge, it has been a great shock to me,—but——" And he paused.

"Well?" said I.

"Your name, Janet? Why are all the papers in the name of Juliet and not Janet Garlic? Which *is* your real name?"

"Oh, either."

"Don't answer me in that way!" he angrily cried.

"Don't question me, then," said I. "I am sure I do not know what right you have to do so."

"See here," he replied: "we are not going to discuss any question

of 'rights.' I mean to understand this affair. I am not going to meet you in a little hole of a Western town, hundreds of miles from your friends, disguised,—for you *are* disguised, and do not look like yourself,—and bearing a name no one ever heard of before, making claims—establishing claims—that are unusual in their magnitude, and not know what it all means!"

"Very well," I answered. "Find out."

"There is no use in your trying to put on an air of indifference. You look desperate, not indifferent. In the first place, tell me what your name really is."

"What should you like it to be?"

"I should like it to be Janet Abercrombie, but is it Juliet Garlic? Or stay, perhaps *you* prefer Mrs. Napoleon Garlic now? There are good reasons why you should like it best."

After a moment's silence he said,—

"Do you not mean to answer me?"

"No," I replied, "I do not. Why should I answer you?"

"You must answer me!" he exclaimed, and he laid his hand on my shoulder, and with quick, gentle strength turned me around so that I faced him; and boldly enough I looked at him.

"I will not answer you."

"What troubles me—really troubles me most of all," he continued, "is the change in your appearance. How this is made I do not understand, except that your hair is different in shade, and you wear it in another way, I think. But why you have made this change I cannot imagine. If you had any object in looking like your niece, I could understand that you have taken excellent means for doing so, but that is out of the question."

"Well," said I, "how do you like it? Is the change an improvement?"

"Yes," he answered, "if it is a question of beauty. You have become a very handsome, striking woman. But I like the old Janet best. She was sweeter, lovelier."

"Thank you."

"When I heard Barlow and the rest talk of you, I hoped—*hoped*, Janet—that it was only a freak of vanity on your part. I thought perhaps coming among strangers you had idly resolved to come in a new character. Was I right, Janet?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"Then it was only vanity?"

"I did not say that."

"Janet," and again he took my hand, "do trust me. You can have no better friend. No one can be more anxious to help you."

"I need no help," I cried, and I wrenched my hands from him, and bade him leave me. Without a word, he went away.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHAT next?" cried my heart, and Fate at once answered the cry by a knock at the door. I opened it, and there again stood Duncan.

"I am going away," he said. "I shall never annoy you again, Janet, but before I go I must give you a letter that was sent under enclosure to me."

The letter was from Juliet, and I took it from him with great joy. How delighted I was to see that bold, free handwriting once more! I did not notice Duncan as he left me: I threw myself down into a chair, and tore open the letter, which was long. Is it the unexpected that happens? What prophet could have predicted the contents of that letter?

This is what Juliet said:

"I cannot imagine, Janet, what you *have* been doing, but you have brought me into the greatest trouble and perplexity, so that I hardly dare look at Bernard, and I lie awake at night crying and crying, and wondering what I *shall* do when he finds it all out, and when he leaves me, and takes the baby from me. He thinks I am distressed about you, and indeed I am, but it is because you have been so *very*, VERY imprudent, and are so reckless. I think the least that you could have done would have been to have consulted me and kept me informed. I think I have a right to *that much!* When you said you would attend to things for me, of course I thought you only meant to see a lawyer and make inquiries. I now see that no one would have served my interests as Bernard would, but, as things are, it is impossible to *ever* speak of it to him. You have no idea of his feeling about it. When Duncan's letter came saying that he had met you in some little Western town where you had established your claim to the Garlic property as the widow of a son, I thought I should have died of horror and fright. I could not believe that *you* had passed yourself off for the widow. I cannot yet understand *why* you did it! And then Duncan said you had run away from him, and he begged us to use our influence over you. Of course the very first question Bernard asked was whether it was so,—that you had been married? And I in my fright and ignorance said no, you had not. What else could I say? But he would not believe; and at last I had to tell him that you had never seen Napoleon Garlic after you left home as a little girl, but once, and then you did not recognize him nor speak to him. You know Bernard well enough to know how he can sit still and brood over anything and then burst out like a sudden tempest; and he has forbidden me ever to see you or speak to you, unless you are—as he thinks possible—proved insane. And this is because he thinks you have concocted the whole affair, and forged a marriage to get the money! So you see what terrible mischief has been done by your reticence. I am almost distracted. I know your *motives* were good, but you ought to have told me. From what Duncan said, the property

must be very valuable; but I hate it! I did not need money to make me happy,—with Bernard and our child, life has been blessed to me. And I can never, never forget how happy I was with you before my marriage, and how good you have been to me; but oh, how ardently, dearest, dearest Janet, I wish that you had not so desired this fortune! I cannot bear to write to you in this way, but how can I help it? And, Janet dear, oh, my dear, Bernard has forbidden me to write to you, to see you. He says little, but he is almost as unhappy as I am. He looks haggard, and never has a merry word to say. He told me that he had honored you above all women for bravery and honesty. I can only pray that all this trouble may be cleared up.

"Your heart-broken

"JULIET."

I laid down this letter without a moan. The cruel injustice of it aroused no resentment, that Juliet ignored her own responsibility did not disturb me. I was stunned by the letter. I thought I did not care, but I felt tired and sick: so I lay down across the foot of my bed and went to sleep.

And in my sleep Nature had her way, and was no longer held in check by my will, and so, when my weary brain, my sad, unresting heart, cried out that they could no longer endure, she gave them rest, and when the chambermaid came into my room in the evening she found me insensible and cold, lying quiet. As it happened, there was in a room near my own a kindly woman who understood both sickness and sorrow, and when the maid ran for help she went by instinct to her. And for days that neighbor nursed me. It was a short illness, but it was severe, and when I was able to go about my room I did not care whether I lived or died. I suppose I should have longed for death, but I was too miserable to long at all. I should have liked to forget. That was all.

The first thing that aroused me to any action was my hotel bill, which was quickly followed by my doctor's, and then I counted my money and found that I had very little indeed left. I could no longer stay at the hotel; and I found a cheap boarding-house, and when I could not afford even that I went to a lodging house. Here I paid a low rent, and my food cost almost nothing. The house in which I found refuge was a poor place, and my fellow-tenants were sewing-women, and men who sold cough-drops on the street, or who went about sandwiched between advertising boards. There was also an old Irishwoman who was a peddler, and a little girl who ran of errands for a dressmaker. The poverty of my surroundings did not trouble me. I should have liked a better bed, and more cleanliness of paint and paper, but I did not really care. I sat in my room, wrapped in a shawl, and, as I remember myself, it appears to me that I did not even think. My brain had not yet recovered from the shock that had stunned sensibility. And indeed why should I have cared? Who, shipwrecked, thrown out on the waves, laments that his trunk is lost, that his dinner-hour is passing by? Not I.

After a while I came to know Theresa Kretzschmer, and she per-

suaded me to come into her room, which was warmer and sunny. It was a poor room, but it had three windows fronting south and on the street, and these windows were filled with plants, and I liked to watch the leaves grow and the flowers expand. Theresa was proud of her plants, and she liked to talk to me of them. She was a Polish Jewess, dark-eyed, pale, and with a severe cough. No one could have been poorer than she, often she had nothing to eat, and I have known her to buy coal rather than bread, because if her fire went out her plants might freeze. She earned what support she had by sewing for a tailor, but the motion of the machine was too hard for one so weak, and two days' labor would often make her ill in bed as many more. Yet she never complained, but was cheery, and often talked of what she should do when she was well again. She had wit, and vigor of expression, and had been educated: so, as we were women who were poor and in trouble, we came to be friends. And after a little I too became a sewing-woman, and helped Theresa, and she became better, and could do more, because I used the machine, and she did the hand-work only. After a time it angered me to work for such wages as we received, and I found some that paid us better, and then we became sure of both food and fire. We had long talks together, but never of our troubles. Theresa told me of her life in Poland, and much of a year she spent in London, and I used to repeat poems to her, and sometimes—for I had voice enough to please her well—I would sing, because it seemed to rest her to hear me. Once I repeated Mrs. Browning's "He giveth His Beloved Sleep," but she asked me never to say it again. I think it made her life seem even harder to her. But nothing pleased Theresa as much as her flowers; and when her great oleander bloomed in December, just before Christmas, she was proud and elated indeed. Everybody in the house came in to see it, and it seemed to make them all happy. And I picked a flower from it and laid it against some leaves of her rose-geranium.

"See, Theresa," said I, "a man would be proud to wear this, or to carry it to a lady, and you could get a good deal of money for your blossoms. I will early to-morrow morning tie up twenty or thirty little posies, and old Bridget Lane will sell them for you, I know. She never has anything but coarse pins and evil-smelling soap in her basket, but she always chooses the fashionable promenade in which to look for custom, and I am sure she will be glad to brighten her stock and to sell them for very little commission."

"Twenty or thirty!" cried Theresa. "Why, you would take all I have on the tree!"

"Oh, no," said I. "There would be some left for the next day."

"But I could not sell them!"

All in vain were my arguments. Theresa refused to think of either wine or medicine in exchange for her flowers, and so they bloomed and faded on the tree. But later—after Christmas—a baby died in the house, and there was no money to buy flowers for it, and then Theresa cut off every leaf from her rose-geranium and left it perfectly bare, and she, herself, covered the little one with their green fragrance.

When I look back on that part of my life it seems as if it might

have lasted years, but it was only the life of one winter. I heard nothing of Juliet, and I made no attempt to hear. My past was dead and in its grave, and there I let it rest. My only concern was about Theresa, who was growing very thin and pale, and who coughed at night and suffered so that I went in very often to give her drink and to keep up her fire. But she was always cheery. One night we sat sewing,—I, in a low wooden chair, she, propped up on the bed. We were making Easter-presents for a fancy store, and the pretty ribbons brightened up our room. The table, holding our lamp, stood between us. Once she laughed: "I can sew," she said, and she held her needle out to me, "but thread my needle I cannot." So I took it and threaded it, and, looking up as I gave it back, I was just in time to catch a quick, frightened look, and Theresa was dead.

After that I sunk into apathy indeed. There was no one to arouse me, and I worked all day, and in the evening took long walks, tiring myself out in the fresh air, so that I might sleep. The one thing that I could not bear was to lie awake. I would have taken opium rather than lain awake, for in the night I *felt*. And so the winter wore away, and March came in, not cold nor blowing, but damp and enervating, and I was weaker and duller than ever.

Then it happened that going slowly along one night I met Duncan Macfarlane again, and this time he was looking for me, and he caught me by the arm. "Janet!" he said, in a voice full of exasperation, "in all God's universe there is no other woman so determined to make every one who cares for her miserable! This time you do not escape! Take me home with you, for I have much to say to you."

I laughed. "Come!" I said, and I turned toward my home. He drew my hand into his arm and held it there. When we came to the house, with its closed and empty store below, the dim windows above, he said, in the same tone of impatience, "Do you live here? *Here?*"

"I will show you," I answered; "but let me go ahead and get a light. The staircase is very dark."

"I remember the house perfectly," he replied. "Go on, and I will follow you."

I led the way without a word, and lighted my lamp, and opened the draughts of my stove, and then faced my visitor.

He stood in the middle of the room, gazing around him, and holding his hat in his hand. To me the room had ceased to seem comfortless. The lamp burned cheerily, the fire was beginning to glow, by the window the geranium was again green and full of young leaves. To him it was all wretched, barren, forlorn, speaking of work, privation, and penury.

"Where," he said, "is the woman who lived here?—the German Jewess?"

"She was Polish," I replied, "and she was my friend. She is dead."

"Dead? Then I hope she is also forgiven. You taught her to deny you well, Janet."

"She never denied me," I said. "She never had any occasion to do so."

"Oh, but she did, and to me,—in this very room. She told me that you did not live here, that she had never heard of you."

"Duncan!"

"But it is true. Just before Christmas, I saw you come out of this house, and I followed you, but in the crowd I lost you. Then I came back, and the Jewess denied ever having seen you. It is true I had no idea that you *lived* here! I told her you were probably visiting the poor."

"You should have asked for her fellow-workwoman. In those days I had a poorer, smaller room. I owe to her much of my present comfort: I am her heir."

"She left a will?" And he smiled, but not pleasantly.

"No. But no one disputes my right to have and use what she left. I have on her boots this moment." And I put out my foot and showed him a boot made of lasting, laced at the side, without heels, and wide and flat. "That was Theresa's boot, but her foot was smaller and prettier than mine."

"I do not want to look at it," he said, impatiently. "It is perfectly absurd for you to put such a thing as that on your foot."

"I am glad to have them, Duncan. Will you sit down?"

"It is late, Janet. You must promise to stay at home to-morrow morning until I come."

"No," I said, "I will not. I will promise nothing. And I have work to do to-morrow, Duncan. I do not wish to be interrupted."

"Very well," he replied. "Then I shall stay now. I wish to understand all this. My God, Janet, what *does* it mean?"

"Oh, Duncan, if you only knew how weary I am, you would go away."

"Do you work so hard, Janet?" He spoke gently, and with anxiety.

"It is not work that wearies me. It is life, Duncan. Do not make me think of it all."

"Do you want me to go away now? Will you go to sleep if I do? But you know I will come back in the morning."

"I do not want you to come back, Duncan. Leave me in peace."

For answer he put his hat on the floor.

I did not care because of the hour. In that establishment respectability was taken for granted. Where so many glass houses were gathered together, no one threw stones. It was an orderly, quiet house, and the worst evil in it was poverty, and the depression that is engendered by it. I also sat down, and I looked at Duncan. It really mattered little whether he went or stayed. It had never been worth while to send Duncan away. He came back when it suited him to come.

CHAPTER XV.

So we sat there together and in silence. Duncan might have been waiting for me to speak. I do not know. I was far off. I saw a room, small, bright, pretty. There was a fire burning, a piano open.

By the piano stood a girl singing. I saw another room, up-stairs, and the same girl was there, and she held a little child in her arms, and she sang to him. I saw her ill,—her face white and thin, her pretty hair tossed on the pillow. I saw her coming and going, gay and sad. Ever and ever saw I Juliet. And I saw her as a ghost sees. I myself, I was not in the room with her, and her eyes never met mine. She was alive, but I was dead. And then suddenly a sharp pain darted through my heart, and I cried out,—

"Oh, tell me of her! Is she well?"

"Juliet?"

"Is she well? Did it do her good to go to the country? Is Bernard good to her?"

"Of course he is good to her! Why should he not be? Yes, she is well,—or was when I last heard."

"And happy? Is she still happy? And is the boy well? They were at home this winter? In our own house? Juliet would not stay in the country all winter?

"What on earth are you talking about? Don't you know they are in London?"

"In London!"

"All winter. They went there before Christmas. Don't you know that?"

"I know nothing about her, Duncan. I have heard nothing for a long, long time."

"How long?"

"You gave me her last letter."

He made no reply to this, but his face grew hard.

"Have they never tried to find you?"

"How should I know? No, I do not believe they could want to find me. They would be glad never to hear of me again."

"Janet!"

"It is true, Duncan."

"This is worse than I feared. But you have been hiding from every one, Janet. You need not blame any one but yourself. You do not know how difficult has been my search for you. I was in despair about you. I have looked everywhere for you,—here and in Philadelphia,—wherever I could go. You have hidden well."

"I have not hidden at all. I have not thought of hiding. I have lived along. Indeed, I think I have been dead."

He drew a long breath, as though he was in pain.

"It has been foolish in you to waste time in looking for me."

"I am always a fool where you are concerned, Janet. And you know nothing of Bernard and his wife?"

"Nothing."

"Not of their good fortune?"

"Their good fortune?" I repeated. "Oh, Duncan, has she the money? Is it that?"

"It is money. That is generally what good fortune means, Janet, and to them it was a godsend. It is not very much, but there is a valuable little estate, and money to keep it up if they choose to live there."

"To live there?" I was like an echo, repeating his phrases.

"In England. The property is there."

"Oh, Duncan," I cried, "do not torture me. Tell me what you mean."

"Come, come," he said, "don't be so excited. Do you want to be the only millionaire in the family? Bernard had an aunt married to an Englishman, who settled upon her a pretty little place in Cheshire. It was her own, and when early this winter she died she left it to Bernard. There is an income as well, and if Bernard wishes to live on the property they can be very comfortable. But you should have heard all this long ago."

"It is my own fault, Duncan."

"Then let them go. I do not want to talk of them. It is you for whom I care. I find you forsaken, poor, unhappy, and I do not understand it. I want you to tell me the whole story. Begin at the beginning, Janet."

"There is nothing to tell. You see that I am poor, but I have not said I was unhappy. I have not complained, Duncan."

"Oh, God!" And he groaned, and put his hand over his eyes. I was sorry to see him suffer, but what could I do? Every one suffers. It is the only real thing in existence. Everything else passes. It is only suffering that endures. I wished that his pain could numb him. I knew that this was the best that could happen.

"Do not care so much," I said, in feeble effort to console him. "Indeed, it is not worth while."

He half laughed as he drew his hand from his face with a gesture as though he was throwing something away. "Of course it is not worth while. I really do not believe you have human blood in your veins, Janet."

"Duncan!"

"Except for Juliet. To her you are fire. You are the tide, she the moon. You are the quicksilver, she the sunshine. To me you are ice, and I but the winter wind to freeze you tighter, harder. I *am* a fool!"

"Oh, Duncan," I besought him, "do not say anything of that! Be my good friend, but say no more. You are so mistaken. You do not care for me. Do not throw anything more on me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot bear any more."

"I do not mean to throw anything on you. All I ask is to take your burdens off you. God knows, Janet, that I do not want to care for you,—to love you,—that is the proper word,—to *love* you. What happiness has it ever brought me? What but a waiting and much trouble? I have had my fourteen years of service, and I have not won even Leah."

"Take Leah," I said. "Rachel is deceitful, scheming, false. You are happy in escaping her."

"Let us be done with trifling," he answered. "I repent deeply that I consented to leave you at the hotel where I heard that you were afterwards ill. Tell me exactly what happened."

"Nothing. I have nothing to tell."

"I should like to shake you, Janet Abercrombie."

"Very well."

"How can I convince you that you are doing great wrong to yourself? I do not speak of the pain you give your friends,—you give me."

"Duncan," I said, "I cannot submit to this. Is it not enough for me to bear the grief of my own life, without having to hear you charge me with ruining yours? What is to hinder you from loving some one young and sweet, from marrying her, and being happy with her?"

"What is to hinder?" he repeated. "You. You hinder. Why are you so hard-hearted? Is it Napoleon Garlic who now stands between us?"

How could I help but laugh, and like one insane? I could not cry, and I laughed and could not control myself. And Duncan was hurt and vexed, and he told me that I cared as little for the dead as for the living.

"I cannot comprehend you. Surely you do not think I want your money? You know that I loved you before you heard of it."

"Oh, yes," I answered. "I do not think any one will want to marry me for my money!"

"Have you lost it? Is this the reason you are living in poverty?"

"I cannot tell you," I said. "There are reasons why I cannot discuss it."

"But you will have to speak of it. Every one knows about it. You cannot make a mystery of it. Your friends have wondered enough over the absurd stories told of you."

"That cannot be!"

"But it is. What else could you expect? You claim an immense fortune, you spring a tale of marriage, of widowhood, on people who have thought you unmarried. What else can you expect?"

I turned from him, bitterly wounded. It is hard to be defenceless, and to be given over to one's friends for discussion.

"And Juliet?" I asked. "What does Juliet say to all this?"

"She is in London."

"And people say such things of *me?*"

"What things? Naturally the widow Garlic interests the people who knew Miss Abercrombie."

"The 'widow Garlic'!" I cried. "Who calls me that?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you came to Theresa asking for me by that name?"

"I called you Mrs. Garlic. How could I expect you to repudiate your name? I fancied you with plenty of money, relieving the poor. Certainly I asked for Mrs. Garlic."

"You need never do so again. I like Abercrombie best,—Janet Abercrombie,—Miss Janet Abercrombie."

"Why do you so hate the name?"

"It is evil. To speak it is to invoke trouble, Duncan. There is a curse on them, from Aaron Garlic down."

"Was the son cruel to you? Has he ruined your future, as in some mysterious way he has your past?"

"Napoleon Garlic was a kindly soul, Duncan, but I wish he had never been born. But do not talk to me of him."

"I do not wish to talk of him. The names of the two men who have wrecked your happiness are not as delightful to me as you seem to think."

"Duncan!"

"Oh, I mean it!" And he walked to the window and looked out into the darkness. Suddenly he turned, and came quickly back to me. He took my hands in his own, and held them like a vise.

"You are *not* a widow!" he cried. "You never married that man!"

I fought to get my hands free, but in vain.

"I shall lose all patience with you. What has Juliet Mendoza to do with this? Tell me!—this moment! What has she to do with it?"

"I love her better than my life," I answered, "and she has forsaken, forsaken me! I am never to speak to her, to write to her."

He flung my hands from him, and he looked at me,—ah, not like a lover!—not like a lover did he look at me,—and he said, with contempt,—

"You need tell me nothing, Janet. I remember: it was *Juliet* Abercrombie who married Napoleon Garlic and was his widow! What a victim you have been!"

For answer to this I fell down at his feet, prone on the floor, and, he thought, dead.

How strong were the arms that lifted me, how faithful and tender the heart that gave me rest, and when at last I cried with passionate pain and rebellion because of my troubles, he tried—how like a lover!—to comfort me, and at last bade me remember that there were people in the house who would hear me.

"I do not care for the people!" I cried out. "I am miserable. Even the grave will not hold my misery. Forlorn and outcast and alone will my soul go into another life. And I deserve it! I deserve it!"

The hot tears rained down on my cheek, and I put my hand to wipe them from his eyes.

"Do not care so much for me, Duncan. I am not worth it."

And at that moment the door was gently opened, and the woman upon whose child Theresa had laid her geranium leaves came in. Without a word she took me out of Duncan's arms, and he staggered to a chair, weaker than I was.

"She is broken down by loneliness and poverty," he said. "But at last I have found her."

"She is your wife?" said the woman.

"She is going to be. To-morrow we are to be married, and she will be happy again."

But I did not marry Duncan the next day. Instead of that I lay in my room, ill, it seemed, to death,—so worn out and weak that I could not answer Duncan when he spoke to me. And I was content to have it so. Life and I had parted, and I felt it sweet to go away, in sweet

peace. It filled me with unspeakable happiness to know that Duncan sat ever at my side, and that when I opened my eyes I saw him. I cared nothing for the doctor, or for the woman, who was watching, trying to do something for me, but Duncan was like an angel of protection and repose, and whenever I awakened from the sleep into which I was perpetually falling, I found my hand still in his. There were flowers in the room, and on the bed some deep pink buds just opening, and their fragrance made me think, as I would arouse, that I was dead, and the quiet of the room seemed natural, yet when I opened my eyes and saw Duncan, and saw how the sun shone in through the windows and on Theresa's plants, and I knew I was still alive, I was content with that also. And it pleased me well to be silent and look at Duncan. In his face were lines of care, worn by days of vain search and nights of anxiety, and he looked older by years. These signs of faithful love were precious to me, and no other face could have been so fine, so beautiful, as was his. In his eyes there rested a deep peace, and he was almost as silent as I was. The futile, feverish ambitions and longings of past years, the unsatisfied desires which seek for peace in life instead of peace in the soul, passed away from me, and in that poor room I could have stayed forever, had Duncan stayed with me. I forgot that he had ever been less to me. It seemed that we both had been but waiting for this supreme moment of content and confidence. And I thought that had life, instead of death, been my portion, I could have made Duncan happy. If deep and true love, if tender care, if sympathy and comradeship, if mirth and happiness, if comfort, if gratitude and faithfulness, could avail against the pain and wear of life, all these should wait on him, surround and keep him safe. And I knew I could trust him. That firm mouth, those honest, clear eyes, the manliness and the strength of my lover, were dear to my very soul. And I did not vex myself because I was poor and pale, worn and no longer young, knowing as I did that he loved me better, knowing how much I needed him.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Bernard, in London, received a letter from Duncan which he did not understand, although he fancied he did, he did not tell Juliet of it. He was much worried about her. She had never recovered from her illness as she should have done, and he could not but know that she was grieving for me. He meant to force her to forget me, and he tried to fill her life so full that there would be no room for even a memory of me. And he had much to help him. In a great city new to her, and full of interest, what lack could there be of entertainment and diversion? And there was the estate, on which they intended to live, and there was new furnishing to be planned, and much to be bought, and money for the buying. She had a brougham of her own, a nurse for her child, and when her birthday came, what but a great string of pearls for the pearl of Bernard's heart? They made friends, and he took her everywhere. She threw herself into the life he created for her, and then she would draw back from it. She was fitful, and full

of caprice. He knew that she not merely tried to seem happy, but she wanted to be so, and he deeply pitied her. Perhaps he was more patient with her, thinking as he did that he understood her. For when the first heat of his indignation was over, and the interests of his new life had influenced him, he was sorry for me, and he sometimes found himself thinking of me with what was affection and regret. Yet never did he forgive me. He considered me scheming and false, and he blamed me for Juliet's misery. When he saw her so unhappy and restless, he wondered at her faithfulness, her passionate love for me. He thought I had wounded her to the death, and it incensed him that I had had the power to work so ill a fate on so fair a soul. That neither of them spoke of me only made the trouble blacker. And yet, through it all, Bernard loved me as he might a sister who had bitterly hurt him.

So, because he thought silence best, he did not tell her of Duncan's letter. It was hardly a letter. It was a message to Juliet, and it ran thus:

"I want you to tell your wife that I found Janet in St. Louis, very poor, living in lodgings, and sewing for a living. She has been very ill since I found her, and to-day for the first time is sitting up. I have implored her to let me send for a minister who would marry us, and then I could take her away and get some comfort and health for her. But she will not consent; and I cannot, while she is so very weak, compel her to consent, because the mention of it gives her so much distress. She has made up her mind to die. And she will die, if the burden is not lifted off her mind. Say *that* to Juliet. I know nothing, but I divine a great deal. If Janet were well, I would have no inferences, no half-confidences. From beginning to end, she should tell me the whole miserable story, and where the sin belongs, there it should rest. Say this also to Juliet. Say to her that I cannot force Janet to speak. It would kill her. And tell her that I am determined that the sweetest soul that ever lived, the bravest, most loving victim that ever suffered, the woman who saw life through the eyes of those she loved, and tried to shape it to their liking, shall not go to her grave because she is unprotected, unguarded. I cannot leave Janet, or I should come at once for Juliet. I know that if she was to see her, broken down, worn and weary beyond words, but more beautiful than ever, Juliet's heart would do her justice. She looks like a saint, with her bright and beautiful hair around her like a glory. I do not mean to let her die. Tell Juliet that *I trust to her*, but that if word does not come quickly to me, I shall do what any honest man should do to protect the name and save the life of one as precious to me as Janet has always been."

And all this Bernard understood as a vehement, unreasonable demand for Juliet's forgiveness and presence, and he kept the letter in his pocket, and said nothing.

But when women have loved each other as Juliet and I had, and when each is suffering because of the other, the very air will carry messages, and Juliet grew paler and more restless, until Bernard insisted that she should go to Italy with him. And she consented, because she did not care where she was.

The night before they were to start, Bernard was out, and came

home late, to find Juliet lying on the bed, asleep, but moaning. She still had on her evening dress of some creamy gauze, and her pearls were around her throat. He stood and looked at her, and when she again sobbed he awoke her.

She got up and sat on the side of the bed, and looked at him with tears in her dark, soft eyes, and he put his arm around her, and drew her to him, and the two walked up and down the room in silence, but every little while she shivered, and he knew she was gently crying. So at last he thought it unwise and foolish to any longer ignore her trouble, but, as will happen when we speak under the pressure of feeling and on impulse, he said the last thing he meant to say, and what she did not expect to hear. He said,—

"Will you be contented if you know that Janet is happy?—that she will marry Duncan Macfarlane?"

"That is impossible," replied Juliet. "Janet will never marry."

"She will do everything that one does not expect of her! Surely, Juliet, if she chooses her own path, and if she wins as good and upright a husband as Duncan, and a great fortune also, you ought not to worry until you make yourself ill and me perfectly miserable. It is affection thrown away."

"How do you know all this?"

"Duncan wrote to me. He is perfectly infatuated."

Then she asked him for the letter, and he refused to give it to her, and neither did he tell her that it was one long message to her. He took the man's right to judge for the woman, and he told her only that I was in St. Louis, that I had been ill, and that, for some reason, I had not yet received the money for which I had intrigued. But he did say that as soon as I had recovered I would, no doubt, marry Duncan. He did not add that he understood from Duncan's letter that I refused to marry until I was reconciled to Juliet. He did not think I had a right to have so preposterous a demand considered.

To what he told her, Juliet made no reply, but at last she said, aloud, though to herself,—

"How could she help but be ill! Night and day she cries to me, and I do not answer her!" Then she looked up at Bernard: "What do you suppose *she* has been doing these interminable months?"

"Repenting, I hope." Then he added, "If Duncan can overlook her conduct, and she can make restitution, she ought to thank heaven for its mercy. But, since he wrote that she hesitates about marrying, I have had a little hope about her. I respect her for her reluctance to disgrace an honest name."

"Duncan Macfarlane's name?" said she.

"It is a good name. The name is honorable."

"Oh, Bernard," cried Juliet, wrenching herself from his arms, and facing him, "say no more! If you talk of disgrace, of shame, of deceit, talk not of Janet! Duncan need have no fear of his name! It is yours that is disgraced, not his!"

Bernard looked at her in dismay. He thought that worry had turned her brain: he could not understand the meaning of her face or her words.

"Oh, it is true!" she cried, holding him off. "It is true! Go away and leave me, Bernard Mendoza; for I—I, not Janet—*I* am the widow of Napoleon Garlic!"

What spoke? Her brain? Her heart? No: her soul! Sometimes the soul will not be hindered. Before Death comes, will it force its way to the Judgment-Seat, and call out its crimes, and cry for sentence.

Yet who could judge her now? Not Bernard! The woman he held in his arms, sobbing, weeping, irrational, was his wife. He loved her better than name, family, life. All he desired was to forgive her. To judge her, was his hardest punishment, and in his heart she found her best advocate. It pleaded for her. It cried out that if he condemned her he condemned himself to misery unspeakable, intolerable; that if he could not persuade her to be happy, what was left to him but torture? He soothed her as a mother might; he taught her that there is a love strong enough to cast out fear and all reproach; and when, at last, he understood her story, broken, incoherent, mixed with stifled cries and caresses, and when he knew that she had had so great a fear of him, and had dared so much rather than lose his love, he asked her if he was indeed so hard, so brutal, and he was down on his knees begging her pardon and saying he was the sinner,—that he had not been gentle, and that a man ought not to be trusted with a woman's tender heart. And she, not being able to endure this from him, fell on her knees beside him, and so the two together asked for strength and for pardon from the One to whom both belong.

And Bernard, being a generous man, and not one to reconsider or rejudge, loved Juliet better and better, and all his life was more tender to her.

When daylight came they hastened to telegraph to Duncan, and so from under the waters of the ocean that then divided us came flashing this message:

"Tell Janet that Bernard and Juliet send her their dearest love, and they humbly beg her to forgive them both."

The fortune? As things go in this contrary world, neither one of us needs, or desires, a great fortune. Bernard has his property in England, and Duncan earns a good income: so neither Juliet nor I have reasonable wishes unfulfilled. And the money is not pleasant to us. Yet we use it. There is in a bank a very large sum kept in deposit, to which we all have access, and we do not account to each other for our use of it, but Bernard sees that the account is kept up. This money we give away. We find—especially Juliet and I—many people who are the better for it. But Duncan and I are quite certain that as the little Mendozas grow older, and the family expenses and demands increase, neither Bernard nor Juliet will hesitate to use for themselves an inheritance that is so justly their own.

THE END.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL RECOLLECTIONS OF W. D. HOWELLS.

STRANGE how long we may live in the neighborhood of an historic pile and be unmoved by its associations! The thought came home to the writer on a recent spring day while strolling in the vicinity of St. Francis Hospital. This building rises proudly from the heart of Ohio's capital, and is pronounced one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture. "A Modern Instance" lay snugly hidden in my pocket, and, as it made its presence known by an occasional whiff of printers' perfume, my fancy caught the observant eye of its author looking out from the second-story window of St. Francis, where often in early manhood he "dreamt those dreams." Some years before the building became the abode of charity, motherly Mrs. Jenkens dispensed there the hospitalities of a boarding-house in which many a struggling aspirant found a home. Previous to Mrs. Jenkens's landladyship, however, there came to Columbus, Ohio, in 1851, a shy, awkward lad familiarly known to his companions as Will Howells. He secured a situation as compositor on the *Ohio State Journal* at a salary of four dollars per week. This, the first money he ever earned and received as his own, was turned into the family treasury to help keep the wolf from the door. As the son of a practical printer and visionary journalist, he had shared from infancy the vicissitudes inseparable from a family whose chief cherished high journalistic aims without the financial ability wherewith to make them practicable. The future novelist was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837. The Howellses were Quakers, of Welsh extraction. Grandfather Howells was early attracted to America by his democratic sympathies. He became a fervid Methodist, and his son in turn was converted to the Swedenborgian faith, in which belief the novelist was reared. Mother Howells was of the Pennsylvania stock of Deans. The Deans were a sturdy race. Four sons of Grandmother Dean were noted steamboat-men in the early history of Ohio and Mississippi navigation. They were strong characters, and had the educational defects, together with the traditional good sense, of the pioneer, which enabled them to accumulate wealth and command influence each in his sphere. The novelist was named William Dean after the eldest of these sons, and it is from the maternal side that he inherits that pluck and industry to which much of his success is attributed. When William was three years old, his father moved from Martin's Ferry to Hamilton, Ohio, where he purchased the *Hamilton Intelligence*, a weekly journal, in the office of which William Dean learned to set type. His father was a man of cultivation and fine literary taste, but dreamy and impracticable. He is still living, at an advanced age, proud in the success of his gifted son, and beloved by his progeny, among whom this incident is jokingly related. On one occasion, while his wife was ill, the old gentleman was sent to the grocer's to buy some butter. The day passed, and he did

not return. The family, becoming alarmed, began a search, which resulted in finding him in his room, buried in the contents of a book which he had purchased on his way to the grocer's. Forgetful of his errand, he had returned home and spent the day in its perusal. The *Hamilton Intelligence* remained family property until after the inauguration of President Tyler in 1841, when, having had conscientious scruples about supporting a slave-holding President, the elder Howells sold the journal and removed to Dayton, Ohio, where he purchased the *Dayton Transcript.* This investment was a failure. Discouraged with journalism, and trusting to retrieve his fortunes as the superintendent of a prospective paper-mill, he removed his family to Greene County. After waiting there a year, however, this project also failed. But the silver lining dawned in 1851, when the father was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Representatives, and the son secured a situation, as has been said, on the *Ohio State Journal.*

Despite poverty and few or no school advantages, William Dean Howells was always an eager student. Almost from the time he could read, it was his favorite pastime to write verses and print them upon slips of paper for the amusement of himself and some of his companions. It was on the *Ohio State Journal* that he met a kindred soul in a fellow-compositor,—James J. Piatt. His services as *Journal* compositor, however, were interrupted in 1852, when the family moved to Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, where his father purchased the *Ashtabula Sentinel,* upon the mechanical department of which his five sons worked. The *Sentinel* is now the property of the novelist's eldest brother, Joe Howells. He likewise inherits the Dean thrift. What soldier does not recall the song-envelope that flooded the Union army and rebuilt the fortunes of its inventor, this self-same Joe Howells? When the young compositor returned to the capital, it was as Columbus correspondent to the *Cincinnati Gazette.* He was then nineteen years old, and before he had completed his twenty-second year he was news-editor of the *Ohio State Journal,* from which time dates the beginning of his literary career. These were hard-working days; but in the dim quarters of the *Journal,* as the novelist once said, "his star of hope rose." He became inspired with a love for Heine. Translations and imitations of the German song-bird flowed copiously from the ambitious poet's pen. His infatuation for Heine became so absorbing that it evoked many a jest from his companions.

With the pardonable vanity of the self-taught, he was fond of displaying his knowledge of the languages by translating for the press. His contributions were generally prefaced, "We translate." Of the many rhythmical satires this pedantry evoked, the following paraphrase is probably as good as any:

THE POET'S FRIEND.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

The robin sings in the elm,
  The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes,
  And fragrant meadow breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
  The wise-looking stupid things,
And they never understand a word
  Of all the robin sings.

THE POET'S FRIEND.

BY A. B. LAURENS.

An owl sat perched on the limb of a tree,
  Dismally tooting up at the moon:
The stupid cattle all hastened to see
  What in thunder could mean such a tune.

The owl screeched out, "'Tis a beautiful song,
  But asses cannot appreciate it."
"Your song," quoth they, "is in some heathenish tongue:
  Why the devil don't you TRANSLATE it?"

Mr. W. T. Coggeshall, author of "Poets and Poetry of the West," and United States Consul to Brazil during Lincoln's administration, was the literary editor of the *Journal* when Howells became a member of its staff. Coggeshall was a man of talent and culture, and to his judicious encouragement, no doubt, Howells owes much of his early ambition for a literary career; while to the rigid discipline imposed upon him while book-reviewer on the *Journal* may be traced the strength of his later prose. He delved into Spanish and Italian literature, and without the aid of a tutor became proficient in both languages. His friendship with Piatt was renewed, and in December, 1859, they brought out together their first volume of poems, entitled "The Two Friends." James Russell Lowell said of it in the April *Atlantic* of 1860, "This volume is a very agreeable one, with little of the crudeness so generally characteristic of first ventures,—not more than enough to augur richer maturity hereafter. Piatt shows greater originality in choice of subjects, Howells more instinctive felicity of phrase in the treatment of them. . . . We are pleased with a thorough Western flavor in some of the poems, and welcome cordially a volume in which we recognize a fresh and authentic power, and expect confidently of the writers a yet higher achievement ere long."

Piatt was already a contributor to the *Atlantic*, and from the local success of "The Two Friends" Howells now speedily won a broader recognition. The story of his first successful contribution to the *Atlantic* has been variously told. It takes us back to St. Francis in Mrs. Jenkens's day, when W. D. Howells, A. T. Fullerton, James M. Comly, J. Q. A. Ward, Wager Swayne, and a host of ambitious young men who have since attained distinction, were numbered among her guests. Mr. A. T. Fullerton, Howells's room-mate at St. Francis, sent the first contribution from the West to the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was a poem entitled "By the Dead." It attracted considerable attention, and was the subject of many a disquisition among the struggling aspirants that gathered round Mrs. Jenkens's table. Fullerton encouraged Howells to send a poem to the *Atlantic*. He did so. It was rejected. He was greatly depressed by its failure, which he considered a disgrace. Some time after, while he was walking with a congenial friend, the conversa-

tion turned upon the respective merits of Fullerton's second effort, "The Birth-Mark," and Piatt's "Morning Street."

"Will," cried his companion, "you can write a *better* poem than either of these." The face of the timid aspirant glowed with what was apparently a new thought to him, but nothing more was said about the matter until some time had elapsed, when he laid before his friend a pleasant letter from James Russell Lowell enclosing twenty-five dollars in payment for the "Andenken."

"I don't want to use the money. What shall I do with it?" cried the happy poet.

"Put it in the bank," was his friend's practical advice. Going to the National Exchange Bank, where he had a friend in its president, Howells deposited the practical juice of Parnassus without taking a receipt for the same. Some time passed, when he again sought his friend's room, apparently with a perplexing load upon his conscience. Appreciating the diffidence of his guest, the friend noticed when Howells rose to leave that, although they had talked of many things, they had failed to touch the subject which the poet had most at heart. No sooner had the door closed upon the retreating guest, however, than it suddenly opened again, revealing the poet's distressed face.

"Say, Jim, when you have money in the bank, *how* do you get it out?"

Howells was exceedingly self-depreciatory in his youth. He had not that confidence in himself which his friends thought his ability warranted. Always a diligent, conscientious student, his "Andenken" was followed by four other poems, which appeared in the *Atlantic* in that first year of literary success. He now had an audience in the company of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and a host of the ablest writers of the age. But while quaffing of Castaly he wrote stories also. Occasionally he read them to his companions, but they were deficient in plot and incident, and consequently failed to interest his auditors. He did not publish these stories, but they held the germs of what the poet's maturer judgment has moulded into the novelist's art. Subjective and analytical in thought and treatment, the ideal and the romantic were eschewed from these early prose efforts. But, undaunted by disparaging criticism, he worked on, biding the time when his art would find a hearing. Another proof of the efficacy of Buffon's genius! Howells was always a prolific writer. Not until he wrote the Life of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, did his field of observation broaden. With the money that this book netted him,—one hundred and ninety dollars,—he took a trip down the St. Lawrence, visiting Montreal, and coming home by way of Boston, where he first made the personal acquaintance of James Russell Lowell, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who introduced him to James T. Fields and Oliver Wendell Holmes. His letters to the *Ohio State Journal* describing this trip are incorporated in "Their Wedding Journey." So full of the wine of youth, these early bits of description are the novel's freshest charm. The "Life of Lincoln" not only brought him his first extensive pleasure-trip, but secured him an honor similar to that which rewarded the biographical effort of Hawthorne.

It is pleasant to recall his social life at the capital. His ready wit and brilliant conversational powers made him a welcome visitor everywhere. Stepping to a book-case, he was wont to take down a volume of Thackeray or Dickens, and, hastily scanning its pages, entertain a roomful with the drollery of his remarks. He cultivated the acquaintance of people of talent, and was passionately fond of music. In these social rounds was found the key-note to many of his early poems. But it was at St. Francis that his youthful fancies met a happy consummation. The boarders frequently gave social hops, and to one of these informal affairs came a beautiful girl. She was a stranger in the city, a guest of her aunt,—a sister of ex-President Hayes. In the interval of the dance she hastily sketched upon her fan a caricature of a fellow-guest, J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor. Ward was an awkward young fellow, and the caricature was so clever that it occasioned much merriment among his friends. Howells was attracted to the fair stranger by this ludicrous evidence of her talent. Thus in the sculptor's outline was kindled the novelist's flame. Shortly after he entered upon his duties as consul to Venice, and a year later Miss Meade joined him in Paris, where they were married.

His life abroad was fruitful. The impressions garnered there distil an aroma through all his writings. It was "Venetian Life" (1866) that brought him his first general recognition as an author,—a recognition that came through the English rather than the American press. On his return to this country he wrote for the New York *Tribune* and *Times*, and was a salaried contributor to *The Nation* until called to the assistant-editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which position he held until 1872, when, upon the retirement of James T. Fields, he became the editor-in-chief. In 1881 he was succeeded by the present editor, T. B. Aldrich. His subsequent career is well known to all lovers of good literature. Harvard College paid a unique compliment when she invited Howells to teach Spanish and Italian in her classic precincts,—an honor which he accepted and fulfilled for a short time after his return from Venice. While editor of the *Atlantic* he visited Columbus. He was asked then whom he took his walks with in Boston. "With James," was the reply. The influence of Howells and James in all probability has been reciprocal. Howells is warmly attached to Columbus, interwoven as it is with his early struggles. Like the town of Jefferson, it colors many of his stories. In Columbus he found the original Mrs. Erwin in "The Lady of the Aroostook." With his wonderfully keen observation, he studies the idiosyncrasies of the people he encounters as the painter catches the effect of light and shade upon the wavering landscape. A leading incident in "A Chance Acquaintance" actually occurred in the author's travelling-experience; while Kitty Ellison's "idle hands fallen into the lap one in the other's palms," it is whispered, was a favorite attitude of the novelist's sister, Anne Howells, who married Frechette, the Canadian poet. In Silas Lapham may we not catch a fleeting picture of a steamboat Dean?

With that perversity of human nature which makes us discontented with our best endeavors, Howells thought at one time that his forte lay in the historic field. "I have thought of writing a book describing a

trip to Niagara," he said to a friend. "Do you think people would read it? I think we like to read about what we have seen, and I can only describe that. I have no inventive genius." This was before the completion of his first story, "A Foregone Conclusion." There is much in Howells's style to lead to the inference that if he had confined himself to historical writing he might have attained more enduring fame. It is not the writer's purpose to criticise the novelist's art. We are content to quote the clever woman who said she hoped Mr. Howells would redeem himself, and, following the example of him who Artemus Ward said "was a good poet, but he didn't know how to spell," write a "Legende of Goode Womeyne" of the nineteenth century.

L. R. McCabe.

PROMISE.

I STAND and watch the summer now depart,
  And all its sweetness in one late red rose
Is garnered, which I lay upon my heart
  And feel the life that in it stirs and glows.

O red, red rose, the summer's last soft breath,
  To you what heritage of smiles and tears,
What joy of new possession, and what death
  Of hopes, and crushing agony of fears!

Wild woful sobbings in the wild night rain,
  And passionate farewells, and mad regret,
While southward-flying birds sing sad refrain,
  Or beat tired wings low drooping in the wet.

O rose, I hold you close and whisper low,
  If I should lay you in my love's fair hand,
Oh, tell me, would she bid me stay or go,
  Or should I hope or fear at her command?

Or would she greet you with her sweet dark eyes,
  And look upon you with a tender smile,
And half caress you with that shy disguise
  That holds a subtile meaning all the while?

Fair rose, still on my heart I lay restraint,
  But cherish, though I utter yet no words,
That dawn of something in her face, though faint,
  Yet sweet with hope, like notes of waking birds.

Henrietta Christian Wright.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PUBLIC WORKS.

FOUR years ago, or in August, 1883, there appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* a paper by Frank D. Y. Carpenter, treating of the relations of the civil assistants in the Corps of Engineers to the government service. It may have been the modest protest of a class of employees against a real or an imaginary injustice, or it may have been a patriotic effort on the part of the writer to expose the defects of fortuitous legislation and suggest a remedy, but, whatever the purpose, the seed was sown, has taken root, and is already yielding fruit.

Numerous magazine articles, animated discussions in technical journals, leaders in the dailies, conventions of scientists, resolutions of societies, committees of investigation, committees for collating statistics and information, advisory councils, and in fact a large part of the political machinery of the government, have all aided in developing a growing interest in the important question which is believed to have been definitely introduced by that article.

The policy of the government towards its public civil works, and its relations to those intrusted with their execution, are subjects involving many important questions of history, methods, means, results, and future requirements, and to understand them we must unlock the wicket of the present with the key of the past, that we may obtain a vista of the future.

In the January (1886) number of the *Journal of the Association of Engineering Societies*, President L. E. Cooley shows, in a vigorous argument, that the United States has no "Rational Policy of Public Works;" in the May (1887) number of *The Forum*, General W. F. Smith explains the confusion that exists in various government departments, resulting in reduplication of work and a jealous grasping after appropriations. The same facts are testified to by Major J. W. Powell, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, in his evidence before the joint commission to reorganize the "Signal Service, Geological Survey, Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department."

The interesting contribution by Mr. F. P. Powers to the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine* on "West Point, the Army, and the Militia" is another argument to show cause for progress in a more systematic development of the machinery of government administration. Were further proof of the need of a better system required, it is only necessary to refer to the toils and tribulations of the River and Harbor bill, to the odium which attaches itself thereto, despite the vigilance of its framers, to the serious losses to the country at large from its repeated failures to become a law, and to the depreciation of an important class of works and the demoralization of its *personnel* in such times of suspension.

The need of reorganization being conceded, it remains to determine the available resources and the manner of assembling and arranging them so as to produce more economic results. Here the horizon broadens

and the paths of inquiry diverge: we may follow the *personnel* and its preparation, the *matériel* and its properties, the *service* and its requirements, the *legislation* and its methods, or the *finances* and their disbursements, but the short cut to the goal will be found in a consideration of the *defects of the present system and their remedies.*

And what is the present system of conducting the civil public works of the government?

It is in most instances a tentative, temporary, and temporizing policy, based upon appropriations made or withheld as circumstances may decree, and upon estimates which are generally greatly exaggerated to provide for such contingencies.

Some of the civil works for which appropriation bills are prepared are summarized by General Smith, as follows:

1. *The Improvement of Rivers and Harbors*, which, by precedent only, is in the hands of the Secretary of War, and carried on by the Engineer Corps of the Army.

2. *The Coast and Geodetic Survey*, under a bureau attached to the Treasury Department.

3. *The Geological Survey*, under the Interior Department.

4. *The Survey of Public Lands*, under the Interior Department.

5. *Public Buildings*, including court-houses, post-offices, mints, monuments, State and departmental offices, etc., mostly under the control of the Treasury Department.

6. The *Meteorological* or *Weather Bureau*, in the hands of the War Department, because the idea of collecting and uttering the data originated in the brain of a clever army officer, who organized the Signal Service of the army and became head of a bureau for its administration.

7. The *Agricultural Bureau*, belonging to the Department of the Interior.

8. The *Bureau for the Administration of the Light-House System*, which is an appendage to the Treasury Department.

9. The *National Observatory*, which, with its varied duties, is assigned to the Navy Department,—a disposition which could hardly be explained without going into a history of the passage of the law creating the bureau.

10. The *Bureau of Patents*, one of the largest and most important of the administrative bureaus of the government. This is under the Interior Department.

11. The *Inspection of Hulls and Boilers of Steamers*, under laws and regulations for the protection and preservation of life and property afloat,—a branch controlled by the Treasury Department.

12. The *Bureau of Pisciculture.*

Such are the principal bureaus requiring the services of specialists and a technical training of a broad range, covering the mathematical, physical, chemical, and natural sciences with their applications. The incongruity of the assignments to the departments is at once apparent; and it may well be asked, why should the Treasury Department, which

is supposed to consider only matters of finance, be expected to supervise and foster a bureau requiring the highest attainments in mathematics and geodesy, or in architectural design and construction, or in the erection and equipment of light-houses?

Again, why should one class of surveys be delegated to the Treasury, another to the Interior, another to the War, and a fourth to the Navy Department, when the principles underlying all are the same and the work could be far more economically performed under one head? or why should the purely civil works of opening up and improving the water-ways and harbors of the country be placed in the hands of the War Department and intrusted to officers whose training has been of a military and not of a civil character?

The existing condition is not the result of foresight and a well-digested, systematic plan for the execution of our public works. It is a mere chance, a growth which has been developed by the exigencies of public requirements; and now that it is seriously proposed to co-ordinate and systematize these bureaus, so as to increase their utility and efficiency, the ever-present spirit of conservatism says it cannot be done, because some of the political patronage dispensed under the present régime would be lost.

This may be a real difficulty, but we think upon further investigation it will be found imaginary. The statesmen who are most influential and who retain the respect and confidence of their constituents are those who, with broad and liberal views of their obligations not only to their districts but to the whole country, legislate for the general good, knowing that the greater includes the lesser. They are returned to their posts of honor term after term so long as they are willing thus to serve their country. It is unnecessary to cite instances.

The proposed reorganization does not reduce the amount of work to be performed, but, on the contrary, increases it, and at the same time removes many serious objections to present methods which render a large percentage of the appropriations utterly useless.

The same or larger amounts of money are expected to be appropriated, to be expended upon the same class of works, under the same honesty of administration, and in the same districts, but it is proposed to modify somewhat the manner of preparing the appropriation bills, so as to avoid the present objectionable methods of legislation, waste of time, danger of failure, local jealousies, and contests over items, and to relieve members from the reproach of not obtaining their *pro rata* of the total amount appropriated for their district. It is further proposed to consolidate the bureau, so as to avoid the duplication of numerous parts of the work, to reduce the *personnel* in some bureaus, that it may be available in others, and so to distribute the duties as to secure more permanent and efficient results, accompanied by a sense of personal responsibility which does not now prevail.

Having faith in the possibility of effecting a reorganization at no very distant date, let us proceed "to determine the available resources, and the manner of arranging them so as to produce more economic result," or, in other words, to discuss "the defects of the present system, and their remedies."

As our space will not admit of an analysis of all the bureaus on the list, it will suffice, by way of illustration, to consider but one. For that purpose let us take the first, which is that relating to the Improvement of Rivers and Harbors.

The first serious defect in this branch of the government service is, as intimated, in the manner of preparing the appropriation bill. The estimates for works in progress or for those recommended are submitted by the Chief of Engineers, through the Secretary of War, to Congress, and thence referred to the appropriate committee, composed of jurists, merchants, manufacturers, and other gentlemen of culture, but seldom, if ever, of engineers. Yet the excellent practical judgment of the members of this committee is an admirable substitute for a scientific training, and after months of arduous labor a bill is formulated and submitted which is as free from objectionable items as it is possible to have it. This bill may contain hundreds of items, some of which exceed a million of dollars, and it may include any of the navigable creeks, rivers, or harbors in the United States or Alaska. It is not to be expected that a committee of fifteen members, representing as many States, should possess so intimate a knowledge of the requirements of this vast field as to be able to make an entirely equitable or satisfactory allotment of the money to be expended. Without the facts embodied in definite surveys and plans before them, they must be guided by the opinions of others; and hence the influence of parties interested in promoting special, local, and independent improvements must largely prevail in deciding upon the importance of the item and the amount to be assigned to it. Due consideration must also be given to the probable increase in the number of items of the bill in the committee of the whole, as well as in the Senate and its committees, and also to the aggregate of the bill and the probable amount of the "horizontal reduction."

It is true that after a few years the members become well informed as to the relative merits of many of the improvements; but the committee itself is not permanent, its *personnel* is continually changing, the policy of the government is often vacillating, and it therefore frequently happens that works begun under one administration are neglected and permitted to decay by another, or that improvements carried to completion are so situated as to be of no service to the public, because they are inaccessible, the other links in the chain of improvements not having been made.

Such are a few of the defects in the method of securing the funds for river and harbor improvements. Those which are incidental to their expenditure may perhaps best be stated by a brief reference to the history of the works themselves, as shown by the laws relating to these matters, and by the inherent defects in the executive departments for conducting the works.

On the 11th of August, 1790, Congress passed an act ratifying certain acts of Maryland, Georgia, Rhode Island and Providence Plantation relative to their public improvements.

In 1798 it ratified an act of Massachusetts incorporating a private company to repair a pier at the mouth of the Kennebunk River.

In the year 1800 Georgia was authorized to collect a duty of threepence per ton for "clearing the river Savannah."

Two years later, certain light-houses and public piers were authorized to be constructed in the Delaware River, and thirty thousand dollars were appropriated for the purpose.

The funds for further improvements of the Delaware were authorized to be collected by the port wardens of Philadelphia levying a duty of four cents per ton, by an act passed February 28, 1806.

Again in 1816 Congress assented to an act of Virginia incorporating a company for the improvement of the James River.

On the admission of Alabama as a State, March 2, 1819, an act was passed authorizing the appropriation of five per cent. of the net proceeds of land sold after September, 1819, for public roads, canals, and the improvement of the navigation of its rivers.

The first appropriation for surveys of the Mississippi and its tributaries, amounting to nine thousand five hundred dollars, was passed April 14, 1820. The next year the Secretary of the Navy was authorized to expend one hundred and fifty dollars in removing obstructions from the mouth of the river Thames in Connecticut; and on the same date—March 3, 1821—the President was authorized and requested to cause examinations and surveys for light-houses to be made by "proper and intelligent persons;" also to have a pier repaired at Portsmouth, "by contract under the direction of the collector of the district."

The following year the responsibility of supervising these affairs was transferred to the Secretary of the Treasury, and on May 7, 1822, he was authorized to build, by contract to be approved by the President, a sea-wall at Smutty Nose and the breakwater in Delaware Bay. In 1823 the authority to make several surveys was vested in the President, and he was authorized to employ one of the Topographical Engineers of the United States* for the survey of Presque Isle, Pennsylvania; for this purpose one hundred and fifty dollars were appropriated.

In the year 1824 several important acts were passed extending the duties of the President with reference to public works, authorizing him to cause the necessary surveys, plans, and estimates to be made "of such roads and canals as he may deem of national importance," and "to employ two or more skilful civil engineers, and such officers of the corps of engineers, or who may be detailed to do duty with that corps, as he may think proper," also to provide the necessary "plant." On February 21, 1825, an appropriation was passed "for making surveys and carrying on the operations of the board of engineers." During this and the next year certain special bills were passed, and the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to subscribe to the stock of the Louisville and Portland and of the Dismal Swamp Canal Companies.

Beginning with May 20, 1826, the policy of Congress appeared to be to assemble the sundry items into a general bill, which was passed annually, throughout the John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson administrations, until the year 1839, when only a few special appropriations were made. This condition of affairs continued until June 11,

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* The United States Military Academy was organized in 1802.

1844, when the general bill was resumed and passed. This was succeeded by special bills and land-grants to States conducting public works until 1868, except in 1852, when a bill was passed for Western rivers. In 1868 the government once more returned to the general appropriation bill, and has adhered to it ever since, although the bill failed in 1869, 1877, 1883, 1885, and 1887, in consequence of the veto or of "short" sessions. The present method of conducting these public civil works probably dates from the act of March 2, 1867, which provided that "the Chief of Engineers may, with the approval of the Secretary of War, employ such civil engineers, not exceeding five in number, for executing the surveys and improvements of Western and Northwestern rivers, as may be necessary to the proper and diligent execution of the same." To-day the total number of officers in the Corps of Engineers is one hundred and nine; while the number of civil assistants is believed to be much greater.

From this *résumé* of the history it appears that the ways of communication, whether by land or water, have been under the supervision of the States, of custom-house officers, private companies and contractors, port wardens, the President, the Secretaries of the Navy, War, and Treasury Departments, and even of the Quartermaster-General.

It appears, then, that since about 1868 the execution of river and harbor works which are purely of a civil character, and for which a special training is required, has been intrusted to the United States Corps of Engineers, a body educated for the performance of military service.

May we not, with propriety, inquire why the graduates of the Naval Academy are not assigned to similar civil duties, or why any other of the alumni of West Point or Annapolis are not placed in charge of works in other civil bureaus, as that of agriculture, for example, since they study chemistry, geology, and mineralogy, or in Patent-Office positions, since they have read mechanics and physics, or on the Geological or Coast Surveys, for similar reasons? Again, we might ask, with reason, why selection is made only from the highest corps in the service, when all the cadets are put through the same course of studies and are graduated as proficient, and particularly in view of the fact that the best executive officers are not, as a rule, those who take the academic honors. Why should not the Ordnance, Artillery, Cavalry, or Infantry officers who are alumni of the Military Academy be placed in charge of civil works?

The first defect of the present system we find, then, to be the assignment of a class of military specialists to civil duties for which their academic training does not primarily adapt them, as will be shown later on. Another defect arises from the absence of the usual incentives to labor, and of personal responsibility as to results. This is an inherent evil due to the regulations of the War Department relative to stations, duties, and promotions in the corps. It is seldom that an officer remains in one place longer than four years: instances are on record where there have been as many as four or more changes in that time. This frequently involves a shifting of all the civil assistants, and at least the chief clerk, leaving but a few subordinates who may be familiar

with the details of important works, and often changes the plans of the work, resulting in a waste of time and materials.

A good idea of the frequency of this kaleidoscopic change may be obtained from an exhibit of the dates of retirement of the ranking officers of the corps, which involves generally a movement all along the line, with some changes of stations.

The present Chief's term will expire in 1888, that of his successor in 1889, the next in 1891; five officers go out in 1895, one in 1896, one in 1897, one in 1899, one in 1900, three in 1901, etc.: so that there will be about an average of one change each year.

The time of the officers in charge is largely consumed in administration; their duties are varied, and their works often too remote from their stations. It not infrequently happens that an officer stationed at New York may be in charge of works extending from Florida to Long Island and from the source to the mouth of the Mississippi. Another stationed at New Orleans may be connected with works in New York or on the Great Lakes.

Another defect consists in the fact that the government makes no provision for educating specialists for these most important branches of the public service. The Military and Naval Academies are primarily for supplying officers for the army and navy, but of the members of the Corps of Engineers only the second and a few of the first lieutenants are assigned to purely military duties. These, with a few others, making twenty-two in all, are connected with the Engineers' School of Application and Battalion of Engineers at Willit's Point. Twenty-one officers are in charge of fortifications scattered over the United States, but all have civil duties to perform on river and harbor work in addition. This is generally true of the entire corps, excepting the second lieutenants: so that of the one hundred and nine members all but twelve may be said to be engaged on civil works.

As it has been broadly asserted that the curriculum at West Point is eminently adapted to prepare its graduates for such occupations, it will not be out of place to make a statement of the amount and character of the instruction given as contrasted with that of any technical school in good standing, that more correct and intelligent impressions may prevail as to the fact.

A comparison of the "Regulations" of 1883, issued under Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War, with those of 1857, under Jefferson Davis, shows no material change in the subjects of study or in assignment of hours; and a prominent member of the Academic Board has recently stated that for more than forty years the division of time has been substantially the same as now. In fact, the restrictions upon a change of the curriculum or text-books are almost prohibitory, and tend to fossilize the course of instruction.

To what a limited extent studies adapted to the requirements of professional civil life are pursued will be seen from the following extract from the latest "*Regulations.*"

ARTICLE III. COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

"22. The studies which shall be pursued, and the instruction which shall be given, at the Military Academy, are comprised under the following heads:

"1. Infantry, Artillery, and Cavalry Tactics; Target Practice; Military Police and Discipline; Use of the Sword, Bayonet, and Gymnastics.

"2. *Mathematics.* 3. *English.* 4. *French.* 5. *Spanish.* 6. *Drawing.* 7. *Chemistry; Chemical Physics; Mineralogy and Geology.* 8. *Natural and Experimental Philosophy.* 9. Ordnance; Gunnery and the Duties of the Military Laboratory. 10. *History, Geography, and Ethics.* 11. National, International, and Military Law. 12. Practical Military Engineering. 13. *Civil* and Military Engineering, and Science of War."

The extent of the civil studies is shown in italics. The corresponding text-books used are—

In Mathematics: Davies' Elements of Algebra, Davies' Geometry and Surveying, Church's Analytical Geometry, Trigonometry, Descriptive Geometry, and Calculus, and Chauvenet's Method of Least Squares.

In Languages: Keetel's French Grammar and Reader, with other French works; Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar; Hart's Manual of Rhetoric and Composition; Abbott and Seeley's English Lessons for English People; Abbott's How to Write Clearly.

In Natural and Experimental Philosophy: Bartlett's Mechanics and Astronomy, and Michie's Elements of Wave-Motion relating to Sound and Light.

In Chemistry, etc.: Bloxam's Chemistry; Everett's Deschanel's Heat, Part II.; Tillman's Principles of Chemical Philosophy; Thompson's Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism; Dana's Mineralogy; Le Conte's Elements of Geology.

In Civil Engineering the text-book by Colonel J. B. Wheeler is taught for one term of about twenty weeks; in Spanish, Knapp's Grammar and Readings; and in History, etc., Swinton's Outline of the World's History and Labberton's Historical Atlas.

There is no practical instruction given in Surveying and studies pertaining to civil engineering, as all the available time is consumed in military duties, drills, and routine.

The course in Topographical Drawing is very complete, yet but little attention is paid to field-sketching.

Twenty years ago dancing was optional; now it is required, as essential to the proper development of a gentlemanly and graceful deportment.

From "reveille" to "taps" the distribution of time is as follows: Before breakfast (6.30) police of quarters, followed by guard-mounting and recreation. From 8 to 9½ o'clock one-half of each class attends recitations, while the remaining half studies. This order is reversed between 9½ and 11. The first half of each class again recite, or drill, during the next hour, and this is succeeded by an hour of study; and the reverse for the other sections. The hour from 1 to 2 P.M. is occupied by dinner and recreation. From 2 to 4 there is either one recitation alternating with study, or a drill or drawing on alternate days.

From evening "call to quarters" until "tattoo" (9.30) all cadets are expected to study; from 9.30 to "taps" (10) make down beds and prepare to extinguish lights.

Saturday afternoons are devoted to recreation and visiting or to punishments.

Thus, about three hours and a half are spent in recitation-rooms,

six in study, seven to eight in sleep, and seven and a half to six and a half in meals, military duties and police of quarters, and recreation.

The duration of the course is four years. The requirements for admission are lower, probably, than are those for any scientific school of good standing in the country. As about one-half of the time is occupied in military studies, is it not therefore impossible to include in the curriculum so comprehensive a range of civil and purely professional topics as may be embraced in a civil institution?

The most general outline of the course required of civil engineers at the University of Pennsylvania, for example, includes English, with either French or German, History, and English Literature, all extending through three years; Logic and Philosophy, one year; Mathematics, three years; Astronomy, one; Physics, three; Political Economy, one; Mercantile Practice and Laws of Business, one; Chemistry, two; Metallurgy, Mineralogy, and Geology, each one; Civil Engineering, three; and Architecture, one.

The subdivisions of the technical studies of this course are too numerous to note in this paper. The aggregate number of hours of required attendance in the recitation-rooms or upon technical work is, during the first two years, twenty hours, each, per week; during the Junior year, twenty-nine; in the Senior, twenty-six; and in the Post-Senior, thirty; while the corresponding time at the Military Academy is but twenty hours for both civil and military instruction.

The work of the last or fifth year consists largely of visits and excursions to shops and works in process of construction, upon which students are required to write illustrated reports and note the commercial and engineering features of the plant or structure.

From these comparative exhibits and statements it would seem that, whilst the government makes no pretence of educating engineers for its civil service, it also fails, through its present method of administration, to secure the permanent services of those alumni of the civil institutions who are well trained to perform these most important duties. This also is a serious defect of the system.

It is manifest, therefore, that the remedies must lie in the direction of permanency of residence, individual responsibility for results, adequacy and certainty of appropriations, and a system of promotion based upon relative ability and not upon a military succession.

These results can readily be secured by dividing the country into topographical basins and assigning to each a chief engineer, whose tenure of office shall be for life, subject to removal only for incompetency or misdemeanor. The first appointment should be made by the President from nominations made by the Chief of Engineers and the various engineering societies throughout the country. Subsequent appointments should be by promotion under the civil service rules from among the junior engineers of that residency. In this way only can a thorough knowledge of the physical, mechanical, commercial, and social elements be intimately united in an efficient, local, executive officer.

The chiefs of these districts should compose a Board to estimate and recommend the amount of money required to continue improvements in their districts, and should frame a bill for the total amount to

be submitted to Congress; or the total amount required to complete any projected work may be submitted and appropriated payable in annual instalments by the Secretary of the Treasury. The salaries of such engineers should be sufficient to avoid all extras and contingencies such as commutation for fuel and quarters, service-rations, mileage, etc.; but the actual expenses of travel should be allowed upon the certificate of the officer incurring them, as is done at present in some of the civil bureaus.

The topography of the United States readily admits of such a plan, which is similar to that existing in France,—a country no larger than the basin of the Ohio, yet its expenditure for river improvements and canals up to 1870 is estimated at $240,000,000, which is more than double that of the entire United States, although the latter is fifteen times as large. The annual reduction in the price of articles of first necessity, due to the saving in cost of transportation in consequence of its river improvements, is stated at $5,000,000. The population per square mile is over one hundred and eighty, while that of the Ohio basin is about forty. The expenditures for this latter district are less than $10,000,000, and for the entire country, up to 1882, about $111,000,000.

The relations of several of the bureaus as shown by their expenditures from 1789 to 1882 are as follows:

Public Buildings	$88,135,270
Mints, etc.	5,373,000
Rivers and Harbors	111,300,000
Light-Houses and Beacons	78,778,000
Roads and Canals	19,890,000
Forts, Arsenals, and Armories	91,356,000
	$394,832,270

These might readily be grouped into two classes,—viz., a Bureau of Transportation and a Bureau of Architecture. The last item, "Forts," etc., should be placed in a Bureau of Military Affairs. The various surveys now being conducted under four departments should be consolidated into a Bureau of Information and Surveys.

There is no reason why the graduates of the Military and Naval Academies should not be men selected from the best technical schools and colleges in the United States, instead of, as now, from so wide a limit as is permitted under the present low requirements for admission. As a matter of fact, some of the matriculates have completed a college course before entering, and hence have at once a great advantage over their classmates in the contest for standing and honors. Moreover, the time spent in repeating the more elementary parts of the course is virtually wasted in waiting for the less favored to overtake his more fortunate brother. If instruction were confined to purely military matters, and selection were made, after rigid examinations, from the alumni of civil institutions, the length of the course might be reduced to two or at most to three years, it could be made more thorough and technical, and a much larger amount of practical work could be done in chemistry, electrics, signalling, etc., with superior results as to scholarship and military skill and at much less expense to the government.

L. M. Haupt.

ABEL PERRY'S FUNERAL.

JOSIAH ALLEN and me had visitors, along the last of the winter, —Abel Perry'ses folks from 'way out beyond Loontown.

They come in good sperits and the mornin' train, and spent three days and three nights with us.

You see, they wuz relations of ourn, and had been for some time, entirely onbeknown to us, and they come a-huntin' us up. They said "they thought relations ort to be hunted up, and hang together." They said "the idee of huntin' us up had come to 'em after readin' my book."

They told me so, and I said, "Wall."

I didn't add nor demenish to that one "Wall." For I didn't want to act too backward, nor too forward. I jest kep' kinder neutral, and said, "Wall."

You see, Abel's father's sister-in-law wuz step-mother to my aunt's second-cousin on her father's side. And Abel said that "he had felt more and more, as years went by, that it wuz a burnin' shame for relations to not know and love each other." He said "he felt that he loved Josiah and me dearly."

I didn't say right out whether it wuz reciprokated or not. I kinder said, "Wall," ag'in.

And I told Josiah, in perfect confidence and the wood-house chamber, "that I had seen nearer relations than Mr. Perry'ses folks wuz to us."

Howsumever, I done well by 'em. Josiah killed a fat turkey, and I baked it, and done other things for their comfort, and we had quite a good time.

Abel wuz ruther flowery and enthusiastick, and his mouth and voice wuz ruther large, but he meant well, I should judge, and we had quite a good time.

She wuz very freckled, and a second-day Baptist by perswasion, and was piecin' up a crazy bedquilt. She went a-visitin' a good deal, and got pieces of the wimmen's dresses where she visited for blocks. So it wuz quite a savin' bedquilt, and very good-lookin', considerin'.

But to resoom and continue on. Abel's folks made us promise on our two sacred honors, Josiah's honor and mine, that we would pay back the visit, for, as Abel said, "for relatives to live so clost to each other, and not visit back and forth, wuz a burnin' shame and a disgrace." And Josiah promised that we would go right away after sugarin'.

We wouldn't promise on the New Testament, as Abel wanted us to (he is dretful enthusiastick); but we gin good plain promises that we would go, and laid out to keep our two words.

So along a week or so after sugarin', Josiah beset me one day to go over to Mr. Perry'ses.

Josiah liked Abel; there wuz sunthin' in his intense enthusiastick nature and extravagant methods that wuz congenial to Josiah.

So I bein' agreeable to the idee, we set out after dinner, a-layin' out to be gone two nights and one hull day, and two parts of days, a-goin' and a-comin' back.

Wall, we got there onexpected, as they had come onto us. And we found 'em plunged into trouble.

Their only child, a girl, who had married a young lawyer of Loontown, had jest lost her husband with the typus, and they wuz a-makin' preparations for the funeral when we got there. She and her husband had come home on a visit, and he wuz took down bed-sick there and died.

I told 'em I felt like death to think I had descended down onto 'em at such a time.

But Abel said he wuz jest despatchin' a messenger for us when we arrove, for, he said, "in a time of trouble, then wuz the time, if ever, that a man wanted his near relations clost to him."

And he said "we had took a load offen him by appearin' jest as we did, for there would have been some delay in gettin' us there, if the messenger had been despatched."

He said "that mornin' he had felt so bad that he wanted to die,—it seemed as if there wuzn't nothin' left for him to live for; but now he felt that he had sunthin' to live for, now his relatives wuz gethered round him."

Josiah shed tears to hear Abel go on. I myself didn't weep none, but I wuz glad if we could be any comfort to 'em, and told 'em so.

And I told Sally Ann, that wuz Abel'ses wife, that I would do anything that I could to help 'em.

And she said "everything wuz a-bein' done that wuz necessary. She didn't know of but one thing that wuz likely to be overlooked and neglected, and that wuz the crazy bedquilt." She said "she would love to have that finished, to throw over a lounge in the settin'-room, that wuz frayed out on the edges. And if I felt like it, it *would* be a great relief to her to have me take it right offen her hands, and finish it."

So I took out my thimble and needle (I always carry such necessaries with me, in a huzzy made expressly for that purpose), and I sot down and went to piecin' up. There wuz seventeen blocks to piece up, each one crazy as a loon to look at, and it wuz all to set together.

She had the pieces, for she had been off on a visitin' tower the week before, and collected of 'em.

So I sot in quiet and the big cheer in the settin'-room, and pieced up, and see the preparations a-goin' on round us.

I found that Abel'ses folks lived in a house big and showy-lookin', but not so solid and firm as I had seen.

It wuz one of the houses, outside and inside, where more pains had been took with the porticos and ornaments than with the underpinnin'.

It had a showy and kind of a shaky look. And I found that that extended to Abel'ses business arraingments. Amongst the other ornaments of his buildin's wuz mortgages, quite a lot of 'em, and of almost every variety. He had gin his only child S. Annie (she wuz named after her mother Sally Ann, but wrote it this way),—he had gin S.

Annie a showy education, a showy weddin', and a showy settin'-out. But she had had the good luck to marry a sensible man, though poor.

He took S. Annie, and the brackets, and piano, and hangin' lamps, and baskets, and crystal bead lambrequins, her father had gin her, moved 'em all into a good sensible small house, and went to work to get a practice and a livin'. He wuz a lawyer by perswasion.

Wall, he worked hard, day and night, for three little children come to 'em pretty fast, and S. Annie consumed a good deal in trimmin's and cheap lace to ornament 'em: she wuz her father's own girl for ornament. But he worked so hard, and had so many irons in the fire, and kep 'em all so hot, that he got a good livin' for 'em, and begun to lay up money towards byin' 'em a house, a home.

He talked a sight, so folks said that knew him well, about his consumin' desire and aim to get his wife and children into a little home of their own, into a safe little haven, where they could be a little sheltered from the storms of life if the big waves should wash him away. They say that that wuz on his mind day and night, and wuz what nerved his hand so in the fray, and made him so successful.

Wall, he had laid up about nine hundred dollars towards a home, every dollar on it earned by hard work and consecrated by this deathless hope and affection. The house he had got his mind on only cost about a thousand dollars. Loontown property is cheap.

Wall, he had laid up nine hundred, and wuz a-beginnin' to save on the last hundred, for he wouldn't run in debt a cent anyway, when he wuz took voyalent sick there to Abel'ses: he and S. Annie had come home for a visit of a day or two; and he bein' so run down, and weak with his hard day work, and his night work, that he suckumbed to his sickness, and passed away the day before I got there.

Wall, S. Annie wuz jest overcome with grief the day I got there, but the day follerin' she begun to take some interest, and help her father in makin' preparations for the funeral.

The body wuz embalmed, accordin' to Abel'ses and S. Annie's wish, and the funeral wuz to be on the Sunday follerin', and on that Abel and S. Annie now bent their energies.

To begin with, S. Annie had a hull suit of clear crape made for herself, with a veil that touched the ground; she also had three other suits commenced, for more common wear, trimmed heavy with crape, one of which she ordered for sure the next week, for she said "she couldn't stir out of the house in any other color but black."

I knew jest how dear crape wuz, and I tackled her on the subject, and says I,—

"Do you know, S. Annie, those dresses of yourn will cost a sight?"

"Cost?" says she, a-bustin' out a-cryin'. "What do I care about cost? I will do everything I can to respect his memory. I do it in remembrance of him."

Says I, gently, "S. Annie, you wouldn't forget him if you wuz dressed in white. And as for respect, such a life as his, from all I hear of it, don't need crape to throw respect on it: it commands respect, and gets it from everybody."

"But," says Abel, "it would look dretful odd to the neighbors if

she didn't dress in black." Says he, in a skairful tone, and in his intense way,—

"I would ruther resk my life than to have her fail in duty in this way: it would make talk!" And says he, "What is life worth when folks talk?"

I turned around the crazed block, and tackled it in a new place (more luny than ever it seemed to me), and says I, mekanickly,—

"It is pretty hard work to keep folks from talkin', to keep 'em from sayin' sunthin'."

But I see from their looks it wouldn't do to say anything more, so I had to set still and see it go on.

At that time of year flowers wuz dretful high, but S. Annie and Abel had made up their minds that they must have several flower-pieces from the city nighest to Loontown.

One wuz goin' to be a gate ajar, and one wuz to be a gate wide open. And one wuz to be a big book. Abel asked me what book I thought would be prefferable to represent. And I mentioned the Bible.

But Abel says, "No, he didn't think he would have a Bible; he didn't think it would be appropriate, seein' the deceased wuz a lawyer." He said "he hadn't quite made up his mind what book to have. But anyway it wuz to be in flowers,—beautiful flowers." Another piece wuz to be his name in white flowers on a purple background of pansies. His name wuz William Henry Harrison Rockyfeller. And I says to Abel,—

"To save expense, you will probable have the moneygram W. H. H. R.?"

"Oh, no," says he.

Says I, "Then the initials of his given names, and the last name in full."

"Oh, no," he said; "it wuz S. Annie's wish, and hisen, that the hull name should be put on. They thought it would show more respect."

I says, "Where Harrison is now, that hain't a-goin' to make any difference;" and, says I, "Abel, flowers are dretful high this time of year, and it is a long name."

But Abel said ag'in that he didn't care for expense, so long as respect wuz done to the memory of the deceased. He said that he and S. Annie both felt that it wuz their wish to have the funeral go ahead of any other that had ever took place in Loontown or Jonesville. He said that S. Annie felt that it wuz all that wuz left her now in life, the memory of such a funeral as he deserved.

Says I, "There is his children left for her to live for," says I,—"three little bits of his own life, for her to nourish, and cherish, and look out for."

"Yes," says Abel. "And she will do that nobly, and I will help her. They are all goin' to the funeral, too, in deep-black dresses." He said "they wuz too little to realize it now, but in later and maturer years it would be a comfort to 'em to know they had took part in such a funeral as that wuz goin' to be, and wuz dressed in black."

"Wall," says I (in a quiet onassumin' way I would gin little hints of my mind on the subject), "I am afraid that will be about all the comforts of life the poor little children will ever have," says I. "It will if you buy many more flower-pieces and crape dresses."

Abel said "it wouldn't take much crape for the children's dresses, they wuz so little, only the baby's: that would have to be long."

Says I, "The baby would look better in white, and it will take sights of crape for a long baby dress."

"Yes, but S. Annie can use it afterwards for veils. She is very economical; she takes it from me. And she feels jest as I do, that the baby must wear it in respect to her father's memory."

Says I, "The baby don't know crape from a clothes-pin."

"No," says Abel, "but in after-years the thought of the respect she showed will sustain her."

"Wall," says I, "I guess she won't have much besides thoughts to live on, if things go on in this way."

I would give little hints in this way, but they wuzn't took. Things went right on as if I hadn't spoke. And I couldn't contend, for truly, as a bad little boy said once on a similar occasion, "it wuzn't my funeral," so I had to set and work on that insane bedquilt and see it go on. But I sithed constant and frequent, and when I wuz all alone in the room I indulged in a few low groans.

Two dress-makers wuz in the house, to stay all the time till the dresses wuz done; and clerks would come around, if not oftener, with packages of mournin' goods, and mournin' jewelry, and mournin' handkerchiefs, and mournin' stockin's, and mournin' stockin'-supporters, and mournin' safety-pins, and etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Every one of 'em, I knew, a-wrenchin' boards offen the sides of that house that Harrison had worked so hard to get for his wife and little ones.

Wall, the day of the funeral come. It wuz a wet, drizzly day, but Abel wuz up early, to see that everything wuz as he wanted it to be.

As far as I wuz concerned, I had done my duty, for the crazy bedquilt wuz done; and though brains might totter as they looked at it, I felt that it wuzn't my fault. Sally Ann spread it out with complacency over the lounge, and thanked me, with tears in her eyes, for my noble deed.

Along quite early in the mornin', before the show commenced, I went in to see Harrison.

He lay there calm and peaceful, with a look on his face as if he had got away at last from a atmosphere of show and sham, and had got into the great Reality of life.

It wuz a good face, and the worryment and care that folks told me had been on it for years had all faded away. But the look of determination, and resolve, and bravery,—that wuz ploughed too deep in his face to be smoothed out, even by the mighty hand that had lain on it. The resolved look, the brave look with which he had met the warfare of life, toiled for victory over want, toiled to place his dear and helpless ones in a position of safety,—that look wuz on his face yet, as if the deathless hope and endeavor had gone on into eternity with him.

And by the side of him, on a table, wuz the big high flower-pieces, beginnin' already to wilt and decay.

Wall, it's bein' such a oncommon bad day, there wuzn't many to the funeral. But we rode to the meetin'-house in Loontown in a state and splendor that I never expect to ag'in. Abel had hired eleven mournin'-coaches, and the day bein' so bad, and so few a-turnin' out to the funeral, that in order to occupy all the coaches, and Abel thought it would look better and more popular to have 'em all occupied, we divided up, and Josiah went in one, alone, and lonesome as a dog, as he said afterwards to me. And I sot up straight and oncomfortable in another one on 'em, stark alone.

Abel had one to himself, and his wife another one, and two old maids, sisters of Abel'ses who always made a point of attendin' funerals, they each one of 'em had one. S. Annie and her children of course had the first one, and then the minister had one, and one of the trustees in the neighborhood had another: so we lengthened out into quite a crowd, all a-follerin' the shiny hearse, and the casket all covered with showy plated nails. I thought of it in jest that way, for Harrison, I knew, the real Harrison, wuzn't there. No, he wuz far away,—as far as the Real is from the Unreal.

Wall, we filed into the Loontown meetin'-house in pretty good shape, though Abel hadn't no black handkerchief, and he looked worried about it. He had shed tears a-tellin' me about it, what a oversight it wuz, while I wuz a-fixin' on his mournin' weed. He took it into his head to have a deeper weed at the last minute, so I fixed it on. He had the weed come up to the top of his hat and lap over. I never see so tall a weed. But it suited Abel; he said "he thought it showed deep respect."

"Wall," says I, "it is a deep weed, anyway,—the deepest I ever see." And he said, as I wuz a-sewin' it on, he a-holdin' his hat for me, "that Harrison deserved it; he deserved it all."

But, as I say, he shed tears to think that his handkerchief wuzn't black-bordered. He said "it wuz a fearful oversight; it would probably make talk."

But I says, "Mebby it won't be noticed."

"Yes, it will," says he. "It will be noticed." And says he, "I don't care about myself, but I am afraid it will reflect onto Harrison. I am afraid they will think it shows a lack of respect for him. For Harrison's sake I feel cut down about it."

And I says, "I guess where Harrison is now, the color of a handkerchief-border hain't a-goin' to make much difference to him either way."

And I don't s'pose it wuz noticed much, for there wuzn't more'n ten or a dozen folks there when we went in. We went in in Injin file mostly, by Abel'ses request, so's to make more show. And as a procession we wuz middlin' long, but ruther thin.

The sermon was not so very good as to quality, but abundant as to quantity. It wuz, as nigh as I could calkerlate, about a hour and three-quarters long. Josiah whispered to me along about the last that "we had been there over seven hours, and his legs wuz paralyzed."

And I whispered back that "seven hours would take us into the night, and to stretch his feet out and pinch 'em;" which he did.

But it wuz long and tejus. My feet got to sleep twice, and I had hard work to wake 'em up ag'in. The sermon meant to be about Harrison, I s'pose; he did talk a sight about him, and then he kinder branched off onto politics, and then the Inter-State bill; he kinder favored it, I thought.

Wall, we all got drippin' wet a-goin' home, for Abel insisted on our gettin' out at the grave, for he had hired some oncommon high singers (high every way, in price and in notes) to sing at the grave.

And so we disembarked in the drippin' rain, on the wet grass, and formed a procession ag'in. And Abel had a long exercise right there in the rain. But the singin' wuz kinder jerky, and cur'us, and they had got their pay beforehand, so they hurried it through. And one man, the tenor, who wuz dretful afraid of takin' cold, hurried through his part, and got through first, and started on a run for the carriage. The others stood their grounds till the piece wuz finished, but they put in some dretful cur'us quavers. I believe they had had chills: it sounded like it.

Take it altogether, I don't believe anybody got much satisfaction out of it, only Abel. S. Annie sp'ilt her dress and bonnet entirely—they wuz wilted all down; and she ordered another suit jest like it before she slept.

Wall, the next mornin' early two men come with plans for monuments. Abel had telegrafted to 'em to come with plans and bid for the job of furnishin' the monument.

And after a good deal of talk on both sides, Abel and S. Annie selected one that wuz very high and p'inted.

The men stayed to dinner, and I said to Abel, out to one side,—

"Abel, that monument is a-goin' to cost a sight."

"Wall," says he, "we can't raise too high a one. Harrison deserved it all."

Says I, "Won't that, and all these funeral expenses, take about all the money he left?"

"Oh, no," says he. "He had insured his life for a large amount, and it all goes to his wife and children. He deserves a monument, if a man ever did."

"But," says I, "don't you believe that Harrison would ruther have S. Annie and the children settled down in a good little home, with sunthin' left to take care of 'em, than to have all this money spent in perfectly useless things?"

"*Useless!*" says Abel, turnin' red. "Why," says he, "if you wuzn't a near relation I should resent that speech bitterly."

"Wall," says I, "what do all these flowers, and empty carriages, and silver-plated nails, and crape, and so forth,—what does it all amount to?"

"Respect and honor to his memory," says Abel, proudly.

Says I, "Such a life as Harrison's had them; nobody could take 'em away, nor demenish 'em. Such a brave, honest life is crowned with honor and respect anyway. It don't need no crape, nor flowers,

nor monuments, to win 'em. And at the same time," says I, dreamily, "if a man is mean, no amount of crape, or flower-pieces, or flowery sermons, or obituries, is a-goin' to cover up that meanness. A life has to be lived out-doors, as it were: it can't be hid. A string of mournin' carriages, no matter how long, hain't a-goin' to carry a dishonorable life into honor, and no grave, no matter how low and humble it is, is a-goin' to cover up a honorable life.

"Such a life as Harrison's don't need no monument to carry up the story of his virtues into the heavens: it is known there already. And them that mourn his loss don't need cold marble words to recall his goodness and faithfulness. The heart where the shadow of his eternal absence has fell, don't need crape to make it darker.

"Harrison wouldn't be forgot if S. Annie wore pure white from day to day. No, nobody that knew Harrison, from all I have hearn of him, needs crape to remind 'em that he wuz once here and now is gone.

"Howsomever, as far as that is concerned, I always feel that mourners must do as they are a mind to about crape, with fear and tremblin',—that is, if they are well off, and *can* do as they are a mind to; and the same with monuments, flowers, empty coaches, etc. But in this case, Abel Perry, I wouldn't be a-doin' my duty if I didn't speak my mind. When I look at these little helpless souls that are left in a cold world with nothin' to stand between them and want but the small means their pa worked so hard for and left for the express purpose of takin' care of 'em, it seems to me a foolish thing, and a cruel thing, to spend all that money on what is entirely onnecessary."

"Onnecessary!" says Abel, angrily. "Ag'in I say, Josiah Allen's wife, that if it wuzn't for our close relationship I should turn on you. A worm will turn," says he, "if it is too hardly trampled on."

"I hain't trampled on you," says I, "nor hain't had no idea on't. I wuz only statin' the solemn facts and truth of the matter. And you will see it some time, Abel Perry, if you don't now."

Says Abel, "The worm has turned, Josiah Allen's wife! Yes, I feel that I have got to look now to more distant relations for comfort. Yes, the worm has been stepped on too heavy."

He looked cold, cold as a iceickle, almost. And I see that jest the few words I had spoke, jest the slight hints I had gin, hadn't been took as they should have been took. So I said no more. For ag'in the remark of that little bad boy came up in my mind, and restrained me from sayin' any more.

Truly, as the young male child observed, "it wuzn't my funeral."

We went home almost immejiately afterwards, my heart nearly a-bleedin' for the little children, poor little creeters, and Abel actin' cold and distant to the last.

And we hain't seen 'em sence. But news has come from them, and come straight. Josiah heerd to Jonesville, all about it.

The miller at Loontown wuz down to the Jonesville mill to get the loan of some bags, and Josiah happened to be there to mill that day, and heerd all about it.

Abel had got the monument. And the ornaments on it cost far

more than he expected. There wuz a wreath a-runnin' round it clear from the bottom to the top, and verses a kinder runnin' up it at the same time. And it cost fearful. Poetry a-runnin' up, they say, costs far more than it duz on a level.

Anyway, the two thousand dollars that wuz insured on Harrison's life wuzn't quite enough to pay for it. But the sale of his law library and the best of the housen stuff paid it. The nine hundred he left went, every mite of it, to pay the funeral expenses, and mournin' for the family.

And, as bad luck always follers on in a procession, them mortgages of Abel'ses all run out sort o' together. His creditors sold him out, and when his property was all disposed of it left him over fourteen hundred dollars in debt.

The creditors acted perfectly greedy, so they say,—took everything they could; and one of the meanest ones took that insane bed-quilt that I finished. That *wuz* mean. They say Sally Ann crumpled right down when that wuz took. Some say that they got holt of that tall weed of Abel'ses, and some dispute it; some say that he wore it on the last ride he took in Loontown.

But, howsomever, Abel wuz took sick, Sally Ann wuzn't able to do anything for their support, S. Annie wuz took down with the typus, and so it happened the very day the monument wuz brought to the Loontown Cemetery, Abel Perry'ses folks wuz carried to the county house for the winter, S. Annie, the children, and all.

And it happened dretful cur'us, but the town hired that very team that drawed the monument there, to take the family back.

It wuz a good team.

The monument wuzn't set up, for they lacked money to pay for the underpinnin'. (Wuzn't it cur'us, Abel Perry never would think of the underpinnin' to anything?) But it lay there by the side of the road, a great white shape.

And they say the children wuz skairt, and cried, when they went by it,—cried and wept.

But I believe it wuz because they wuz cold and hungry that made 'em cry. I don't believe it wuz the monument.

Josiah Allen's Wife.

IMMUNITY.

LEAF of the deep-leaved chestnut-tree,
  Long spared the weather-god's disdain,
Have not thy brothers borne for thee
  June's inavertible raging rain?

And they are beautiful and hale,
  Those sun-veined revellers; and thou
Still crippled, still afraid and pale,
  Sole discord of the singing bough!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 7.

SOCIAL LIFE AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

NESTLED snugly away from the rest of the world, in the pleasant Hoosac Valley, lies Williamstown, the seat of Williams College, and a community of well-marked local color. The town contains two villages, each as unlike the other as you can well imagine, and with the most diverse aims and sympathies. The idea you get of the surroundings of old Williams as you flash by in the train, or during the thirty seconds' stop, is that entertained by the majority of your fellow-travellers who have no better source of information, and is by no means flattering to the taste of men who have chosen this as the home of their student life. From the car-window you see a country railway-station, and a rude covered bridge across the little river that flows beside the track, while just beyond looms up the prosaic front of a huge factory, set off by rows of white tenement-houses, uniform throughout, even to their lack of blinds. But leave the train, enter the waiting village coach, and a few minutes will effect a complete transformation of the scene. Making a sharp turn, you approach "Consumption Hill," crowned on the right by the Soldiers' Monument, and on the left by Clark Hall, a mediæval- fortress-like stone structure that seems an outwork to defend the little college world just beyond. Ascending the hill, you pass out between these sentinels along the main street, a broad park-like plateau, with the road in the middle bordered by green lawns. Outside these run the sidewalks, shaded by a profusion of old elms and maples. Along this street, on both sides, stand the college buildings, dating, one by one, from the Revolutionary period to the present time,—the earlier ones of brick, the rest of stone.

If you are of the genus summer visitor, a genus which flocks hither in swarms with every recurring June, you will now be borne away from the immediate vicinity of the "classic shades" to one of the summer hotels. But if you come as a student (and this we will suppose) your fate will have little in common with that class. Your first act will naturally be the application for a room, and, as in Williams the great majority of students room in the college buildings, you will probably soon find yourself established in one of these with a chum, who is usually a total stranger; that is, of course, unless you prefer to room alone and pay a double rent. Next morning you go to chapel at the summons of the bell. After prayers the Freshmen are convened, college rules explained, work is assigned for immediate preparation, and you are fairly launched upon your four-years' voyage.

A sense of loneliness soon causes you to fraternize with your brother neophytes, especially as the vigilance of the powers that be is not always able to prevent a midnight incursion of the dreaded Sophomores, who, joyful at their own release from the state of freshness, oc-

casionally hazard their prospects of the sheepskin in their zeal to duly initiate the new-comers. The initiation usually consists of a warm greeting and hand-shaking all around, followed by an imperative demand for a speech or a song, and a polite invitation to "scan algebra" or accomplish some other easy scholastic feat. Refusal is out of the question. The entertainment is sometimes diversified by the alarm of "The faculty!" and a mad flight of the visitors, through the windows when possible; for they all know that detection means exile. In fact, nearly every year witnesses the departure of a small and saddened band of victims.

These calls are followed by the annual Monument Rush, which occurs in the evening, on the first Saturday of the term. This is caused by an attempt to break up the first Freshman class-sing, which action is made a point of honor by the Sophomores. The Freshmen always muster in full force, and the occasion is equally enjoyed by both parties, the attack and struggle for possession of the monument usually resulting in a claim of victory by each side.

Meanwhile, you have received, in common with your classmates, an invitation to a reception given by the College Y. M. C. A. Students and professors are present to welcome you, and a pleasant evening passes, chiefly characterized in your memory by introductions, hand-shaking, conversation, and ice-cream. As the evening wears away, you are invited to inscribe your name on the roll of membership, and in this way the Association is at once recruited from the new class, whose representatives immediately assume their places in the organization, unhampered by that sense of diffidence as to "freshness" which is so strongly felt in the ordinary course of college life. The meetings of the Association are held Sunday evenings, and are largely attended. Occasionally, delegates are sent away to the great Y. M. C. A. conventions, and their reports, made at the next meeting after their return, are awaited with much interest.

The chief factor of social life, however, is the body of Greek-letter societies. These are nine in number, and comprise a little more than half the entire body of students. Each occupies a building of its own, —in most cases a handsome and expensive structure. These fraternities are of the same description as the principal societies of other colleges, and are all chapters of organizations more or less widely diffused. The great majority are nominally secret, but their general tendency may easily be perceived by any one familiar with college life. In one you will find a preponderance of literary or high-standing men; in another, the sporting element, or, as they are proud to be termed, the "bums," whose first principle is to do no more work than is absolutely necessary to get through. The character of others will not be so strongly marked, though each bears a certain stamp that varies little from year to year and depends largely upon the discerning selection of new members from the incoming classes. The selection is usually made at the beginning of Freshman year, though accessions are sometimes received during the later years of the course. Some Freshmen are, of course, in greater demand than others, and these are industriously "trotted," as it is termed, for the different societies. In other words, the candidate is in-

vited to visit the society-house, where he meets the members and is entertained during the evening. If he makes a favorable impression, he is invited to join their fraternity. If not, he hears no more upon the subject.

The effect of these secret societies has been a fruitful theme for discussion in the past, and is still a mooted point. Officers of different institutions take different stands upon the subject, as is well known. Here the societies suffer under no ban of constituted authority, nor do they conflict with the large body of non-members, as is often the case elsewhere. The expense of membership, though moderate in some instances, in others proves a serious drawback to many students; and two or three organizations are quite beyond the means of the average man. Then, too, membership involves many incidental expenses that contribute to swell the sum-total. Still, it is not a useless expenditure, for many privileges are open to members that cannot be enjoyed by outsiders. For example, while you are yet a stranger, the natural loneliness and homesickness of Freshman year is in a great measure dissipated by the kindness and good-fellowship with which you are received by your new friends. You are made a sharer in whatever local acquaintance they may possess, and are brought into contact with their friends and visitors, —a privilege highly valued, owing to the great lack of feminine society experienced by all Williams men.

In the old times before Greek-letter societies were known, their place here was filled by the two literary societies, the Philotechnian and Philologian. Every student belonged to one or the other, and the rivalry between the two was something more than we can imagine at the present time. Hawthorne, in his "American Notes," describes a visit to Williams in 1838, at Commencement, which occasion was then celebrated in much the same way as the modern country cattle-show. Among other circumstances, he mentions the mustering of 'Technians and 'Logians, each with his badge of pink or blue ribbon. The two societies still exist, but their sphere and influence are greatly modified, and it is very doubtful if many of the present members could tell you whether they are champions of the pink or of the blue. Their sessions are held every Wednesday evening at the same hour, and, conducted by a few of the ablest speakers from each class, their reputations are maintained upon a purely literary basis, though they possess some influence as a means of bringing together men who would otherwise not meet as acquaintances during their college life. Once a year occurs the Joint Debate, wherein the chosen champions of the two societies contend stoutly for the victory,—the contest taking place in the presence of the students and faculty, besides a goodly sprinkling of towns-people. But the interest excited is not that of the past, and little sleep is lost by the defeated party.

Something like the Y. M. C. A. receptions, already mentioned, are those given by the President and prominent members of the faculty; but their frequency resembles that of angels' visits. Here, however, the feminine element is not lacking, as in the case of the former, and the majority of the students are not slow to avail themselves of the invitation. The Freshmen usually receive this invitation during the

winter term, and attend on different evenings, in parties of suitable size. On your arrival you are put at ease by the presence of various members of the faculty, who introduce you to their families and to the other guests, doing their best to make the occasion a pleasant one in all respects. Conversation is started, acquaintances made, and long before the usual refreshments are served you find you are enjoying yourself thoroughly. Then come the good-nights and departure, possibly preceded by a wild inward doubt as to the propriety of offering your services as escort to some one of the fair maids present. After this reception takes place, you may not get a chance to attend a similar event until Senior year. Formerly the Seniors were received by Dr. Mark Hopkins at his house, and they esteemed the privilege at its full value, knowing him, as they did, through the medium of the class-room. Now that pleasure can be enjoyed no more.

As to social intercourse with the towns-people, you will be likely to have little or none of it, though there are notable exceptions to this rule. Of course, if you have friends in town already, or are fortunate in possessing intimates among the fellows who have power to introduce you, you may in time build up a considerable acquaintance. Still, in a village of this size it must needs be limited, and is really no great factor in the sum-total of student life. Turning then to the other aspect of this cloistered existence, you seek entertainment and employment of your surplus energies in the routine of the college life itself. This feeling is made especially manifest in the enthusiasm displayed over base-ball, foot-ball, tennis, mountain-climbing, bicycling, and athletics of every description. Some give themselves over completely to the habit of hard study, even, perhaps, without the expectation of obtaining high rank; but these are few, proportionately, for the reputation of a "grub" is hardly a desirable one at the present day, and even Diogenes, with an electric light, could scarcely find a college man willing to admit that he studies hard.

Another favorite way of spending extra time is to seek a retreat in the cosey alcoves of the college library and browse around among the books, not aiming there to improve your mind with history or logic, but to pass the time most pleasantly, and of this you seldom fail. But, as mentioned above, base-ball is the great attraction while it is in season. Games usually occur twice a week, sometimes oftener, and the whole college turns out to almost every game. It expects great things from its nine, and is seldom disappointed, owing to the hard work and constant practice of the members. A position on the nine is no sinecure, as is soon found by the successful candidate. Every day of the season he must devote a part of his time to batting-practice, and when winter comes he knows no rest; for then he is rigorously drilled every day in the gymnasium, under the eye of his captain, and spends hours in getting into good condition for the great contest of the coming summer. For the championship of the league is the golden prize, and, with Amherst and Dartmouth to beat, no flimsy preparation will avail, nor, indeed, be tolerated by those who have so generously contributed to the team's support. But, on the other hand, who so proud, or who so envied by all beholders, as the happy members of the nine when the

championship games take place,—realizing, as they do, that everything may depend upon their individual efforts, and that their every movement is watched by the crowded wearers of the purple in the grand stand! Then, too, no luxury is spared in providing for their comfort when they visit other colleges for the return games, and at the opening of the season they are taken on an extended and expensive trip, in the course of which they play the prominent professional clubs of the country. Truly the base-ball man has many rewards for his patient labor.

Foot-ball, the great sport of the autumn, is played clear up to December, so that many of the later games take place upon frozen ground, and some when it is covered with snow. Here, great strength is a requisite, though useless without the added elements of skill and pluck, thus bringing in a class of men differing widely, as a rule, from the base-ball players. Nevertheless, nearly all that has been said of the advantages and drawbacks of base-ball is true of foot-ball, though in a less degree. Still, these sports, being confined to the representative nine or eleven men, are enjoyed by the great body of students only in the capacity of spectators. But if you seek the one almost universal source of recreation and exercise, you will find it to be tennis. The West College campus is completely covered with tennis-courts, set close together, and from morning till night the balls are kept flying back and forth across the nets. As soon as one party retires, the court is occupied by another, and so, in the course of the day, a large number can be accommodated. Men who take no other exercise whatever are kept in good physical condition by their daily hour or two at tennis.

Still, there are some few who do not even indulge in tennis, but have various other ways of obtaining pleasure and exercise. Of these, the most usual is the custom of tramping and mountain-climbing. This form of exercise is practised constantly by a few, but on Mountain Day, which is a holiday coming twice a year, every one takes to the fields and woods. Of course the first objective point for all newcomers is Greylock, the highest peak that Massachusetts can boast. It is about nine miles from the college to the summit, and, if you join one of the parties made up for the ascent, you will probably leave early in the evening, camp on a plateau half-way up, and, completing the journey before dawn, wait cold and shivering for the sunrise,—only to discover that at that hour the clouds will completely conceal the landscape. If, however, you are not anxious to do your mountain-climbing in the dark, an early start from the college will bring you to the summit in the forenoon, when the clouds are gone, and the whole country from Monadnock to the Hudson lies revealed, bright and beautiful in the sunlight. The return may be made by the same route, or varied by coming down over Mount Williams to North Adams and taking the train back to Williamstown. By this means a fine view of the far-famed Hoosac Valley is obtained from a stand-point new to the student.

On subsequent Mountain Days you will probably take some of the other favorite trips; as, to the Revolutionary battle-field of Bennington, up Petersburgh or Berlin (neighboring heights of the Berkshire Hills),

or over Hoosac mountain to the central shaft of the great tunnel, though Hoosac is a poor specimen of a mountain, compared with some of its neighbors, being rather a huge mound, up one steep end of which you struggle, and, traversing a level space of several miles in length, where you find the little village of Florida, clamber down the other side. Then, catching the next train back through the tunnel, you pass directly under the scene of your late exertions. Of course the enjoyment of these mountain-trips depends to a large extent upon the companionship of congenial spirits.

At the approach of winter these outside sports are necessarily interrupted. Then every one turns instinctively to the gymnasium; and it is there that the busiest current of life is to be found during cold weather. On the main floor there is constant employment of the bars, clubs, rings, chest-weights, and dumb-bells, while above, the runners speed around the track in single file, taking the pace from their leader. Down-stairs you will find the bowling-alleys in full swing, while the long base-ball cage is seldom empty. The rumbling of the balls and crashing of the pins combine with the constant swash of the shower-baths, and the flow of talk in the dressing-rooms, to produce an effect lively in the extreme.

Out of doors, workmen have been busy constructing the toboggan slide, which is soon occupied by a gay crowd in the regulation blanket suits and *toques*. Every evening, and every pleasant Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, the slide is open for use; but the evening session is superior as a spectacle, owing to the brilliant and far-reaching array of torches at each side of the double track. Snow-shoes, too, have now no lack of devotees, whose success is often disproportionate to their zeal. Still, the winter term is confessed to be the dullest of the year, though its monotony is somewhat broken by courses of lectures under the auspices of the faculty. Diversion is also sought by some in attending occasional germans at North Adams, but these are comparatively few. Then, too, the *Gul*, or illustrated college annual, is issued at some period of this term by a board elected from the Junior class, and, ordinarily, Junior Dramatics are then represented for the first time. Election to membership of these boards is considered a special honor, and is the source of much secret disappointment among defeated candidates. Election is also sought by many to the Glee Club, and to the boards of the college periodicals, the *Williams Weekly* and the *Literary Monthly*, the latter of which is known as the *Lit.* and is conducted by the Seniors. Such elections, however, unlike the former cases, are the result of competition. Another source of prominence is the college orchestra; but its ranks are not so easily recruited.

But the return of spring brings the halcyon period of college life; for this is the season of out-door sports, of class-sings, class-suppers, and the longed-for Commencement, with its festivities of every sort. Then, too, the friends and admiring relatives of each proud Senior gather from all directions to witness his final triumph before stepping down and out into the "wide, wide world." The class-sing is a venerable institution at Williams, and on pleasant evenings, in accordance with a previous notice, the members of some one class gather around

the monument, and, led by their "choragus," furnish an impromptu concert. In fine weather these sings usually take place about twice a week, though of late a novelty has been introduced in the shape of a sing by the whole college, which of course comes less frequently. On these occasions there is no lack of auditors, as the first strains are sure to summon forth a considerable number of the villagers, who find these moonlight concerts very agreeable occasions for promenading the college walks.

Commencement week is the Seniors' festival, though the underclasses do not lack means of enjoyment. During this week come the prize declamations, Class-day, Commencement proper, society receptions, the Senior promenade, the Glee Club concert, and a repetition of the Junior Dramatics as presented in the winter term. Then, too, each class holds its yearly class-supper at the close of the usual semi-annual examinations. Albany and Saratoga are the favorite resorts for these suppers, and you will find no jollier assembly anywhere than the crowd of undergraduates that annually boards the train bound for these points. With this one night of revelry, usually quite innocent, the whole score of a year's constant work is to be paid, and no one fails to do justice to the occasion. As to Commencement, Class-day, and the other anniversary exercises, they differ little from the usual observances in all the well-known colleges, rendered so familiar to us through the medium of the press.

In these few pages much has been said of the student's manner of enjoying himself, and little of the unceasing work that makes up the great part of his daily life. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that the former is the exception and the latter the rule. It has for years been the fashion to repeat the old sneer, that a college is a place where men go to play ball,—ignoring the fact that to the collegian athletic sports are virtually the only means of recreation within reach, and that, considering his nightly hours of study, he devotes far less time to them than is spent by his city brother in more questionable forms of amusement. It is gratifying, then, to know that, in the light of facts, this cry is gradually losing its supporters, and now, as never before, is found a due appreciation of a sound body as the receptacle of a sound mind. That Williams has been among the foremost in taking this forward step, is the pride of her loyal sons, and one of the prime causes of her prosperity.

It will be seen from this outline that life at Williams College is neither fast nor furious. This state of things is deplored by some, but it nevertheless subserves the first interests of the college, in that it produces the most favorable conditions for mental growth by reducing to a minimum the usual distractions of early manhood. At the same time, vacation joys have a heightened zest, and at the end of the four years' course Williams men have seldom found time to become weary of the world or habitually bored. The very air seems to have a flavor of earnestness, and experience has taught that those who go forth yearly seldom prove false to the traditions and influence of their *alma mater*.

James R. McDonald (*Class of* '89).

THE SEEKER IN THE MARSHES.

THANKSGIVING to the gods!
  Shaken and shivering in the autumn rains,
With clay feet clinging to the weary sods,
  I wait below the clouds, amid the plains,
As though I stood in some remote, strange clime,
Waiting to kneel upon the tomb of time.
The harvest swaths are gathered in the garth,
  The aftermath is floating in the fields,
The house-carl bides beside the roaring hearth,
  And clustered cattle batten in the shields.
Thank ye the gods, O dwellers in the land,
For home and hearth and ever-giving hand.
  Stretch hands to pray and feed and sleep and die,
And then be gathered to your kindred gods,
  Low in dank barrows evermore to lie,
So long as autumn over wood-ways plods,
Forgetting the green earth as ye forgot
  Its glory in the day when it was born
To you, on some fair tide in grove and grot,
  As though new-made upon a glimmering morn.

And it shall so be meted unto you
As ye did mete when all things were to do.
The wild rains cling around me in the night
  Closer than woman in the sunny days,
And through these shaken veins a weird delight
  Of loneliness and storm and sodden ways
And desolation, made most populous,
Builds up the roof-trees of the gloomy house
Of grief to hide and help my lonely path,
A sateless seeker for the aftermath.

  Thanksgiving to the gods!
  No hidden grapes are leaning to the sods,
No purple apple glances through green leaves,
  Nor any fruit or flower is in the rains,
Nor any corn to garner in long sheaves.
  And hard the toil is on these scanty plains.
Howbeit I thank the ever-giving ones,
  Who dwell in high Olympus near the stars,
They have not walked in ever-burning suns,
  Nor has the hard earth hurt their feet with scars.
Never the soft rains beat them, nor the snow,
Nor the sharp winds that we marsh-stalkers know.
In the sad halls of heaven they sleep the sleep,
Yea, and no morn breaks through their slumber deep.

These things they cast me forth at eventide to bear
  With curving sickle over sod and sand;
And no wild tempest drowns me to despair
  Nor terror fears me in a barren land.
Perchance somewhere, across the hollow hill,
  Or in the thickets in these dreary meads,
Great grapes, uncut, are on the limp vine still,
  And waving corn still wears its summer weeds,
Unseen, ungathered in the earlier tide,
When larger summer o'er the earth did glide.
Who knows? Belike from this same sterile path
My harvest hand, heaped with an aftermath,
Shall cast the garner forth before their feet,
Shapely and shaven clean and very sweet.

  Thanksgiving to the gods!
Wet with the falling rain,
  My face and sides are beaten as with rods,
And soft and sodden is the endless plain.
How long—how long do I endure in vain?

Daniel L. Dawson.

THE LESSON OF PRACTICALITY.

ALMOST any experience, correctly recited, of any person, however unimportant, ought to have some interest; for experience is one of the primary facts of life. This is eminently a writing era, and many persons feel an interest in writing, which is apt to cease after they have adopted it as a profession. One often hears that the inky trade is very pleasant; but the opinion nearly always comes from laymen. It has, at the outset, its illusions, its allurements, its compensations—other than financial—but these are likely to fade with complete initiation. True, men who have fairly committed themselves to journalism, or authorship, seldom embrace another calling. The reason is that familiarity with ink commonly unfits them for alien pursuits. Their earnings from that may be very small: they might starve at anything else. One is equipped for writing at the expense of every-day practicality. And the longer one writes, the less one is likely to be drilled for the battle of existence.

Many manuscript-makers seem to attach special consequence to their craft: they are fond of talking about it, and glorifying it, as if it were rare, precious, ideal. I am wholly unable to share this prejudice. Manuscript-making is hard, precarious, ill paid: it may be regarded in the main as an unfortunate occupation, and, as such, entitled to some degree of sympathy, but not otherwise. I cannot see wherein it differs, as an employment, from practising law, keeping accounts, or selling groceries, except that these are less unprofitable.

In my early teens, I formed a fancy for contributing to the newspapers: my callow youth might be my plea for bad judgment. I remember the first article—the first I had written—that met my vision in the columns of a journal. It was an essay at criticism on the performance at one of the city theatres of the tragedy of "Ion." It was execrable, of course, though I am bound to say that it did not so impress me at the time. When I recognized it, I was thrilled. I have never since experienced any such intensity of emotion from the same cause. A week or two later, I published some sentimental verses, of the worst possible sort, with but a feeble recurrence of the sensation. Still, I had tasted blood.

From that day, periodically, I used, with the greatest stealth, to drop into the outside box of the newspaper, which had printed my virgin effort, some marvellous product of my unfledged mind. I do not think I was ever detected in the act of slipping a manuscript into the box. I should have been overwhelmed with confusion, if I had been caught; so true is it that modesty is vanity subverted. The editor was ignorant of the authorship of the articles: he did not require the name, concealed by a signature, and nothing would have induced me—those were indeed my salad days—to ask for pay. I got this through the editorial inquiry as to my identity, and through the interest excited by some of my college companions, several of whom I generously took into my confidence. I am amazed now that the stuff I wrote should have been printed. It had all the most flagrant vices of sophomorical composition. Then I never dreamed of writing regularly, or trying to earn money by it, at any future time. It was an amusement, a kind of lark, such as breaking windows, or pulling down sign-boards.

Several years after I had left college—I was graduated at sixteen—I was invited to take the place of a young friend of mine on a daily paper, and my acceptance sealed my doom. I have never since quite cleansed my fingers of ink, though it is a good while since I have liked my trade. Just before the war, when I was connected with the Cincinnati Press, half a dozen of us young fellows were city editors, dramatic critics, and general utility men combined, on different papers there, and had things pretty much our own way. Such extraordinary paragraphs, sketches, and articles as we were wont to print, then, seem wellnigh incredible now. They comprised every form of heresy, expressed in the most stilted, euphuistic language imaginable; for our manuscript was never supervised. We wrote around rather than upon a subject. A vulgar suicide was embellished with supernatural rhetoric, and our private views on the topic, invariably commending the custom, and quoting the ancient stoics in support of it. Fires were described in choicest fustian, and elopements done in maudlin sentiment and extreme cynicism, mingled in equal parts. Murders were treated from within as well as from without. The motives, probable and possible, were conjectured: we acted in advance as judge, jury, temperament, and destiny. The right to take life was exhaustively discussed with every correlative issue. Quotations were given from the philosophers from Plato and Plotinus to Hegel and Emerson. All the poets between Hesiod and Lowell, all the romancers and novelists of every

age and nation, Heliodorus, Cinthio, Mendoza, Calprenède, Balzac, Thackeray, Hawthorne, were laid under contribution. Each occurrence, important or trivial, was magnified, lifted into what we conceived to be epic grandeur.

Our style unconsciously resembled that of John Lilly: we certainly wrote as Walter Scott makes Sir Piercie Shafton talk. We imagined it entirely original, and it was surely bad enough to be. But our sentiments and opinions must have been thought even worse. They were opposed to everything that exists: our scepticism was rampant: we proclaimed against authority, custom, law. We were inimical to marriage on what we believed to be philosophic grounds; but, if marriage had been suddenly abolished, we should, doubtless, have advocated its revival. We were in the condition that Carlyle calls Wertherism, peculiar to very young men who generalize from a few data, and substitute imagination for experience. We were, or fancied we were, unequivocal pessimists: we admired Schopenhauer, because, as we phrased it, he had uttered our thought. We were Bohemians of the Henry Murger school, except that we had a bias in behalf of neat attire and the discharge of debts. Our faith was disbelief; our practice, though we knew it not, was egotism, affectation, and pedantry. We were sentimental cynics, misanthropic idealists.

There never is, and never can be, such intense cynicism as is expressed by healthy, well-to-do youths in their early twenties: the woes they lack they invent; the wrongs they have not suffered, they evolve from their inner consciousness. Cincinnati gained a wide reputation as the city of romantic scribes and transcendental journalists. The example it set became infectious: its sesquipedalian words and bombastic phrases passed, in a measure, into newspaper currency. I am not sure that a good deal of the grandiloquent Greek and Latin English, for which the average reporter has got to be noted, is not derived from that period. How the newspaper proprietors tolerated it, is beyond comprehension. Perhaps they did not read it: if they had read it, they might not have understood it; for it was really a macaronic language. It is not improbable that everybody, save ourselves, regarded the whole thing as a stupendous joke. We thought that we were terribly in earnest; and therein consisted the actual jest. The war came; the euphuistic ravers went into it, in one capacity or another, and that erratic form of journalism ended, never, it is needless to say, to be revived. Newspapers are differently conducted now. If we had had any such influence as we thought, we should have revolutionized society. But our elders graciously gave "the boys" their head. It diverted us, and could do no one harm.

My campaigning as a war correspondent of the New York *Tribune* was wholly in the Southwest. The field was much broader, more varied, more interesting, than in Virginia, where the Army of the Potomac, for the better part of four years, moved mainly between the Potomac and the James. The forces under Grant and his assistants opened the Mississippi from Columbus to the mouth, and restored all the adjacent territory to the Union. The correspondents there were not restricted: they went where they liked; did what they chose, within

reasonable limitations; and they made almost no trouble. They virtually enjoyed the privileges of an independent command. They often performed staff duty: they were amateur soldiers on occasions: they had ample opportunity to determine how it felt to shoot, and to be shot at. Some were killed; others wounded; others captured. They did not escape the casualties of war, though they were entitled to none of its honors. A more thankless, disadvantageous position than was theirs cannot easily be imagined. To put it briefly, they were in the army, and not of it.

One of our drawbacks in the Southwest was, so many wild rumors and false reports were telegraphed from Cairo to the Chicago papers by correspondents stationed there to do the sensational, and retelegraphed thence all over the North, that when our trustworthy letters from the front were published in New York, they were so different as to seem untruthful. Everybody knows how the leading editors in the North arranged the campaigns, and oracularly declared how they should be fought, without any proper understanding of the military situation. Ordinary generals are made by war; great generals are born—in newspaper offices. Half of Grant's success was due to the fact that he could not be affected by journalistic comment or criticism. He determined to conduct his battles in person, instead of intrusting them to editorial captains, hundreds of miles from the scene of action, who could not tell a minié rifle from a Springfield musket. The ignorance of most editors was distressing and irremediable. Hardly any one of them had the remotest idea of the operations around Vicksburg, or of their purpose, for six or eight months previous to its fall. Nevertheless, they tried to hide their lack of knowledge by demanding impossibilities and predicting absurdities.

It was my fortune to be taken prisoner while running the batteries of Vicksburg, our expedition having been totally destroyed, and to be retained, in the face of a regular parole of exchange, nearly two years. The Confederate authorities appeared to think that, if they could hold an insignificant *Tribune* correspondent, they would compel the recognition of Southern independence. During that long and dreary confinement, I had the consolation to reflect that I had not been, in the strict meaning of the term, a non-combatant. Had the war and myself lasted, I should have been in duress yet. Happily, I escaped from Salisbury, North Carolina, the sixth prison I had been in, and by crossing the mountains in midwinter—a distance as travelled, by night, of about four hundred miles—I reached Strawberry Plains, Tennessee. I telegraphed the *Tribune* of my arrival: the next morning it printed my dispatch, with the astounding announcement that "we are not aware whether our correspondent has escaped, or reached our lines by a flag-of-truce boat." * Could anybody but a New York editor have been in doubt whether a flag-of-truce boat, or any other craft, could cross the Blue

* This was written, a year ago, from memory. Since then, though I have not seen the *Tribune* file, I have reason to believe that the words quoted (I wish to be exact) were substantially used in regard to the late Albert D. Richardson, my friend and fellow-correspondent, who had escaped from Salisbury with me, and arrived at Strawberry Plains a day or two before me.

Ridge and Alleghany Mountains? Navigation is not generally good there, particularly in the dead of winter. When I read that announcement, I blushed for the geographical lore of my native State. The hour before dawn, when I found myself once more under the Stars and Stripes, was exceedingly satisfactory. I owed my freedom neither to the North nor the South, only to my rugged constitution and nimble legs.

War correspondence was often a serious task, being accomplished under many difficulties. After any engagement, whether big or little, the correspondents had the greatest trouble to obtain correct information from the forces that had taken part in it. During the first year, and more, of the conflict, many minor officers of the regular army despised the volunteers, and few took pains to conceal their feeling. They seemed unwilling to give them any credit, and the same injustice prevailed to a certain degree among the volunteer commands. When we inquired, therefore, of a brigade or division as to the part they had taken in battle, they would, if they had participated at all, be likely to appropriate most of the credit to themselves. Then questioning some other brigade or division, they would declare the honors of the day belonged to them, and would deny the truth of the previous report specifically and emphatically. Thus, an Ohio brigade would assume to have done everything, and to have saved an Indiana brigade from being cut to pieces; while an Indiana brigade would make the same assumption for themselves, and disparage the troops of the neighboring State. The same was true of Iowa and Wisconsin, of Michigan and Minnesota troops. Each command had turned the tide of strife, and covered itself with glory, so that there was very little left for the remainder of the army to achieve. The West Pointers had no faith in the volunteers, come from where they might. They not infrequently disputed their courage; and when they did not, they proclaimed their incompetency. War was an art, a science; how could novices be expected to acquire it without study and experience?

Regulars and volunteers corrected in time this vicious habit. With their increase of military knowledge, they became more intelligent and more tolerant: they understood themselves and others better. In truth, the first two years were little else than a series of experiments: they served as a sort of training-school for learning the trade of war.

I often wondered that we correspondents in the field got anything correct. What we were told here, was flatly contradicted there: those who called themselves the heroes of the day were pronounced by others incapables; and so the story continued. We could not be ubiquitous; and yet we learned, after a while, to weigh evidence and to determine probabilities. The facilities for writing were frequently of the worst. Immediately after a battle, everything was in confusion, and accurate intelligence was next to impossible. Our accounts were often prepared on our knees, on boxes of coffins, against the trunks of trees. I thought not seldom that I would rather wield a sword than a pen. With the former, when the fighting was over, one could rest. With the latter, one's hardest work would then begin. Fighting and writing seem to me equally unnatural.

After the fall of Donelson—we correspondents, having neither tents nor provisions there, had nearly frozen and starved—I wrote my description of the siege on one of the transports on the Cumberland that left there for Cairo. The boat, crowded with Confederate officers as prisoners, was like Babel. We started early in the evening; my eyes were exceedingly inflamed from the explosion of a box of cartridges, two or three days before, and I was nearly blind. I toiled until after sunrise at my manuscript by the light of a smoking kerosene lamp, and felt the ordinary delights of composition to be thus enhanced. But I finished my letter, posted it at Cairo, and then attended to my injured eyes.

The longest stretch of labor I have performed was during the war. After our occupation of Memphis, I repeatedly reached there with important intelligence from the front, and would go aboard the steamboat for Cairo to write it up. The boat would leave at 5 P.M., and get to its destination about 11 P.M. the next night. The thirty hours I would spend entirely in writing, except perhaps half an hour in all, bolting some food. I do not speak of the quality of the work,—it could scarcely have been worse,—but refer to it as an example of the protracted industry required at times by military correspondence. I never felt in the least tired after completing my task: I should not be willing to say as much for those who tried to read it. I never wrote any battle-account that was even tolerable. I had hoped after two years to make amends for my delinquency; but the water-batteries at Vicksburg prevented me from probable self-disappointment.

The book (my first) I prepared, after getting out of prison, "Four Years in Secessia," was partially made up of newspaper letters. It was finished in a fortnight, and was what might have been expected from the undue haste. The material, I think, was good; but the treatment was wholly inadequate. I had no idea of making it, and should not have made it, if a Hartford subscription publisher had not urged me into signing a contract, which I then felt bound to execute. I have long been convinced that writing is one of the poorest ways of earning money. But the three thousand dollars received for that volume was a prodigal compensation.

I lectured somewhat on my experience in the field and in prison, at the close of the war, and found it diverting. But even then I had not grown practical. So many more persons "borrowed" money of me, on the ground of having heard my discourses (I felt that they deserved pecuniary reward, if they had really listened to them), than my audiences contained, that I was obliged to relinquish lecturing from decreased income. Lecturing proved, all things considered, more unprofitable than any form of manuscript-making.

Since the war, I have been a general writer, having contributed to nearly every newspaper and periodical in the Republic of good reputation that has anything to pay. I have become altogether practical; money being the sole excuse, to my mind, that any one can offer for wasting ink. Money is an actual test of popular acceptability. Nobody will pay for a thing which he does not find marketable. So long as you can command a price, you can be sure of having readers, though

you may not be able to imagine who they are. Money is a kind of comfort to your self-love. It is the final argument in favor of what is called, in the scribbling guild, availability.

Since arriving at what I regard as mental maturity, my chief inducement to write has been pecuniary. I do not think the reward has been at all equal to the labor—not that I attach any consequence to my manuscripts, but because I believe almost any manuscript worth far more than is paid for it. He who is trained, or trains himself, to write acceptably is obliged to pay a good price for his training. As time is money, in this commercial age, the leisure that one must allow for culture should be regarded as an expense, which it really is. Every man who has acquired the art of writing nice English may justly make large charges to his art. Goethe told Eckermann that every witticism of his had cost him a purse of gold. Generally, the poorest kind of writing, as is notorious, gets the highest reward, and the best kind the smallest. All professional scribes, dependent on their labor, are compelled to do a great deal in which they feel no intellectual interest. It may be, probably is, honest enough; but it is below their standard: they are forced to descend in order to meet their daily wants.

Little as is my natural liking for the ordinary pursuits of my trade, there are themes I might be glad to attempt, if I believed that they would be favorably regarded by publishers. I am entirely aware that I should get no equivalent recompense of a financial character. No man of experience would expect that. Writing into which one puts his best mind, his sincerest heart, never can earn indemnity. But it would not, in all probability, be printed, unless the author should print it himself, which he could ill afford. Very few authors of the non-independent class will undertake what they doubt they can have published. Many of the freshest, most original articles and books, in my opinion, remain in embryo, because the chance of their birth is so slender. Publishers in general are exceedingly conservative—no blame to them therefor—and this is a very conventional country. What seems startling in print is often commonplace in conversation. There has scarcely been a time when the difference between esoteric and exoteric doctrines has been more clearly defined. The world of print is fully a generation behind the world of private speech.

To adopt writing as a trade seems to me a serious mistake for most men. For me it was a stupendous blunder. If I had had the rarest genius, I should not, constituted as I am, have gained any special reputation. I lack enterprise, industry, hopefulness, ambition. I might have thought more about writing; but I should not have done much. Egotism is inseparable from the presentation of experience. I would rather be what I am, and preserve the most modest independence, than possess great gifts, with exalted fame, and yet be incapable of living without incurring debt. Life, thus far, has taught me the absolute need of practicality.

Junius Henri Browne.

ZOBEIDE, THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

I DON'T pretend to account for it, you know, or to offer any excuses such as inherent madness, or taint in the blood, but I simply say —as I would that I have a lock of gray hair in a bad place on my head and a mole on my neck—that I am irresistibly drawn toward tropical snakes and have a leaning in the direction of fakirs and jugglers. My friend Harcourt is as much drawn the other way, but I swear I had no notion of the probable effect on him the day I drew him into a little cross-street or court, where a number of very fat, well-preserved boas were lolling in the pleasant obscurity of a dark glass case on a pile of semi-white blankets.

Harcourt, something of a dreamer generally, followed me in my searchings after wonders, as amiably as a collie, with only an understanding in a tacit sort of way that I was not to introduce him to women who would fancy it an incumbent benevolence to pull him *out* and make him talk.

I hardly think he knew where we were until I forcibly plucked him in out of the unrestricted glare of a July day to the gaudily-papered passage-way to the museum.

"Harcourt, I have some lovely specimens to show you,—mottled boas and cobras, and an awfully swell kind of snake-charmer done up in the true Oriental flimsies,—red coif, bracelets of sequins, bare ankles, and all that. The Rajah is a snake you should know. Upon my life, I think he begins to know *me*."

With the best intentions in the world, I gave Harcourt a little push, and he stumbled against the cage with a dull thump on the glass which roused "Rajah," and, rearing his head very sensibly, he gazed straight into our eyes. As pale and limp as a live man could ever become, my friend shrank back and seemed suddenly bereft of his legs. I steadied him up, and really thought on the moment that the ministerial Harcourt had imbibed an extra glass of some spirited American drink. He asked me to take him in the air. He was pitiably weak, and as ghastly as if he had seen his grandmother's ghost in a camera obscura.

The strong, rollicking breeze brought him round, and almost quite himself he led the way to one of the little wayside parks so refreshingly frequent in the large cities of this country.

He laid his hat on the park seat and nervously wiped his forehead, while I tried to entice a pigeon from the gravel without plum-cake, seeming not to notice his strange agitation.

He reverted to the affair uppermost in my mind himself in his painfully straightforward way:

"Don't laugh, Strahan, when I tell you that I am the slave to an all-pervading dominant horror. I cannot look at snakes, although once I really believed that Nature intended to inspire admiration in making a brown-and-green boa. And women of the tropics were once my

adoration, with their brown velvety skins, black eyes, and graceful movements." He shuddered. "Now I can never see the one without being reminded of the other. In fact, I think there has been a sort of sympathy between women and snakes since the conquest of Eve by the Serpent. Both are fascinating. The serpent fastens you with its gaze like a woman; the woman stings you to death like the snake. Let me tell you my story. Perhaps then you may find some excuse for me, and tolerance of something which is not superstition, heaven knows!"

I could not think of anything to say, so I said nothing.

Harcourt, as I have explained, was painfully direct. I do not like verbiage, but I shun a man generally who dives headlong into a thing and drags you with him. Yet I liked Harcourt, as we sometimes do a chap who we fancy has suffered his full measure.

"There are pages in my life, Strahan, which you do not know; but you do know that I was one of Her Majesty's Foot Guards in India, and that I sold my commission on account of fever to De Land, of the Hawkhurst Blues, and left before my time. I was a wild fellow in those days. A few hours before my departure, while returning from a tiger-hunt in which I and my followers were shamefully outwitted, I ran across the tent of a snake-charmer,—a villanously dirty old Hindoo, who with horrible yells and imprecations made the twilight hideous by cudgelling his daughter, as he swore she was, while she asseverated, with lifted arm to 'Allah,' that she was simply his slave. I interfered, of course. We had a free fight, leaving the old fakir *hors de combat*, and I bore off the child Zobeide,—one of the loveliest creatures even then that I had ever seen, and as wild as a hawk.

"It was lucky that I had been fully prepared to quit the country. As it *was*, the boys of my mess begged me to have nothing to do with Parsee, Hindoo, or Arab women,—to leave this dark-eyed houri behind. Seeing me obdurate, Captain Bellamy said,—

"'Do as you will, Harcourt; but you may regret the day you did so foolish a thing. Kindly remember that I warned you.'

"And how often I have!

"But then—it was with a glow of exultation I admitted to myself the entire ownership of anything so untainted and so beautiful as Zobeide. She was as delicious to my senses as a pomegranate-blossom, and was gratitude itself. Poor, starved, unloved little thing! She twined about me like a vine." Again that convulsive shudder.

"You recognize the old routine,—the manner of disposing of such cases? My maiden aunt declared it scandalous, but consented to chaperon my *protégée*. Into her hands I gave Zobeide for a year, stipulating that she be taught all Christian graces. And so I left her to tapestries, French verbs, and the piano.

"I confess I thought very little about her. The only life between me and my estates was severed by the death, while hunting, of my cousin, the young Earl of Favisham, and I was brought to realize my position by my solicitor. I could give my wife a position which would seem desirable in English eyes; I entertained some extravagant notions about the new life at the Hall and the new Lady Favisham whom I would introduce to my people. The most dazzling beauty on the walls

of the old picture-gallery would, I felt, pale beside the charms of the last Lady Harcourt, Countess of Favisham.

"Yet how shall I describe my first meeting with her? I heard her light foot in the corridor, and the rustle of her silken gown. The morning sunshine flooded the room, the odor of roses from their tall green vases for a moment turned me faint. Was it a fancy that the old musty incense of the jungle where the boa lies coiled entered the room with her, emitted by her white garments?

"She glided toward me, scarcely making a sound, and my senses seemed bound by a spell.

"There were no forbidding airs of *hauteur*. She coiled her arms about me, and slid her dusky cheek along until it lay against mine; yet it was cool!

"I was very nearly overcome when my aunt entered the room, bringing a current of fresh air with her. 'Is she not lovely, your little Indian savage?' pointing to Zobeide, who seemed to drift—not walk—over the floor to the piano, from which she evoked such quaint minor chords that I begged her to come and talk to me instead of playing.

"From that hour my soul passed out of my body to the keeping of this girl. She spoke to me caressingly, soothingly, as a child. When wearied of my cravings for her kisses and caresses, she would shut herself up for hours in her own apartments, or would gallop away over the downs on her black horse Selim, an Arabian I had given her.

"We had married in London one day, and began life in an irresponsible, un-English way, as my aunt had said. But we were always together. If we gave no balls, that was a mere matter of taste. I had once had a passion for such diversions, but it had died in me, as had most passions except for my child-wife. Zobeide seemed to revel in the county ball at first, and to gloat on the homage and admiration she received. But very soon she tired of that sort of thing, and even of her rides with Selim, the great splendid rooms, the library and the picture-gallery, the lakes, the swans, and the elm-shaded avenues, with snowy statues gleaming ghostly in the moonlight.

"She had wearied of the homage of men, and the envious amazement of women awe-struck by her beauty, long ago. She locked herself up more often in her own wing, and always laughingly refused to admit me. I cannot see why I did not marvel at this, but this was no more strange than that I gave up hunting, which had been a passionate fancy of mine before. My aunt had laid her hand on my brow, saying,—

"'How changed you are, Henry!'

"'Nonsense!' I had replied. 'It is you who are altered. Where is Zobeide?'

"'Always that question!' she murmured, in a tone of distress.

"Once she pulled me into her own chamber, saying, in a way calculated to startle me,—but it did not,—

"'My dear boy, I want to speak to you. I must speak now with you. Why do you allow Lady Favisham to amuse herself daily with a brood of detestable snakes?'

"'Does she?' I asked, listlessly. 'My good soul, why should I

interfere if the child really does amuse herself? Don't worry about Zobeide, dear: *I* don't!'

"'No, poor boy! I wish you *did!*'

"Strange! I passed this conversation off as if it had related to the flannels of the rheumatic tenants. Yet ordinarily I should have been paralyzed with horror at the idea of my wife juggling with snakes. It sets my teeth on edge now only to think of it, and it would have made my hair stand on end had I been in my right mind.

"I was insane all that horrible summer when a snake-charmer ruled at Favisham Hall, the seat of a loyal and hot-blooded race, of which I was the last and the least worthy.

"Yet any one who knew Lady Harcourt at that time would not have wondered at her autocracy, I am sure. Even the servants were tinctured with the poisonous atmosphere, and only my aunt, who constantly went abroad, was able to shake off the leaden pall which had settled down upon us at the Hall.

"Suddenly, in obedience to the wishes of my physician, I made ready to run over to my shooting-box in Scotland. I was stubbornly firm about taking my wife with me, although she demurred and even wept when I presented the tour to her. I carried my point, and we were away just ten days.

"Lady Harcourt stipulated that her wing of the Hall was to remain undisturbed during her absence. But she expected fully to be back within a week. My aunt had gone to Rugby.

"I will try to describe our coming home as intelligently as possible.

"I had noticed with wonderful elation that my head was clear and my whole mind more coherent during our absence, as if some terrible influence had been wanting to sway and blacken my life.

"On the contrary, my wife, although so young and lovely, with all the world to fall at her feet, seemed strangely ill at ease during our trip, and grew so nervous nearing home that she actually leaped from the carriage as it drew up before the Hall. She had coiled herself up in it without a word, although I talked incessantly of the rains and the hops.

"Perkins, the butler, gravely met us, saying, 'Dinner waits, my lord,' like a theatrical call-boy. But my wife sprang out and rushed off to her own apartments with her wraps on her arms, humming a little strain of a Hindoo song which she knew made me particularly unhappy.

"I threw myself in a deep chair and broke the seal of two or three letters, running over their contents in the great banquet-room, where the tall wax lights flared in their sconces, trying to be patient until Lady Harcourt came. The flowers wilted in their blue-and-gold vases, the clock ticked on ominously; still Lady Harcourt did not appear. I think a sort of paralysis must have seized me; yet I remember that I felt satisfied that the end had come. I knew by some strange foresight that the curtain had fallen on the tragic little comedy I had played at the old Hall, with the woman who society had declared would one day shock or startle every one. I knew that I should never lift my head again to find her great black eyes glowing from behind the tea-urn. I had not been unhappy with Zobeide, but I question that I was in a

state to know the quality of the happiness she gave me. I had grown to think the thoughts she gave me: that was all.

"I simply told Céleste, my lady's maid, that I would go to her apartments; but Céleste, with the desire probably to save me a detested sight, ran up the polished stairs, her little slippers making a loud noise in the silent house.

"With a shriek Céleste staggered half-way down the stairs, her face like chalk, her eyes wildly staring.

"'Oh, monsieur! don't go in, if you value your life!'

"I pushed her aside, and entered Lady Harcourt's boudoir, hung with the pale-green silk curtains she had chosen because it would remind her of the jungle where we first met. The old overpowering indefinable odor met me at the threshold, but I stepped across her tiger-skin rug and felt every vein in my body congealing with horror.

"My wife's little gray silk bonnet and scarf lay on the floor near the sofa where she reclined, her hair, unbound, streaming in disorder over the mossy green carpet. She was quite dead, but had perhaps breathed her last only a moment before I found her.

"On the bosom which had pillowed my head so often lay the head of a monster boa. His loathsome body wrapped tightly about the luckless girl had squeezed her to death. In a fervor of gladness over her return or madness from hunger, he had killed the woman who fondled him when not with me.

"I managed to retain my senses somehow, and left the room, so permeated with poison. Down-stairs once more, I breathed freer than for many days. I leaned out of the window and looked at the old stars which had twinkled through every hour of my miserable misspent life. I realized all at once how base and inactive I had become, a dreamer; but was I to blame?

"The old butler kindly led me to my room, begging me to drink of the glass he forced to my lips, saying that all should be done well.

"I drank, and, throwing myself on the bed, I lost my mind in a dreary and dreadful maze which melted into a long sleep. I knew in that sleep that the python had been strangled and the rumor given forth that Lady Harcourt had fallen dead from heart-disease.

"The end of it all came, of course, and I went through it properly, I heard afterwards; but I think my body had acted without soul for once.

"I went to Switzerland,—a place happily free from snakes, where I recovered my old mental poise, and got back to a point where I could reflect upon all that fearful time which had seemed a sort of heaven to me while it lasted,—my strange irresponsible life with Zobeide, a charmer of serpents, a ruler of men!

"Now you know, Strahan, why I do not care to look on such sights. It unnerves me to look on a boa more than to meet a wild beast face to face. Don't laugh."

Laugh! I was never further from it at any moment of my life!

Harcourt's experience only strengthened me in my theory about the sympathy between snakes and—some people. It is always a woman who charms snakes, you know; never a man. I wonder why?

Annie Robertson Noxon.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A WOOD-ENGRAVER.

ONE day during recess instead of going out to play with the other boys I took a piece of chalk and slowly made a drawing of an Oriental head on the blackboard, representing one of Joseph's brethren as he might have looked after the sale of his innocent brother. When the teacher returned and saw the sketch, she was as startled as though the villain had appeared through the blackboard. On being questioned, I confessed, and was reassured when the teacher praised my work, saying that the school would have to get me to make pictures for them.

A school-mate with whom I was intimate had a little book only two inches square, but containing one hundred pages, and on each page was a tiny picture, of animal, bird, boy, or girl. I was seized by an ambition to emulate his success among the boys, but, I fear, more in regard to the number than the quality of the designs. One day the family doctor saw me drawing a bird,—a blackbird, I told him, for it would be black when finished,—and when he said he could not do this himself without tracing on the window-pane, I felt I was quite an artist. The next year at school I made a large landscape, copy of an "Otis;" and when the principal told me it was the best in the class, my head was so turned that I went on sketching-expeditions and thought I exhausted nature for miles around. I was then about twelve years old.

My ideas ran in grooves: sometimes I would have a book full of artistic pig-pens, next queer old stumps, then tumble-down sheds, fences, and so on.

Afterwards I copied from Otis's book various eyes, noses, mouths, and ears. The servant-girl, being asked what they were, replied, "Leetle pigs!"

I was such a strict adherent to nature that I was once found in tears because the wind blew the trees so hard that I could not draw the landscape accurately.

By this time I thought the art-possibilities of western New York were about exhausted, and I longed to do for the city in the same summary manner. To my great joy, my brother, who kept a large engraving establishment in New York, and who had been pleased with some of my drawings, sent for me.

If I was willing to run errands the first year, my brother's partner would consent to give me a dollar and a half a week. These were liberal terms, for most apprentices paid quite a sum the first year. The city was fairy-land to me. How I liked the hot odor of decaying garbage in Fulton Street! Nothing like that in the country. I made frequent tours of the picture-stores, until the clerks all knew me, and appeared to watch me as though I had been employed by some picture-thief. I set myself up for an art critic; but after all these years I have now learned how little I know of art.

After a series of drawing-lessons, I was presented with a sand-bag, eye-glass and standard, and a set of tools. Then I began to cut lines.

They were not intentionally crooked, but my tool persisted in going on lateral excursions. It would slyly work itself away from the preceding line, as if scorning its company forever; then, to my surprise, it would suddenly fetch up with it again on the most intimate relations. But I soon learned its tricks, and, being determined, I would drive it slowly, very slowly, just where I wanted it to go. I was told that no apprentice ever did so well before. I got proud, and longed for the time when I might have fifty tools to keep in rows, like the other men.

Among the men those whom I can recall are Johnson, with large sleepy eyes and slow of movement, like a cow; Jo, who often got money from his father and treated me to pie, and who when he cut off a lady's nose said, presenting his block, "Mr. W., I just grazed that a little;" tall Aleck, who had a big brother in the navy, got shampooed every few days, and swelled over me with odd nautical terms; Hank, known to be a coward, proved so one day, when a fire-cracker was exploded in the stove and he jumped and ran half-way down-stairs; Mr. Mix, the artist, a mild and quiet man, who walked as if on eggs, and carried his head on one side, as though it would be a bold proceeding to hold it straight up; and, to cut the list short, Cal., who was a bright, cheerful little gentleman, as we shall see.

On the first floor was Ryder's hat-store, and above our floor the hatters made and kept stock. Their man Mike flitted up and down between the two stories. I don't know who started it, but one might hear any day, "Mike, Mike, strike a light, in the middle of the night, baby got the colic." This made Mike hate every one on our floor. Near the corner where Cal. sat ran the speaking-tube that called Mike to duty. Through a convenient hole in the tube Cal. soon made the poor man's duties too heavy to be borne. We could hear Mike tearing up and down stairs, grumbling and swearing. At last some one injudiciously called upon Mike to strike a light, etc., when the mystery was stopped, with the hole in the pipe.

I had drawn and engraved a little cut two inches square, but had not taken any proof of it. After an absence of a week I returned to the office one morning, and my brother called me to him. I expected a lecture, as usual, about some trifling matter; but he surprised me by saying, "It's capital!" and he brought out my tiny picture, which in his impatience he had proved for me. He showed me all of its excellent points, none of which I had ever seen for myself, and said, "I haven't a man in the place who could draw and engrave this as well as you have done." He sent proofs of it around to the different engravers, and I soon got sick of the praise, which I thought was too cheap, because I was not conscious of having made any great effort.

I remember one afternoon we young fellows had a game of toss-bag, four of us forming a square and starting four sand-bags on the rounds, making such lively work that in a short time we broke about twenty panes of glass from the four windows in the rear, besides losing a couple of bags that went through the skylight below and set Ryder's book-keeper palpitating.

Hard times came. The firm exploded, and I was landed at a new place in Beekman Street; and although my employer could not give

me anything better than "Ledger" cuts to do, I found him so kind and indulgent that it was a pleasure to work hard for him. I usually worked four or five nights in the week; and often the artist would be so tardy with his designs that it was no uncommon thing to work nearly all night without losing any time in the day. When Mr. Bowbeat put a block in my hands with the words "Must be done Thursday noon," he knew I would hand it to him finished at the hour of twelve on that day. The others thought it very foolish of me to do so much work for so little pay, but I always replied that bigger pay would follow when it was known what I could do. I bore their sneers patiently, and it was not long before Mr. Bowbeat said to me, "John, for all overwork I will pay you double what I am giving the other boys." I have always found that the strictest attention to my employer's interests has been liberally rewarded; and I may as well say here that to balance the previous night-work I was given two afternoons each week for play, and that if I was at all ill—as was often the case from such abuse of my strength—I was kindly sent home to get well. Besides many kindnesses, in my third year of apprenticeship Mr. Bowbeat took me into his office mysteriously one day and seriously made me an offer of partnership, to be consummated before long.

Though an engraving establishment usually seems a very dull place, with its occupants apparently asleep with glasses to their eyes, ours was really more lively than appearances would indicate. Cal., who was transferred about the time I was, was the moving spirit, and, whatever he lacked in artistic advancement, developed in mischief and mechanical inventiveness.

Charles, the office-boy, was principally noted for his rapid growth. Anybody found to be an eighth of an inch shorter than himself was simply going to the dogs fast. Nearly every morning when he came in his first duty was to back up against the wall for measurement, and he always wanted to drag us up in a row, where now and then we solemnly stood while he announced the melancholy fact of a serious shortage in our stature, whence he would draw the most dubious conclusions as to our future. He could not keep the secret to himself that he expected his inclinations towards art would soon send him away ahead of the best in the office. When he had been there a week he said he had imagined it a very difficult business to acquire, but that now he thought it ever so easy. After some years he had not engraved anything fit for publication.

Tom was a worthy young Scotchman. We liked Tom. But he worked nights so much he could scarcely keep awake in the daytime, and sometimes would be found fast asleep, his head on his sand-bag, but his tool in proper position. Whenever his head dropped off with a thump he would suddenly brace up, and, like Bob Cratchit, industriously try to overtake the previous hours. Cal. would annoy Tom, when he had a hurry block, by snoring in imitation of him and whispering, "Wake up, Tom, or you won't get that block done on time." Then Mr. Bowbeat would trot to the little window between the offices, to peep at Tom, who would be smilingly scauping away on his block. Tom was carefully training a pair of promising side-whiskers, for

whose reputation he was very solicitous. One Sunday morning Tom and I went to Plymouth Church. As the sermon was a powerful one, I wondered what induced Tom to indulge his office propensity, but he did go to sleep. Suddenly he started, much as if his head had dropped from his sand-bag, leered at me with blood-shot eyes, leaned over, and, caressing his hirsute pets, said, "I say, John, do you really think these will ever come to anything?"

We had a provoking character in the place, by the name of Swallin, a thin-faced, sallow-skinned, dark eyed, and dark-haired fellow of forty, who ignored everybody, and never returned a greeting, nor answered a business question unless it was in a case of absolute necessity. He worked in the office every evening till the City Hall bell struck nine, and it often happened when he returned from the restaurant at six o'clock to begin the night's work that he would find the younger boys had played some trick on him. The janitor told us he nearly died of cayenne pepper one night. He was troubled with cold feet, and in winter kept them on a soft mat beneath his desk. One cold morning I observed he made very frequent visits to the stove, uttering mysterious words to himself, poking the fire, and keeping his toes at the hottest part. Of course I was expected to enjoy the occasion when told that the mat was soaking wet. Another morning, hearing his steps on the stair, Charles lighted a quantity of vile oil-rags beneath a box under his table. When he sat down we all waited with an exaggerated aspect of innocence. Fine blue threads of effluvia rose almost invisibly to his fastidious nostrils as he patiently applied his tools to an artistic party of Indians tomahawking and scalping beautiful Ledger maidens. We began to tingle with ecstasy when we saw he detected something out of order with his immediate atmosphere. And we were fairly convulsed when he humbled himself to rout out the offence and consign it to the stove. One day Cal. had a little toy resembling a tea-kettle with a peculiar spout, which he rigged up on wire, heating the water within by a wax taper beneath, when the steam rushing out would cause it to spin swiftly. His idea was to add to the mechanism until he had a miniature machine-shop; but one day the arrangement came to a violent termination by an explosion that sent fragments in every direction. It so chanced that the largest piece struck Swallin a stinging blow on the cheek. It was the only time we ever saw him exhibit much vitality. He sprang to his feet, his indolent eyes sparkling with the dark anger behind them, like the tinsel in a sugar cigar, and exclaimed, "Calvin, what the devil *are* you about!" But Cal. was hardly less surprised himself, for his nose had had a narrow escape, as the blood on it showed.

The next morning on coming to the office Swallin found his chair fastened back to back to the chair of another engraver, who would not assist him in divorcing the couple, but cautioned Swallin to be very careful and not joggle him at his work, as he was on a very particular part and it was in a hurry. We never saw Swallin show more patience than he did in cutting and undoing the interminable maze of bonds till he came to the wires, which long resisted, when he began to stamp about and bite his fingers, offering very liberal rewards to learn who had played

the trick. But that was difficult among such an innocent lot. We kept him in a continual state of nervousness, which would have ceased had he offered us one civil word.

Mr. "B.," as he was always called, was a good-hearted, deaf old bachelor, and we liked him very much, in spite of his eccentricities. He worked a few hours a day on the cheapest kind of physiological cuts, and we thought the different portions of the human system must be interchangeable, they looked so much alike. The brains and bowels, the lungs and kidneys, might have swapped offices. But we were sure nobody had anything like them inside, excepting Swallin. In addition to his duties as book-keeper and cashier, Mr. "B." was a professional pipe-smoker, and, laying aside his tool, he would make his room blue with a dense cloud, substantial enough to support all the castles he seemed always building. Suddenly he would be aroused from his revery by a little old man with scraggy gray hair, crooked nose, distorted mouth, queer legs, and large boots turned up in front like skates, carrying in each hand a two-gallon jug, that seemed to bend his legs. Mr. "B." made and sold Worcestershire sauce, and always kept a supply of some dozens of jugs in his room. The queer old man said, "Morn'n'," and Mr. "B." said, "Fine day." (He always greeted us with "Fine day," no matter what the weather outside.) Then they both made strange noises through their noses, like the snort of a frightened horse. The queer legs skated across the floor, and the crooked mouth said, very loudly, "Hi'll take choo, now, Hi'll take choo," and the little old man would hold up two stubby fingers to indicate the number of gallons. After his wants were supplied he skated off to the various restaurants. But he always came and went in the same manner, and always did and said the same things. It would be wearisome to detail the various expedients we resorted to to lubricate the balance-wheel of tedious labor.

But the war came. I dropped my tool and shouldered a musket. I marched and fought and bled in a way that now might seem all a dream but for a severe wound that cut short my military career at the battle of Antietam. For nine months in the hospitals of Red Springs, Smoketown, and Frederick, in Maryland, I suffered almost beyond endurance from a wound that no surgeon has even to this day encouraged me to think I could much longer survive.

After six months I began to carve ornaments. Propped about with nineteen pillows and pads of all sorts, though I could move only my hands very carefully, there, lying upon my back, I would grit my teeth, while with an old penknife I carved picture-frames of walnut from Antietam, rings and pen-racks of laurel-root from South Mountain, and pipes of the mulberry-tree of Newport News, under which Cornwallis surrendered his Yorktown army.

It was years before I was enabled to set up my engraving apparatus and recommence work. By the half-hour at a time I sought to do a little,—to make a trifling progress in my art. But what could it be, when every pick was pain and every line agony? For more than ten years insomnia induced by suffering turned for me night into day and day into an excruciating bondage. But, whatever of heart-wrung an-

guish or despondency I felt or succumbed to in the loneliness of my own room (when my frequent cry for deliverance was unheeded), no human being, save only a wife of almost superhuman devotion, ever saw me give way or bear my sufferings with less than a fortitude schooled by long and constant trial. But, on the other hand, I was always ready to listen sympathetically to a friend's half-hour toothache or headache. Hours upon hours, weeks, months, and years together, my wife read and re-read over and over again nearly all the long nights through the works of Scott and Dickens, with many others, and under this stimulus I kept at work (my sweet heaven, what a task!), and not only maintained my independence, but could give to help others.

For twenty-four years scarcely a moment have I been free from pain. I fear, however, that this portion of my experience has so little of the artistic about it that it may be regarded as a digression rather than the part most deeply engraven into my life. Some of my best work has been done when my sufferings were most acute.

There has been much controversy over the so-called "new school" of wood-engraving, W. J. Linton taking the lead in opposition. He started with a misunderstanding of the aims of the new school, confounding the erratic experiments of a few of its most promising adherents with the general progress of the main body, and they in turn attributed his gratuitous lectures to envy or other motives. Both were wrong. Linton is an artist with the graver, but he will not do similar justice to any one deviating from his methods, going so far as to deny that some of the new experimenters are wood-engravers at all. His strictures were serviceable in stirring up the art, that the faulty and meretricious might be skimmed off. He advocated pure line, and yet maintained that the proper texture should be preserved. Yet upon looking over his work I find the same kind of line on rocks, trees, clothing, water, and so forth. In consequence of his methods, it is generally believed that when he has finished an engraving it represents himself only: the artist has been cut down and out to the arbitrary requirements of the artistic laws laid down by W. J. L.

The true aim of the new school was as far as possible to reproduce the artist's intention. Mr. Linton would engrave a design in oil, ink, charcoal, or guache with lines of similar character, so that no one would be able to distinguish which of those mediums had been employed. A reproduction should bear sufficient characteristics of the original to show what material the artist had employed to convey his impressions to the public. I belong to no "school," though Mr. Linton has kindly put me before the public as having done "the lowest thing in art" (referring to my fac-simile of Whistler's etching called "Io"), while acknowledging "it is wonderfully like the original." It was only an experiment, but I accomplished what I aimed at, and it stands alone in the world as the perfection of its kind. I have done much similar work, and, whatever others *may* be able to do, no one in the States or on the continent has done anything of the kind to equal them. I may be pardoned the insertion of one testimonial out of the many I have received from artists at home and abroad. In regard to my fac-simile of Seymour Haden's etching,

"Breaking up of the Old Agamemnon," that artist wrote me, "Your reproduction is a more wonderful performance than the original etching." He was scarcely one day making the etching on the copper, but I was about three weeks putting it on wood.

Any one might tell Mr. Linton that it is hardly worth his while to characterize efforts he could never equal himself as "the lowest things in art," so long as he is guilty of publishing such work as his portraits of "Some French Republicans" in the *Century Magazine*, of which it is charitable to say they are outside the pale of art altogether. As I heard an engraver remark, "I could fasten a block against the wall and throw tools at it in the dark and do better than that." He uses the fewest lines possible, so that much of his work looks coarse and cheap, such as would never be accepted from my hands, though the errors of his tool often show the master-hand, and the critical eye can detect how skilfully he ruins most of his blocks.

I am an advocate of pure line, believing it has great use and power in assisting color, form, technique, and perspective, but I cannot see that any devotee of pure line has the right to seize by the collar as counterfeiter any faculty that inclines to the reproduction of water-color, etching, or charcoal effects. I know the latter is not art *per se*, but they may be combined with very good art for all that. There may be much art talent exhibited in engraving a picture that has originally no artistic merit at all. There may not be much beauty in the eccentricities of a bashful old bachelor trying to win the affections of a smart widow, but an actor might infuse great artistic beauty in the reproduction of such a character. The engraver is a translator, conveying to the public in his own manner a correct interpretation of the original. Why should an engraver give to the public the effect of a wash drawing when the original is pen or charcoal? Let us be honest and give everything after its kind.

My parting words may be that my ambition to possess fifty beautiful tools in rows has vanished, and that all my work is now done with one very homely-looking square tool.

J. H. E. Whitney.

A SUMMER'S RECKONING.

LOOKING back on what to me was dearest
  In the year which now is taking flight,
Once again I fancy you are with me
  In the splendor of that August night,

With the gray rocks rising up around us
  Stretching giant arms on either side,
And the starry silence of the heavens
  Sweeping downward to the restless tide.

Would that I had died that happy evening,
  Ere your arms unclasped their strong embrace,—
Died—before your lips had spoken coldly,
  Or the love had faded from your face!

I can feel you clasp my cloak around me,
  Looking deep into my eyes the while:
How, when in your heart you meant to leave me,
  Could you look with such a tender smile?

Yet I would not change a single moment
  Of that blessed summer by the sea,
Not to know my future should be cloudless,
  Not if you were given back to me.

In your eyes the old love might not linger,
  In your heart the old trust might not stir:
Time, that changes all men, O my darling,
  May have made you other than you were!

So I go alone to face the future,
  Only hoping we may meet at last;
For my trust is all in what is over,
  And my faith is given to the past.

H. W. F.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THERE is no subject before the public to-day more depressing in all its aspects, or better calculated to excite a contemptuous disbelief in the philanthropic tendencies of the nineteenth century, than that of woman-labor. No one who has read "The Children of Gibeon" or "Prisoners of Poverty" will be likely to rise from the perusal with a feeling of exhilaration, or find therein the slightest encouragement for optimistic views of the future as it looms before the feminine portion of the working-world. And yet the old adage, "the devil is not so black as he is painted," never had greater applicability than to this very matter. We cry out on the selfishness of the age, the sluggishness of Christianity, the inadequacy of all the proposed methods of relief, and stand bewildered, if not confounded, at the depth and extent of the evils which we do not know how to extirpate. To add to our confusion, we eliminate the spirit of enthusiasm and of hope from the discussion, and, thus shorn of our strength, we sit blindly grinding, like Samson at the mills of Gaza. The writer—a worker who has had ample opportunity for observation, and who has experienced in person much of the suffering so bitterly and so pathetically set forth by recent literature—has been "moved," in Quaker parlance, to record one fact hitherto unregarded and, apparently, unnoted. That fact was elicited in the course of constant business relations with the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of American working-

men. The unanimity of testimony, often unconsciously given, was one of its most remarkable features. That such women entered the factory doors at all was, generally speaking, because "he" had fallen upon evil days, low wages, loss of work or of time. Following this statement was almost invariably another, containing the gist of the fact to which allusion has been made,—viz., "He hates so to have me do this work!"—or, "He can't bear the idea that I must help!" And, in truth, this fractious "he" spoiled many a good hand. At the very earliest glimmering for him of a brighter dawn, away went the woman, sure of his summons to share it, and as certain to respond as the wild bird of the forest is quick to fly at the first love-call of its mate. The sneer in a recent novel that a girl "only takes up a trade until some fellow comes along and tells her to lay it down," embodies a truth for which God should be thanked. As yet greed has not yet spoiled her, nor the spirit of chivalry utterly died out of him and his race. The restiveness and discontent so widely manifested by workingmen throughout the land must ultimately find their adjustment, if for no other reason than that "upon justice the foundations of the earth are laid." Elevate his condition, give him good work and adequate pay, and he will see to it that his wife or mother keeps the house and his children go to school. This is an effective, because perfectly natural, method of relief for the overstocked market where women and children compete. Pending the settlement of the labor-question for men we have one powerful source of hope for the future, which, in spite of sinister and disheartening croakers, lies in the bent of the age. That it is, in the highest sense, chivalric, surely ought to be unquestionable. In the words of Isaac Taylor, "it is constantly at work, edging away oppression, and moving on towards the perfect triumph which avowedly it meditates,—that of removing from the earth every woe which the inconsideration or the selfishness or the malignancy of man inflicts upon his fellows." *C. L. Eckel.*

À propos of Federal aid to education and of the remark of one of the Southern Senators that there are already schools enough in his State, I am reminded of a certain little school-teacher in whom I was interested a few years ago. There are teachers and teachers, and I cannot help wondering how many may be found in that Southern State whose equipment is superior to that of Milly Graham.

Half of the winter visitors to Florida know "Aunt Eve," who has been time out of mind a sort of general factotum of one of the best-known resorts. It would never occur to the mind of the most daring hotel proprietor to discharge her. She seems to belong to the soil, by some principle of tenure known only to herself, and, whoever else may come or go, owners, managers, guests, or servants, Aunt Eve stays on, never demeaning herself to take wages, but simply claiming without discussion the right to her store-bill during the summer, and such clothing as she may need. Every year she grows more withered, her black skin more corrugated, her ear perhaps a little less responsive; but she loses neither vigor nor "faculty" nor that keenness of vision upon which she prides herself. "My daddy Injun: my sight keen,—*ke-en!*" is the formula with which she preliminaries her attacks upon heedless chambermaids, "no-'count gals," whom she may have caught tripping in the matter of dust or cobwebs.

It was Aunt Eve's daughter, pretty Milly Graham, whom I sent for one winter "up to Shad's," to be my little maid. Mother and daughter had not met since the bitter time, sixteen years before, when Aunt Eve, gathering together

her little flock of seven children, had started for the Union lines, stimulated by the vague rumor that "we niggers was free." They had suffered pains innumerable, from hunger and exposure, and the poor mother had at last been fain to leave her starving baby with a kind woman in some indeterminate place which she knew only as "up to Shads'," while she struggled on with the other six to "the river" and freedom.

Fortunately, some of the people of the neighborhood knew something more definite about the location of "Shads'," and I was able to gratify the mother's longing heart by sending for her "baby." The girl, when she came, was as unlike as possible to the little, withered, keen-eyed woman who was her mother. Tall and willowy, with clear olive-brown skin, soft wavy hair, large, pathetic, velvety brown eyes, and a voice as rich and soft as velvet, though she had been born a slave she was a lady in every motion, every attitude, every inflection of her voice. Education she had absolutely none. Who "Shads" were I knew nothing, except that they were cattle-graziers on rather a large scale for Florida; but there must have been some well-bred woman among them, for Milly's English was perfectly pure, and, beyond that lingering cadence which is peculiar to the voices of Southern women, there was not the slightest local indication in her speech. But the girl had been taught nothing. She could not read, she could not sew, she could do no household work; except riding bareback after the cattle, she had never done a useful thing, as far as I could learn.

Some things she learned very easily,—to make a bed, to put a room in nice order, to dress hair. This occupation she delighted in, and the soft touch of her taper fingers in one's hair was a real luxury. She was slow in learning to use a needle, and slower still in learning to read; but the greatest of all her trials was the daily walk in which I claimed her companionship. The sighs of the poor little amateur cow-boy as she plodded through the Florida sand were something piteous to hear, and after once seeing her catch a vagrant horse, and, leading him to a stump, spring upon his bare back and canter away, suddenly metamorphosed from her languid softness into a creature all life and fire, it did seem cruel to condemn her to the means of locomotion to which ordinary mortals are limited.

When I came away North in the spring, Milly had barely learned to read. I had never succeeded in awaking in her any desire for information or interest in books: she listened patiently when I read to her or told her stories, her pathetic eyes fixed wistfully on my face, and her bosom heaving with soft sighs of weariness, a gentle light of relief coming over her face when I had done. I was surprised enough when, on returning South in the autumn and asking for Milly, Aunt Eve told me that she was "gone up country for a teachah." She had taken to study during the summer, and, whatever progress she might have made unaided except by the colored preacher, who was, to be sure, a Hampton man, she had managed to get a situation in a public school.

She came home to her mother in the spring, the brief school year having closed. She was not quite as pretty as before; one felt an indescribable sense of loss, as when some beautiful wild creature has been tamed; and yet her eyes were as lustrous, her motions as lithe, her hands as delicate, and the lingering cadence of her voice had not been lost amid the harsh discords of the schoolroom. It was as much curiosity as any better motive which impelled me to examine into her acquirements. I really could not discover that she knew anything. She could read and perhaps write better for the year's additional practice,

and I suppose she had learned to find some places on the map. How she taught arithmetic must remain a mystery, for she certainly knew nothing of it. Yet I am not sure that her sweet manner, the soft inflections of her gentle voice, and the perfect purity of her English were not of better value to her pupils than anything a normal-school graduate could have taught them.

Milly taught for two or three years, and finally married a handsome, light-colored scamp, who made a business of fascination, and who had no other. Last winter I saw her again, after four years. Her husband had deserted her, and she had gone back to her mother with her child. The little girl in no respect resembles either her loving mother or her handsome ne'er-do-weel father, but has "reverted" to the strongly characteristic ugliness of her half-Indian grandmother. Perhaps it is just as well. I asked Milly why she did not go back to teaching, and she lifted her pathetic eyes—more pathetic now for the worn face in which they are framed—and said, with the soft lingering cadence of old, "I don't guess I know enough. I've forgotten all I used to know, and sometimes I almost think I never did know anything." Poor little Milly! L. S. H.

If you care to have the views of a practical engineer on the subject of "The Keely Motor Secret," I take pleasure in giving them to you, as follows:

I have seen Mr. Keely's motor in operation, and I am obliged to say as an engineer that in my judgment there is nothing particularly new in the entire subject. It is a reproduction of force by well-known means.

The shrouding of this Keely motor business in words and sentences void of rational meaning in order to surround the simplest facts with an air of mystery has been during the entire life of the undertaking one of the most amusing features of the scheme.

Boscovich's hypothesis of the constitution of matter, which may almost be considered the foundation of analytical mechanics, contains the very essence of the so-called Keely motor.

This motor is clearly nothing more nor less than the generation of an elastic condition of air, gas, or vapor produced by causing the molecules of the gas acted upon to vibrate violently in a containing vessel, and from thence it is allowed to escape in this strained condition in order to produce a development of power in any way that may be thought desirable.

The production of steam is a similar development of power,—viz.:

1. The vibration of water by means of a form of motion known as heat causes it to assume an elastic condition of vapor, and

2. The vibration of air, gas, or vapor by means of a form of motion known as sound causes it to assume an elastic condition.

There is not the slightest difference, scientifically speaking, in the two actions. Similar causes produce similar results.

The etheric vapor or ether, which is so much spoken of as a great discovery by Mr. Keely, was known and acknowledged before he was born. Unquestionably it pervades all space and all substances, and without its presence in space and matter the transmission of heat, light, sound, and electricity cannot be accounted for.

The old law of action and reaction being equal, contrary, and simultaneous is shown in the actual movement of Mr. Keely's motor, and were the law untrue, his machine, as I saw it, would remain perfectly stationary; neither does he produce something out of nothing, as stated by some of those interested with him, for

the very force employed to produce the sound which starts the action of his machine requires the consumption of some description of fuel, either animal, vegetable, or mineral, for its generation, and the resulting action of his engine is dependent upon an original expenditure of power.

Whether Mr. Keely can ever make a machine, upon the principle in question, which will be a practical and economical motor I have the gravest doubts, but it is time that those interested in his schemes should make themselves acquainted with the fundamental laws and facts of accepted physics, and they will then find that what they consider mysteries of inscrutable power are in plain English nothing more nor less than interesting experiments in acoustics and mechanics. *Russell Thayer.*

In reading the note of Robert Waters in which he wonders what there can be in the manufacture of literature to induce so many people in practical America to drudge away at so notoriously an ill-paid profession, it occurs to me that he has left out one not uncommon cause.

Years ago I had a boy friend with a face like an angel, and a poetic soul which I firmly believed would make him famous. (It hasn't yet, although, just out of Harvard as he is, it *has* brought him a call to a two-thousand-dollar-per-annum pastorate.) As a boy I looked up to him, admired him, and mourned that I could do nothing to make the world the better for my having lived in it. My friend wrote poetry which was printed. I saw it myself in type, and in the sight I also saw the first crevice of a rift which would surely grow into a crevasse between us if I did not succeed in struggling to his side. So I tried. With my trial I had still some discretion. I did not send it to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but to a local paper, and "saw myself in print."

Growing bolder, I tried the *Youth's Companion*, which not only accepted but paid for a number of my "poems," of one or two of which I always had a lurking suspicion that they were taken by way of encouragement, because they thought that better things might come by and by. I never saw them in print, at all events. I was not satisfied with that success: it did not reach my aim, for, like my friend, I still dreamed not of fame, but of doing a little good somewhere. Meanwhile, money gave out, physique would not admit of getting more for educational purposes, so my friend went to Harvard and I to business; and as I wondered what there was for me to do besides bread-winning, which was hard enough, I wrote, as an experiment, an article on natural history for boys. To my surprise, I received ten dollars for it. I wrote several more before it occurred to me that here was my field, that whatever good I was to do in the world was to be applied to the young world now in bud. So to that I turned my pen. How much I have done it is not for me to say. The childish letters which my first long serial brought out gave me more pleasure than any success I had yet achieved. It gave me more than the check did, for that was not only small, but the accompanying letter (which reached me when the story had nearly run its course) informed me that I had parted with the copyright, which I had not had the slightest idea of doing. (I believe as a book it was a juvenile success.)

Thus I found my life-work,—not how I could earn the most money or fame, but my "mission," which every man has, whether he regards or disregards it. Thus I work at my commercial desk by day, and at night, once or twice a week when the day's toil has been lightest, I sit down at my type-writer and do what I may towards making life pleasanter for others. And because I

believe that I am not alone in this, but that there are many who are doing the same work according to their strength and opportunities better or worse than I, but always with the same aim,—because of this I have said my say to-day. We are not all of us money-makers, Mr. Waters. Some of us still "have no time to get rich," as Agassiz said. Some of us still believe that there is something higher in life than the pork-market.

My own audience is as small as is their stature. The readers of *Lippincott's* probably never heard of me but once, so I may be pardoned if I use a *nom de plume* below. But, as a last word, let me say again, think better of us, Mr. Waters, think better of us! There are more precious things in the universe than gold and fame.

J. P. T.

BOOK-TALK.

LAST month some harmless heresies were printed in this department on the subject of plagiarism. But the ink had hardly dried on the Reviewer's manuscript ere the Providence which is known to hate heretics sent a swift and cruel retribution,—the messengers chosen to convey the divine wrath being, of all people in the world, the Messrs. Harper Brothers, who have republished in their Franklin Square Series Walter Besant's "The Holy Rose." It will be remembered that the Reviewer showed a genial tolerance towards the actions of Charles Reade, Thomas Hardy, and others in rescuing some of the flotsam and jetsam of literature and claiming them as their own, urging that, so far at least as he was concerned, these novelists had simply given him a certain amount of pleasure which might never have been his had he been left unaided to explore the literary ocean. But when a light little ephemeral skiff seeks to claim salvage in one of the Great Easterns of literature, sailing proudly and calmly on to the haven of immortality, the effect is ridiculous and even painful. Every well-educated man is acquainted with Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." To take the plot of that story, altering it in unessential details, but emphasizing its resemblance in essentials by preserving the *locale* and the period, is an offence that cannot be condoned; but, unfortunately, the innocent reader suffers more than the guilty author. It is no defence to urge that the *donnée* was not original with Dickens, that the central idea—a man's profiting by an extraordinary resemblance to a condemned prisoner in whom he was interested to substitute himself in the prisoner's place—had been used in this or that story, poem, or drama before the "Tale of Two Cities." There is no such resemblance between the "Tale of Two Cities" and any literary work that preceded it as there is between "The Holy Rose" and "A Tale of Two Cities." Moreover, when a great genius has pre-empted a story, even if at one time it were common property, it is just as well for succeeding mediocrities to respect his claim. We want no more "Hamlets," no more "Romeo and Juliets," since Shakespeare.

Of course the line must be drawn somewhere. It would not do to say that a great genius must be left in the undisturbed possession of those stock situations which are subject to infinite diversity of treatment. Shakespeare has used,

and used over and over again, the idea of a girl being dressed in male clothing, and has rung the changes upon the love-complications that might thus arise; but none the less this theme has proved an inexhaustible subject for both tears and laughter in the hands of dramatist, poet, and novelist ever since his time. Within our own generation, in the hands of Victor Cherbuliez ("Count Kostia") and Anthony Trollope ("A Ride across Palestine"), the old theme is found to be still full of surprising novelty. Two cases in point are suggested by a little volume, "Tales Before Supper," recently published by Brentanos, New York, which contains a couple of stories translated from the French of Théophile Gautier and Prosper Mérimée by Myndart Verelst and "delayed" by an excellent proem from the pen of Edgar Saltus. The story chosen from Mérimée is "The Venus of Ille." This is a modernization of the old legend of the mediæval knight who on his wedding-day placed the espousal-ring by accident or in bravado upon the forefinger of a statue of Venus, was horrified to find the finger close over the ring, and was pursued to his death by the goddess. Mérimée is not one of the world's great men, like Shakespeare or Dickens; nor is "The Venus of Ille" a portion of universal literature, as "Hamlet" and "A Tale of Two Cities" are. But even if the conditions were altered there is no reason why William Morris should not have taken the old legend and treated it in his own delightful way in "The Earthly Paradise," and certainly no reason why Anstey should not have burlesqued it in his extravaganza of "The Tinted Venus." Story, poem, and burlesque, though they have the same substratum of incident, differ so essentially in treatment as to be independent creations.

"Avatar," that delightful little fantasy by Théophile Gautier, which is the other story that Myndart Verelst has translated, has set some wise people to crying "Stop thief!" at Mr. Edgar Fawcett. "Avatar," it is said, is similar in incident with "Douglas Duane," the eerie and powerful romance which appeared in the April number of this magazine. Mr. Fawcett is quite able to take care of himself, and the Reviewer gladly gives place to a quotation from a letter which the romancer wrote to one of these critics. "No one," says Mr. Fawcett, "who reads Gautier's fanciful, beautiful, but somewhat trivial tale, with its necromantic, mesmeric absurdities, cleverly handled by a master of ingenious quaintness, and then considers the much more serious motive of 'Douglas Duane,' founded upon an imaginative treatment of actual scientific law, can fail to perceive that the two stories bear no intrinsic resemblance to one another. It must, I am certain, be plain to any such unprejudiced observer that in 'Douglas Duane' I endeavored to portray the tragic anguish and guilt of a soul that believed itself possessed of a secret founded upon exact scientific discovery, and not the impossible romantic bugaboo 'business' of Brahministical occultism, about as credible and important to minds of the present century as would be the skull, the hieroglyphs, the crystal ball, and the darkened chamber of Cagliostro. I wrote 'Douglas Duane' with no more idea of imitating Gautier's poetic and pretty work than of imitating 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It has been for some time a theory of mine (whether a tenable one or no I, of course, leave to the sapience of the just and wise critics) that modern romance, if it took any life at all from living conditions of thought, must find stimulus in the extraordinary advancements of nineteenth century science. The romance of Mrs. Radcliffe is no more: the creaking stairway at midnight and the ghastly moonlit face at the old castle window have lost their blood-chilling

power with our present generation. But romance itself is imperishable, and will be so long as the unknowable still sets its threshold of gloom and mystery beyond all formulated natural causes. I don't want to accuse myself of desiring that people should read 'Douglas Duane' in any light but the experimental and precarious one of fantasy; but to read it by the 'red fire' of Gautier's adroit little trifle is wholly a different process."

Leaving aside the question of plagiarism with a consciousness that Mr. Fawcett has got the best of the argument, the student of comparative literature and folk-lore may find much to interest him in tracing the genesis of the idea that has branched out into "Avatar" on the one hand and "Douglas Duane" on the other. That idea is simply the transference of a soul to an alien body. How Mr. Fawcett has treated it is familiar to the reader of *Lippincott's*. Gautier is ingenious, fantastic, humorous. The souls of Count Labinski and Octave de Saville—one the husband, the other the hopeless lover, of the heroine—are made to exchange bodies through the magic arts of Dr. Cherbonneau, invoked by the lover. The lover, of course, is conscious of the change, the husband at first is not. Ingenious complications ensue, the climax of absurdity being reached when the two men fight a duel, each knowing that if he kills the other he kills his own body. But the transformed Octave is in despair at finding that the countess, warned by feminine intuition, has closed her door upon him: he confesses all to Labinski, the duel is dropped, and they repair to Cherbonneau for restoration to their original selves. The wily old doctor causes Labinski's soul to migrate back to the proper body, but transfers his own soul into the youthful body of Octave, first taking the precaution of making the latter Dr. Cherbonneau's legatee. Mr. Fawcett's accusers have discovered a number of stories which turn on this same idea of metempsychosis,—one, "A Life Magnet," by Alvey A. Adee, published in *Putnam's Magazine* in 1870; another, a German novelette, called "Wer?" by the Baroness Ida von Duringsfeld. They might have amplified the list by adding Julian Hawthorne's "Professor Weisheit's Experiment," in *Lippincott's Magazine* for May, 1886, and especially a once famous story, "The Metempsychosis," contributed by Robert McNish to *Blackwood's Magazine* about the same time that "Avatar" appeared in France, and resembling the latter story not only in the double transmigration of souls, but also in the amusing effects gained from a personal encounter between the transformed. The comparative mythologist will find no difficulty in relegating all these stories to the cycle of which "King Robert of Sicily," the monkish legend which Longfellow has versified, and "Abou Hassan, or the Sleeper Awakened," of the Arabian Nights, are the best-known examples.

"Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" (Benjamin & Bell), the first essay in fiction of Mr. Edgar Saltus, is the sort of novel which you might expect from the clever expounder of the "Philosophy of Disenchantment," the biographer of Balzac, the admirer of Schopenhauer and of Mérimée. This ghastly study of the quiet, sedate, easy-going, yet vindictive and relentless man of middle age who has taken to himself a young wife on her positive stipulation that the marriage shall be one in name only; who cherishes the hope of winning her over until he finds out that she has a lover, and suspects that the lover has dishonored him; who makes no outward sign, however, until the time arrives when he is enabled to trump up an accusation of cheating at cards which drives the lover to

suicide; who goes quietly home to his wife, and, at the very moment when she owns herself won over to him, coldly reveals his knowledge of her guilty secret, chloroforms her, lets the gas on again after extinguishing it, and locks her chamber door by a burglar's contrivance that turns the key from the outside,—this unpleasant yet powerful novel is imbued with the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, while its art is the art of Balzac and of Mérimée, resembling the latter especially in the cleverness of its epigrams, and in the cold, impassive, cynical manner in which the most startling incidents are related. Not all the readers of this story will like it, but of those who begin it few will be able to lay it down until the last page is reached.

Mr. Baring-Gould's reputation is an anomalous one. He has written a thoughtful, brilliant, but erratic study of "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," which few people have ever heard of; a series of iconoclastic "Lives of the Saints," which few people have ever seen; an excellent survey of "Germany, Past and Present," which few people have ever read. These constitute his real and genuine titles to lasting fame. But he has also published a little volume of no great intrinsic value on "The Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," which has made his name a household word almost wherever the English language is spoken. Of recent years he has turned his attention to fiction, with the result of becoming a popular novelist. His novels are all well written, are hearty and wholesome in tone, and embody a philosophical thought or a salutary moral lesson. But they are rather the product of invention (or perhaps construction would be the better word) than of imagination. The bricks are put together with careful, minute, and accurate workmanship, but the traces of the scaffolding have not been entirely effaced. These traces are evident enough in his latest and in some respects his best novel, "Red Spider" (D. Appleton & Co.). Indeed, in his preface the author confesses that he has taken a little German story which he once read, has altered and twisted it to suit his purpose, and has strung on it sundry pictures of what was beginning to fade half a century ago in his native county of Devon. The odd customs, the quaint sayings, and the weird superstitions which the author has collated add a certain scientific value to the story; the two brothers-in-law are drawn with a keen eye for picturesque eccentricities in human nature; Honor Luxmore is a striking and noble figure, and the whole story has a vigor and vivacity in the telling which never suffer the reader's interest to lag for a moment. "Red Spider" somehow reminds you of George Sand's country stories: it needs only the *abandon* of genius to rival them. But

> Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> The little less, and what miles away!

"The Story of a New York House," by H. C. Bunner (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a little masterpiece of its kind. A series of dissolving views illustrating the fortunes of three generations of a Knickerbocker family, which built the house originally as a suburban residence, and, after financial reverses, witnessed its degradation to a squalid tenement-house in the most crowded and noisome part of the city, it is full of a gentle and pathetic grace, with snatches of humor and poetry won from the manners and customs of the olden time, the whole limned with so deft, adroit, and delicate a touch that you scarcely realize the underlying strength until you feel its command over the fountains of tears and of laughter.

In Edgar Fawcett's novels you are sure to find artistic workmanship, careful studies of character, and the nameless charm of style. "The Confessions of Claud" (Ticknor & Co.) is no exception. It is a powerful sketch of the influence of heredity upon character. The hero's father is mastered by an insane jealousy which makes him maltreat his family, and ends in his being hung for his wife's murder. The hero, partly through jealousy and partly through revenge for a series of insults and injuries, murders his unsuccessful rival in love, and just escapes the gallows because the only witness against him, his adopted brother, goes mad at an opportune moment. It will be seen that the story is a grim one. The hero, though well drawn and though he sometimes extorts sympathy in his desperate struggles and strivings with the doom that overhangs him, fails to win the liking of the reader, who rather resents his not being hung. The main reason for hanging is not to punish the victim, certainly not to reform him (except on the same line of reasoning as that which proclaims that the only good Indians is them that's dead), but to remove a dangerous element from society, and especially to prevent the transmission of evil qualities to posterity. Mr. Fawcett seems to feel this when he makes his hero, though he married the heroine after his acquittal, remain childless.

Reading a novel by the author who calls herself "The Duchess" is somewhat like the kissing of which her characters are so fond. It is pleasant while it lasts, and one is always ready to do it again, but somehow one is a little ashamed to be caught in the act. Yet why should one be ashamed of reading a novel by "The Duchess"? To be a popular author, to write books that go to the heart of the masses, even though they gain their popularity by appealing to an ephemeral taste, is not an achievement to be despised. Success in literature requires rarer abilities than success in any other department of human exertion, as the field of competition is so immeasurably wider. A lawyer or a doctor, at the outset of his career, at least, is brought into competition with local talent only. If he prove himself the equal or the superior of Jones and Smith, who may be his next-door neighbors, he plants his foot securely on a comfortable rung of the ladder. But an author from the start has to compete not only with all the professionals of his own country and of other countries which speak the same language, or who are susceptible of translation, but also with the amateurs who occasionally dabble in literature, and not only with the men of the present but in a measure those of the past as well. He is judged by the standards applied to the great masters of all times and countries, and if he fails in the test the critics and more thoughtful readers speak contemptuously of his work as trash. Yet even the failure in literature may be cleverer than his readers or his critics, and the same amount of ability put into some calling with a more restricted field of action might win him a distinguished position in his own locality. And *a fortiori* the successful author, no matter how ephemeral his success, is as one man picked out of many thousands. A sliding scale of merit should be recognized in literature. The author who fails to satisfy the higher intelligence of his age may yet be a purveyor not only of agreeable entertainment to thousands of his fellows, but of instruction also. The progress of civilization is a slow and gradual evolution. At certain stages of development men may be helped immensely by books that may be worse than useless to those who are but one remove above them. A man derives pleasure from a book because it brings him in contact with a higher intelligence, a nimbler wit, a riper judgment, than his

own. There may be no point of contact between him and the great masters. In that case the latter can have no salutary influence over him. The books that he does relish may in time educate him to the level of appreciating higher things. The Reviewer, for his part, remembers with gratitude a great many works which assisted him in his callow youth and would be *caviare* to his maturer judgment.

Even if the reader finds no great intellectual delight in the novels of "The Duchess," his sociological interest in his fellow-creatures may shed a reflected light upon the printed page in the effort to determine their value to other minds. But at any rate let him beware of looking upon the work of an unusually bright and clever woman as useless rubbish. The author of "Molly Bawn" deserves all the suffrages that she receives, and that is saying much, for they give her an exalted position in popular favor. Her last book, "A Modern Circe" (J. B. Lippincott Company), has less of the wit and dash and artless *abandon* of her earlier works; it has more passion and tragedy, and incidents of an intenser character. Whether it is as good as or better than the others must be determined by individual taste. The Reviewer himself would prefer "Molly Bawn" and "Mrs. Geoffrey."

Two novels that have recently been issued—"As in a Looking-Glass," by F. C. Philips (M. J. Ivers & Co.), and "The Confessions of a Society Man, edited by Blanche Conscience" (Belford, Clarke & Co.)—are a *reductio ad nauseam* of the principles of that school of fiction which demands a realistic fidelity to life. They are both sincere attempts to picture human nature as it is, blinking none of the unclean and unpleasant features: indeed, the realist might plausibly urge that the artists have directed their attention only to the unclean and the unpleasant, and therefore that their picture is incomplete. Nevertheless these two books form a sort of pendant to the fiction that seeks to describe the real and yet leaves out all the uncleanliness; and if human nature in its wonted moods is the proper study of the novelist, they fill a needed gap. But many of us believe that the higher aims and aspirations of the present, and not its wonted moods, represent the real life of the future, and that the efforts of the artist should be directed towards bringing the future closer to us. The Ideal, it cannot too often be insisted on, is the higher Real. "We descend in order to meet," says Emerson, and the meeting-ground is what we denominate real life, but with every completed cycle the meeting-ground is higher up and the Ideal comes nearer of attainment. At all events, the spectacle presented by these two books is not a pleasant one. "As in a Looking-Glass" is far the cleverer and more unwholesome of the two. As a picture of the morals and manners of blackguards it is accurate enough in its general effect, but many of the details are highly improbable. Since Balzac's "Femme de Trente Ans," the heroine of mature charms has been a stock-character with novelists, but we are hardly prepared to accept a female charmer of nearly thirty-five, who paints and "makes up," yet who fascinates every man that comes within her range. "The Confessions of a Society Man" aims to present the darker undercurrent of that sort of social life which seems only frivolous and foolish on the surface. It lacks imaginative insight. The feigned author is painted as a bold, bad man, the real author somehow conveys to his reader's mind an impression of innocence and inexperience.

Among the other publications which have found their way to the Reviewer's table he might mention two new satirical sketches by the author of "The Auto-

biography of a Prig,"—"The Venerable Bede" and "How to make a Saint in the English Church" (Henry Holt),—which are full of a pleasant, subacid flavor that only occasionally suggests the acrimony of the recent convert; a new issue of a popular manual on "Philadelphia and its Environs" (J. B. Lippincott Company) which has run through a number of editions and is now brought out in an enlarged, improved, and modernized form that makes a practically new book of it; a sufficiently amusing brochure called "Summer Folks" (Globe Printing House, Philadelphia), which Mr. Burr W. McIntosh has written and Mr. Henry McCarter has appropriately illustrated; "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and other Verse," by Margaret J. Preston (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a volume of wholesome, hearty verses, the ballads being especially remarkable for their unusual success in reproducing the good old ballad tone; "Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People," by Mariana Monteiro (A. C. Armstrong & Son), a book which would have been better if the authoress had left the tales to tell themselves, instead of diluting their gold so plentifully with her own tinsel; "Brother against Brother, a Story of the Great Rebellion," by John R. Musick (J. S. Ogilvie & Co.), a badly-conceived, badly-written, badly-printed, and badly-bound novel; "His Star in the East," by Leighton Parks (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a thoughtful and scholarly study in the early Aryan religions; "Society in the Elizabethan Age," by Hubert Hall (J. B. Lippincott Company), a series of essays descriptive of social life during the second half of the sixteenth century, full of quaint interest and possessing a real archæological value from the new light which the author has succeeded in throwing on persons and things; "Connecticut, a Study of a Commonwealth-Democracy," by Alexander Johnston, and "New York, the Planting and Growth of the Empire State," by Ellis H. Roberts, two additions to the excellent series of "American Commonwealths," which are edited by Horace E. Scudder and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; "The Story of the Three Tetons," by Alice Wellington Rollins (Cassell & Co.), a well-imagined story of travel in the Yellowstone regions, with descriptions of scenery all aglow with fine poetical feeling; "Mistaken Paths," by Herbert G. Dick, and "Thekla," by William Armstrong (J. B. Lippincott Company), two rather commonplace novels; "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," written and published by Karl Kron (University Building, New York), in which that famous bicycler gives a record of his journeys over the United States, describes the scenery, the condition of the roads, etc., in every locality, and furnishes other details which should make the book invaluable to all who wish to follow in his footsteps—or wheel-tracks, especially as all this mass of information (the author with pardonable pride calls the book "a gazetteer, a dictionary, a cyclopædia, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts") has been placed within easy reach of the reader by means of an elaborate system of indexing.

CURRENT NOTES.

A WRITER in the *Daylight*, of Norwich, England, says these pleasant words of *Lippincott's Magazine*, of which a successful edition is now published in England: "I have read with delight that always interesting magazine published by Lippincott. *Lippincott's Magazine* contains a complete story of about one hundred pages, by a well-known author, every month. 'Sinfire,' by Julian Hawthorne, is worthy of the son of one of the greatest literary men of America,—Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is full of distinction, force, and has a poetical thrill about it which haunts the reader like the melody of Schubert's 'Erl King.' 'The Whistling Buoy,' too, struck me as vigorous, breezy, and charming. But I must not forget one of the most delightful stories I ever read, entitled 'The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth.' It is a work of real genius, full of the priceless gift of humor; it has also touches of pathos and strokes of real dramatic power. It is like the very best work of Thomas Hardy, with some of the breadth of the Elizabethan dramatists. In fact, I know no publication more interesting, varied, and delightful than *Lippincott's Magazine*."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—Beware of Imitations. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

THE attack recently made by Swinburne in the *Fortnightly Review* upon Walt Whitman has been a surprise to the admirers of both poets, and a shock to the admirers of Swinburne. It is impossible to reconcile the lyric fervors of Swinburne's earlier apostrophes to the American poet with the coarse and brutal strictures of his prose essay. If the feeling in the latter be genuine, and not assumed for the purpose of attracting attention, the whole episode suggests a curious commentary on the conservatism that attends advancing age. Schiller, who in his lawless youth wrote "The Robbers" and a number of revolutionary lyrics, survived to write "The Fight with the Dragon." The Lake poets, who all began as sympathizers with the French Revolution and with all rebellion against the established order, ended up as respectable, humdrum, God- and king-fearing Englishmen. "I am no more ashamed of having sympathized with the French Revolution than I am of having been a boy," writes the Southey of mature and sober age. Wordsworth's defection to the conservative majority excited Robert Browning to compose his magnificent lyric "The Lost Leader." But Browning himself can hardly be numbered among the radicals and progressionists of the present, either because they have gone beyond him or he has fallen back. In a humorous extravaganza called "P.'s Correspondence," Hawthorne pictures Lord Byron as an old man, fat, gouty, and reconciled to his wife. "Her ladyship's influence, it rejoices me to add, has been productive of the happiest results upon Lord Byron in a religious point of view. He now combines the most rigid tenets of Methodism with the ultra doctrines of the Puseyites, the former being perhaps due to the convictions wrought upon his mind by his noble consort, while the latter are the embroidery and picturesque illumination demanded by his imaginative character. Much of whatever expenditure

his increasing habits of thrift continue to allow him is bestowed in the reparation or beautifying of places of worship; and this nobleman, whose name was once considered a synonyme of the foul fiend, is now all but canonized as a saint in many pulpits of the metropolis and elsewhere. In politics, Lord Byron is an uncompromising conservative, and loses no opportunity, whether in the House of Lords or in private circles, of denouncing and repudiating the mischievous and anarchical notions of his earlier day. *Nor does he fail to visit similar sins in other people with the sincerest vengeance which his somewhat blunted pen is capable of inflicting.*" If Mr. Swinburne goes on recanting all his earlier heresies, it may not be very long before this description will apply pretty closely to himself. He began life as a Catholic,—and a tremendous ultramontane, probably, for Mr. Swinburne is always positive, domineering, infallible,—he developed into a fierce and bitter opponent of all established conventions. His article on Whitman is not the first announcement of a change of heart. There have been dim rumors, which no one believed before, that he had "experienced religion" and was becoming devout. Is there any hope, we whisper, that he will give us in time an expurgated edition of his own works? Lord Byron, in Hawthorne's sketch, is represented as doing this. He favored "P." with a few specimens of Don Juan in the moralized version. "Whatever is licentious, whatever disrespectful to the sacred mysteries of our faith, whatever morbidly melancholic or splenetically sportive, whatever assails settled constitutions of government or systems of society, whatever could wound the sensibility of any mortal, except a pagan, a republican, or a dissenter, has been unrelentingly blotted out, and its place supplied by unexceptionable verses in his lordship's later style." Imagine such an expurgated version of "Laus Veneris," "Dolores," "Faustine," and so on.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—In Gastritis and Nervousness.—Dr. W. J. Harris, Resident Physician, Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri, says, "It has achieved great results in several chronic cases of gastritis, and afforded great relief to very many cases of extreme nervousness resulting from debility of the digestive organs."

A NOVELETTE by Amélie Rives, entitled "The Man of the Golden Fillet," the scene of which is laid in classic Athens, will appear in an early number of *Lippincott's.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—Hundreds of Bottles Prescribed.—Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Illinois, says, "I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in *all forms of nervous disease* which are accompanied by loss of power."

A CURIOUS and entertaining article by Professor John Johnson, Jr., of McDonogh Institute, will be contributed to *Lippincott's* for November, entitled "The Schoolboy as a Microcosm," in which the customs and morals and economic principles of the average school-boy are shown to reflect those of semi-civilized and savage periods of the human race.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—In Nervous Headache, Fever, and Impotence.—Dr. A. S. Kirkpatrick, Van Wert, Ohio, says, "I have used it with the most brilliant success in chronic nervous headaches, hectic fever with profuse night-sweats, impotence, nervousness, etc."

THE

TERRA-COTTA BUST.

BY

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEPTUNE VASE," "THE CATSKILL FAIRIES," "THE HOUSE OF THE MUSICIAN," ETC.

"Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
That warmed the grass above him."

GEORGE ELIOT.

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THE TERRA-COTTA BUST.

CHAPTER I.

A MESSAGE FROM THE HILLS.

AT nine o'clock on a June morning Dr. Paul Weisener stepped forth on the balcony of his hotel in the town of Viareggio.

The Herr Doctor was a tall and portly man of middle age, with an auburn beard, a clear blue eye, and a fresh complexion. His vigorous presence suggested that Northern type, the ancient viking, who, clad in helmet and corselet of steel, braved the stormy Baltic Sea to range from shore to shore in past centuries.

A servant brought him a letter. The envelope was large, while the enclosed sheet was thin in substance, of satiny texture, and perfumed with jockey-club. The missive informed the recipient that the Duke di Nespoli would take pleasure in showing him a collection of Etruscan relics at his property the Villa Margherita, situated in the mountain-town of Spina. The communication, inscribed by the duke's secretary, with many pen-flourishes, concluded with the usual graceful formula,—"anticipating a favorable response," etc.

"He wishes to sell me the heirlooms of his ancestors," mused Dr. Weisener, folding and replacing the letter in the envelope. "Very good! Learn, Signor Duca, that I will not visit the Villa Margherita. No, no! I am going instead to Chiavenna, the ancient Clavenna. You may keep your Etruscan relics, my friend, or send them to some antiquarian at Rome."

Now, as Chiavenna is the key of the Rhætian Alps, this resolution was the key of the Herr Doctor's character. He was neither viking nor traveller, in the usual sense of the term: he was a learned man. Possibly the tribute to his fame conveyed by the perfumed epistle of the Duke di Nespoli soothed his self-love in a pleasant fashion, even while thrust aside with firm decision.

The town of Worms was his cradle, where the Frau Mutter still sat at her window, an erect old lady of eighty years, gazing out on the Luther monument, across the space of the Luther-Platz. Early sent to Heidelberg, he had sworn fealty to the study of medicine with four comrades. The friends had also made a compact to meet and sup together at the Alten Kaiser of Worms once in five years and pledge the anniversary in a toast of Johannisberg.

Paul Weisener had broken his word, for a phantom had risen before him and beckoned him aside from the chosen path. He had relinquished his studies, abandoned his books and experiments, with the response,—

"I follow."

The phantom was the shade of a lost people, the Etruscans. The vanished race claimed and found in him a willing slave. The student tracked the ancient Etruscan to the site of his long-obliterated cities, camps, and seaports. He gathered together tenderly the golden leaves of the warrior's diadem, the delicately-wrought jewelry of his women, the toys of his children, placing such relics in museums with the jars of terra-cotta, bronze mirrors, candelabra, and coins. He read the history of the phantom's career on the fresh coloring of the paintings of his tomb, whether nuptial banquet, funeral rite, or the passage of the soul beyond the grave, attended by the spirits of good and evil. Not satisfied with mere archæological research, the doctor pursued his hero, as the first peddler, of prodigious antiquity, across the Alpine routes, the St. Bernard, the Splügen, and the Mont Cenis, trading in amber of the Baltic with Egypt, and carrying iron, rudely smelted, to Great Britain in exchange for tin. Here was a primitive merchant with a keen eye to business worthy of respect.

The German, staff in hand, sought the imprints of the footsteps of this factor of an early commerce, and the shade, eluding him, retreated once more to the door of the sepulchre, a majestic form, clad in armor, and the flowing toga, borrowed by the later Roman, and mocked at his researches.

"What was I in life?" queried the ghost. "Did I spring from Lydian, Egyptian, or Phœnician stock? What does my language teach you?"

The savant had paused, foiled, even aghast, and mindful of Niebuhr's jesting promise to share his own private fortune with the man who should prove the origin of the Etruscan. Baffled, if you will, but defeated,—never! Discouragement was a word as unknown in his vocabulary as the mood "*langeweile*" was to his temperament. Spring shed her fragrant blossoms of almond and wild pear on ancient Fidenæ, summer smote Arezzo, the red city of the potters, on her arid hill-side, autumn rains dripped on the cliffs of Castro, winter gloomed above Perugia's citadel, framed in an amphitheatre of snow-crested Apennines, but the Herr Doctor steadily pursued his aim.

Parlan le tombe ove la storia è muta.

He sought ever the clue to the enigma to which he had devoted many years, aware that in the sepulchre

Dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around.

"No! I have no time to waste on the Duke di Nespoli and his collection," he repeated aloud, as if to confirm his resolution.

He frowned at the old woman, bronzed by sun and wind, with a basket of *ricotta* on her head, as she proffered the delicacy with a traditional, snarling call. "See! this is the good *ricotta*, made by the shepherds of Maremma. Fresh? *Altro!* Try it, ladies and gentlemen."

He shook his head at the book-vender, a patriarch with silvery beard and hair, and aquiline features, blanched by long winters in the shadow of some palace gateway of an inland city to the tint of those copies of Dante and Orlando Furioso, bound in shrivelled vellum, which he praised as he pushed his little cart beneath the hotel balcony.

He remained obdurate to the coaxing entreaties of the dusky boy from Volterra, with alabaster for sale, snowy white when fashioned into slender cup and vase, or golden as amber when carved into the semblance of Pisa's leaning shaft as it appears glorified by the sun of a summer noonday.

He tossed a *soldo* to poor, daft Cecco, who might have been a sea-monster just risen from the clinging weeds and coral of the adjacent wave, if he did not grin like an ape, as the coin was caught, thus evincing appreciation of the value of money, even in a rudimentary intelligence.

Before the spectator the blue sea extended to a pure horizon which still retained the soft, opalescent hue of dawn, and revealed the islands of Caprera and Elba in the distance, like faint clouds. In the offing a ship of war rode at anchor, decked with bunting for a *festa*, while fishing-craft slid into the little port, freighted with sardine and anchovy, the sails catching ruddy reflections as they were furled. On the beach the straw huts of the bathing-season, which so much resemble the wigwams of certain aboriginal tribes, were being linked together where later ladies would gossip, children play, lovers wax jealous, and the envious sting beneath the thatched roofs, with perpetual splashing into the waves, and a tumult of noise incomprehensible to the Northern races, unused to laugh, scold, and weep in a breath.

On the right hand rose the Carrara mountains, their serrated peaks sharply defined against the sky, and thence merging in softer curves to the promontory which shelters the Bay of Spezia. On the left the line of arid shore revealed the city of Leghorn at the next bend, and swept on to fever-haunted Maremma, and the monotonous waste of Campagna, marked by an occasional watch-tower, where listless guards perform their dreary routine of duty near salt-works.

Dr. Weisener knew and loved the land. He cherished the site of ancient Luna in the Spezian Gulf above the charms of Lerici and Porto Venere, basking in golden sunshine. The coast beyond Livorno signified to him the port of once famous Populonia, fitting sea-gateway to Volterra on the height. Ostia offered attractions above the Sorrento cliff, Ischia, and Capri.

To-day the road was deep in white dust, and the sparse shrubbery of the little square parched with drought. An Arab cook, tall and thin, wearing a cotton robe, striped like the petals of a tulip, turban, and yellow slippers, bargained with a stout contadina for a brace of ducks, the row of villas behind the odd pair rising against a blue heaven, with the crest of a palm-tree visible above a boundary-wall. A regiment of soldiers, commanded by a brisk young officer with the cock's plumes of the Bersagliere fluttering on his hat, marched to a summer camp, the bugle-note awakening the languid echoes. A band of orphans, in blue gowns and capes, guided by a meek sister in wide-winged bonnet, passed beneath the plane-trees, and vanished, as if in response to the tinkle of a church-bell. The water-carrier made his round, with sober gray donkey, and little cart stored with wicker flasks of limpid crystal fresh from mountain-springs. A penitent, clad in black gown and cowl, rattled his box for alms, pausing on the white road a moment, then flitting on, like some night-bird overtaken by day.

Evening found Dr. Weisener strolling along the sands, with his wide felt hat pressed down over his brows, and a cigar between his lips.

The Southern sunset had wrought such magic with the scene as flooding the sea with liquid gold, while each headland of the coast glowed orange and russet-red in the luminous atmosphere. The Carrara peaks gathered the sun's last rays, and the scarped surface of the quarries blushed from gray and white to sudden rose. Then the twilight came on in subtile, almost imperceptible gradations of change, fading the crimson and gold to pearly reflections on the glancing waves, and quenching the fiery beacons kindled on the summits by the expiring day.

The eyes of the quiet pedestrian, following the line of shore, noted the fitful flicker of a torch, which recalled to him Shelley's funeral rites, with libations of oil and wine, on these sands. He mechanically repeated,—

> There's not one atom of yon earth
> But once was living man;
> Nor the minutest drop of rain,
> That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,
> But flowed in human veins;
> And from the burning plains
> Where Libyan monsters yell,
> From the most gloomy glens
> Of Greenland's sunless clime,
> To where the golden fields
> Of fertile England spread
> Their harvest to the day,
> Thou canst not find one spot
> Whereon no city stood.

His gaze reverted to the mountain-range inland, in turn. Those peaks acquired the charm of an infinite suggestiveness, in the evening hour. The blue haze of heat which had earlier veiled crag and ravine was now deepening to purple shadow about the base, and brooded over the rice-fields, sown with sickly-sweet lilies.

Up there mortals are born, rejoice, suffer, and die, separated from the world by that atmosphere signifying remoteness in distance. Slaves

chained to the quarries, for the most part, they drill out the wealth wherewith to embellish the most distant lands, and remain themselves unknown. Marble of Carrara! The very name has become the epitome of luxury since the time of the Cæsars. The sculptor of every nation still dreams of the ideal imprisoned in the block, firm in the faith that he must wrest from the treasure-house of the mountains noblest achievement in lieu of dragging forth the reluctant mass of a Bandinelli, which, as Florentine wit affirmed, preferred to drown in the Arno, *en route*, to being hacked and tortured into the group of Hercules and Cacus. The mourner of ruder climes erects a tomb; the devout dedicate an altar in some favorite shrine, wrought in cornice and festoon, supported by flying angels; the wealthy shape a chimney-piece in the home of Mammon. The ships await their cargo in adjacent ports, and the roads are deep with the snow of powdered fragments. Nymphs, stately and firm of limb, last of the race of Ligurian women, who astonished the Gauls by their strength, once stepped down the paths, bearing blocks upon their heads. In turn, some self-guiding machine of the tram-car species will surely banish the creaking sledge and dove-colored oxen, with mild eyes, wide-spreading horns, and flanks shading to velvet black. Marble of Carrara! The quarries yield their harvest, veined and spotless white, summer and winter, finest in grain and polish since the Parian, the robe woven by nature to clothe sumptuously temple, bath, and hall, and crystallize the faces of the great,—long-dead emperors, and sovereign ruling women.

Dr. Weisener's cigar went out while he paused to contemplate the heights. He had received a message from those hills. Why should he not respond to it? The hour, the soft tranquillity of the scene, aroused a sentiment of human interest in those about him. He had followed the ancient Etruscan so long that he resembled the French philanthropist who perceived evils only at the distance of hundreds of leagues. The mountains drew him towards them by an irresistible spell.

A band of fishermen's children advanced along the beach, hand in hand,—wild and elfin sprites in faded rags, with bare limbs and floating hair. A ship passed on the horizon, bound for Marseilles. A meteor shot across the sky, glowing like an emerald for a second, then vanished.

The children dipped their feet into the wave, then retreated, laughing, to again link hands and begin to sing a Canticle to the Virgin. Their song was the voice of the twilight.

The Herr Doctor tossed away his cigar.

"I will go up there!" he exclaimed aloud.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

THE June sun also shone on the little village of Spina on the heights.

Situated in the Carrara country, it was one of those hamlets which form a picturesque feature in Italian scenery, clothed in the soft color-

ing of a transparent atmosphere, and perched on the crest of purple Apennine. No graceful campanile raised a fretwork of arches against the blue sky, no dome crowned the mass of spreading roofs, lending the dignity of past magnificence to existing squalor, no golden mosaic sparkled on the façade of a mediæval palace: a cluster of houses in every stage of dilapidation was gained by the steep path which wound up in many a zigzag turn to the low arch serving as town gate. A street, roughly paved, and slimy, traversed the place, like an artery, from the gate to the Piazza above,—an open space flanked by the ancient church of the Annunziata, a shop or two, and opposite by the massive portal, twin towers, and long boundary-wall of the Villa Margherita.

The Piazza was necessary to the existence of Spina as a town. The houses, huddled together against the rock, as if to lessen the danger of being blown away in some tempest, with casements heavily grated, and an occasional gallery displaying the family washing fluttering at a giddy height from the ground, represented the shelter of a naked hearthstone, while the Piazza was a true open-air drawing-room. On mild evenings the townsfolk gathered here to take the air, the women with hands wrapped in their aprons from force of habit, and in grateful remembrance of the *scaldino* thus held, in nipping January weather, the men smoking the thin reed of native cigar which must be a Barmecidal feast to the lover of tobacco, as they lounged against the wall, youth singing, jesting, and dancing. At such times the gossip usually turned on the increased price of bread and salt, or the wages paid in the marble-quarries and studios, where the men worked. Cripples abounded, forced to subsist on alms, as victims of the accidents inseparable from such a calling. The whims of the last Count di Ginestra, their feudal lord, also furnished a topic of unfailing interest, although his death had brought no alleviation to the pinching want of the survivors gathered about his gates.

Winter storms swept through the old houses, and summer heat scorched the walls, while mould and decay stagnated about dark corridor and stairway. Flowers bloomed at Spina only when fostered on some sheltered window-ledge, and chiefly in tufts of wild blossoms and grasses gathered by the wayside to place before the shrine of the Madonna in a niche of the convent wall.

At the hour when Dr. Weisener received the note of invitation to visit the Villa Margherita, Sabina Regaldi descended the flight of broken steps from her home, and approached the public fountain, carrying the battered copper vessel which had done service in the Regaldi household since brought by the mother with her bridal dowry of linen and metal utensils.

The rill of water trickled from a stone urn into a sculptured basin, with a musical sound, and, above, the faded fresco of the Madonna, in her shrine of the convent wall, was protected with a glass sash. The oil-lamp suspended before the picture winked tremulously in the light of day.

The sunshine lingered on pretty Sabina, with her lustrous black hair twined around her head in heavy tresses, and her slender figure arrayed to all possible advantage in a faded yellow gown. The handkerchief

knotted about her throat was adjusted with a certain coquettish grace, while the feet in the worn slippers were small. The girl was a creature of frowns and smiles, fierce wrath and sudden caresses, with dark eyes glowing in a delicate, oval face, white teeth, and mobile lips.

A young man seated on the ledge of wall, with a crumpled journal outspread on his knee, saluted her with a gallant glance and word. The fountain was a rendezvous of the youth of Spina, and, aware of the circumstance, Sabina had placed a red carnation in her hair before descending the stair to obtain water.

"Good-morning, Sabina *mia*," said the young man, stretching his shapely limbs. "How pretty you are to-day!"

"Bah!" retorted Sabina, setting her little white teeth together. "There's nothing but work up here from morning to night, and so many mouths to feed. It will be a wonder if the father does not throw himself out of the window some day."

"Eh, *carina*, you are never idle," remarked the young man, without quitting his comfortable posture. "Your little fingers seem bewitched, sometimes. As for the daddy's jumping out of the window, reassure yourself on that matter. Vittorio Regaldi is a wise as well as an honest man. Be tranquil, my beauty."

Sabina looked at him with the mockery of a nervous, energetic temperament when required to contemplate the inert repose of a lymphatic companion.

"How well they have christened you *Il Bimbo*, Masolino Cari!" she exclaimed, in her shrill tones, as she rested the copper vessel on the fountain edge. "You are a baby, and have no more brains than the sheep yonder."

"It is not a sheep; it is an ass," rejoined Masolino, laughing.

"Well, an ass, then," added Sabina, sharply.

The two young people glanced at the spot thus indicated. A house, more massive in structure than the others, presented an irregular form to the street, while the portal studded with rusty nails, and the solidity of the walls, suggested a feudal stronghold near the town gate. The past history of the mansion was unknown to the poor lodgers now herding together on the different floors like a colony of sea-birds on some wave-washed rock. Opposite the fountain the wall of the lower story left a space of flat roof which the tenant had converted into a pergola by means of vines and flower-pots. Waving tendrils of tender green clasped lovingly the gray stones; roses, lilies, jonquils, and violets unfolded their petals to the warm wind wafted up the ravines from the Mediterranean Sea. Occasionally some deluded insect strayed from the rich Tuscan country on the other side, tempted by the fragrance of these blossoms into the belief that honey and pollen were to be had for the asking at arid little Spina, perched on the crag of hill.

The angle of the building afforded space for a shop, and above the door was the rudely-sculptured head of an animal.

This head, much worn and discolored by the rain and frost of years, was an object of superstitious interest and endless speculation to the town. Whether sheep or ass, it was bewitched, and, like the statues of the Alhambra vaults, guarded hidden treasure. If one could find

the true direction in which the hollowed eyes turned, there would be revealed the spot where a hoard of gold, silver, and jewels was concealed. Ah, what if the carved head mocked at such vain search, and the wealth were already in the clutches of Cesare Tommasi, owner of the shop?

Old men and women, endowed with the Sabine gift of dreaming still inherent in the Italian race, strove to solve the riddle, and strove in vain, while the rains of autumn traced fresh furrows resembling wrinkles on the animal's stone countenance, and winter nights decked his chin with a beard of icicles.

Had not Fra Antonio, the spiritual guide of this flock, been seen, with a brass lantern in his grasp, stealthily exploring the convent wall at midnight? Did not the Avvocato Medici once rent the portion of the dismantled building opposite, known as the Buttery, and, aided by his sons, dig beneath the foundations without other result than loss of temper and bruised hands, unaccustomed to manual labor?

The old people, on whose shrivelled features poverty had set an indelible seal, grumbled and sighed, shaking their heads over the ways of the world, then sank into the grave, leaving the burden of unsatisfied curiosity to another generation.

Buried riches at Spina might mean as much to the inhabitants as the overthrow of the Lombard tower of Robert Guiscard to build a castle with the money found by the Saracen near the ancient temple, guided by the inscription on the bronze circlet worn by the statue in the niche. Ah, if the dumb ass above the door of the shop would only whisper, "At the rising of the sun, on the kalends of May, I shall wear a golden crown."

Sabina and Masolino turned their gaze towards the mute head, tantalized and sceptical in their day.

A voice became audible in the pergola above the shop:

"Sabina *mia*, tell me, for the love of heaven, if this is the thirteenth day of the month."

"Yes," replied Sabina, promptly.

"I knew it!" exclaimed the invisible speaker.

"Why?" demanded Sabina.

"Because everything goes wrong, my child. There are thirteen buds on my rose-tree, and a worm is gnawing the roots. Thirteen birds flew over the Villa Margherita just now, one by one. I have observed that to be a bad sign. The next *terno* of the lottery will bring no luck to Spina, mark my words! *Madre di Dio!* when I opened my eyes this morning I saw the number thirteen on the shutter, as if written in fire or blood."

Pretty Sabina shuddered, grew pale, and made the sign of the cross, —a hasty movement which upset her brimming copper bucket on the stones and over her own stockings. Masolino crooked his fingers into the talismanic form of averting danger.

"Thirteen is the death-number," murmured Sabina.

"Devil!" muttered Masolino. "Perhaps she casts the spell of the evil eye on all of us. Who knows?"

The shop door opened, and a second girl, owner of the voice, came forth in quest of water.

She was a dwarf, scarcely more than three feet in stature, with a hump on her back, the large extremities of an adult, and a well-shaped face, capable of expressing pathetic resignation, lively malice, and bitter ill humor.

If the superstition prevailed at Spina that the deformed child brings good fortune to the household, even as the swallow builds her nest under the eaves, Pia Tommasi had not reaped much happiness in herself. After an absence of several years, she had returned to her native town with her father Cesare Tommasi, and she had ever before her eyes the window from whence she had fallen in infancy to be taken up, not dead, but stunted in growth.

Dwarfs abound in Italy, in sad contrast with their shapely brothers and sisters. The babies learn to take care of themselves at so tender an age, toddling fearlessly on the brink of peril, in the joy of using their own little legs, that it is no wonder if many topple over the precipice of manifold accident.

Pia nodded to Sabina, and ignored lazy Masolino, who rose, with a smile of taunting politeness, and offered to fill her water-jar.

"I can help myself," snapped Pia, standing on tiptoe to reach the fountain's brimming basin.

"The Duke di Nespoli arrived yesterday, so he cannot bring the ill luck of thirteen," said Sabina, who was as much vexed as a cat to splash her feet, yet lingered for a chat.

Pia shook her head gloomily.

"Perhaps your own father will bring home misfortune in his bag, little fly," teased Masolino, once more spreading out the crumpled journal on his knee.

A periodical was a mine of wealth to the young man, affording him a glimpse of the outside world and, at the same time, ample excuse for sitting on a wall and spelling aloud the contents to all listeners. The duke's own valet had bestowed this copy of the Roman *Fanfulla* on Masolino, with the supercilious bearing innate in his class, as one flings to a dog a bone. The gift had been received with profound gratitude.

The dwarf glanced at him askance, and her lip curled, revealing strong, white teeth.

"You are right, Bimbo: the father returns from Pisa to-day," she rejoined, in her grave and heavy tones, which sounded oddly, emanating from her tiny and twisted body.

Masolino arranged his curly hair with his hand, and read aloud:

"A little match-vender of Turin has been discovered to possess a fine tenor voice. He is to be educated for the opera. Born in Piedmont, he once walked to Paris and back, selling matches along the road."

"Listen to that!" cried Sabina.

"He had a chance," grumbled Il Bimbo, and he poured forth a strain of melody in his own mellow barytone.

"He used his legs, it seems," added Pia, darting a look of derision at the symmetrical limbs of the youth on the wall.

"*Per Bacco!* so he did!" assented Masolino, with unruffled good humor. "Here is a cure of garlic for hydrophobia."

"Go along!" scoffed Sabina.

"The Queen of Spain has arrived at Madrid," continued the oracle, running his eye over the second sheet of the newspaper.

"Did you see the Duke di Nespoli?" interposed Sabina. "He is handsome and grand, with such white hands."

Here the girl personated the duke and each of the gentlemen of his party, and even mimicked the bearing of the servants. She did so with such ease and drollery, her mobile features changing with every gesture and inflection of tone, that her companions were transported with sudden hilarity, and the neighbors at their casements, the cobbler at work in his door-way, joined in the laugh.

The Regaldi children came trooping forth to recall their sister to household duties,—mischievous Tito, idle Angelo, and dimpled Gignio, all very dirty and exuberant, with merry faces, bright eyes, and tangled curls worthy of study by Raphael or Correggio. Sabina, pausing to take breath, slapped Tito, with whom wholesome correction never came amiss, and hugged Gignio passionately, covering his blond head with kisses.

Pia, the dwarf, looked anxiously, even malevolently, at the children, who grew daily taller and stronger than herself.

At this moment a young man approached the gate of the town. He was flushed with rapid walking, and a certain excitement was apparent in his manner. He sought the fountain to quench his thirst, but first filled the jar of the dwarf and carried it to the shop door. He performed the task quietly, exacting and receiving no thanks. Sabina watched him coquettishly. She was the prettiest girl in the village, and claimed homage of all the young men. Guido Cari never vouchsafed her an admiring glance. Hence her interest in him.

"Good-day, Guido," she said, launching a soft and magnetic glance at him. "How is it you make no more portraits since the bust of Cesare Tommasi?"

Guido bent his heated face to the fountain rill. Pia replied for him.

"An artist needs subjects," she said, tartly.

Sabina drew little Gignio closer to her side, and caressed his curls, with eyelids modestly lowered. Vanity was as strongly developed in her as in easy-going Masolino. Why should not Guido Cari admire her softly-rounded cheek and tiny ear, where a hoop of gold and coral swung, despite the poverty at home? Sabina craved the withheld devotion. She was so pretty and so clever!

Guido raised his head.

"We are only peasants here," he said, in a dry tone.

Sabina gave him a black look. Pia smiled softly. The dwarf's rugged features invariably became sweet and calm when this friend was near, while her eye followed his movements with the affectionate fidelity of a dog.

"Oh, have you seen her?" pursued the last comer, with renewed excitement.

Pia clasped her hands together, with a gesture expressive of pain, in the swift conviction of some suspicion.

"Whom have you seen, Guido *mio?*" she inquired, tremulously. "Ah, thirteen is always the Judas number!"

Guido drew a deep inspiration, and gazed at the arch over the heads of his companions.

"I was coming from Carrara by a short path," he said, speaking hurriedly. "I met them all down yonder. There seemed to be many—— I don't know."

He paused, with parted lips, and the color forsook his cheek. A gay cavalcade was entering Spina, with murmur of voices and merry laughter. The party consisted of ladies, mounted on donkeys, or clinging, with clamor of unfeigned terror, to the seats of primitive vehicles, attended by devoted cavaliers, and followed by children, servants, and the bearers of luggage of light weight.

Spina, for the first time, found her shabby and humble precincts invaded by a fashionable company fresh from the world of ease and gayety, of which she knew nothing, and the tumult of their voices aroused hollow echoes, as if the mountains were awakening to bid them welcome. One of the cavaliers blew on a toy trumpet as he passed beneath the arch,—a jest carefully prepared on the road by a fair conspirator.

A beautiful woman rode in the midst of the group, holding a child upon her knee. Her gray eyes rested on the houses and the people with interest. She pointed out Gignio and Angelo to the boy in her arms, urging him to toss the bag of bonbons he carried to the poor children, and bestowing, herself, a smile of ineffable sweetness.

The cavalcade swept on to the Piazza, and halted before the Villa Margherita, where the gentleman again executed a military fanfare on the toy trumpet, as the heavy knocker of the portal was raised and allowed to fall with a dull reverberation.

The door opened, and the Duke di Nespoli appeared on the threshold, with his hands thrust negligently into the pockets of his velvet morning coat. His features expressed only the most ingenuous surprise and pleasure. The *coup-de-main* was complete. The ladies were in an ecstasy of delight, the gentlemen laughed in chorus. Explanations of the jest of their coming were given with volubility and abundant gesticulation. The voice of the beautiful woman rose above the piercing clamor, softly modulated, yet sonorous as a bell:

"The baronessa is responsible for our excursion. She wished to see Spina, and Carlo has taken it into his head to spend his birthday up here."

"Yes, papa," chimed in the little Carlo.

"The baroness is always welcome," rejoined the duke, kissing the glove of the sprightly little beauty in question, as he assisted her to alight from a gray donkey decked with scarlet trappings.

The strangers entered the court of the villa, and the massive portal closed.

The towns-people hastened to the Piazza, attracted by a common impulse of curiosity and excitement.

The gracious lady must be the Duchess di Nespoli, who had inherited the Villa Margherita from her uncle, the late Count di Ginestra.

The door had closed all too swiftly on the brilliant vision. The fat Fra Antonio had seized his shovel-hat and waddled forth from the loggia in the shadow of the church wall, where he dozed in moments of leisure. A worthy man, with a big nose and a double chin, doing his duty according to his lights, the Fra Antonio belonged to that accommodating class of the clergy who, like the Father Niccolò Riccardi, while agreeing neither with Copernican nor Ptolemaic systems, prefer to believe that the stars are moved about by angels, in the vault of heaven.

At the fountain the young people remained bewildered and dazzled. Their ears had been saluted by the jingle of bells, laughter, and the peal of the trumpet, while their eyes were charmed by red umbrellas, rainbow-tinted wraps, fluttering ribbons, little boots set jauntily in the stirrups of refractory donkeys, tinkling bracelets, and white hands sparkling with rings.

Guido Cari had followed the cavalcade, and, pressing quickly to the front, had stood beside the duchess, as she alighted at the villa entrance. He devoured her with his ardent look, like one entranced. Did she perceive this rustic homage to her beauty, accustomed as she was to the open admiration of the capital? Her smiling glance had rested on the young man's upturned face a moment, and then the duke had put him aside with perceptible impatience. Guido heard the words breathed in the wife's ear, with swift change of tone from the badinage bestowed on the baroness:

"What fool's prank is this, Bianca?"

The question emanated from suspicious lips, half closed, and was accompanied by a frown.

The reply was inaudible.

"*Cristo!*" ejaculated Masolino, leaping to his feet, unmindful of the fascinations of a serial story, the "Mysteries of the Royal Palace," which he had commenced to read in the journal.

Sabina danced about with the children.

"Did you see the lace on their dresses, and the trimmings going up and down?" she cried, with sparkling eyes. "Oh, *bella!* What a hat the tall signora wears! What an *ombrellino* the little one carries! Eh! they are like the angels of paradise, these ladies. And how sweetly they smile!"

"It is easy for them to smile," retorted Pia, fiercely.

Her usual olive tint had given place to a greenish pallor. The gay troop of ladies and gentlemen seemed to have passed over her little body and crushed her. The sentiment was none the less painful because capricious. They were so handsome, careless, and happy, while she was feeble and insignificant, creeping ever near the ground! She hated them with a sudden intensity of pain and wrath, as she once more crossed the street to her own door.

The shop of Cesare Tommasi was narrow and dark, with the living-rooms in the rear.

The dwarf paused on the threshold, and her face cleared. She possessed all the instinctive shrewdness of a thorough business-woman, combined with patience and address. Her father had gone to Pisa.

Very good. She would utilize the advent of the new proprietor of the villa, after her own fashion. She began to sing:

"Il micino
Poverino
Gli è un gattino
Di pel fino."

She climbed into a show-window while she sang, and thrust nearer the grating of the casement a pair of cracked Pesaro vases of majolica, decorated with blue flowers and yellow handles. Then she drew from the drawer of an old carved bureau some fragments of damask and shreds of lace, which she looped in festoons across the pane, depending from them strings of beads, amber and coral, together with some peasant jewelry, such as sparkles on the Ponte Vecchio of Florence. These preparations would be useless for poverty-stricken, ignorant Spina, yet might attract into the web of a vigilant spider one of the careless flies of the Villa Margherita.

The strip of time-yellow lace, and the folds of damask, green, turquoise-blue, and crimson, recalled many souvenirs to the tiny creature perched in the window, with her head and heart of a woman and her body of a stunted child.

Cesare Tommasi, most timid and suspicious of men, had become infected with a mania for collecting, a sort of gambling especially attractive to the visionary and artistic elements of a Southern race. The old man had ventured to open a shop on the Corso at Rome, where Pia had learned to appreciate tapestry, enamels, ivory carving, and porcelain. In a bad season, which entailed speedy bankruptcy, parent and child had sought refuge at Spina, grateful for the shelter afforded them by the nook of the large house, guarded by the carved head of the ass on the cornice above the door.

Little Pia had looked at the noisy, turbulent world much as a mouse peers out of its hole, and the turmoil frightened her. At the same time the experience gained at Rome tended to render her oracular at Spina.

The dark shop near the town gate was the ark of safety whither Cesare Tommasi had transported his household gods and such worldly goods as he could snatch from the general wreck.

Customers were rare. The late Count di Ginestra had occasionally ordered brought to the Villa Margherita for his approval a Chinese cabinet, a rare musical instrument, or a plaque of the Renaissance. An artist had once bought a good specimen of convent-work, the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, wrought in ivory inlaid on ebony, which appeared in the window opportunely, with the aid of Fra Antonio.

The shop could boast of little besides lumber. There were lamps without chains, chairs devoid of the requisite number of legs, tables that became paralytic when touched, and dilapidated screens. A crucifix lacked arms, a medallion of the Madonna the head; a fine picture revealed a yawning rent through the canvas. Cesare Tommasi collected this débris in the country as the Paris chiffonnier so recently

searched the gutters of the metropolis for the broken fans, antique watches, and lost jewels that from time to time found their way into his bag. When Cesare Tommasi discovered some true object of art, whether sold by poor gentlewoman or pilfered by a dishonest servant eager to coin a franc out of the transaction, he sent the treasure to one of his former colleagues at Rome.

Pia hovered, like a magpie, about the hoard that accumulated with the lapse of years and was seldom disturbed. Sometimes she groped in a corner and drew out a battered candlestick or the crystal flower of a long-dismembered Venetian chandelier. These fragments were her playthings, and there was still a sufficient element of childishness in her nature to make her question the bits of mosaic in silver mountings as to the places they had once filled, and confide to the statuettes and the pictures her own opinions, while weaving histories about them.

"*Poveretta,*" she would say to a battered casket of tortoise-shell and brass, "you have fallen into the *cortile*, and one of your gilded claws is gone. *Abbia pazienza!* We cannot hope always to live on the *piano nobile;* only in heaven there will be no *primo* or *secondo.* Mind that!"

She was never so happy as when the young workman Guido Cari leaned against the wall or helped to search for a missing coin, while old Cesare spoke of the bold theft of the gem-studded vestment of Pope Pius II. from his native town of Pienza, and the fabulous wealth of the American who had purchased the Strozzi triptych in the Via Babuino the previous winter.

The terra-cotta bust, portrait of the proprietor, mentioned by Sabina at the fountain, was placed on a high shelf.

Spiders spun their webs across the ceiling, for the inmates of the place did not disturb their dusty festoons from one year's end to another.

The dwarf climbed down from the window when she had completed her task. Her foot caught in a loop of the red damask, and she stumbled against a rickety table, on which had been placed several much-mended Dresden cups. The table reeled beneath the shock, striking a large water-jar, which, in turn, rolled on the carved cabinet, pride of the shop, although only wrought of pear-wood, well oiled, and blackened. The cabinet tottered, the doors flew open, and the piece fell forward, with an ominous rattle of the contents.

Pia uttered a cry of dismay.

"*Misericordia!* what an unlucky day!" she exclaimed.

Her father appeared in the door.

Cesare Tommasi was a tall and thin old man, with shrivelled features, closely-shaven cheeks and chin, and mild blue eyes. His manner was nervous and deprecating, while his whole physiognomy was capable of a highly humorous expression on occasion. His head was twisted on one side,—a misfortune caused by his having once fallen asleep on a balcony, where he remained exposed to the damp air during the night.

He was not alone. A woman, tall, large, and somewhat clumsy in build, paused behind him, with a demure smile on her face.

Pia looked at the woman, and dropped the cup which she had just rescued from the overturned table.

"You here!" she murmured, and her little, beady eyes began to twinkle with anger.

"Child, I have brought the Emilia to see you," explained Cesare Tommasi, in his reedy treble of age. "I met her down at Pisa,—quite by chance."

"Go away," said Pia, brusquely. "We keep no servants at Spina. We are too poor."

Emilia coughed apologetically, and cast down her eyes, while a strange smile contracted her lips, as if inseparable from the scarcely perceptible shrug of her shoulders.

She was neatly dressed in black, and she wore a bonnet, trimmed with yellow flowers, instead of the lace veil of her class. Mildness of disposition and edifying patience were expressed in all her person.

Pia's gleaming eye noted every detail of this intruder's toilet, with the rapidity of observation in comprehending a whole which is so remarkable a trait in the Italian. If there was to be war between them, the little mistress of the house did not intend to go to the wall without a struggle.

Cesare Tommasi came to the rescue, rubbing his thin hands together the while:

"What will you have? Let us be tranquil. We have been getting married at Pisa, the Emilia and I."

"Married!" shrieked Pia, raising her hands to her head with a tragic gesture of despair. "Ah! misfortunes never come singly."

The bride stepped into the shop, and looked about her calmly. The premises did not equal her ardent anticipations, but she kept her opinions to herself. According to her creed, the *roba* in this world will ever belong to the person who knows how to take it.

"*Povera creaturina*, she needs somebody to take care of her," said Emilia, in her softest accents, and placing her hand on the dwarf's shoulder. "Look at all this broken china!"

Pia shook off the hand savagely, and sprang out of the door.

"My only child!" groaned the antiquarian, disturbed by his reception.

"*Che!* She will get used to the change," replied the bride, coolly. "*Caro mio*, I am dying of hunger. I pray you to give me a morsel of bread."

"Yes, yes. There is always bread in the kitchen, and a wine-flask on the stairway," said the venerable bridegroom.

"I never drink wine, my friend," rejoined the smooth voice of the interloper. "I have made a vow not to touch a drop, whether white or red, and since even the smell of it does me harm."

"*Per Bacco!* you come from a poor wine country, and that counts for something," remarked Cesare Tommasi, sententiously.

Pia heard these words as she quitted the place. She glanced over her shoulder, and whispered, fiercely,—

"Malediction on the woman from the Romagna!"

Then the little creature shook her clinched fist at the Madonna in the shrine of the wall, above the town fountain.

"Is it for this bad turn, Holy Mother, that I have prayed to you every evening and brought you the best flowers of my pergola?" she demanded, with profound bitterness.

Rage stifled her. She glanced up and down the street with dry and burning eyes. Should she tell the neighbors of the trouble that overwhelmed her soul? Should she hide herself from the sight of all, instead? She chose the latter course, and crept through a hole in the opposite convent wall. A small door in the rear of the detached building was unfastened. Pia pushed it open and entered. She was familiar with the place, and, crouching in one corner, yielded to despair.

Married! Her old father had been entrapped into wedding the woman from the Romagna, their humble household drudge of a servant at Rome. Pia had scorned Emilia for her slowness and stupidity, rating her sharply on many occasions. Now Emilia was her step-mother. Incredible fact! Pia would be deposed from her kingdom, the shop. Pia would be put aside from that companionship of equality with her father enjoyed by both for so many years, the old man in a much-mended leather arm-chair, and the little, wise woman perched on a high stool beside the table. What would now become of her? No wonder she had seen the number thirteen drawn in letters of fire on the shutter in the dawn of this eventful day.

Furious jealousy palpitated through her whole being, mingled with poignant sorrow for the treachery of her father. Suspicion, inherent in the Italian, awoke to feverish activity. *Why had Emilia married Cesare Tommasi and come to live at Spina?*

Pia raised herself on her elbow, and pushed back her dishevelled black hair, which covered her shoulders like a veil. Her gaze questioned the very walls of the deserted building, where she had sought refuge, for a solution of the mystery.

The room was long and narrow in form, with a lofty ceiling supported by dark beams, and many casements, devoid of sash and glass, but protected by heavy bars of iron. This was the place rented by the Avvocato Medici as the spot where hidden treasure might be concealed, as indicated by the carved head above the shop door opposite. The dimensions of the chamber were those of a chapel, but no traces of altar were visible. Spina knew nothing of the building, nor did the small band of nuns, driven forth by decree of government in the universal sequestration of religious institutions, possess more enlightenment. The structure had always been detached. The lay sisters and gardeners had made such use of it, in storing tools and domestic implements, as they saw fit, in the lapse of years.

A scorpion traversed the whitewashed wall. The lords of Ginestra were not of more ancient lineage than the scorpion family which had tenanted the same nook of the convent wall for generations. What was the deed of valor of the first scorpion, unless stinging to death some foe, even as the first knight of the Ginestra had stabbed his adversary, the Ghibelline, in the streets of Perugia, on a dark night, centuries ago?

Pia crept to the middle of the floor, unterrified by the scorpion, and knelt there, clasping her hands to her breast with passionate fervor.

For the first time in her life she prayed for aid to God the Father. Fear and defiance were struggling for the mastery in her soul. Extremes were a necessity to her torture of doubt and resentment. The need of supreme appeal was great, and she wished, also, to punish the Madonna of the shrine for having abandoned her in so cruel a manner on the thirteenth day of the month.

"Pia! Where is Pia?" called Guido Cari.

The dwarf listened in breathless suspense, while color suffused her face, and her eyelids trembled. Guido remembered her. She shrank back into the most obscure corner, but the tears came in heavy drops and rained down on the stone pavement. The conviction that she was not forgotten soothed her pride, and the flood of weeping relieved her oppressed heart.

The young man Guido Cari divined the situation at a glance. No formal presentation took place, but the new Signora Tommasi smiled upon him as a neighbor. She was prepared to propitiate the town of Spina. She liked to stand well with people, and yet the ground had ever crumbled away beneath her feet.

"Where is Pia?" repeated Guido. "I wish to tell her about the Duke di Nespoli."

The blood coursed like quicksilver through his veins, new emotions, hitherto dormant in his nature, were awakening in his breast, while bewildering images thronged his brain. He needed a listener, and the sole confidante he had at Spina was the tiny, dwarf woman, Pia Tommasi. He was surprised and indignant at her absence. Why should she not be there to share his agitation?

Cesare Tommasi smiled, and his face acquired minute wrinkles, until he resembled the terra-cotta bust on the shelf.

"Pia has gone out. Patience! hunger will bring her back," he explained.

Emilia opened wide her heavy-lidded, usually downcast eyes.

"The Duke di Nespoli here?" she questioned, with sudden animation. "What is he doing at Spina?"

"*Madre di Dio!* the duchess, his wife, inherits the Villa Margherita," said Cesare, who was readjusting the overturned table, and collecting the fragments of broken china, with the philosophical resignation of an antiquarian.

"Do you know him?" demanded Guido, eagerly.

Emilia sighed, and shook her head.

"He is a great soldier," she said, evasively.

Guido turned away. The conversation of the newly-wedded pair was audible to him in the street.

"Who is he?" inquired the bride, coming and going to the kitchen, and adapting her usually low and muffled tones to Cesare's deafness.

"A good boy,—one of the marble-cutters. He made that portrait-bust of me in terra-cotta to please Pia."

"Ah, he is a sculptor, then?"

"No; a simple *scarpellino* like the rest. He may have a pretty knack for cornice-decoration in the studio. No doubt he has tried his hand at stucco ornamentation often enough."

Guido smiled bitterly and walked away. The voice of the woman from the Romagna still followed him, sharpened to a peculiar inflection:

"Does he get money from your *gobbetina?*" (little dwarf.)

Cesare burst into shrill and reedy laughter. "What put that idea in your head? There is no money here to give, either to him or to others."

Guido ground the heel of his boot into the pavement, with the movement of crushing a reptile.

"Evil wretch! I curse you!" he said, between his teeth. "Would you accuse me of wringing money out of Pia?"

This was the second anathema launched at the bride since her arrival; but in a land where blessings and maledictions are so readily mingled the wrath of Pia and Guido may have fallen harmlessly on the head of the Signora Tommasi.

Guido was only a simple stone-cutter, a slave of Carrara. He must work early and late to earn the pittance that kept the roof over the heads of his widowed mother, Masolino, and himself. Other men of his age were married. He never thought of marriage. To toil from morning until night and meet the claims of smiling Masolino, or the lamentations of his mother over an empty purse, kept other interests effectually in check.

To-day all was changed. He had met the beautiful lady Bianca, Duchess di Nespoli, and her smile had touched his heart, her look had penetrated his soul as light enters the bars of a dungeon. He was entranced and intoxicated.

He again sought the Piazza. The great door of the villa had closed on all that merry company of strangers. He seated himself on the church step, watching the donkeys and vehicles depart for the valley once more, while the servants darted about with deft agility. The church tower overlooked the paradise which attracted him. He tried the small door; it was locked. Fra Antonio had been called away to a dying parishioner. Guido sought Sandro, the cobbler, whose duty it was to ring the bells of the campanile.

The cobbler withheld the key in surly fashion. Had not Guido Cari given his shoe to a rival to mend, the previous week? Bah! The iron should be beaten when it is hot. This is a world of neat reprisals. It was Sandro's turn now, so he refused the key. What business had Guido Cari in the church tower at all?

The young man returned to the church step, where he meditated long, resting his head on his hand. He had forgotten little Pia. He had forgotten the quarries of Carrara, whence emerge the snowy blocks, and the workshops, where the white dust flies as an inseparable accompaniment to the monotonous chip of the chisel on stone. He beheld only the Villa Margherita and its inmates.

Masolino strolled out of the wine-shop on the corner, with the crumpled journal still in his hand. Handsome Masolino, with florid coloring, curling black hair, and silky moustache, twisted jauntily at the corners of a well-shaped mouth, was also a marble-cutter by profession, working when the spirit moved. Il Bimbo cherished many projects for bettering his condition, chiefly gleaned from the newspapers

he was so fond of perusing, and he spent entire days expounding them to his admiring mother and numerous friends, for he was as popular as his taciturn brother was the reverse.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

Guido made no response.

Masolino vanished around the corner, and Marianna Cari swiftly appeared.

She was a fat woman, with a yellow skin, scanty gray hair, and cunning little eyes, capable of weeping before her eldest son and laughing with the younger almost at the same moment.

Maternal solicitude took the form of loud cries. Was Guido ill? Had he quitted the studio? *Sanctissima Maria!* what would become of her, a poor widow, if he turned idler?

"I cannot always work. I am weary of it all!" retorted Guido, fiercely.

Fresh floods of tears and voluble lamentations followed this rebellious announcement.

Guido rose to his feet, goaded to desperation by the piercing clamor of his mother, and darted away. He dashed into his own home, and went to bed, where he remained obstinately silent to further comment on the part of his relatives.

The house of the widow Cari was the nearest approach to an inn of which Spina could boast. The father, in his last years of decrepitude, had claimed this distinction for his habitation by placing a withered bush in the window and a tarnished shield above the door, intended to designate a Black Eagle. Marianna Cari presided over the *Aquila Nera* with incessant grumbling, awaiting rare guests. Her sons found employment in the studios of Carrara.

The day waned, and evening succeeded.

Guido tossed restlessly on his pillow, until from feigning slumber he sank into a profound sleep.

Masolino was as much concerned as his bovine nature permitted. He sighed, and openly opined that the bread-winner of the family had contracted some deadly fever, and starvation awaited his kinsfolk as an inevitable result. These gloomy anticipations did not prevent the handsome youth from brushing his hair, assuming a red necktie, and sallying forth to take the air, with his mandolin in his hand to woo the ear of pretty Sabina Regaldi, or attract the admiration of the fine ladies at the Villa Margherita by the rich tones of his barytone voice.

Guido awoke with the bewilderment of one ignorant of the lapse of time incident to going to bed in the day. He arose, dressed himself, and went out. What was the hour? Surely it must be nearly the dawn.

A small form crouched on the step of the Black Eagle. Guido recognized Pia. She moved, and whispered, in a hoarse tone,—

"He has married the woman from the Romagna. I will not go home again!"

The young man patted the dwarf on the head. At her full height she scarcely reached to his waist. Poor Pia! He had forgotten her in his own ill humor.

"You must go home, and try to sleep," he admonished, using the more familiar "thou." "Have patience, little one. Who knows what may happen soon?"

Pia obeyed. She was weary and broken after the struggle of the past few hours. The darkness and silence of the convent building where she had hidden frightened her. She crept away down the dark street in the direction of Cesare Tommasi's shop.

The door was open. A figure emerged as she approached. The dwarf held her breath, and paused. The figure stood motionless for a moment, as if scrutinizing the carved head of an ass on the cornice, then crossed the street and knelt before the shrine of the Madonna. The lamp, which shed abroad a feeble and yellow gleam in the day, now burned like a star in the darkness, casting tremulous rays around.

Pia recognized her step-mother. Mad laughter welled up to her lips at the sight. She repressed her mirth with difficulty, and in order not to reveal her presence she glided into the open door and groped her way to her own chamber, where she buried her head in the pillow.

"Ha! ha! Ho! ho! She's come to find out the secret of the buried treasure; but our little *asinello* above the door will tell her nothing."

"Malice is the rust of the heart," says the Malayan proverb.

Guido Cari scarcely heeded the dwarf's departure. Sudden light-hearted cheerfulness came to him. He had shaken the previous day from his soul, as one discards a dull weight from the feet. Now all was peaceful and still. Was the elation of his mood due to the fact that all the town slept and he found himself alone? Even the villa was shrouded in absolute darkness, and Guido was aware that the great ones of the earth usually keep late hours.

He went in-doors, struck a match, and found the portion of food always placed on the table ready for him. The hint was understood, and he thrust the bread into his pocket. Return to the workshop was inevitable. The chain of routine still bound him. He struggled to free himself, then submitted with a certain sullen resignation. He once more quitted the house. He could await the dawn, seated on the step where he had found Pia. *Poveretta!* had she been there many hours?

Guido heard a shuffling step, accompanied by a cough. Sandro, the cobbler, was seeking the campanile, to ring the bells in honor of some saint of the calendar.

The bells of the old church of the Annunziata were kept in a good state of preservation. The lord of Ginestra fulfilled the pious duty.

Sandro unlocked the door of the tower, and began to pull the rope vigorously. He tweaked the cord for the repose of the soul of the old count. If the living were rudely awakened, let them repeat their prayers: the orisons would do them no harm.

The cobbler wrought himself warm with these agreeable meditations. The bells clashed their brazen tongues, and the tower shook with the vibration of sound. What was that, though? A black shape brushed past him. He ceased to ring, and peered about him, without discovering anything. The ringing finished, he shuffled out, locked the door, and went home.

Guido Cari was the dark object that had brushed past Sandro.

Aroused by the incident of the bell-ringing, he had crept into the tower and climbed the steps above. The bells swayed about him, startling the echoes by their clamor. The tumult exhilarated him, as, with humming ears and tingling nerves, he braced himself against the wall to resist the shock and avoid the swaying clappers.

The chimes subsided, and the bells returned to their usual pendent immobility.

Guido heard the cobbler lock the door below. If he was a prisoner he could not take the familiar path to the workshop across the hills. When day broke he would be able to look down from the tower on the Villa Margherita.

He waited, with folded arms.

Once more the town slept, and the last echo of the bells died away, in faint pulsations, to hushed stillness.

Then rose over the sea, and the ravine of Ravacione, a mist, soft and impalpable, now sinking into the gorges, as if about to disappear, and again forming against the cliff. Guido fixed his eyes on the drifting vapor. As he looked it acquired the outline of a flying form, divine rather than human, with draperies flowing in noble lines down to the valleys, and bare arms uplifted above the head, entwined in a wealth of tresses. A face he had already seen that day smiled upon him from the cloud-land thus floating above the sleeping earth.

A ripple of light sparkled on the gray horizon, and the mist, flushing to pink, vanished.

"It is the dawn," murmured the young man, and passed his hand across his brow.

The vision of Benvenuto Cellini, in the Roman dungeon, of the Madonna in a glory of molten gold, was not more vivid, nor more evanescent.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHILD KING.

DAY broke, clear and fresh. The near Carrara mountains and the distant Mediterranean glowed in full light.

Guido Cari crouched in the bell-tower, with his gaze fixed on the Villa Margherita, and the garden extending beyond the line of boundary-wall. He was waiting. For what? He did not know.

All the vague aspirations and brooding discontent of his youth culminated in the rebellion to circumstance of loitering in the campanile rather than going forth to his daily toil. Yesterday he had met the beautiful lady Bianca, Duchess di Nespoli, on the roadside, her pensive features shaded by a hat of golden straw with soft plumes. In the mist of dawn he again beheld her, glorified to the semblance of Aurora, as if her image had just emerged from the inmost shrine of the Carrara quarries. The vision still intoxicated his senses.

The flowers of the parterre shed abroad their fragrance, and the fountain's spray rose and fell back into the brimming basin with a drowsy music most conducive to late slumbers. Goldfish flashed

through the clear waters. A peacock passed along the terrace at a stately pace, spreading his fan of iridized plumage to the sun.

The young man rested his arm on the casement-ledge, lost in soft reveries, while the bells hung mute above his head. In personal appearance he was not prepossessing. He was of the average height, with broad shoulders and sinewy limbs. His complexion was swarthy, his chin and jaw massive, and his rugged features alone redeemed from forbidding plainness by their expressiveness.

The stone urns of the terrace balustrade, filled with cactus and agave, the fountain, with the darting goldfish, the peacock, with the burnished crest, were all familiar objects to him. The thin and bent figure of the old count, wearing a velvet skull-cap, had vanished. Guido Cari had never experienced a sentiment of interest in either proprietor or residence. He possessed the indifference, in self-absorption, to all external matters, of the true artistic temperament. Guido could have carved his work in church and cloister, as Giovanni Pisano labored at Siena, when the town warred with Florence, and at Naples, with Charles of Anjou fighting the Sicilians.

What had he been, in his day, Count Alessandro? An accomplished gentleman, fond of society, poetry, the drama, and art, capable of quoting Dante effectively on occasion. Unmarried, he had carefully treasured the resources of a modest fortune. Such was the verdict of the world.

Spina had hoped for little from him, and received even less. In his prime the count recalled that he owned the Villa Margherita on the heights, situated in a deserted spot, where the autumn brought no revelry of the vintage, and the heavy detonation of explosions in the marble-quarries echoed through the ravines. His visit to Spina on this occasion had partaken of the character of a pilgrimage. He had announced a firm resolution to remain, gathering about him such treasures as had ever adorned the long-dismantled mansion. He attended mass every morning.

Why should Guido Cari recall the tale droned by his own mother and other old women in the Piazza of a summer evening? The count had committed some folly, or sin, in the heat of passion, and under the spur of wounded honor, down yonder in the world of Rome, and expiation was natural to a Ginestra. Had not the first lord of the name, a warrior of valor, centuries ago, beheld the depths of a forest, and a forge, wherein black men were tormented, and beaten, like bars of iron? His confessor made ready explanation of the dream. The black men were the souls of the damned, while the devil was the smith at the forge. Thereupon the knight had sought Spina, where he founded church and convent, and even fashioned of a mediæval stronghold, with two towers, the present Villa Margherita. Spina knew and respected the tradition, and it recurred to the mind of Guido Cari.

The garden was outspread before him, but the old Count Alessandro had disappeared, leaving only a shadowy memory. The nobleman had been lured back to the world after that period of retirement in his prime. He subsequently returned to Spina, when stricken with age, as the spot afforded a refuge for partial blindness, and hypochondria. The

town received a weekly dole of alms and bread somewhat grumblingly, and the recluse never again crossed the boundary of his domain. Then had followed a day when the fat Fra Antonio hastened across the Piazza, with the host carried under a canopy, and the attendant acolyte tinkling the bell that announced the lord of the place was dying.

What was Alessandro, Count di Ginestra, to Guido Cari, a young *scarpellino*, who had aided in the studio of his employer to hew out the marble sarcophagus erected in the private chapel of the villa? Nothing; and yet he was gazing down on the home of the dead noble with intense, throbbing expectation, awaiting in the church tower, with dilating eyes and parted lips, the awakening of the household. How many seasons had elapsed with the old count pacing the terrace, leaning on the arm of a servant, without Guido's heeding him! Even the task allotted his chisel on the tomb had been performed with the mechanical precision of indifference.

The young man felt a touch on his shoulder. He started, and raised his head. The dwarf Pia stood beside him.

"Pia!" he exclaimed, incredulously.

She nodded, enjoying his astonishment.

"How did you get in? Sandro is jealous of the key," said Guido.

"I've just put up a candle before the *Sanctissima* of the high altar," retorted Pia. "Eh! that may bring us good luck to-day—who knows? Everything came out in thirteens yesterday."

"Even to the bride fetched home from Pisa by the father," supplemented Guido, slyly.

Pia stamped her foot on the tiles.

"I found the sacristy door open, and climbed up here," she explained, ignoring the painful suggestion concerning her own household. "*Che!* I ask no leave of Sandro when I wish to visit our campanile."

Her appearance was as composed as it had been agitated the previous night. Her abundant and glossy black hair was carefully plaited, coiled about her head, and secured with a large silver pin. She wore her holiday costume, quite irrespective of winter cold or summer heat. This consisted of a gown of purple cashmere, a black jacket, and a yellow handkerchief knotted about the throat. Broad bracelets of gold adorned her wrists, and hoops of the same metal swung in her ears.

Pia's wakeful night had brought calmness. "God does not strike with both hands," says the proverb. When questioned as to her return home she affirmed that she had crept through the keyhole. At the morning meal she had greeted her step-mother with sarcastic politeness, then she had sallied forth with her candle to place it before the shrine of the Madonna in the church.

"Of course she prays for my destruction," reasoned the woman from the Romagna, but no tinge of warm blood suffused her face, haggard in the light of day.

Emilia mocked at Pia and her candle. She did not fear the Madonna of Spina as she would have dreaded the supreme Santa Maria Maggiore of Rome, Our Lady of La Quercia at Viterbo, and the miracle-working picture wafted on clouds from Scutari to Genazzano. Spina was not

even a famous shrine, a *memoria*, where pilgrims and hermits flocked and full confession of guilt was wrung from the most obdurate criminals. Even the church was a damp and dilapidated edifice, with a wax statue of the Virgin for sole ornament, and no store of tapestries, stuffs of damask, and golden tissue wherewith to drape door and column on high festivals. Cesare Tommasi's mature bride estimated shrines and people according to the amount of success and reputation they enjoyed in a time-serving world.

As Pia had crept towards the sanctuary, she had passed Masolino, lounging outside the Black Eagle, while his mother peered over his shoulder.

"Ah, it is a good sign to meet a dwarf the first person in the day," remarked Marianna Cari. "We may have a traveller before nightfall, and they are rare enough! Guido has gone to his work again, the saints be praised!"

Pursuing her way, Pia had laid the taper before the image, murmuring quite low,—

"You have not treated me well, Holy Mother, to deceive me like that yesterday: still, I do not wish to break with you wholly, *Sanctissima.*"

Then she had climbed to the tower, tempted by the open door of the sacristy to peep down on the Villa Margherita, and found Guido crouching beside the casement. She was not surprised. She was seldom surprised. She possessed the philosophical cynicism which, in her people, is as old at the classical land they inhabit.

As for Guido, he speedily resumed his former posture of watching the silent house and garden. Pia would understand his unusual conduct without any explanation on his part. Pia was an echo of responsive sympathy. The generous soul in the quaint and twisted body of this little, wise woman was the chalice into which he had ever poured the gushing stream of his own aspirations. When he complained, railing at the chain of poverty which bound him to the quarries, she listened. When his mood was morose, gloomy, dispirited, she spoke, a pygmy in stature, yet capable of carrying his thoughts on the ardent wings of hope to the infinite and immeasurable glory of achievement.

Pia knew that since earliest boyhood Guido had employed all spare hours designing in clay or stucco, a practice which imparts great facility in modelling. From fashioning leaves, garlands, capitals, and heads of animals to the bust of Cesare Tommasi, progress had been simply natural development. The young man had often copied the works of the Carrara museum, and the basso-rilievi of the studio walls, without method or instruction other than the intuitive perception of a quick eye and accurate judgment.

Niccolò Pisano once mused thus over the story of Hippolytus and Phædra, carved on the sarcophagus of the Pisan Campo Santo, containing the dust of Beatrice, mother of the Countess Matilda of Tuscany.

Pia was also aware that Carrara, like Genoa, with all the wealth of material at hand, has been sterile in art, save for the two sculptors Alberto Maffiolo dei Maffioli and Danese Cattaneo. Balm of Gilead in a dreary life! Pia believed in the genius of Guido.

At Spina the young man was recognized as her champion, and she owed him a debt of profound gratitude. On more than one occasion he had scattered a party of boys mischievously intent on teasing the dwarf. He had been known to silence the banter of handsome Masolino by the judicious administration of a kick, while the town looked on as passive spectator of any quarrel not strictly personal. Spina remained in doubt as to which brother deserved the most admiration, the elder for his courage in defending the weak, or the younger for his discretion in accepting without resentment a reproof emanating from the support of the family.

A shout of childish laughter broke the silence, and a little boy darted out of the villa in pursuit of the stately peacock. His brown curls were still tangled from contact with the pillow, and his dimpled body clad in a shirt, while legs and feet were naked.

Two ladies followed, chasing the child around the fountain, until the taller caught him in her arms, covering hair and cheeks with kisses.

"Look!" said Guido Cari, in a low and tremulous tone.

Pia obeyed in silence, but with her awakened curiosity was mingled a pang of alarm.

The two ladies, *en déshabille*, had emerged from the door in playful pursuit of the boy. The duchess in a peignoir of mauve cashmere, with the sunshine glowing on the masses of her blond hair, held the captive, smilingly, as he strove to escape and give chase to the affrighted peacock, unaccustomed to infantile pranks. The baroness held her draperies of maize-colored silk, fastened with knots of scarlet ribbon, above her little feet, encased in red silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. She glanced coquettishly at the closed casements of her votaries, as if challenging their admiration for her piquant charms even at this early hour of morning.

The baroness, of French extraction, belonged to the class thus described by the poet:

> Some ladies love the jewels in Love's zone,
> And gold-tipped darts he hath for painless play,
> And idle, scornful hours he flings away;
> And some that listen to his lute's soft note
> Do love to vaunt the silver praise his own;
> Some prize his blindfold sight; and there be they
> Who kissed his wings which brought him yesterday
> And thank his wings to-day that he has flown.

"Embrace mamma again," said the duchess, fondling the child. "This is Carlo's birthday."

The baroness passed her jewelled hand over the curls of the little Carlo, and laughed bewitchingly. She had seen one of the shutters move, and knew she was observed by critical masculine eyes. She was apt to pose somewhat publicly in the display of domestic virtues, and appeared occasionally at the Villa Borghese of Rome in a sumptuous equipage, surrounded by the cherubs of her nursery.

"Listen, my angel," she said, in French. "You are the youngest child in the house, and it is your birthday. You must rule, and we will obey you."

Carlo meditated on this novel proposition with all the wisdom of his five years, holding his head on one side.

"Tell me a story," he entreated, clasping his arms around his mother's neck, and thus rejecting the Utopian project of the baroness.

The duchess began, in a soft and cradling tone:

"The good God bade the spring prepare food for the little caterpillar, and the cherry-tree became decked with fresh foliage. The caterpillar awoke in the egg of silk, where he had slept all winter, and crept forth. He winked his eye, and nibbled the leaves with discreet little teeth.

"'Oh, how nice is this salad!' he said to himself. 'I will never quit this table.'

"The good God then commanded that all should be made ready for the bees, and the cherry-tree bloomed with fragrant blossoms. The bees hastened to the feast, thinking,—

"'This must be our coffee. What deep cups and charming little saucers! Ah, there should always be plenty of sugar in the coffee.'

"'Now spread a dish for the birds,' commanded the good God of the summer.

"The cherry-tree put forth rosy fruit in abundance, and the birds came.

"'All this is for us,' they chirped. 'The fruit will give our voices fresh strength to sing.'

"'Each has received his portion, caterpillar, bee, and bird. Scatter the rest.'

"Immediately the wind blew from the mountains, the frost followed, the leaves fell, and winter covered all with a mantle of snow."

The voice of the mother, suave and caressing, not only charmed the child in her arms, but reached the listening ear of Pia and Guido in the church tower.

Carlo wished to personate the caterpillar, by nibbling the lace frill on the sleeve of the duchess with discreet little teeth, and then buried his nose in the rose worn by the baroness in her black hair, to sip nectar, as the bee. Imagination kindling with the pantomime, he slipped to the ground, and converted his one garment into wings.

"Bah! *Che storiella!*" cried the baroness. "I did not credit that Carlino was so stupid."

The boy ceased to caper, and frowned haughtily.

"Carlino is not stupid," he pouted.

The baroness pointed her finger at him derisively.

"Baby!" she said. "Ask mamma if, in the time of Watteau, Flanders did not cherish the dear St. Nicholas as patron of very small children, St. Catherine of girls, and St. Gregory of boys. *Eh bien!* Innocents' Day was even better, for then the youngest child of the family was dressed in silk and velvet and ruled everybody. We have neither Innocents' Day, nor Carlo's true *festa* of blessed San Carlo Borromeo, which falls due in the autumn. This is his birthday all the same. *Che vuole!* Let us masquerade at the Villa Margherita, *mon enfant!*"

The pretty woman clapped her hands gleefully, and Carlo, ceasing

to pout, began to caper once more, until seized and borne away shrieking, by an inexorable nurse, to the bath. The ladies followed to take their coffee, and the peacock was left in undisputed possession of the terrace.

An hour later a gay company pervaded the long-deserted villa. Ostensibly led by Carlo, the baroness was, in reality, the moving spirit. Her gayety was spontaneous, her wit unfailing. She furnished the element of quicksilver essential to society. Endowed with inventive talent in all the arts of ephemeral amusement, she now anticipated enlivening an otherwise dull day by suggesting the whim of a child to her companions. What were they all save children of a larger growth?

The Villa Margherita was a rambling structure, devoid of architectural beauty. The walls were painted yellow, the roof was protected by red tiles, the numerous casements were heavily grated. On one side the mansion formed a portion of the tiny Piazza of the town; on the other a vestibule, adorned with time-stained busts of Roman senators, gave access to the terraced garden. Two towers of rough stone, having ornamented parapets, flanked the house.

Such was the inheritance of the Duchess di Nespoli, who had never previously visited the spot.

The duke had arrived a day earlier, with a party of gentlemen, and little dreaming of the mischievous escapade of the baroness in following him. The object of his coming was an eminently practical one. He wished to inspect such treasures as the late count might have hidden away from the world at Spina. Did Gastone di Nespoli, handsome, vain, ostentatious, with Neapolitan blood in his veins, and already harassed by debt in a brilliant and spendthrift existence, truly anticipate finding riches other than the trifles of art collected by a gentleman of refined tastes? His wife's lineage was ancient, while his own title was new, and further gilded by such meretricious splendor as the rumor of being a king's son. Consciousness of the difference between them may have lent additional arrogance to his naturally wayward and imperious temperament. Leader of a club where play ran high, with horses entered in every racing-list of the kingdom, and the old Roman palace of the Ginestra, beside the Tiber, animated by the noisy gayety of his companions, the duke had still found leisure to scale the heights to Spina and rifle the villa of the treasures which it might contain. The duchess, passive to the verge of indifference, had offered no resistance. The marriage had been arranged by a skilful statesman, whereby the new Duke di Nespoli espoused the daughter of the Ginestra, heroes of the Crusades, soldiers, numbering popes and cardinals in their generations, and sometime knighted by Barbarossa, together with all her houses and lands. Such had been the compact.

The duchess, pale and proud, irreproachable in conduct, as the women of her race had ever been, was understood to live for her children and the world, with just that tinge of the *dévote* which lent the charm of mysticism to her character.

"A beautiful woman without religion is a flower without perfume," said Heine.

The villa echoed to the sound of merry voices and laughter. Shutters were flung open by white hands, and doors creaked on rusty

hinges. Questions, animated responses, and little, feminine shrieks of wonder and fright resounded through the hushed chambers.

"We must find here a costume for our Child King," exclaimed the baroness. "Yes, Carlino *mio*, depend upon it, there are jewels, laces, and chains of gold in these old coffers and cabinets. *Tiens!* We will search, and each shall wear what he finds, for the day."

She led Carlo through the suite of rooms, exploring every corner with bright, inquisitive looks.

The duke followed, smoothing his beard to conceal a slight sentiment of annoyance which he experienced at the turn of events, and thrusting his left hand into the pocket of his English morning coat.

The group entered the narrow chapel, where the incense of the requiem mass celebrated here still lingered. Saints adorned the spandrels, and a sad Madonna of the Sienese school drooped above the altar. In the pavement was inserted the worn effigy of the founder of convent and town, knight of many visions, clad in armor, with gauntlets of mail crossed on his breast. Beneath the window was the tomb of Count Alessandro, hewn out of purest Carrara marble by Guido Cari and his fellow-workmen of the studio.

The gay company made a genuflection before the altar, and crossed themselves rapidly. The baroness dragged forth some priestly vestments from a closet, pale amber silk, worked with crimson roses, and heavy with gold and silver fringes, then tossed them aside capriciously, as unfitted to her purpose.

Beyond the chapel was a loggia, enclosed in glass, with the ceiling frescoed in design of a majolica plate. This loggia contained several cases of bronze and Etruscan ornaments, urns, vases, and two sarcophagi, with female figures reclining on the lids, in robes still tinted red and yellow.

The baroness, with a swift and disdainful glance at these treasures, swept on to the large *sala*, as more worthy of her investigations.

The *sala*, with ceiling of dark rafters and floor of polished scagliola, had faded, as if in long waiting for the charming presence of the ladies who now entered it. The crystal chandelier held a few unlighted tapers, yellowed by time, and forgotten in the perpetual obscurity. The lamps suspended in the corners had corroded on their chains of brass filigree. Here and there a face loomed suddenly out of pervading blackness in a picture of the wall. Curtains of green silk draped the windows, while the furniture of white wood, elaborately gilded and covered with frayed yellow satin, was grouped about a central arm-chair, surmounted by a coronet, in ghostly mockery of state.

The duchess and her friend instinctively looked at the mirrors set between the casements and above the doors,—framed in mahogany and ebony, with classical scenes inlaid on the borders, and glass adorned with flower-garlands painted across the surface. Ah, too late! The flowers were dropping off in flakes, and the lustre of the crystal was dimmed and cracked. The baroness drew back, with a slight shudder, from contemplation of her own distorted image. The duchess remained, as if under a spell. "The mirror of truth," she murmured, with her habitual, pensive smile. "Old age beckons to us yonder, *ma chère*."

The adjacent rooms were hung with tapestry, depicting hunting-scenes, and arabesque designs, now bleached to a uniform greenish-gray hue. Carved cabinets flanked the walls, holding antique majolica of Urbino and Pesaro, a rare plaque of the Abruzzi, with metallic reflections, a Persian vase, glowing with color, and a Chinese bowl, adorned with a green dragon. Tables of jasper and mosaic were freighted with porcelain trinkets of jade and agate and specimens of Venetian glass. The helmet and cuirass of a warrior hung in one corner, surmounted by a tattered banner, and supported by a standard of mediæval weapons. A Byzantine reliquary of gold and enamel sparkled in the light.

The baroness did not hesitate to rifle of their contents little closet-recesses sunk in the masonry, thus revealing oddly-shaped drinking-cups of ivory, horn, and silver, books bound in stained parchment, and a case of medals bearing the portraits of long-forgotten princes. Her vivacity inspired her companions with a similar audacity of depredation. She flitted on, and was the first to enter the chamber of the deceased count.

The red damask curtains of the bed, closely drawn, as if he were still lying in state, did not awe the volatile lady. The apartment was lofty, and of dreary aspect. The russet tiles of the floor were humid, while the frescoed wall was discolored with patches of mildew. The three windows, heavily grated, after the manner of Italian country-houses, had been stripped of their hangings. Beside the bed was a *prie-Dieu* of carved wood, with a crucifix suspended above. On an inlaid table was placed a volume of missals, bound in crimson velvet, with silver clasps. It was one of those works dear to the Vatican and the dukes of Urbino in the time when careful penmanship and scroll design, as perfected by Vespaniano and his writers, rendered sovereigns scornful of mere printed books, the new discovery made by some barbarian of a German city.

A picture hung above a richly-wrought coffer. The picture represented Madonna Pia seated at her casement, awaiting death in the brooding mists ascending from the Maremma. The delicate head, bent forward, was seen in profile against the pale gold of the evening sky, the slender hands rested listlessly amidst the folds of the white dress, the hopeless eyes followed the distant flight of a bird.

At a glance the work was that of an amateur. The Count di Ginestra had painted it during those years of seclusion at the Villa Margherita. Was it a souvenir of memory?

The intruders, keenly susceptible to sentiment and artistic perception alike, understood the significance of the picture.

"*Che bella donna!*" sighed the gentleman who had sounded the fanfare on the tin trumpet when approaching Spina.

"Eh, Carlo! see the *corredo* in the corner," cried the baroness. "Surely we shall find something there."

The lid of the coffer was raised, and the contents soon scattered about the chamber. Folds of lace flowed over the rim, Venetian, Roman, Genoese, and antique Greek point, with a wealth of gold guipure, and disappeared, in turn, beneath rich mediæval embroideries

and fragments of brocade and velvet. The duchess uttered an exclamation of surprise as she opened a pearl inlaid case and unfurled the fan which it contained. The sticks of this fan were of enamel, set with rubies and brilliants, and the subject an *aquarelle* representing the wedding of a Ginestra with another noble house in the fourteenth century. Cupids held the shield of bride and bridegroom interlaced in a garland on the margin.

"This should have been my wedding-gift," said the duchess.

"Take it now, *chérie*," advised the baroness.

"It will serve for one of my daughters," mused the duchess, suppressing a scarcely audible sigh.

The bride depicted on the fan had brought her lord a portion of a million scudi, and dowered poor girls, in addition to maintaining five students at the art-schools of Rome, selected from the most intelligent youth of her own estates.

The children of the Duke di Nespoli would receive no such *dot*, in this extravagant nineteenth century. Even the day was rapidly passing when the contadini would spin and weave the bridal linen, as in the good time of such patriarchal custom.

"Why did the count bring all these things up here?" queried the baroness, exploring the chest.

"He once withdrew from the world to Spina," explained the duchess.

"*Per Bacco!* it was a duel, I have heard," supplemented the cavalier of the trumpet.

"Then here is the cause of the duel," added the baroness, unfolding a package of silver tissue-paper which contained a white dress.

The duke had paused beside the bed and detached the crucifix. The fineness of the carving did not interest him, but he tapped the wood, aware that dead men have been known to conceal a slip of precious writing, or a tiny key, in such receptacles.

"There is nothing here," he muttered, with chagrin.

How could one divine what riches might be hoarded at the Villa Margherita, as the residence of an eccentric recluse? The duke, aware that a system of modern banks obviates the necessity of carrying one's wealth in chains and collars about the neck, still dreamed of Damascus stuffs, Eastern carpets, scarfs of silk and gold, and strong caskets, filled with coin, concealed in the walls.

Carlo groped on the floor, and found an ancient medal, representing Africa as a woman, with woolly hair, holding in her right hand a cornucopia, and in her left a scorpion.

"Give it to me," said the duke, with sudden sharpness of tone.

He examined the medal as he had done the crucifix, and remained dissatisfied with the result.

The ladies gathered together the laces and stuffs, placing them in the arms of a maid.

"*Hélas!*" cried the baroness, "we have no costume of page or soldier for our Child King. We must devise one."

Returning through the loggia, the case of Etruscan ornaments caught her eye.

"A crown of gold leaves," she said, pausing. "Carlo shall wear that, at least."

"Dear angel of a baronessa, you surely would not make a child's toy of an Etruscan diadem?" the duke protested.

To oppose the coquette was to confirm her in any wayward resolution. She arched her white neck, and shot a dangerous glance at her host through her curling eyelashes.

"Why not, monsieur? We will not injure the crown."

The duke bowed, opened the case, and took out the ornament. His dissatisfied scrutiny reverted to the other objects of the collection.

"Andrea told me they were rare. I doubt it," he thought, pursuing his own train of reflections.

Carlo was speedily decked with lace and a jewelled chain, while a piece of velvet, copper and opal in tint, was wound about his waist for a sash. The crown of gold leaves was then placed on his curls by the caressing fingers of the baroness.

"Now we must all obey you," she said, with a playful gesture of reverence.

"I wish mamma to put on the white robe," said the Child King, with such promptness as to warrant the belief that his tirewoman had whispered the suggestion in his ear.

The duchess consented with reluctance. The Madonna Pia of the picture had evidently owned this dress.

Guido Cari and his dwarf friend had not quitted the church tower. They were now rewarded for so much patience in their mutual curiosity by beholding the little Carlo once more emerge in the garden, wearing his gold crown, laces, and jewelled chain. The boy strutted about complacently in his new finery.

He was accompanied by his German governess, the Fräulein Meyer, and his two sisters, Beatrice and Elena.

The Fräulein Meyer was a tall and slender young woman, clad in modest black, and shod with those stout German boots which betoken a well-regulated organization in the capacity to wear them alike in winter and summer. Her features were rounded to insignificance, her complexion sandy and freckled, her eyes of palest blue, fringed with white lashes, and her blond hair neatly braided about her small head.

As companion of the Duchess di Nespoli the Fräulein was considered fortunate in the attainment of a truly enviable position, and yet her existence was only a degree less onerous than that of the modern hotel waiter, the Ixion bound to the revolving wheel of duty. She was required to be vigilant, sprightly, discreet, amiable, and useful from dawn to twilight, and she was never alone. Her accomplishments were as varied as the claims made upon them. She was expected to read the German poets with the duchess, when not lavishing all the skill of her superb musical education on pouting Beatrice or refractory Elena. The boy Carlo was never out of her sight. The mother was a kind mistress, the three children intelligent and affectionate, but when the governess had asserted the influence of her own superior cleverness, on some fitting occasion, they slipped away, like water trickling through her fingers, and mocked at her surprise.

The poor Fräulein was fond of concealing a yellow pamphlet among the Berlin wools of her basket, and, ceasing to ply her needle on the artistic embroidery destined for an altar-cloth in some favorite shrine, by the duchess, read thrilling romances, by stealth, in which she was destined to have no other share. Surely she may be pardoned if Victor Cherbuliez's inimitable "Meta Holdenis" became a study of fascinating importance on such occasions.

The church-bells began to sway, and Carlo, attracted by the sound, glanced up at the tower, thus discovering the eager faces of Guido and Pia.

"You are spies! Come down," he called, imperiously.

"Ah, such a beautiful little king, with his gold crown!" returned Pia, in a wheedling tone. "If he only knew what our Guido here could do on his birthday!"

"What can Guido do?" demanded Carlo.

"Ask him, *carino*, to make a model of the mother's face, or hand," suggested Pia, quickly.

The child kicked a pebble in the path with his shoe, in doubt, until his sisters explained:

"Yes, yes, Carlino! He is a sculptor, and you must have him model the hand of mamma on your birthday."

Pia clutched Guido's coat, dragging him down the steps of the tower, past the astonished cobbler Sandro, who was again pulling the bell-rope in the routine of duty, and crossed the Piazza to enter boldly the door of the villa. Guido did not attempt to resist his tiny companion in her impetuous haste of resolution. His breath came more quickly, and the blood mounted to his brow.

"Let us pass," cried Pia, shrilly, when a servant endeavored to oppose their progress.

They gained the garden, where the children were more interested in securing a feather from the peacock's tail than in their advent.

"Here is the sculptor," cried Beatrice, with the flowing tresses and starry eyes.

Pia clasped her hands and gazed about her with keen anxiety. Guido paused, in silence, and as if rooted to the ground.

The two ladies stood in the centre of a group, spreading out their robes as the peacock preened his silky plumage in the sun.

The duchess had assumed the white dress to gratify the whim of her friend. The soft folds of creamy-tinted silk fell about her slender form in the Florentine fashion of the fourteenth century. A band of pale blue plush bordered the square bodice and formed slashed puffs at the shoulder and elbow of the long sleeves, while a silver girdle, knotted on the hip, held suspended a velvet bag, with the lily, emblem of the city, embroidered in seed-pearls on one side. She carried the wedding-fan.

The baroness raised herself on tiptoe to salute her on both cheeks, in an ecstasy of delight. The gentlemen kissed her fingers.

The white robe, treasured by the old Count di Ginestra, had served at some fancy ball of a past generation, and of the history there lingered only a vague suggestiveness, like a faint perfume.

Guido Cari beheld, for the first time in his life, a beautiful woman, who appealed to his soul, as a type, whether Christian or Hellenic. The Duchess Bianca, standing on the terrace of the Villa Margherita, was to him Madonna, Venus, and Ariadne in one. She was the full revelation of

> High grace, the dower of queens, and therewithal
> Some wood-born wonder's sweet simplicity;
> A glance like water brimming with the sky
> Or hyacinth-light where forest-shadows fall;
> Such thrilling pallor of cheek as doth enthrall
> The heart; a mouth whose passionate forms imply
> All music and all silence held thereby;
> Deep golden locks, her sovereign coronal.

The baroness had adapted a ruff of old lace about her own throat and attached to her shoulders a drapery of velvet brocade, olive-green shot with crimson, in the form of a Watteau train, which suited marvellously well her piquante beauty, the brilliant eyes beneath black brows delicately arched, rich brunette tints, and mobile features.

Mankind admired, with respectful tenderness, the white-robed woman, but adored, with slavish homage, the idlest caprice of the wearer of the velvet train.

"A dwarf!" exclaimed the duchess, when she perceived Pia. "She will bring us good fortune, Carlo.—Welcome, my child."

Pia took the delicate hand of the lady and kissed it. Ah, how she would have liked to bite the ivory flesh with her strong white teeth! She could be patient when she chose. In the very jealousy of her heart an impulse awakened to manage all these large, strong, and rich ones of the earth, adapting them to her own ends.

"We came for Guido, gracious signora," she entreated, in a soft tone. "The little boy wishes him to model the beautiful hand of the signora, and afterwards to carve it in Carrara marble. He has talent, our Guido. Ah, if the signora only knew!"

"He is right to choose such a model as the hand of our duchessa," asserted the cavalier of the tin trumpet.

The duchess raised her fingers languidly, on which sparkled valuable rings.

"Guido is your brother?" she inquired, kindly.

"No, signora," replied Pia, decisively.

"Lover?" hazarded the cavalier, carelessly.

The dwarf's cheeks grew hot, and she drew herself up, as she retorted,—

"I have no lover. I take care of Guido Cari. That is all."

The droll aspect of the little speaker in thus proclaiming her protection of her companion elicited a laugh from the strangers, and even Guido smiled.

"Very well, my child. The sculptor shall model my hand," assented the duchess.

"Now?" questioned Guido, in an awed whisper. He did not venture to raise his eyes to the face of the radiant goddess before him.

"Soon. Wait yonder," said the duchess, indicating the terrace step.

Pia again grasped the coat of her friend, and drew him swiftly towards the spot designated.

"Don't spoil everything by committing some folly," she warned, in a hissing whisper.

Her face was pinched and drawn. Guido observed her with surprise, and then his entranced gaze reverted to the charming form in the white dress.

"When we are true artists at heart, we do not stare as if stricken dumb," added the tiny woman, scornfully. "All the world, the sky, the earth, the flowers, and the living creatures, belong to us, and yet we rob no one."

Guido leaned his head against the stone urn, and the light breeze stirred his hair. His features softened, his look kindled, and his hands fell listlessly at his sides. Pia rested her sharp chin in her palm, and her elbow on her knee. She resembled one of those grotesque figures carved by Gothic artists at the angle of church door-ways and roof. In her eyes, fixed on the horizon, was the prophetic resignation of the Sibyls, foreseeing the evil of the world, yet powerless to avert misfortune. The voice of Carlo became audible:

"I wish papa to give me his purse."

The duke produced a pocket-book of scented leather. Gastone di Nespoli was ever prepared to scatter his wealth, although paper bank-notes replaced with him the golden ducats and florins of the Middle Ages.

Carlo received the purse gravely, and passed through the entrance door of the villa, escorted by his mother and the baroness, out on the Piazza.

By what instinct did Spina become aware that the Child King and the gracious ladies were there, in their fine costumes? The dresses taken from the coffer were not a whit too magnificent to charm the squalid little town. The other children must long remember the visit of their future duke, by each receiving a bit of money. The crowd gathered quickly, and pressed about these benefactors. Tales of distress were poured into their ears, cries and blessings were showered upon the Child King, as he made his triumphant progress across the Piazza, down the narrow street, and gained the fountain. Sturdy Gignio confronted him, and would fain have snatched the gold crown to place on his own curly head.

Pretty Sabina gazed enviously at the ladies, and managed to touch the velvet train of the baroness, furtively, which was gathered up over the wearer's arm. The instincts of the feminine nature expanded in the delight of mere contact with the silken stuffs, woven for princely wear, in the breast of the poor girl, condemned to cotton woof instead.

Carlo emptied the purse for Gignio, then shrank closer to his mother's side.

"Let us go back, mamma," he whimpered. "I'm afraid."

Cesare Tommasi stood on the threshold of his shop, with his bald head respectfully uncovered. Beside him was his new wife, modest in

bearing, with hands meekly folded. Emilia contemplated the Child King with a hungry rapture, yet it was from possible contact with her that Carlo had drawn back.

The duchess looked at her with a smile of mild and gracious interest. Bianca di Nespoli possessed the supreme excellence of the Italian, the tact of ready sympathy.

"Have you sons?" she inquired.

"Oh, no, signora," replied Emilia.

Such was the scene presented to the contemplation of a stranger who approached under the arch of the city gate at the moment.

The cluster of old houses and towers rose against the blue sky, and the sunshine lay warm on the chrome-tinted convent wall and sculptured fountain. Half in shadow and half in dazzling light stood the two ladies, with the child, while the eager crowd surrounded them. Their attire, better adapted to the day of Boccaccio than to the nineteenth century, did not seem inharmonious to this spectator.

"If art is dead in the land, subjects for pictures still abound," he mused, pleased and interested, as one belonging to the class of those who go about contemplating the world, in the definition of the Venetian fisherman.

The stranger, wearing a broad felt hat, blue spectacles, and carrying a linen umbrella, was Dr. Paul Weisener.

He removed his hat, saluting the ladies, and glanced about in search of an inn after the fatigue of a long walk.

The duchess retraced her steps, with Carlo clinging to her arm, and the baroness tripping after, chatting familiarly with the women who still surrounded them. The crowd slowly dispersed, turning away when the Child King had disappeared.

Old Cesare Tommasi blinked meditatively, pausing in his shop door, and inspected the stranger.

"Who may he be?" he wondered.

"He comes on his own feet, but he wears a good coat," remarked Emilia, dubiously.

"Can he be interested in the collection of Count Alessandro?" piped Cesare, professional emulation awakening in his breast at the sight of an intruder.

"Who knows?" was the calm response of his new wife.

Ascending the street, Dr. Weisener paused at the sign of the Black Eagle.

The entire establishment was thrown into wild confusion by the arrival of a customer. The hostess remembered, while summoning Masolino from the wine-shop, that the sight of the dwarf Pia as the first comer of the day had promised good luck.

Marianna received Dr. Weisener with such composure as she could muster, and ushered him into a long, low chamber which partook of the characteristics of cellar, kitchen, and living-room in one.

Here a meal was served the guest on a table of questionable cleanliness, consisting of eggs fried in oil, cheese, and coarse bread. He despatched the food with the good humor of an experienced traveller,

and even drank a portion of the acrid wine in the flask placed before him by Bimbo with a flourishing bow.

Masolino leaned against the wall, and prepared to gossip with the foreign gentleman about the Villa Margherita, and such topics concerning the active world beyond Spina as he had gleaned from the reading of newspapers.

Dr. Weisener complimented him on his skill in serving a table.

"He is a good son, God be thanked!" exclaimed Marianna Cari.

The widow was much flushed and flurried by her culinary exertions, and scrubbed a copper vessel with her apron as she spoke.

Masolino received the just meed of praise thus bestowed upon him with a certain lofty humility. The signore was not familiar with the country, or he would be aware that the sons of Marianna Cari were not mere drudges of the Aquila Nera. He was an artist in the studios which abound near the marble-quarries, although willing to oblige his mother on this occasion. The young man passed his fingers through his hair, and once more lounged against the wall. Perhaps the signore knew his brother Guido, at least by reputation?

Dr. Weisener could not recall the name of Guido Cari at the moment. He was secretly amused by this display of naïve vanity, while aware that the native artist of the locality might possess talent.

Masolino accepted the apology as his due, and employed the damp napkin, held under one arm, to whisk an intrusive fly from the cheese.

"Guido is a good boy also," asseverated the widow, wiping her own countenance, abstractedly, with the apron which had so recently done service on the copper vessel.

Mother and son were already building air-castles out of the arrival of this guest. It was impossible for them not to estimate him, according to the Athenian code deeply ingrained in human nature, as an outside barbarian because of a different nationality. Surely he would not run away at dawn, carrying off the bedclothes in a bundle, as the last customer of the Black Eagle had done, always allowing that the doctor would be tempted to remain over-night. The hostess doubted this last good fortune, judging from the slender capacities of the bag hung over his shoulder, and the vigor of his limbs. Were there not hotels in the town of Carrara? Evil befall those caravansaries likely to thrust the Aquila Nera into the shade!

Masolino was of the opinion that fine opportunities exist to better one's condition in the cities. Dr. Weisener checked him, in a bantering tone, and with the advice to hold to his mountain home. Il Bimbo shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "An empty sack cannot stand upright," he urged, in a discontented tone.

The Herr Doctor bathed his flushed face, and smoothed his beard and hair, as preliminary measures to seeking the Villa Margherita.

The inmates of the mansion had partaken of an Arcadian repast, with much merriment, with Carlo at the head of the table as ruler of the feast.

When the stranger presented himself, the duchess was seated in the shade of the vestibule, with her hand resting lightly on the balustrade, while Guido Cari made a drawing of the member on a sheet of paper.

Pia looked on, with an expression of intense eagerness on her intelligent face. Guido had begged permission to sketch the delicate hand immediately, as clay for modelling could not be obtained.

The gentlemen loitered about, smoking their cigars, and the baroness deftly rolled a cigarette.

Carlo had made a mimic battle-field in one corner, with twin ranks of tin soldiers, Austrian and Italian. The Italian army was invariably victorious in this warfare, and routed the enemy with prodigious valor.

The advent of Dr. Weisener afforded a welcome diversion in the drowsy dulness of noonday.

The Duke di Nespoli received him with the easy affability of a grand seigneur, and presented him to his wife. The latter, divining the object of the visit, concealed her chagrin beneath her usual graceful demeanor.

Dr. Weisener forgot Etruria while subjected to the charm of her presence. The children were required to address him in German, according to a prevailing Italian fashion, and the supple Fräulein Meyer was brought forward, in complacent allusion to the banishment of the English governess previously *à la mode.*

"Germany and Italy are such good friends," said the duchess, with her fleeting smile, which the stranger compared, in his own mind, to the expression of Mona Lisa, subtile, delicate, and possibly ironical.

Pia scowled at the doctor from her post behind the chair of the duchess. Was he not interrupting Guido in his work?

Surprised by the anger of the odd little creature, the doctor turned, and discovered Guido seated on the step, his pencil moving rapidly over the paper outspread on his knee. This intruder saw more than the rest of the company, for Guido was making a sketch of the duchess, instead of her hand, a fugitive study, taken by stealth.

"Do not move, madame, I beg of you," said the doctor. "I should be reluctant to disturb an artist at his task."

Guido Cari raised his head, and the two men looked at each other. The doctor was inspired by a sentiment of benevolence and sympathy, and Guido by an impulse of gratitude. Long afterwards the former recalled the emotion. Did the latter ever realize that with the bearded foreigner rested his sole chance of even the echo of fame?

The duke, without too much appearance of haste, drew the guest away to the loggia, where the steward, Andrea Vanucci, waited to exhibit the Etruscan collection of the Count di Ginestra.

"Monsieur the Doctor is well known as an archæologist. His fame precedes him everywhere," remarked the duke, with becoming gravity.

"I am too much honored by receiving even the notice of the Duca di Nespoli," replied the savant, with a profound Teutonic bow.

"He wishes me to purchase these things at double their standard value," was the reflection of the last speaker, as he examined an amphora of early Tyrrhenian workmanship, with a shadowy Alcestis parting from Admetus on one side.

The steward drew forth bronze mirrors, statuettes, and alabastrons for his inspection.

Dr. Weisener did not quit Spina that evening, and the heart of

Marianna Cari, hostess, rejoiced. A guest was to sleep beneath the roof of the Black Eagle. He dined at the villa, where the ladies vied with each other in paying him pretty attentions, the children went and came, and Fräulein Meyer fixed respectful looks on her distinguished countryman. Hospitality at Spina was more difficult than at Prince Demidoff's palace of San Donato, where a visitor might not only choose his favorite color in selecting a chamber, but change the hangings and furniture according to his mood. In the presence of the serene Duchess Bianca and the vivacious baroness, Dr. Weisener was not unduly discriminating as to the viands or vintage consumed.

The crystal chandelier of the large *sala* glowed with light, and the music of guitars, flutes, and mandolins resounded. The townsfolk gathered about the entrance,—moths attracted by the flame of unwonted splendor.

Guido and Pia remained in the shadow of the vestibule, never quitting the duchess with their gaze.

The garden and terrace were all warmth and fragrance in the twilight. The cavalier of the trumpet had succeeded in launching on the waters of the fountain-basin a fleet of egg-shells, each filled with oil and containing a lighted taper. This fairy squadron, pearly pink in the semi-transparency of shell, resembled a garland of lilies pulsing on the tide, with chalices of jewelled fire.

Little Carlo grew elfin with the approach of night, and resisted all efforts to deprive him of his golden crown. As the duration of his reign diminished, the Child King became more extravagant in his caprices. Each person who could gain his ear sought a favor, as the humble and the base gather about the steps of a throne. A few of these appeals reached him, while more were wholly unheeded by the small tyrant, as he ran about the paths, indulging in shrill bursts of laughter and song, which Fräulein Meyer strove in vain to repress.

At one time he dragged forth Sabina Regaldi, and cried,—

"Mamma, I wish you to take her into your service."

Sabina clasped her hands, with an imploring gesture, fell on her knees, sobbed, and laughed.

"Only try me, dear signora! Ah, try me, for the love of heaven!" she supplicated.

Again, Masolino was brought forward, with the announcement,—

"He is to sing, mamma."

Whereupon Masolino received permission, and, twanging the cords of his mandolin, rolled forth a volume of sound which made the very casements rattle. Rural melodies did not satisfy his soaring ambition, and he chose, instead, the *aria* from "La Favorita," rendering it with far more assurance than accuracy.

"*Cristo!* there is a voice," was the duke's comment, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"They are making a fool of you, baby!" said Pia, speaking from the darkness of her corner of the vestibule.

Masolino deigned no response. He ran his fingers through his hair, and inflated his chest. The blood mounted to his brain, and the twink-

ling lights of the crystal chandelier dazzled his eyes. The ladies had admired his song and himself. The duchess had smiled on him, and the baroness had given him a very arch, roguish look. Both were prepared to fall in love with him. He was sure of that fact. Romances are made of such trifles.

Next the Child King insisted that the baroness and the duke should repeat an amateur French play acted in the Ginestra palazzo at Rome the previous winter.

The actors complied, with the best possible grace, and the audience prepared to witness once more The Comedy of a Fan.

The baroness appeared, waving the historical fan, and wearing on her head one of those wigs made of white silk which were so readily cast on flaming bonfires by sobbing penitents in the Middle Ages. She had bestowed the white robe on her friend, but kept for herself the wig, discovered in the depths of the coffer.

The duke had assumed a Persian dressing-gown, and an embroidered smoking-cap, as the jealous and exacting husband of Madame la Marquise.

The dialogue was rendered with so much spirit and finish, the by-play was so spontaneous, and the situation so harmonious, that the spectators could not doubt for a moment they were as second nature to the participants.

The duchess sat in the arm-chair, surmounted by the gilded coronet, and held Carlo at her knee. Inaction rendered him drowsy, after a happy day.

The comedy concluded, the Child King yawned, and urged Dr. Weisener to try the long-disused piano-forte of Count Alessandro di Ginestra.

There was a momentary hush of expectation when the stranger seated himself at the instrument. Carlo returned to the stool at his mother's feet, and rested his head in her lap. The duchess gently removed the gold crown from the boy's curls, and placed it on the window-ledge behind her chair.

Spina had heard no music, on the summer evening, like that drawn from the old piano by Dr. Weisener. The large, stout man took his place quietly, and ran his plump fingers over the yellow keys, weaving together chords of subtlest harmony, and veiling profound scientific knowledge beneath a graceful ease of movement in the rippling melodies best calculated to soothe the ear and screen the instrument from blame of harsh discord in all its rattling members.

Why did the Pensiero of Liszt recur to him, as he looked at Bianca, Duchess di Nespoli, seated in her faded arm-chair of state, with the creamy robe of some dead Madonna Pia clinging about her? The sound-wave framed another interpretation of Michelangelo's statue of Duke Lorenzo in the chapel niche, "with everlasting shadow on his face," already given [illegible] utterance in the verse of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and th[illegible] together music, art, and poetry in one thought about the old [illegible] church of San Lorenzo.

The music ceased. The Child King was asleep.

The golden Etruscan [illegible] er on the window-ledge.

What had become of it? While the company listened to Dr. Weisener's playing, the crown had vanished.

The Duke di Nespoli lost his temper. His eyes flashed, his brow grew knotted, and his voice rose to a stormy note. An Etruscan wreath lost for such folly! In vain the servants searched garden, terrace, vestibule, and corridor; the crown was gone, and all efforts to discover it were fruitless.

Carlo, his reign over, was banished to bed, cross and tearful.

As for the baroness, the true culprit, she remained discreetly silent, and yawned, in turn, behind the historical fan.

Dr. Weisener withdrew to the Inn of the Black Eagle, leaving Fräulein Meyer in tears of rapture over his musical performances on the cracked piano.

The lights went out, and the towns-people slowly dispersed, bearing the stigma, consciously or otherwise, of having stolen the crown of the Child King from the window-ledge.

Guido Cari, worn out with the excitement of the day, sought his own bed, indifferent to the presence of a stranger in the house. The young artist thought only of a scrap of paper on which he had made a sketch of the duchess.

Pia stole down the narrow street to the door of her father's shop.

Cesare Tommasi was moving about the place, wringing his hands and groaning. An oil-lamp burned on the table, forming a star of light in the darkness of the vaulted room, and revealing, with a Rembrandt effect, the living head of the old man below and the terra-cotta bust on the shelf above.

"What is the matter?" demanded Pia, entering the door.

"To think that I have no chance at the villa, and a foreigner has already arrived to take stock of the *roba!*" lamented the antiquarian.

"As to that, the parrot talks and the magpie chatters," quoth Pia.

"Listen, my daughter. If I could have summoned the Pisani or Bartolommeo Niccolini, for example, we might have made a combination together. Who knows?"

"Where is the bride?" pursued Pia, wrinkling up her features, as if she had just tasted an acid fruit.

"She has not come home yet," rejoined Cesare, sighing profoundly.

Pia made a second comical grimace, and he laughed feebly instead of chiding her.

The worm-eaten frames and old furniture leaned against the wall. A Venetian Moor, with gilded tunic and arm lifted to support a long-dismantled candelabrum, loomed in the shadow, like the phantom of a feverish dream; a portière of tattered silk waved in the wind, as if stirred by invisible fingers.

Pia climbed the stair to her own chamber. When Cesare ceased to move about the shop, soliloquizing in dolorous strain, and affronted by the novel indifference of his only child to the common interest of business which had united them for so long a time, she sought the terrace, where her favorite plants blossomed, and peered over the railing into the silent street.

The moon shone on the distant hill

Pia waited in the pergola for a long time. At length her patience was rewarded. A woman entered the arch of the town gate. Pia recognized her step-mother. Where had she been? Evidently she had made the tour of the town outside the walls to gain the archway by a more circuitous route. She carried some object wrapped in her apron.

Pia stiffened to complete immobility. The animal's head, sheep or ass, carved above the shop door, and in close proximity to her own twisted shoulder now, was not more silent than the tiny spectator.

Emilia approached swiftly and stealthily. Night animals of prey have the same rapid and noiseless movements under cover of darkness. She paused before the door of the shop, peering intently to the right and left, in an attitude of listening.

Pia feared that those mild and veiled eyes, with their veined reflections of jasper and yellow, would pierce the obscurity and perceive her, crouching among the plants of the pergola. The dwarf was brave, with the courage often found in small creatures, but a chill crept over her flesh at this moment, her ears hummed, a sudden vertigo oppressed her brain, and she clutched the rose-tree to keep from swooning.

Emilia sank on her knees, and, in this attitude of supplication, slowly dragged herself across the street to the shrine, where she bowed her head to the stones in an agony of appeal.

Pia looked down on her without pity. Did her posture denote remorse, or mere prayer? She could not fathom the soul of the woman who had intruded on her life in such unwelcome fashion. How was Pia to realize the extent of her step-mother's ambition?

Emilia, ignorant, slow-witted to a certain extent, yet upheld by the conceit which often accompanies this temperament, prayed wildly for a pretty boy down in the plain. Oh that he might become such a one as the Child King! A foundling, herself, of the Hospital of the Innocents, she respected with a slavish servility riches, greatness, power. These gifts she would fain have for the pretty boy now idling away his time at the locksmith's bench in a dark street of the town. She had lied when she told the duchess she had no children. It did not cost Emilia much to lie. An apprentice to a locksmith? No! her boy should be a gentleman!

The dream had come to her when she first beheld the Duke di Nespoli at a military funeral. In the darkness of midnight in the little town of Spina on the heights, she again saw the city street, the palace with closed casements, the files of soldiers drawn up, and the funeral car, richly gilded, hung with garlands, and having torches flaming on the four corners. Then it was that Gastone di Nespoli, as commander of division, rode down the line, resplendent in a uniform of black and gold, pricking with the fretting spur his superb charger, just as the muffled drums rolled in unison with the swelling dirge. Humblest waif of the curb-stone, the woman from the Romagna had vowed that her boy should become a soldier like the duke.

On her knees, with her forehead bowed to the dust, she prayed to the Madonna and all the saints that the sum of money might be given her requisite to purchase the outfit for the military college, and the channel of advancement for a pupil be opened.

Pia slipped back to her bed. Later, she was acutely aware that a figure entered her chamber and bent over her pillow to judge if she slept. Frozen terror kept the dwarf silent, but she felt, through her closed lids, that a pair of glistening eyes pierced her brain.

The moon climbed the sky, and shone down full upon the town. A stray moonbeam penetrated the narrow casement of the chapel, and rested on the marble tomb of the old Count di Ginestra, who in life had been wholly indifferent to the people gathered by his death beneath the roof of the Villa Margherita.

CHAPTER IV.

A BUST OF THE RENAISSANCE.

Dr. Weisener paused at the shop door of Cesare Tommasi the following day. Refreshed by sound slumber, the traveller had arisen like a giant prepared to run his course of another twelve hours. He had paid his respects to the ladies at the Villa Margherita, where the gay company of the previous evening now appeared dull and listless.

As far as the count's collection was concerned, the excursion had been a fool's errand. Even the Etruscan diadem of leaves had been snatched away before the doctor's very eyes. What had become of the crown? He promised to communicate with the steward, Andrea Vanucci, should he have application from some museum for the contents of Count Alessandro's loggia. The transaction had remained in suspense at this point.

Dr. Weisener had strapped on his bag, and settled the account of Marianna Cari, hostess, without a murmur, even taking occasion to tip the somewhat dilatory Masolino, whose eyes were heavy with sleep, as he served the muddy coffee, long hoarded at the Black Eagle for such an emergency.

Cesare Tommasi lay in wait for him in the ambush of an artfully-baited trap.

"Yes, the cabinet is a good specimen," said the visitor, inspecting the premises.

"Period of the First Empire, signore," was the glib response.

"Humph! The Empire has not had too much to do with it, perhaps."

"Does the gentleman wish to see a true coin of Fiesole?"

"To be sure. A coin of Fiesole is always welcome."

"Eh! I believe it. One does not find such a specimen every day."

"What have you got up there, my friend?" continued Dr. Weisener. "A bust of the *Cinque-cento?* Impossible!"

"Does the gentleman like it?"

"Why, it seems to be a remarkable one."

Emilia, silent and watchful, had hovered near during this conversation. She climbed on a chair and lifted down the bust. She had not admired it, but the comments of the gentleman gave it value in her eyes.

"*Che!* our Guido made the bust, years ago. It is my portrait,"

explained Cesare, his thin face acquiring the furrows of suppressed amusement which the artist had faithfully reproduced.

Dr. Weisener nodded, tracing the resemblance from feature to feature in the wrinkled brow, pointed nose, hollow temple, and sunken mouth.

"He has talent, your Guido," commented the stranger, with that prompt appreciation in an indifferent critic which often bears such bitter fruit to the artist. "He must have intended to imitate the antique, or the period of Renaissance, in taking your likeness, and he has succeeded. Ah! how readily he might become one of those Italian artists who have discovered the true melody of movement, lavishing their labor on the frieze of flying angels in palace and cloister in provincial towns! Unfortunately, too many of the band have remained unknown."

Cesare Tommasi blinked meditatively. Respectfully silent in her humility, Emilia looked on. Pia emerged from the kitchen with sparkling eyes, and holding her head high.

"Guido will do more!" she exclaimed, with a vibration of passionate triumph in her tones. "One must begin, signore."

"True. You are right," assented the doctor, amused by her vehemence. "Thorwaldsen and Canova did not spring from the brain of Jove, like Minerva. Well, well, bid your Guido persevere. The bust is fine. The art of sculpture is ancient in Italy. Perhaps the first effort of the kind was that trunk of the vine carved into a semblance of Jupiter down yonder at Etruscan Populonia. *Che lo sa?*"

He bought the doubtful Fiesole coin, and the festoon of yellow lace arranged in the window by Pia the previous day. How well it would become the Frau Mutter, seated beside the casement overlooking the Luther-Platz at Worms, busily knitting!

Lace of creamy tint and texture seems to have been wrought especially for old ladies with silvery hair and delicate features.

Then the doctor went his way.

Possibly the trifling incident of pausing at the shop door of Cesare Tommasi guided the train of his subsequent reflections. Possibly the very marble country which had sent forth its store of wealth for so many centuries, and which he had penetrated on an errand without fruit, made him meditate on the work of Guido Cari. What would be the future of this untutored genius of the Carrara mountains? Would he be the friend of princes, the favorite of fortune, or remain always in obscurity? Would his epitaph be that of Desiderio da Settignano, on whose tomb Nature quenches her torch,—

> **Ma in van, perche costui**
> **Die vita eterna ai marmi, e i marmi a lui?**

The pedestrian turned a sharp angle of the path, and came face to face with the wife of Cesare Tommasi.

Breathless after running down the hill, with her hair blowing in the wind, and her usual composure of manner gone, Emilia appeared feverish and eager. She drew the bust from beneath her apron.

"Buy it, signore," she pleaded.

"Buy it!" repeated the doctor, in surprise.

"Yes. The signore may have it at his own price," she said, in a wheedling tone.

"I do not wish it at all," he retorted, a trifle contemptuously. "It is one thing to admire a work, my good woman, and another to desire to own it."

Emilia's brow darkened. She bit her lip, and looked at her companion obliquely.

"I thought the gentleman said it was like an antique," she resumed, in her mildest accents, after a pause.

"So it is," assented the doctor, brusquely. "That does not concern me, however."

He strode on.

Left alone, the woman from the Romagna scowled at his retreating form, reflected a moment, then, covering the terra-cotta bust with her apron once more, slowly returned to the town. She laughed bitterly, and raised her free hand to her head, as if the torrid heat of the sun scorched her brain. A sharp stone in the path cut her foot. Life had ever been thus steep and painful to Cesare Tommasi's mature bride, child of the Foundling-Hospital of the Innocents.

Gay voices and the clatter of donkey-hoofs resounded along the narrow, crooked streets, and beneath the arch of the dismantled gateway.

The Duke di Nespoli and his friends were departing as they had come. The baroness was petulant and a trifle bored; the children as impatient to ride away down the hill as they had been to scale the height; the duke scornful of the villa and its surroundings. The duchess alone was gracious, smiling, and sympathetic to the last, as became a great lady. She had permitted Guido Cari to study her hand, and intrusted the sum of money requisite to execute the work in marble to the vigilant Pia. Her last words were for the priest Fra Antonio. She promised to give a dowry to two maidens of Spina on a certain festival in the ensuing month of August.

Emilia drew aside and permitted the cavalcade to pass. Her veiled glance sought only the face of the duke, dark and haughty in his present mood, as a plant parched by drought may expand to the beneficent rain. The nobleman was to her a beacon-light.

Guido Cari, bareheaded, followed the party, with his gaze fixed on the duchess. He did not perceive Emilia, with the terra-cotta bust wrapped in her apron.

Masolino again lounged beside the fountain, with a fragment of newspaper in his hand. He was sulky and dispirited. Dr. Weisener had not taken his hints about accepting his services as valet or encouraged his seeking to better his fortunes in the town. A wise signore, forsooth! He was piqued and jealous that Sabina Regaldi had departed in the train of the duchess, who had kept her word. What changes a day had brought about at Spina! The whim of the Child King that Sabina should be enrolled among his mother's maids had been gratified. Yes, Sabina had bestowed kisses, caresses, and promises, never to be

kept, on her little world, and flown away. The young man was indignant, aggrieved.

Emilia observed Masolino attentively, glided into the shop, deposited the bust on a table, and again emerged. She approached Bimbo quietly.

"Would you like to go down yonder also?" she inquired, in a tone of authority strangely at variance with her usual deprecatory bearing.

Masolino was reading a thrilling description of a Texas assassin, Ben Thompson by name. He lifted dull eyes of listless interrogation to the woman's face. What was the use of wishing for impossibilities? Every one else had a chance, even surly Guido. Bimbo had been thrust aside for all Spina. The ladies had forgotten his fine singing. He had a legitimate right to linger at the fountain and nurse his own wrongs, while dwelling on the astounding deeds of the Texan assassin as defined by Italian journalism at a loss for other material.

"If you will take a box for me to Pisa, and tell nobody of the errand, you shall be paid. You need not return to Spina afterwards, if you prefer to remain absent," said Emilia, bending forward, in order that her words should not be overheard.

Animation returned to the handsome and bovine countenance of the younger Cari. He listened eagerly, questioned Emilia from time to time, and nodded assent to her murmured arguments.

In the twilight of that same evening Masolino disappeared. Spina did not miss him for many hours.

Cesare Tommasi was gossiping with the neighbors about the treasures, real or imaginary, of the Villa Margherita. At any other time the criticism of Dr. Weisener on the bust would have interested him, but now he could only bewail the poverty which prevented his purchasing the collection of the late Count di Ginestra. How could he foresee that the duke would wish to convert everything into money? It was true he had heard that the play ran very high in the palace near the Ghetto.

Pia waited at the Black Eagle to tell Guido what the stranger had said about the terra-cotta bust. She was ever ready to strengthen genius by the precious balm of encouragement.

Opportunity thus favored Emilia. Had she not made the opportunity?

Masolino departed without attracting observation. He carried a wooden box on his shoulder and five francs in his pocket. He did not glance behind him, although he was going out into the world as Sabina had done. What a momentous event, in shaping humble lives to other ends, the whim of the Duke di Nespoli in visiting the new inheritance of his wife had proved! Masolino realized with swift conviction that his chance had come and he must seize it. His spirits rose. He set his hat jauntily over one ear, and hummed an aria from "La Favorita." He was to walk to Pisa, carrying the box. What of it? He was accustomed to traverse the mountain-paths, and the burden was not heavy. He did not intend to drill and chip marble all his life. Not he!

The instructions of Emilia had been very clear and definite. He

was to seek a certain person on the Via del Borgo, near the Ponte di Mezzo, at Pisa, consign the box to him, and demand more money in payment. Further, this emissary was to request this Baldassare Menotti to seek the village of Torano two days later, where Emilia would meet him.

Masolino paused to rest on the steps of a ruined chapel. He placed the box on the ground and lighted a cigar. Curiosity prompted him to examine the contents. *Sapristi!* a man should know what he is carrying, at least.

The box was very slight, and yet the cover was firmly nailed in its place. The bearer drew a penknife from his pocket and deliberately loosened the nails, in order to peep at the object enclosed. While thus employed, he heard footsteps approaching, and hastily thrust the box out of sight in the angle of the chapel wall.

His color faded, his teeth chattered with sudden fear. What if the woman from the Romagna had followed him, like a panther, crouching ready for a spring? What if she swooped down on him, with that curious, tawny light glittering in her jasper-hued eyes which he had already seen? Masolino's cowardly heart sank at the thought. The spot was lonely, and they carry knives as long as your arm, those daughters of Forlì, Ravenna, and Rimini, which they are capable of using on occasion. A dozen falsehoods thronged into his mind, ready for use. He had hidden the box because he had seen two men of most suspicious aspect on the road. Such was the first excuse which occurred to him. Still better, these villains could have set upon him, and he rescued the case from their greedy clutches only by means of his own courage.

The steps drew nearer. Masolino ventured to raise his eyes, and encountered the abstracted gaze of his brother Guido. He breathed a sigh of relief. Guido was returning to Spina, where Pia awaited him with too much eagerness to heed the movements of her stepmother.

The young sculptor's face was gloomy, and his movements mechanical. Bianca, Duchess di Nespoli, had departed once more, but he still cherished the memory of her radiant presence. Was not her coming, even, a dream, a sudden dazzling vision? He observed Masolino without surprise.

"You are going to work?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Yes," replied Masolino, puffing his cigar, and once more feeling quite at his ease.

The crimson glow of sunset still suffused the western sky, while the hills grew dark and sombre with the shadows of approaching night. Here and there a tree stood out, in delicately-defined silhouette, against the pure depths of horizon, and pools of water gleamed pale in the brown earth. The air was sweet with the wild roses that bloomed in every hedge.

Guido passed on.

Masolino removed the cigar from his lips, and looked after his brother with a sly expression. Guido did not signify much, with his moon-struck air.

"Tell the mother I do not return home to-night," he said, moved by filial compunctions of conscience.

Guido assented negligently. Masolino had never kept regular hours. Thus these two parted.

Once more alone, Masolino drew forth the box, and removed the lid. It contained the terra-cotta bust of Cesare Tommasi, made by Guido Cari years before.

Masolino burst into loud laughter.

"The bride gave me five francs to carry this thing to Pisa," he soliloquized. "*Sangue di Dio!* I will take it safely, for it would not be worth stealing on the road. *Avanti! Corraggio!*"

He resumed his journey, with the case on his shoulder, the cigar between his lips, and a swagger in his gait which might be mistaken for courage.

That was the last seen of Masolino Cari at Spina.

CHAPTER V.

A BRIDAL DOWRY.

THE heaviest burden of change had fallen on Pia, the dwarf.

The great people had come and gone, leaving the Villa Margherita with closed shutters and the peacock pacing the terrace. Pretty Sabina no longer brought her copper vessel to the fountain, laughing and scolding in the same breath. Lazy Masolino had disappeared, and Marianna Cari, with the price of Dr. Weisener's board and lodging still in her pocket, went about sobbing. Evil times had come to the Black Eagle, with one son gone, while the other refused to work. Marianna poured her griefs into the ear of the neighbors, the old men seated in dark door-ways, and the old women patiently tending the babies. Had these not known trouble as well? The neighbors nodded and listened sympathetically. *Altro!* The Marianna could tell them nothing new in guise of human woes, still they lent ear to her.

Then Sandro, the cobbler, cast aside the shabby boot he was mending, and went to ring the bells, as if their brazen note, pulsing out on the sunny air, would bring assuagement to every ill. Such was Sandro's religion.

The father, old Cesare Tommasi, had deceived Pia by marrying again and bringing back the Emilia to be her step-mother. All the jealousy, suspicion, and revengeful instincts of her nature had been aroused when the bride entered the door. Was her place to be usurped by a servant, a drudge, a nameless foundling of the Innocents' Hospital? Pia found just cause of contempt for such a rival. Emilia could boast no fortune, and had even no store of linen. Bitter wrath filled the heart of the deposed daughter and poisoned her life, but in the tempest she held to one anchor firmly,—the advancement of her friend Guido Cari. She was not an ignorant one. She could perceive and admire his talents. There would be war to the end between the two women under Cesare Tommasi's roof, and the peace of the mild old man must be destroyed by their strife.

Pia determined to be patient, watchful, and calm. She would employ all the finesse of which she was capable to unmask the interloper. Hence her politeness of bearing.

At the outset she made a discovery that filled her soul with joy. Her smooth urbanity rendered Emilia uncomfortable. The latter was better prepared to meet petulance, sarcasm, rages, with the forbearance of a saint. Pia, imbued with the tricksy spirit of the deformed, always at variance with her shrewd wit, resolved to tease and baffle where she could not hope to intimidate.

Alas for wise resolutions!

The day after the departure of Dr. Weisener Pia perceived that the shelf was empty where the bust always stood.

She uttered a cry of dismay which brought Emilia from the kitchen, where she was in the act of washing a salad in a large bowl of majolica, and her father shambling in from the street.

"What have you done with it?" shrieked the dwarf, fixing her glittering beads of eyes on the pale face of the taller woman.

"I, dear?" inquired Emilia, mildly. "What should I do with it? I've not seen the thing since I lifted it down from the shelf to show the stranger gentleman. Was it put back?"

Pia flew at her, and beat her with her hands, uttering piercing screams, and sobs.

"Liar! Thief! Impostor!" she gasped, choking with grief and anger.

"There! there, daughter!" interposed Cesare, striving to appease this transport of passion. "Let us be reasonable, and look about a little. I am of a good heart in the matter, I!"

Emilia stood calm, holding the dish aloft with firm hands.

The writer once saw a monkey, protected by a plaid blanket, led along a crowded street, to the amusement of the populace and the fright of all small dogs. The monkey, perturbed in spirit by such novel surroundings, turned, and clambered up the blue apron of a young working-girl, scolding her shrilly. The girl smiled with a merriment which increased the monkey's rage. Pia and her step-mother resembled this strong young working-girl, and the droll, wizened monkey, in their respective attitudes.

"Somebody has stolen the bust," reiterated Pia.

"San Antonio!" ejaculated Cesare Tommasi, shading his eyes with his withered hand to peer up at the shelf, "Pia is right! The bust has been taken away."

"It was always there until she came," cried the dwarf.

"Have patience, child," interposed the old man, nervously. "Why should it be gone now?"

"The head was not even marble," suggested Emilia, ignoring Pia's injurious accusations. "Perhaps other things have been taken. A thief who would steal the bust must be tempted by trinkets and lace."

There was a sneer conveyed in these words which stung Pia. She drew back, dried her eyes, and glowered at her step-mother.

Cesare Tommasi began to enumerate his treasures and ascertain if any of the objects most prized were missing. The eyes of his wife

followed him, noting where he kept the articles on which he placed the highest value, while she feigned to return to washing the salad. In the subtile gradations of impulse peculiar to the Southern temperament, each of this trio suspected the other of some plotting to gain the advantage. The bust was gone. What had become of it? "At least all else is safe," proclaimed the old dealer, after emptying boxes and searching the drawers of cabinets with a feverish haste to learn the extent of his misfortune.

Emilia deposited the bowl in the kitchen, and began to move heavy articles, in order to peer behind them.

Pia continued to scowl at her, unappeased by these demonstrations of a common interest.

"I should not have thought the bust worth anything; but, then, I am without education," said the woman from the Romagna, in her soft tones, which acquired, at times, a nasal inflection. "Can the other brother have taken it from jealousy?"

"Masolino?" questioned Cesare Tommasi, rubbing his pointed chin.

Emilia nodded.,

"He was out there by the fountain when the gentleman praised his brother's work. Who knows? You might get the truth from him, *carina*, if you tried."

Pia meditated on this proposition.

"Masolino has gone away," she said, doubtfully.

"Eh! he will come back. They say he is a lazy fellow," retorted Emilia, casting aside her manner of a servant for the assurance of a mistress of the house.

A sudden light irradiated Pia's sombre face. She clasped her hands with a gesture of conviction. "Ah, I will track him! I can make Il Bimbo confess his sins. Wait until I find him!"

She set her teeth together, and went away swiftly, leaving her father still smoothing his chin, while Emilia smirked in the shadow, unperceived.

Pia paused at the fountain, held her hands beneath the trickling rill of water, and bathed her face.

"Fool! do you believe I can be deceived with such child's play? Still, it will serve! Let us accuse Masolino," she murmured to the bubbling water.

Guido Cari was stretched on the terrace of the Villa Margherita. He had not asked permission of the steward to enter, but had scaled the lower wall. The complaints of Marianna Cari were not without foundation, for he no longer worked. He dreamed; or was it that he had just commenced to taste the fulness of life? The taciturn, steady assistant of the studio had passed

> From child to youth; from youth to arduous man;
> From lethargy to fever of the heart;
> From faithful life to dream-dowered days apart.

Circumstance could not drag him back to his former level. The people about him were rapidly receding to mere shadows. His mother's bitter reproaches fell on deaf ears. Only the previous evening he had

sown the wind, and would later reap the whirlwind, with his employer, the padrone of the studio, a choleric man, capable of using a human tool to the utmost, then flinging such aside. The padrone had insisted on Guido's immediate return for some pressing work on a bishop's monument. Guido, with a smile both vague and triumphant, had refused. He explained that he had a private order to execute. Then the padrone had chafed, stormed, and even threatened. He would not only close his own door for the future, but take measures to bar the portals of all other studios as well. Guido had shrugged his shoulders, and gone home through the twilight undisturbed, meeting his brother on the way. Threats did not dismay him. Escape from the workshop was his sole aim. On the ground beside him was a board, with a sheet of rough paper attached to the firm surface. He was sketching, with rapid strokes of the pencil, a female figure on this sheet.

Aurora, floating up from the clouds, raised her arms above her head, as if in freeing her limbs from the enveloping draperies she announced the day. The goddess, with pure outline of feature, the low brow, the limpid gaze, and the smiling mouth, was the Duchess di Nespoli. From time to time he compared the drawing with the original sketch made by stealth in the vestibule when Dr. Weisener was presented to the ladies. This need of outward expression alone saved Guido from despair at her departure. The artist triumphed over the man. He could enshrine her image in his thoughts for perpetual contemplation. Had she remained at Spina he would have worshipped her shadow, without daring to raise his eyes to her face. True homage is reverent.

Pia climbed over the boundary-wall, in turn, and approached the young man, singing. Pia always sang when she was angry.

The terrace reached, she stopped suddenly, and contemplated the drawing.

He turned, and glanced up at her, with a smile in which doubt and triumph were blended.

"Is it like?" he inquired, at length, piqued by her silence.

The dwarf's face had become gray and rigid, the features, indifferently fashioned by nature at the best, heavy, and the eyebrows prominent.

"Yes," she replied, in a dry tone.

"Who is it, then?" pursued Guido, in a coaxing, even light, manner.

"Our duchessa. She is a spirit flying over the mountains and the sea." Pia spoke clearly, almost sharply.

The young man rose on his knees, took her large head between his hands, and kissed her on each cheek.

"*Carina!* without you I should die!" he cried.

He thirsted for praise, encouragement, sympathy. Pia was always there, ready to accord these in full measure.

She disengaged herself from his embrace, and took a seat on the terrace step. Once more her concentrated gaze questioned the horizon, as her eyes had sought the solution of human mysteries when the Child King ruled the garden and the baroness draped herself and her friend in the old stuffs taken from the coffer.

Guido dropped his pencil, and contemplated, with his odd companion, the blue sky, and the sea, and the blooming plain between.

A great longing and a sudden fear clouded his spirit. He saw only the beautiful lady, in her perfumed silks, laces, and jewels, insignificant accessories to her loveliness, yet inseparable from her personality. The vision overpowered, entranced him. The tender depths of sky, the dazzling sunshine, the breath of the flowers, wafted upward from the rich bloom of the lowlands, blended with the image constantly in his thoughts.

Pia, crouching on the step, with her chin supported in her hand, told the tale of the disappearance of the bust. She spoke quietly, almost monotonously. The lava-torrent of her wrath, when she had flown at her step-mother and beaten her with her feeble hands, had suffered a check in the presence of Guido and the contemplation of his occupation. An icy touch had chilled the fever-heat of her anger to a quiet sobriety of tone and manner. Oh, yes, Pia could be self-contained if she chose. Down yonder the garden wall terminated in a brink of hill-side which made her giddy to gaze over. Better not attempt to plumb precipices, even if so clever, wise little woman perched on the terrace step!

Guido shrugged his shoulders, and elevated his eyebrows, as he listened. What was the bust of Cesare Tommasi to him now? He had taken a certain pride in rendering it vividly realistic, as an experiment, after listening to the conversation of a group of artists once gathered in the studio. These had discussed the Renaissance work of the same type, and the "grotesques" discovered at Rome contemporaneously with the Apollo Belvedere. Nobody had noticed the portrait of Cesare Tommasi when completed, and he had given it to grateful Pia. Truly Pia was always there, genuine emotion with her lending additional grace to the courtesy of Italian expression.

"Be tranquil, little one," he said. "The bust was nothing. Perhaps the step-mother dropped and broke it. I will make you a statuette of the good St. Christopher instead. He is the patron of the weak and the weary."

"Oh, you do not care, of course," flashed out Pia, glancing over her shoulder at the sketch of the Aurora.

No, Guido did not care. He need no longer spend his time in contemplation of wrinkles and lean countenances; he had become a true worshipper at the shrine of beauty. He looked at Pia with ironical amusement. Ah, how ugly she was! Did the same God fashion her, a swarthy, beetle-browed imp of a dwarf, and the stately Bianca di Nespoli, with supple curve of limb, graceful shoulders, and majestic head poised on a white throat? The prettiness of Sabina Regaldi had never touched his artistic perceptions. He had scarcely observed the girl.

Pia read the cruel thought in his eyes, as in an open book. She would have hated another for the injustice of it. She did not hate Guido. Oh, no! Had he not told her that she was necessary to his existence? Had he not assured her that he should die without her companionship? Pia gathered up these crumbs of comfort.

"The Signora Duchessa gave me the money to put the hand into marble," she pursued, brusquely. "It must be made without delay."

Guido sprang to his feet, and began to pace the path.

"Where? How?" he cried, passionately. "There's not a hole at Spina where I may hide myself to work, and I cannot go back down there. The door would be shut in my face."

Pia nodded her head.

"Courage!" she said. "We will find a place. The father would give you a corner if the woman from the Romagna had not come. May evil befall her! Masolino has gone away. Can he have taken the bust?"

Guido laughed incredulously.

"Masolino take it? Why should he? The bust would not have pleased him. Il Bimbo will come home when he gets hungry, and we can ask him," was the careless rejoinder.

The speaker paused on the edge of the terrace, and flung abroad his arms, as if striving to gain the valley.

"Pia, I must make the Aurora a statue, and life-size. Oh, I could do it." The words were wrung from him, like a cry. He struck his brow and breast with his hand, as if to confirm the resolution.

The little creature at his feet assented gravely.

"First you will model the statue in clay, Guido *mio*, and then in the white marble. Oh, *bello!* The Aurora will be the Duchess di Nespoli, only nobody will ever know. That is our secret. Eh! the world will admire and praise a certain Guido Cari of Spina."

"Pia, I love you!" cried Guido, rapturous gratitude glorifying his usually unattractive face.

Pia did not change her attitude.

"Bah!" she said, twisting her features into an expression of comical derision. "I do not wish to be loved. *Che!* Love me when the statue is finished."

Here she drew from her pocket a paper which contained a thick slice of cold polenta.

"Will you favor me by eating?" she demanded, with the same suavity once displayed by a Florentine dust-boy, barefooted and dirty, holding out his ragged apron to his master, with the store of cherries just given him by the fruit-vender.

Her companion obeyed mechanically. He was not hungry. He had forgotten to take food that day.

Pia furtively brushed away a tear from the corner of her eye, and watched him eat, with a smile which was maternal in its solicitude. Had she not assured the great ones, in this very garden, that she took care of Guido?

In the church tower the bells hung silent, and beyond, the half-ruined turrets of the villa showed spaces of sky through the crevices and empty casements.

The fountain cooled the hot air with the silvery spray of gushing waters, and the goldfish remained nearly motionless in the shadowy depths of basin. A few white and yellow roses lay scattered on the path, as if the robe of the duchess had just swept them aside. Pia and

Guido, with the indifference of their race to the sun, lingered on the terrace, each absorbed in profound meditation. The situation was not unusual. How often they had thus passed hours without speaking, when a *festa* at the shop permitted him to indulge in reveries! The intimacy of daily intercourse had been resumed after the absence of Pia and her father at Rome.

In the evening the dwarf again sought her friend. She had seen the steward, Andrea Vanucci, and obtained his consent for Guido to occupy a corner of the vestibule while designing the hand of the duchess.

"I told him you would take such a little space, and give no trouble," she panted, with glittering eyes. "The gracious lady herself would surely allow it, if she were asked the favor. The *fattore* understands. *Altro!* He is a man of intelligence. You are not contented just to make a plaster cast. The hand of the beautiful lady must be modelled with care."

"Good!" said Guido, accepting the provision made for his need with the tranquillity of the artist incapable of personal management of practical details.

Thus the summer days passed gently, almost imperceptibly merging one into the other. The heat brooded over the land in an atmosphere of tremulous radiations, and along the shore of the tideless sea miasma gathered in low-hanging mists for the fever-haunted autumn.

At Spina the inhabitants dozed in the shade, when not obliged to work.

Masolino did not return, and Marianna Cari still scolded over her wrongs. In the household of Cesare Tommasi the two women wore the mask of outward civility. Father and daughter were aware that Emilia had made an excursion to one of the neighboring villages, going and coming empty-handed. Her reason was plausible enough. She thought a cousin dwelt there, and she desired to learn tidings of his family.

"Do foundlings have cousins?" taunted Pia.

"A cousin by marriage, little one," Emilia had replied, in mild accents.

The two even gossiped together amicably over the family meal. The Emilia described the people she had nursed in illness, for she had been taught the art of nursing by the pious sisters of charity who had reared her at the foundling-hospital. To behold her as she detailed the woes of the countess who had married a contadino of her estates, for a second husband, after placing him in the army, or the eccentricities of the Russian nobleman who kept a dozen pet cats, a casual observer would have believed step-mother and daughter the best of friends. Nursing was the prison-cell from which she escaped at times, only to be drawn back again by the high wages paid. In turn, Pia discussed the talent of Guido Cari, and her hope of gaining the patronage of the Duchess di Nespoli for a rising genius. They freely revealed their surface-thoughts, while their actual feelings remained veiled.

Cesare Tommasi became grumpy over the loss of the bust. He valued his portrait after it had disappeared. Who had stolen it? He

blinked, and scrutinized his new wife. Had he taken to his bosom a viper? He was amiable in his outward demeanor, but misgivings racked his brain. He found occasion to whisper to Pia, with an expression of senile slyness,—

"It was only a marriage of the Church, child."

Pia's heart beat more quickly on hearing this announcement. The religious marriage would not hold without the civil contract. Was Emilia too ignorant to be aware of the fact? Did the priestly blessing suffice for her? The dwarf could not determine. She was unduly snappish with her parent, and still more affable to her step-mother, as a result of the communication.

"Why did you not tell me before, daddy?" she retorted, sharply.

Thus the filial staff on which he leaned pierced his hand, and the old collector was thrown back on fresh perplexity of doubt.

Sabina Regaldi's careworn father went and came to the quarries, while the children laughed and wrangled at home, where there were so many little mouths to feed. The mother displayed with pride money sent home by the new maid of the duchess. Sabina had not wholly forgotten the brood.

In the vestibule of the villa Guido Cari modelled a slender hand, guided partly by memory and partly by the sketch he had made. Not a dimple was missing nor a curve lacking. The steward, Andrea Vanucci, looked on, and smiled. The steward's plump wife and children assisted as art-critics, belonging as they did to the most appreciative nation in the world in such matters. Even the peacock craned its stately neck, as if to discover what was going on there in the corner of the vestibule.

Pia mounted guard, a pygmy of extraordinary energy and tyrannical disposition. At stated hours she took a morsel of bread or polenta from her pocket and gave it to the sculptor.

Marianna Cari presented her back when Guido returned home. Speedy ruin awaited the Inn of the Black Eagle. Guido had driven away his poor, soft-hearted brother Masolino by his wicked conduct. Such was the burden of the widow's lament.

Guido sought his bed in silence when night fell. He carried in his soul the cradling peace of those noonday hours spent in the cool shadow of the vestibule and the evening breeze of the hills. His pillow might be full of thorns, yet he slept in anticipation of the morrow.

Pia reasoned with and cajoled Marianna Cari by the hour. The older woman did not suffer herself to be more than half convinced and mollified by the glowing promises of Guido's advocate. Poor Marianna belonged to that class of practical, if timid, women who reap the inexorable condemnation of posterity by clinging to the daily wage earned by genius, rather than believing in the shadow of a future fame.

Journeys were made to Carrara and back. The clay was consigned to the mould of plaster, and then, with the money given by the duchess, converted into marble. Beneath the chisel of Guido, taper fingers, soft palm, and rounded wrist began to take form. How he loved the task! Pia watched him trace each line and tenderly polish the lustrous surface.

The work completed, she was not surprised to see him bend his head and kiss it reverently.

The month of August dawned, bringing a day which set all hearts at Spina throbbing with wild excitement and eager expectation. No mediæval herald approached beneath the gate-way, sounding his trumpet to announce his mission, unless the steward and Fra Antonio might be accepted as such messengers, but Spina learned, with incredulity, that two maidens of the community would receive a wedding-dowry on Sunday, gift of the Duchess di Nespoli, with a third, gift of the baroness.

The steward had been down to the sea-side with such rents as the property of the late count could muster, and the duchess had remembered her promise. Andrea Vanucci had taken the marble hand, and a letter written by Pia, with many flowery phrases of homage and supplication.

Education triumphed for the little woman seated at a table in a high chair. Guido Cari could neither read nor write,—deficiencies not too apparent here.

The Duke di Nespoli was absent at Paris, but he had made the weight of his displeasure felt through his secretary as regarded the disappearance of the gold wreath. He would do nothing for dishonest Spina after that theft.

The beautiful little marble hand had arrived when the duchess was keeping a fast for the repose of the souls of her parents. She omitted no tittle of the observance, and fed her children on soupe maigre, fish, and eggs from Friday to Monday morning.

The moment was auspicious. She was moved to aid the poor people of Spina. The first Bianca di Ginestra, heroine of the wedding-fan, had sent art-students to the capital. She would make a bride or two happy at Spina.

Such was the project discussed with the volatile baroness, who first mocked, and then added the requisite sum to endow a third maiden.

"Let this gift atone for some of my many peccadilloes," said the coquette, with a laugh.

Spina gathered in the Piazza on that memorable Sunday. The townsfolk had attended mass in the mouldy old church of the Annunziata with unusual fervor of devotion. The young people exchanged wistful glances. Plighted lovers sighed, made the sign of the cross, and prayed before each altar. Ah, if Assunta, or Maria, or Caterina might win the lucky number!

Sabina's mother, with Gignio and Tito clinging to her skirts, was indignant that her daughter should not have the chance of drawing a lot as well.

"If the Signora Duchessa had only thought of this before, Masolino and Sabina need not have gone away," she said to Marianna Cari.

The widow's tears readily overflowed at the suggestion.

"True! I thought Sabina liked Guido best," she sobbed.

"As to that, they are both fine young men, your sons," replied Signora Regaldi, diplomatically.

"Guido has quite lost his head, and the others have left us," wailed Marianna Cari.

The first lot was drawn by a very simple process: the steward's baby reached forth a little hand, plunged it into the hat held by the priest, and clutched vaguely a slip of paper on which was inscribed a name.

There was a pause of intense expectation on the part of the crowd, and the steward, standing at the entrance of the villa, read aloud the name:

"Pia Tommasi."

CHAPTER VI.

THE DWARF'S FORTUNE.

PIA had drawn the first bridal dowry.

The event was a miracle to the town, where each person had a different explanation to give of the circumstance, when the general astonishment had subsided. Pia had a lucky face: any one could see that. The lines of her right hand formed the letter M in the palm, which signified especial favor with the Madonna. Marianna Cari rejoiced, while the mother of Sabina shook her head.

"Where is the husband?" she cried, and the women of Spina took up the word, passing it from lip to lip, until Pia became the centre of a clamorous and gesticulating throng, envious, jealous, and ardently curious.

"Money always brings a husband," retorted Pia, with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes.

She was still bewildered by the good fortune which had befallen her. She trembled from head to foot, and great beads of moisture stood on her brow. The fan of red paper with a gilded edge, so seldom laid aside in the summer heat, was crushed in her hands, without her being aware of the convulsive movement.

"Will you keep the dowry, then?" demanded a matron with five robust daughters, extending her yellow arm and skinny hand, as if to wrench away the prize.

"Yes," said Pia, steadily.

"Who is he, then, this husband?" shrieked the defrauded one.

Pia made a grimace, screwing up her features into a malicious expression.

"Flies do not enter the closed mouth, nor a secret escape it," she said, gravely, in her deep voice.

Cesare Tommasi chuckled.

"Eh! eh! the little one always keeps her head," he added, with paternal pride.

Emilia stepped between the dwarf and her neighbors.

"Let her alone," she said, in her calm tones.

Pia eyed her askance, as a bird looks at another bird venturing too near on the same perch of the cage.

The two other maidens rejoiced in their portion,—a slender brunette, and a plump blonde with red hair. Thanks to the whim of the baroness in adding her purse, the sum was considerable, each bride receiving five hundred francs. The blonde and the brunette were not

slow to clasp hands with their respective lovers, sun-bronzed young fellows, who gained a scanty livelihood in the quarries.

Pia stood alone.

Guido Cari, with a smile on his lips, was again at work in the vestibule of the villa, and heeded none of the rumors and conjectures of the town. Guido, in the public estimation, remained ever the sulky and forbidding member of his family, holding himself aloof from his kind, and without interest in the general welfare. Spina resented such taciturnity more than a large city would have done. Masolino, on the contrary, had a civil word for everybody, and was never above a friendly gossip. Spina remembered the fact, now Masolino was gone.

Guido, unconscious of the universal condemnation, was rapidly shaping a statuette of St. Christopher. What better embodiment of strength could he present to puny Pia? The fancy pleased him. Christopher, bearded, and with knotted arms bare, grasped his staff, and carried on his shoulder a child resembling the little Duke Carlo. The artist had even added the Etruscan diadem on the head of the angelic burden, thus rendering complete the likeness to the Child King. He intended to have the little model of clay cast in plaster and give it to Pia, thus atoning for the loss of the portrait-bust. St. Christopher should be placed on the bracket where the head of Cesare Tommasi had been treasured for years. The project moved him in his best impulses.

When the dwarf received her portion, she went home, escorted by her father and step-mother. Cesare philosophized, according to his habit, elated by the good fortune of his daughter. He had never thought of marriage for her, but, *corpo di Bacco!* why should she not marry? The steward, excellent man, must have put in her name among the eligible claimants of Spina. Where would the duchess find a more honest girl to endow? *Santa Maria!* Cesare was of a good heart towards all the world, and those who go softly will reach the end. Thus reasoned the old man, tottering and shuffling down the roughly-paved little street, with many sagacious movements of the head and confirmatory gestures of shaky hands, a pinch of snuff taken, with the aid of a red silk handkerchief, by way of conclusion to the conversation.

Emilia was smiling, animated, caressing. The increase of esteem in her manner was unfeigned. Emilia respected success with an instinctive, cringing servility. She adored prosperity with the envious homage of the unclassed and the outcast.

At the threshold, Pia paused abruptly. She had held her dowry tightly clinched in her bosom, with both hands. She now removed and unrolled the two bank-notes and contemplated them with a certain provoking deliberation.

Cesare Tommasi blinked. He knew the value of money. A greedy light shone in the eyes of the woman from the Romagna. Ah, what would those bank-notes not do for her! Her daring thought bridged circumstance in one dazzling flash of perception. The latent, savage, animal instinct of might making right awoke in her breast. The pretty, pouting boy, fretting in the dark workshop of the city street,

could be placed on the smooth path to follow in the footsteps of the brilliant Duke di Nespoli, with the aid of Pia's dowry. Emilia had picked up the requisite crumbs of information, here and there, in the vigils of sick-chambers, in the street,—a slow and ignorant creature, yet capable of turning all to her own advantage. Given the patronage of a great name, some benevolent nobleman with the right to admit a pupil, the boy should enter a military college, with a suitable outfit. She hoarded the coppers for this end, and longed for the fulfilment with an intensity which would render her unscrupulous as to the means employed.

Did Pia divine the thought of her step-mother? She grew a trifle pale about the lips.

"See, father," she said, "I will put the money in my pocket, and turn it. That will bring more,—much more!"

"True, child. The moon is in the first quarter," assented the old man, taking a fresh pinch of snuff from the tortoise-shell box in his pocket.

"I forget!" exclaimed Pia, striking her forehead with her hand, as if she recalled a pressing matter too long neglected, and moving away again.

"Where are you going?" demanded Emilia, sharply.

"Eh! I have the use of my own legs, I believe," retorted Pia, with a laugh. "I will come back immediately."

Emilia gave her husband a sombre and distrustful look.

"She might be robbed in the crowd," she muttered.

"You are right," he rejoined.

She followed Pia at a certain distance, and Cesare Tommasi, in turn, followed her.

Pia returned to the Piazza. She moved with extraordinary rapidity, and with the rolling gait which resembles that of some fowls. She did not glance back. If she was aware that she was tracked by her relatives, she did not betray the suspicion.

The towns-people still lingered in that central space, the square, which is the heart of all Italian cities.

The steward, Andrea Vanucci, and the priest, Fra Antonio, stood before the door of the Villa Margherita.

Pia made her way through the crowd, and clasped the leg of the steward with her short arm, just as her step-mother overtook her.

"Signore *Fattore*, you will keep the money for me until I need it, will you not?" she cried, in a loud, clear voice. "I might be robbed, you know, before my lover comes."

The neighbors laughed. Certainly the little one had ideas. Emilia grew yellow, and drew back, with her eyes lowered. She dared no longer interfere.

"What is this?" inquired the steward.

"I pray you to take care of my dowry," repeated Pia, with a world of entreaty in her gaze.

In certain portions of the East, when a woman rushes into a rival camp and ties a knot in the turban of the chief she is understood to have thrown herself on his protection, by all the laws of chivalry.

Spina thus accepted the act of Pia as she thrust the money into the steward's palm.

"Be tranquil, child," said the steward's plump wife, who was an interested spectator of the scene, with large gold ear-rings in her ears, and a string of seed-pearls around her neck, holding the baby in her arms. "Andrea will take care of the money."

"Let me kiss him," urged Pia, feeling the need of expansion towards her kind.

The baby, having acted as a special providence in the matter of clutching the paper in the hat, with inquisitive little fingers, was lowered to receive the caress of grateful Pia, which he did with the goggle-eyed indifference of his years.

The fat priest Fra Antonio pursed up his lips with an expression of disapproval. Who should be trusted to hold a wedding-dowry, if not one's spiritual adviser? How many times had Pia, the dwarf, confessed to him, as he sat in the confessional, with the green silk curtain drawn!

"*Padre mio*, the Signora Duchessa may not be willing to give the *dota* to such a poor creature as I," said Pia, quickly divining his displeasure.

The padre pulled his wide shovel-hat over his brows.

"It is well to think of that, my daughter," he rejoined, with lofty dignity.

Pia straightened her figure, and entered the door without noticing her step-mother. She was determined that the duchess should keep her word and accord the money. She had no false pride about that. It is one thing to give, and another to take back a gift. Of what use are great ladies in this world, if not to benefit poor girls and thereby purchase their own peace with heaven?

Pia joined Guido in the vestibule, and told him the result of the lottery, with much animation.

The young man was putting the finishing touches to the statuette of St. Christopher, with marked satisfaction in the result of his own work.

"You will marry? Impossible!" he exclaimed, more surprised by the recital than glad for his friend's good fortune.

Pia gathered a rose from the vine which grew along the wall, and began to strip off the petals, one by one. A red glow suffused her face and neck; tears of impotent wrath filled her eyes. It was the protest of her soul, mute yet passionate, against the injustice of nature.

"No," she said, after a pause. "What should I do with a husband?"

"We are better here as we are," said Guido, with unconscious egotism, as he smoothed the folds of the saint's garment. "See, Pia! St. Christopher will replace the daddy's bust on the shelf. You must promise to always keep it."

"I will keep it as long as I live," said Pia, with a swelling heart. "Now listen to me, Guido, for we have no time to lose. You may take the statuette to be cast in plaster. Very good. Afterwards you must go on to the Duchess di Nespoli. I will write a little letter. Beg

her to allow me to keep the money, even if I don't marry. Tell her I wish to have a home apart, as my father has just brought back a new wife. Pray to the gracious lady for me. Bah! I would go myself, if I should not be a year crawling there! Above all, do not return with a refusal. I shall drive you back until she consents. *Madre di Dio!* she *must* consent!"

It was Guido's turn to change color. He grew pale with emotion, and his hands trembled. Ah, to behold once more the Aurora of his dreams, who had awakened him to life! The possibility had not before occurred to him. He had been contented to loiter on the terrace, drawing the outline of her features. He had forgotten the entire world while modelling her hand in the shadowy vestibule. Now he was to see her again. Incredible joy! Oh, he would be Pia's messenger!

Pia crushed the thorns of the rose into her flesh without realizing it.

"You are contented to go?" she said, hoarsely.

"Yes! yes!" he cried.

His eyes sparkled, a crimson flush suffused his sallow cheek: he was transformed with the excitement of anticipation.

"You should come, also," he added, with compunction.

"I am too weak. You must walk, run, to bring back word the more quickly," she replied, petulantly.

Pia did not seek her home that day. Guido Cari was observed to depart by the road, without explaining the object of his journey to any one. He carried away the clay model of the statuette of St. Christopher as a sufficient motive for his errand.

The Emilia wandered about the town restlessly, and wherever she passed, with her eyelids lowered, her head held on one side, and her deprecating smile, she dropped a word, a hint, that Pia would marry the *scarpellino* Guido Cari. Pia might do worse; and as for the surly fellow Guido, a crooked wife would serve him as well as another. Emilia, with her strong white hands perpetually in motion, now clasping and unclasping, or rubbed together, as if in search of employment, had fired the train more by her smile, her glance, than by tangible statement. Spina viewed Cesare Tommasi's new wife with suspicion as a stranger, yet chatted amicably with her all the same.

At nightfall Pia was found snugly ensconced with Marianna Cari, in the absence of her son. Travellers might arrive at the Black Eagle, and the widow would see how well Pia could aid her in serving them. These supposititious guests would imagine Pia had always been the *cameriera* of an inn: Pia was confident of that.

Cesare Tommasi shrugged his shoulders.

His wife was dissatisfied. "What has she got in her head now?" she muttered between her teeth.

"Eh! Pia has her own ways. She is a little original. Patience!" counselled Cesare, shambling home once more.

Emilia was pale, haggard, morose. She glanced about the shop, which was lighted by the feeble rays of the oil-lamp, with her hungry look ever seeking some object.

Cesare trimmed the lamp. If his daughter had whims, evidently

his new wife was not without them. Women are strange creatures, and not too reasonable. It may have further occurred to him that Emilia was lifting the mask a trifle. She was no longer the mild and humble slave who had met him at Pisa accidentally and first put the thought of marriage into his head. Occasionally she uttered impatient exclamations, when he was relating histories of his Roman experiences, the reverse of courteous. The nervous restlessness which belongs to her people manifested an increasing sway.

"We are poor folk up here," he said, as if addressing the lamp-flame. "It will be a good thing for Pia to marry."

Pia had won favor with Marianna Cari by her affectionate care, her wily promises, and the glowing pictures she drew of the future. Some fine day Masolino would come home rich, and he would take his mother away to drive in a large carriage and go to the theatre. Pia was sure of this matter. Guido would be required to make busts and statues for great people, and soon he would have all Carrara working for him. The widow laughed and wept, from force of habit, but she listened to these agreeable suggestions more leniently than formerly.

Pia made a surprising request. As the travellers had not arrived, she asked to be allowed to sleep in the guest-chamber of the Black Eagle. The amazed hostess consented. Pia crept into the bed last occupied by Dr. Weisener. Her own impertinence exhilarated rather than dismayed her. The darkness closed about the couch, dense, almost palpable, but she had nothing to fear, for she had quietly locked the door. An instinct of prudence had warned her not to pass the night beneath the same roof with her step-mother. The night tells no tales. She rested in the state bed of the Aquila Nera, so sumptuous to her and so mean to the traveller, with a sensation of well-being that soothed her overwrought nerves to the quiescent state between sleeping and waking.

The darkness grew heavier, until it enclosed the little mortal like an enveloping pall, yet she saw, in this obscurity, the carved head above the shop door at the angle of the street. The head, no longer worn by storms and the years, but sharply defined, was that of an ass, and endowed with a vicious life and intelligence. The upper lip moved, and was raised, revealing strong teeth, the nostril quivered, and from the deep eye-sockets shot twin rays of light.

Pia moved and turned, and found herself standing before her father's door on the rough stones of the little street. A coldness and fear smote her, for a tall, pale shape brushed past her. She pressed her hands to her panting breast to gain courage, and looked before her. The shape was a nun, in hood and cloak, with bowed head and noiseless step. What was she doing there? The sister crossed the street to the detached building. The massive portal stood wide open. The nun entered, beckoning to the dwarf, who followed wonderingly.

Pia paused on the threshold, and looked in.

Her favorite nook, the long-dismantled convent buttery, was no longer recognizable.

At the farther extremity was an altar, adorned with a picture of the Madonna, where a priest in robes embroidered with gold and silver chanted the mass, while the incense curled up towards the ceiling.

Other hooded forms filled the place. The nun advanced, ascended the altar step, and turned to look again at Pia. The bell tinkled sharply, and the priest elevated the host. Pia, constrained by custom to kneel, remained rooted to the spot, for all those muffled phantoms also turned to her instead of to the altar, with folded hands, watching her from the depths of their hoods.

She opened her lips to cry out, and the clouds of incense rolled around her, stifling her with their perfume. She strove to pierce the mist, and could only discern the wavering tapers, and the Madonna of the altar in her blue mantle, with a glory around her head.

With a violent struggle to escape, Pia opened her eyes, and found herself in the state bed of the Black Eagle. The vision had been only a dream. Her brain was singularly clear. In her thoughts she followed Guido Cari along the dusty highway trodden by Masolino. She beheld him received by the duchess, amidst her friends, and the music and conversation interrupted, for a moment, to give him a hearing. The duchess would accord consent, with her gracious smile. Guido would stammer, blush, and withdraw. Sabina would greet Guido rapturously, and make the other servants believe that he was one of her lovers. Sabina must inevitably be a clever maid by this time, quick to learn, dainty and deft by nature in the arrangement of a lady's wardrobe, and revelling in an atmosphere of luxury. The *soubrette* would be capable of delivering a note in a bouquet to Madame the Baroness with the discretion of her class. Pia could comprehend all these things while tossing on her pillow. And Guido, the artist? Had she done him good, or evil, in sending him to gaze once more on the beauty of the duchess? Perhaps she had held a poisoned chalice to his lips. Ah! Our Lady of the shrines is pierced with the gilded arrows of many sorrows. The arrows rankling in human breasts pass unperceived by the world.

Two days later Pia entered her father's house, whither she had not returned in the interval. Triumphant joy twinkled in her little, beady eyes. She announced to the bewildered Cesare and his no less perplexed wife that the Duchess di Nespoli had purchased the opposite building for her to dwell in, thus giving her the wedding-dowry in another form.

Pia had thus intrenched herself behind the powerful protection of the duchess, in case of paternal opposition.

"*Domine Dio!*" ejaculated Cesare, who was mending a vase with cement.

"*Sanctissima Maria!*" echoed the step-mother. "Every one will say that I have driven you away, dear little one."

Pia wrinkled up her nose. "Two feet are not comfortable in one shoe," she retorted.

The Emilia lifted up both of her hands with a gesture of dismay.

Cesare sighed, and fitted a broken fragment into the vase.

"You would rather live alone than remain with your own father," he said, in an aggrieved tone.

"Eh! thistles make a poor salad," said Pia, tossing her head in the air. "The money would not have come to you, had I married."

She drew Guido Cari across the street, with an imperious gesture. "Here is your studio. Now you can make the statue," she said. He understood.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRESCO OF THE WALL.

AUTUMN came to Spina, and the slopes of chestnut woods changed their summer green to yellow and brown. The lowlands still bloomed with flowers, blushed with the ripening peach, and garnered golden maize and pumpkins. Grapes hung in clusters of purple and white among the withered leaves of the vineyards, while figs tempted with their luscious abundance on every highway.

Spina, Spartan in poverty, gleaned none of these luxuries of field and vineyard. The town was fortunate if able to enjoy an occasional raw vegetable, a tuft of garlic, in the summer, or feast on a handful of chestnuts roasted in the ashes of an October evening.

The garden of the Villa Margherita had acquired the sad aspect of desertion. The shrubbery had withered, the roses drooped unplucked, and, save for a few richly-tinted plants of the season, the parterres had been stripped, to shelter delicate exotics in the vestibule and loggia. The fountain had ceased to play, and icicles fringed the basin on cold mornings. The peacock sought the warmest nooks of the terrace, and the goldfish swam about in the crystal globes within-doors which furnished their winter habitation. December succeeded, and the old people crept forth to warm themselves in the sun of the Piazza, exchanging confidences concerning rheumatic limbs. The children whimpered with cold and hunger. The faces of men hardened and grew wrinkled with care, and shoulders stooped beneath the burden of family needs.

The north wind, sweeping over the snow-capped Apennines, bringing sleet and rain in its train, meant want and misery at Spina. There was the Campo Santo, with the cluster of cypress-trees rising against the sky, as the end of it all. No swiftly-flowing Tiber or Arno tempted the harassed and the desperate to terminate the struggle, although there were high windows from which to spring, resort of hill cities, as Sabina Regaldi had suggested, beside the fountain.

In the detached building of the convent wall comparative tranquillity reigned. Pia, the dwarf, dwelt there. The room was her own, purchased with the money of her dowry. The maidens of Spina might sigh in unavailing regret, or pray that the duchess would repeat her gift another year. Pia kept her portion. She was independent.

The large door had opened for her tiny person as mistress. She was careful to slide the massive bolt and attach the chain, inspecting all comers through the adjacent grating before admitting them. Pia was not afraid, only she poured out the contents of the flasks of wine and water brought by her step-mother at the moment of her installation, even breaking the glass with stones afterwards. She distrusted the Emilia in all things.

In one corner of her new abode was placed her humble pallet,

protected by a screen covered with coarse paper. On the opposite side a brazier, an earthen pot, and a copper vessel served for the slender culinary requirements of the new household.

Cesare Tommasi had given his consent, but these arrangements filled him with apprehensions for the future. When Pia dismantled the terrace, managing to destroy those plants which she did not remove, he understood her determination to dwell apart. He missed her in the shop, where the articles were better arranged for the rare customers by her hand than by Emilia. Pia feigned not to perceive his uneasiness, while her jealous soul was secretly exultant. She liked to be missed,—to have her displeasure weigh as heavily as that of a larger person. The result would be worth the sacrifice.

Guido Cari had converted the end of the room into a studio. He worked all day on the statue of the Aurora, a task commenced with a sentiment of dreamy awe on the part of the sculptor.

Pia was extemely happy while watching him, realizing the certainty that but for her aid genius would not be able to spurn the chrysalis of a dull and hopeless routine and soar into the higher sphere of creative imagination. How could Guido labor without this chamber, where he was safe from intrusion? His very presence near was sufficient for herself. She believed in him,—oh, how ardently she believed in him! The tiny woman, perched on a stool, with her hands wrapped in an apron, or busily knitting, felt herself akin to Cimabue discovering the shepherd-lad Giotto drawing sheep on the rock with a bit of chalk, and Simone Vespucci, Podestà of San Savino, when he offered to send Andrea Contucci to Florence to receive instruction. The elation of the patron and the benefactor warmed her blood in the dreary cold of February, when the storm beat against the barred casements, insufficiently repaired with ill-fitting glass, lids of boxes, and strips of cloth.

The odd little hostess fed her guest, who accepted the frugal portion from her hand mechanically.

Occasionally she stole away to console and scold Marianna Cari, whose faith was as cold as her own hearthstone in these dreary days of bitter want.

Pia did not disdain to receive food from her father's table, which she afterwards shared with the widow and her son. The dwarf was exacting, even tyrannical. Guido yielded to her wishes, provided they did not touch his corner and the clay forming beneath his fingers. He ate as he was bidden, and went home to bed at night, making no confidences with his neighbors on the way. Pia delighted in the exercise of authority. She built air-castles all day, and Guido listened as one hears the bubble of a fountain mingling with one's own meditations. He lived in the present. Let the fulfilment come as it might, Bianca, Duchess di Nespoli, had blended inseparably with the Aurora, in his fancy. He shaped her image in the supple, yielding clay, now working with true frenzy to attain completion, and again lingering long over a fold of drapery, a dimple, a curve of flesh. At another moment he crushed together the whole form into a shapeless mass, stricken with sudden misgiving of his own incapacity to attain the desired result. Then he recommenced the task, adopting a new pose.

Pia followed his movements with absorbed attention. Cesare Tommasi came daily to look curiously at the statue and bewail the severity of the season. As a critic, old Cesare was a Laodicean, choosing a discreet coolness which would enable him to praise, or blame, later, as the tide turned in favor of the young sculptor, or the reverse. Emilia was also made welcome by her step-daughter, in that hollow truce which had been established between them. She scrutinized Guido with the puzzled speculation of an untrained mind incapable of divining results.

The woman from the Romagna was growing pale and thin. Irritability was rapidly usurping her calm and meek demeanor as a newly-arrived bride. Cesare Tommasi tasted the first bitterness of disillusionment of marked neglect. Emilia showed herself neither a careful housewife nor a clever assistant in making a bargain for the shop. She did not lavish on her aged husband those delicate cares to which Pia had accustomed him in the long years of their intimate companionship. The conversation of the old collector dealt much in ambiguous terms of reproach, enveloped in proverbial sayings on the treachery of human nature in general, and of wives in particular.

The fine flavor of such satire, so keenly appreciated and quickly assimilated by Pia, was lost on Emilia, whose wits were dull where her own interests were not vitally concerned. Alas for a honeymoon when the bride had been the most flattering of companions! She no longer heeded his requests and listened to his philosophical discussions on men and events. Sometimes she cut him short with a shrug of the shoulders and the exclamation *Che!* Her tone of voice was dry and sneering.

Cesare was deeply incensed at this lack of politeness, and too proud to confess his chagrin. He grew yellow with suppressed anger, and his nose acquired the sharpness of a parrot's beak.

Pia rubbed her hands together and sang little ditties expressive of her glee while watching Guido at work. The town of Spina warmed its chilled blood with laughter at the manifest discomfiture of Cesare Tommasi in his domestic affairs. Pia offered him no superfluous condolences, while her politeness to her step-mother acquired a mocking exaggeration.

Thus the winter passed, the spring once more put forth its fragrant blossoms of almond and apricot, and the June days returned to Spina.

Guido Cari stood with folded arms and contemplated his completed work. Should he urge some connoisseur to come and see the clay model? Should he keep it a secret from the world?

The young man's cheeks were hollow and his eyes sunken. Pia noticed threads of silver in the masses of his black hair. All the rapture of creating he had ever known had been instilled into the hours and months spent in fashioning the statue. Was the work good? Perpetual misgiving, and the discontent of the artist soul, troubled him. He was incapable of decision. He could do no more. He was at the end of his forces. Such as it was, the Aurora must stand.

Aurora, with her filmy draperies flowing down to her feet, raised

her arms above her head, greeting the day with upturned gaze and smiling mouth.

Little Pia, swarthy, grim, human, stood at the base of the statue, and cried,—

"It is more beautiful than the angels, but it does not resemble *her!*"

She struck her breast with her hand, as if to deaden the pain of her own heart.

The Aurora was seraphic, ethereal, ideal, in the delicate purity of form, the contour of cheek and neck. Better so than belief that the duchess could be a creature of equal perfection!

Then commenced a period of waiting, when the sculptor awoke to daily expectation and trod the thorns of disappointment before nightfall.

How was the Aurora to be given form in the marble of Carrara? Ah, that was the dream of Guido Cari. His earthly hopes centred in this one fulfilment. He had never looked beyond.

Pia knew it, and secretly wrung her hands in an agony of prayer. Daily the quarries yielded blocks capable of granting the Aurora immortality in durability of form. If one could claim the marble!

Guido began to haunt the roads, the ravines, the workshops, like a demented creature. Sometimes he placed his hand caressingly on a snowy mass as it was dragged along by the gray oxen for shipment to foreign lands, longing to detain it on the spot for his own bitter need. Again he lay down on the ground and compassed with his arms a rudely-outlined shaft which would have so adequately served his purpose. There was not money enough in all Spina to purchase it, and one cannot steal Carrara marble. He was the human wave, feeble, powerless, beaten against this rock, yet ever returning for fresh defeat.

A rich patron was needed. Pia recalled the Duchess di Nespoli. The steward of the villa, Andrea Vanucci, had the address. The duke and duchess were in Paris, and intended later in the season to visit the Engadine. There was no hope of their repeating their visit to Spina.

Pia wrote one of her laborious letters, and implored the steward to forward it, which he did, with certain qualifications and excuses for himself in taking so great a liberty.

The duke replied, through his secretary, curtly and carelessly. The Ginestre needed no new statues, and could afford no patronage of rising artists. He did not add that he was negotiating the sale of a Psyche, at the moment, long treasured in the Roman palace as the gift of a pope. The spendthrift noble had more need of money than ever, and still owed Spina the grudge of having afforded him little.

Pretty Sabina, proud of her embroidered cap, neat collar, and smattering of French, had been asked by the duchess,—

"Would you like to return to Spina, my child, and marry the sculptor Guido Cari?"

"*Madre di Dio!* no, *cara* Signora Duchessa," cried Sabina, in unfeigned alarm. "Oh, don't send me back up there!"

The duchess smiled.

"He has talent, it seems," she added, musingly, and speaking with

the easy affability so characteristic of the intercourse of mistress and maid in Italy.

"He is like the rest, signora," returned Sabina. "His brother Masolino has more cleverness, and we hear nothing of him, *poverino.*"

Then Sabina had placed on the head of the duchess a mantle of white Rapallo lace, attached by a cream-colored rose, and the lady had gone to an opening night at the Comédie Française.

Detraction was natural to Sabina, quick, jealous in temperament, and still piqued that Guido Cari had never noticed her own charms. She eyed the duchess, as the latter gathered up her scented gloves and fan and swept away, as a cat may scan a bird-of-paradise, a trifle dazzled by the golden plumage, yet marvelling wherein lies the difference between wings and furred feline claws.

The play was Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," and all that the capital could boast of wit, beauty, and fashion had flocked to do honor to the venerable poet author and a great actress.

The Duchess di Nespoli forgot the humble sculptor of Carrara in contemplation of the stage queen. He was like the others, pert Sabina affirmed. How should the duchess, readily sympathetic and tender of heart, know any difference, when she had not even divined that the statue of the Aurora was wrought in her own image?

Pia, the dwarf, sharing the passionate unrest of the sculptor, could only counsel patience, while pondering night and day on a solution of the difficulty. She must adjust the matter.

"See, my little Guido, the statue shall be made," Pia would say, perched on her stool, with her eyes fixed on the shape hidden beneath wet cloths. "When the duchess returns home, I will go to her on my knees, and never quit her door until she has promised to aid us."

"She is too far away even to hear you," Guido would respond, in profound dejection. "The duke would only laugh at me. One can read that in his face. Ah, he is as proud as he is rich."

Pia sighed, then resumed:

"Bah! Courage, my Guido! When Antonio Fontana was given the order to make the statues for the church of San Celso, the deputies of the commission lent him a block of marble on security. If the duchess fails, we will make the same bargain with one of the studios of Carrara. Eh! the traveller who always fears the clouds will never take a journey."

The wise little woman rubbed her chin, with a sly expression. There must be a cord which would move these puppets of her will. She would seek until she discovered this cord. Leave her alone for that.

The practical suggestion jarred strangely on the organization of Guido. To bargain with the marble-cutters for the Aurora seemed a sacrilege. Why? The feverish exaltation which had upheld him for months had expended its force in creating the ideal shape, and inevitable reaction succeeded. He glanced contemptuously at Pia. Her parrot-note of perpetual suggestion and encouragement irritated him. Nay, had not the flattery of her devotion to his works prepared him to receive only praise from others?

The steward came, and looked at the statue, in company with the village priest. These judges found the Aurora very large,—quite a bold flight, indeed, for the widow Cari's son. Much marble would be required for its execution.

Cesare Tommasi, moved by the eloquence of his daughter, agreed to write a letter to a certain dealer at Rome, who might be tempted to buy the work, or at least advance the requisite amount to put it into marble.

Emilia waxed derisive with delay. Her eyes glittered with a strange light, and her mouth twisted into an evil smile.

"Where will you get your marble?" she demanded of Pia, tauntingly.

Pia made no response. In this lively manifestation of her stepmother's malice she read revenge at her own escape from the paternal roof, taking her dowry with her. Each day the dwarf wrote a letter, more wild and bold in its entreaty, to the duchess, to come and see the statue, to send some word of encouragement to the sculptor.

The despondency of Guido and the sneers of Emilia maddened Pia. The letters were taken to the steward. Andrea Vanucci received them, shook his head, also counselled patience, and laid them, one by one, in his desk. He had promised the haggard little suppliant to send the missives to the duchess. *Altro!* So he would do, on fitting occasion, but he was a prudent man, and the world is full of eager competitors. He did not wish to endanger his position with the duke by presenting the clamorous petitions of all Spina for assistance.

Each day Pia drove forth Guido to make overtures for aid with his former colleagues.

The master of the studio received him gruffly. Guido had been too long a renegade to hope for other greeting. Workmen were plentiful. Let Guido Cari learn his place. The padrone, still angry at his defection, openly ridiculed his superior pretensions, and bade him go to the devil. He did not confess that he missed the clever hand, the innate artistic perception, the unswerving industry, which had always characterized the young marble-cutter. His code had been to extort the utmost tithe of labor for the least remuneration. The defection of Guido had been felt, and now it was his opportunity. He watched the youth knock at the other doors, where he had forestalled him. If he did not work for him, Guido should serve no other. The padrone would see to that. *Altro!* He did not believe too much in the statue, although he promised himself to look at it, some time, when Guido should have suffered sufficient humiliation.

How seldom do the masters divine the ability of the pupils, or, in perceiving, aid, rather than thwart, a natural development!

A gloomy sky hung over the town, marking a changeable atmosphere, and the sirocco blew in fierce gusts from the sea, sending clouds of dust through the streets. The Carrara heights appeared pallid and gray in hue, then darkened to purple, as the clouds grew dense with threatened rain.

Pia sat in her new abode, awaiting the return of Guido Cari from one of his journeys in search of aid. No response had come to her

letters; old Cesare Tommasi had commenced to croak prophecies of failure, while the witticisms of Emilia, so easily degenerating into calumny, circulated around the town. Pia hoped that none of the idle gossip had reached the scornful and impatient ear of the sculptor. Discouragement oppressed the valiant soul of the little woman; the sirocco tingled in all her veins. Seeking an object on which to expend sheer physical irascibility, she could have fallen on her stepmother and silenced forever her false tongue.

How many excesses of crime are to be attributed to the African wind, sweeping from the brazen heat of the desert, uncooled by the Mediterranean Sea, in the land of the sun!

Pia leaned her head against the wall, and closed her eyes. The door was bolted, for she kept vigilant guard over the statue in the absence of Guido.

A thousand wild fancies tortured her brain. Unprotected, she saw the curious crowd of townsfolk pressing in to gape at the Aurora, with coarse jest and unappreciative eye. Unprotected, she beheld the woman from the Romagna stealing along the wall, with an evil laugh, to mar the patient labor of months. These were all against the artist, because he was different from the common herd. The instinct of hostility, in mediocrity, to superiority is everywhere the same. Spina shared it with Rome or Paris.

The clouds grew more sombre, until they formed a blue-black curtain of vapor across the entire horizon, with a ragged white fringe at the zenith. Thunder rolled with a slow and solemn reverberation, and a flash of lightning pierced the gloom of the building, with its solitary occupant.

Suddenly Pia became aware that she was not alone. Her dry lips parted, her flesh grew cold with a sense of awe rather than of fear; the hair stirred on her head. The tall and white form of the nun again troubled her. Stay! the whiteness was that of a shadow, for Pia distinctly realized that the mysterious visitor wore the black robe, with the coif and veil, of the Augustinian order.

The shape glided quickly from the door to the extremity of the room, and vanished in the rear of Guido's statue, swathed in damp cloths.

The reality of this presence was so vivid, so tangible, that Pia crept to the same spot, expecting to confront the nun. The place was empty.

"It was a spirit," a voice seemed to whisper in her heart rather than in her ear.

For the first time a panic of terror seized Pia. Superstition lent additional dread to mere stupid surprise. What was Guido's statue, in its swarthy envelope of linen, but another ghost, menacing in its very immobility? She called aloud for help, and sought the door, which she unfastened with trembling haste. Human companionship was better than darkness and loneliness. She succeeded in opening the door.

The wind came with violence up the slope, and the rain flooded the floor. The thunder again crashed overhead, and the lightning sparkled

with a green phosphorescence, as singular as it was blinding, on the fountain, and on the carved head above the shop of Cesare Tommasi.

Between stood Emilia and Guido Cari. The woman from the Romagna, indifferent to the storm which beat upon her unprotected hair and shoulders, greeted Guido:

"Good-evening, Signore *Scultore.* You are back early to-night. When will the marble be ready, I pray you, and the duchess see herself as a heathen goddess? The duke will be pleased, I promise!"

Guido vouchsafed no reply. His face was very pale, and in his eyes burned a sombre fire. He thrust back his wet hair and entered the building which had become his studio, putting Pia aside to close the door.

Again the dwarf felt that cold pulsation of fear sweep over her. The hours were charged with dangerous elements; the moments were ebbing to some vague and terrible culmination.

"You are wet and tired, Guido," she managed to articulate. "We must have some supper."

Her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth; she leaned against the wall for support; her feet remained rooted to the spot.

Guido did not heed her words. He glanced about him with a dazed and weary expression.

"Her portrait!" he muttered, in accents of concentrated bitterness. "The duke would strike me in the face, perhaps. Never! never!"

"Guido!" cried Pia, dragging herself to his side.

He shook her off so violently that she fell against the screen. Restraint, even of her touch, moved him to frenzy. With one bound he threw himself on the statue, wrenched away the covering, and overturned it. The dismantling of the cherished task proving insufficient, he hacked the clay to pieces. The deed was quickly accomplished, as are most destructive efforts. He spurned the crumbled mass with his foot and hurled the iron support far from him. All was finished. He contemplated the result with a bewildered stupidity, as Cain may have looked on the slain Abel.

The wind once more shook the door, and the rain drifted in across the threshold. Guido Cari was gone, and it was night.

Pia remained where she had been flung against the screen. Stunned, bruised, she did not wholly lose consciousness. She heard the blows of the sculptor on the model and the heavy thud of the fallen clay. Then all was silent, and she felt that she was alone. She wondered vaguely where Guido had gone and when he would return. The dial of her daily life had come to mark only these events of his movements.

She never knew how long a time she remained there under the leaden weight of an indefinable misery which was akin to insensibility.

Nobody entered the place, and the storm ceased. At length she rose, lighted the oil-lamp, and approached the spot, fearfully, so long dedicated to Guido Cari and his work.

In the obscurity of the lofty room she resembled a gnome guided by the will-o'-the-wisp to some scene of mortal passion and folly.

Pia climbed over the clay, and the very contact reassured her. On the morrow Guido must cement it together and recommence the task.

The Aurora was stamped on his brain as an intaglio is engraved on a gem. The overturned model did not dismay her for the moment. She recognized the fact that Guido was following the path trodden by all sculptors, imitating the objects about him in a rudimentary state, and then, with the art-faculty spiritualized in fuller development, longing to personate beauty of which he caught only imperfect glimpses.

Ah, how much worse the mischief might have been had the clay been already fused into brittle plaster! In her own imagination she beheld Guido grinding the plaster to powder beneath his heel.

The iron support of the statue had fallen against the wall. The feeble hand of the dwarf in dislodging it drew a furrow in the smooth white surface with a sharp end. The iron fell on the floor with a dull clang. Pia's quick eye observed the furrow traced on the wall. She picked up a knife from the *débris* and scraped the plaster. A gleam of gold and colors sparkled in the lamp's flickering ray.

There was a fresco beneath the coat of whitewash on the long-dismantled convent wall.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF A PYGMY.

When Pia realized the discovery she had made, a sudden joy filled her heart.

In her own mind she associated her two dreams of the nun with finding the fresco. What were these dreams but apparitions? She glanced over her shoulder, half dreading to behold again the tall shadow of the sister. Then she fell on her knees and uttered a short prayer. Ah, the picture on the wall might save them all, if it was in perfect preservation! Pia knew enough of the art of her country to appreciate the possibility of such good fortune.

Her prayer became a sort of trance of ecstasy in which she attained the fulfilment of her sole ambition. The fresco would be removed and sold. Guido's statue could be remodelled and converted into marble as he desired. The money given for the fresco would suffice to pay for the block of marble, or, at least, guarantee a loan for the remainder of the sum.

In the bare chamber of the convent Pia enacted over again the merchant scheming for the contents of his tray of porcelain in the Oriental bazaar, and Pierrette with her brimming jug of milk. A glimpse of color visible beneath the whitewash of the wall had set her pulses throbbing with eager expectation. She had closed her eyes and thrown back her head in the absorption of her supplication and swayed her little body as her lips moved rapidly. Her blue apron caught in the lamp's flame placed near her on the ground, thus recalling her to the present. She tore the apron from the fastening about her waist, crushed the burning fragment boldly in her hands, and threw it among the *débris* of clay.

The accident restored her usual calmness and caution. She blew out the lamp, quitted the place, and locked the door behind her. No one must discover her secret, in her absence.

Her spirits were already lighter respecting Guido. She made a fantastic reverence to the carved head above the shop door, as she crossed the street.

"Tell me, little *asinello*, do you mean the picture? Was I to find it?" she murmured.

It was one of those moments when a creature, however insignificant, believes in the greatness of destiny. Pia's soul towered above all Spina.

The house of Cesare Tommasi was strangely silent and dark. Pia tried the shop door, which yielded to her touch, and she penetrated the interior. Scarcely had she entered, when a person rushed past her, with a smothered exclamation, and, gaining the street, disappeared.

Pia had shrunk under a table, and a flying dress whipped her face. She did not speak, nor attempt to detain the other, with the instinct of creatures that withdraw into their shell, or, rolled in a ball, feign death, in the presence of danger.

Pia waited, and no sound announced the return of the unseen fugitive. Then the daughter of the house, familiar with every object, groped her way through the shop to the living-rooms beyond. She was troubled; apprehension weighed on her. A cold fear made her limbs tremble and her teeth chatter. She found a match-box on a certain shelf, struck a light, and inspected, with mingled rage and regret, the domain from which a usurper had driven her.

The furniture bore evidence of confusion and disorder. A struggle had taken place. Boxes were overturned, and their contents lay scattered on the floor; drawers were half open, chairs upset and broken.

"Daddy!" Pia called, softly.

There was no response.

She held the lamp above her head, and advanced. She had steadied her trembling nerves, by an effort of will, to learn the worst. She was alone, and there was nobody to take her place. True, she might call the neighbors; but Pia had never liked public interference in her own affairs. She listened intently. She peered among the shadows with her keen little eyes. She drew her breath with a shuddering gasp, and said,—

"*Padre mio*, where are you?"

A feeble groan issued from the corner of Cesare Tommasi's bedchamber. The old dealer lay there in a heap, still vaguely fighting the air, as if to restrain a furious enemy.

"He's dead! The woman from the Romagna has killed him!" Pia uttered these words aloud, with a terrible sense of conviction in their truth, but she glanced around the walls, as if she feared to be overheard by the object of her dread.

Cesare was not dead, however. He was not even seriously injured, although his face acquired a set expression which never again left it. Spina always dated the stroke which paralyzed the remainder of his days to this time. It was a stroke, the old people affirmed, in which the second wife had played some very important part. The old people never doubted that fact.

"She must be a devil," he stammered, when he realized the presence of his daughter; and he spoke no more that night.

Pia, having assured herself that Emilia was not lurking on the premises, barred the door. Then she raised her father's head, by placing a pillow on the floor, and unfastened his black silk cravat, which was oddly twisted awry under one ear, as if by the cruel grasp of the strong white fingers which Pia had often watched with a sentiment of strange aversion. She sought that unfailing remedy of the Italian household, the flask of vinegar, mingled a small quantity with water, and bathed her parent's face. Next she poured a little wine between his lips. Cesare sighed, as if contented with her presence.

Satisfied with these results, she began to rearrange the disorder of the interior as best she could. Her will was powerful, if her body was weak. She gathered up the scattered boxes first.

The Emilia had searched the entire house, with a recklessness which defied discovery and other results. What had she found? Little of value, for the reason that no articles of worth were hidden here. Cesare Tommasi might have acquired a reputation for hoarding wealth under the tiles of the floor or in the secret drawers of cabinets, but his daughter was fully aware that there was none to hoard.

Her task of investigation accomplished, Pia returned to her father, took his cold hand, and kissed his forehead. There was in this caress a complete reconciliation. Pia was at his side, as formerly, to take care of him, shrewd wit aiding where physical strength was lacking. In her heart she scorned the aged bridegroom, brought to so pitiable a pass by the temper of his wife. Did she not know, could she not have foretold, that the meek and cringing Emilia came to Spina only for interested motives, other than the safe refuge of a home?

Hours passed in the lonely vigil, with Cesare Tommasi supported by pillows and coverings on the floor, and Pia watching beside him. Each moment she dreaded to hear Emilia's voice begging for admittance at the barred portal. She was determined to remain deaf to such appeals. The key of her own house was safe in her pocket. Thus she waited, trembling at every gust of the night wind.

A suspicion came to Pia with the dawn. Ah, how stupid she had been not to have thought of it before! She rose from her seat, and opened the wardrobe where Emilia kept the modest black gown and shawl in which she had arrived as a bride. How Pia had hated the raiment because of the wearer!

The gown and shawl were no longer in their accustomed place. Even the detestable straw bonnet, with the flaunting flowers, had disappeared.

What did it mean? Had she actually gone away? Pia clasped her hands and breathed a sigh of relief, with a dramatic gesture of delight.

The woman from the Romagna had been the creature who rushed forth when Pia entered her father's door to communicate the wonderful intelligence concerning her discovery of a fresco on the convent wall.

Outside, the storm had passed, the clouds gradually cleared away, and the stars shone out above Spina, enveloped in the black shadow of the tall houses.

Two people had left the town, ignorant of each other's movements, and hastened away in opposite directions. Guido Cari was seeking the heart of the Carrara mountains, obeying an instinct more powerful than human reason. Emilia Tommasi, otherwise a foundling of the Innocents' Hospital, was fleeing towards the plain, disappointment baffling her wild exultation in freedom.

Pia was aroused from stupor by a resounding knocking at the shop door. She discovered that she had fallen asleep beside her parent, and it was full day. She must have slept for hours.

She uttered a feeble cry of protest against the peremptory summons. Old Cesare, with pale and rigid features, looked at her apprehensively, as if disturbed by the same fear, and his eyelids trembled.

"Courage, daddy," said Pia, recovering herself. "She shall not touch you! I will tell the Fra Antonio and the steward. Let the Emilia beware! We have the carabinieri up here when they are needed."

Uttering these valiant words, she approached the door, slid the panel of a little grating, and inspected the applicant, before opening, in the cautious, national fashion.

Two men had just descended from a little wagon, the one lean and vulpine in type, and the other corpulent and rosy, with shrewd eyes twinkling in a round countenance.

Pia recognized the lean and vulpine man. He was the Roman connoisseur summoned by Cesare Tommasi to judge of the merits of Guido Cari's statue, and aid in its execution, if interested in the project. The model was in a state of ruin, the sculptor absent, old Cesare helpless, but Pia did not despair. Fortunately, the fresco remained to be uncovered, and these strangers would know more concerning the actual merit of it than all Spina. She pressed her hand to her brow for a moment, reflecting intently, and bit her lip. Then she lowered the chains and slid back the bolts, welcoming the new-comers, a quaint little figure on the threshold. She sent them on to the Black Eagle to obtain refreshment, and summoned in three strong men to lift her father on his bed.

Pia made suitable explanation to these curious neighbors while they were thus employed. Cesare Tommasi had certainly suffered a stroke during the night, owing to some quarrel, and his wife had run away. It was fortunate Cesare had not fallen a victim to the "fulminating apoplexy" which is of such frequent occurrence instead, Pia gravely affirmed, as she smoothed the counterpane. The neighbors stared and wondered.

Nimbly extricating herself from all difficulties, she utilized the forces about her in this emergency. Sabina's mother, full of sympathy, was installed beside the couch of Cesare, in the absence of his daughter. Pia went and came, swiftly, arranging matters in her own fashion.

When the two strangers had finished their meal and returned to the shop, they found Pia awaiting them before the door of the convent building, with the key in her hand. Her face was pallid and haggard with fatigue, her hair dishevelled, but in her eyes shone a light of triumph.

She was not alone. She had summoned the priest, the good-natured steward, Sandro the cobbler, and all who would come. Pia trusted no one, least of all the business-men from the world of the plain. Many witnesses were needed.

The key grated in the lock, the door opened, and Spina pressed into the chamber which had acquired the charm of mystery during the past winter. Spina marvelled at the barren interior.

Exclamations of wonder became merged into a cry of dismay:

"The statue has fallen! The arms and head are broken! What a misfortune!"

"The statue is nothing," said Pia, hoarsely, and her lips grew white. "Guido will make it over again. Have no fear! Look here, signore."

She approached the wall, dreading to find that the magical traces of the previous night had vanished. Spina stared, bewildered and stupefied. The strangers, the priest, and the steward followed her movements with attention.

Pia found the furrow, scored by the iron, in the plaster, and pointed to the colors visible beneath.

"It is a fresco," she proclaimed, triumphantly.

"Ah! an altar-picture, probably," added the thin collector, without any manifestation of surprise.

The fat Fra Antonio was visibly moved by this astonishing discovery. He endeavored to reach Pia and make some warning admonition behind the backs of these interlopers. The dwarf, feigning not to perceive these overtures, kept on the other side of the dealers. She pulled the coat of the lean and vulpine man.

"The place belongs to me. The Signora Duchessa let me have it. You will help me to uncover the fresco?" she entreated, in her most persuasive tone.

"Be tranquil, little one," replied the lean man, patting her head with a gesture which signified protection. He, also, understood the situation.

Spina had not eyes enough with which to gaze, nor ears adequate to receiving the words of the new-comers, whose advent had been too opportune to admit of the supposition that their coming was accidental. What did it mean, Pia Tommasi finding a picture on the wall, hidden away beneath the plaster? Surely the fresco could not be the treasure so long watched by the stone head opposite? No, no! Spina was not prepared to accept such a tame solution of a fascinating riddle. Pia had a lucky face. She had been warned to take the place. The last comer, loitering about the door, had the tale from Marianna Cari. A sister had appeared to Pia in the night. Was the nun Santa Monica in person? The town began to stare at Pia with new respect, transferring public interest to her.

In the mean while the two strangers were scraping off the white-wash of the wall, carefully yet rapidly. They worked with ardor, sharing the excitement and enthusiasm of the spectators. As the mask of plaster yielded to their efforts, Spina linked together souvenirs, with a word, a suggestion, here and there. It is easy to recall circumstances, to rebuild histories, when furnished the requisite clue.

The steward's wife remembered having heard the late Count di Ginestra speak of the first abbess of the convent as stern in rule and having treated a nun with much severity in her time. Thus stimulated by conjugal example, the steward was able to supplement the item that among the count's papers was one referring to the existence of a family of influence which had sought Spina in time of trouble, when commonwealth plotted against commonwealth in the valleys and invading armies despoiled cities, and dwelt in the house above the gate. The daughter of this family had espoused a religious life in the adjacent convent, building and decorating a chapel with her dower-money.

Here the consecutive narrative abruptly ceased, even as a flight of steps is sometimes disclosed amidst the ruins of an obliterated citadel, on the side of a cliff, the very stones held in place by clinging shrubbery, while below are

> Desert caves, with wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown.

Spina could adorn the tradition with flowers of fancy, but was unable to cement the steps to the original threshold of fact.

The nun had disappeared, whether by means of death or of flight none could now decide, and all trace of her existence had been destroyed, even to the dismantling of the chapel, and the effacing of the altar fresco by means of plaster.

Fra Antonio, with the expression of one who knows more than he sees fit to reveal, added,—

"The chapel was a votive offering."

The fresco, spurning the veil of outer covering which had so long concealed it, became gradually visible to all eyes. The work, executed on a brick foundation, was in a state of unusually good preservation, while the figures showed the grouping of a master.

The Madonna, seated, with a globe, entwined by a serpent, beneath her feet, supported the Christ-Child on her knee. Judith, Esther, and Ruth stood beside her in a devotional attitude. A nun of the Augustinian order knelt in the foreground, according to the custom of the giver of a votive picture. The blue robe of the mother, the yellow tunic of the child, and the draperies of the attendant holy women were alike undimmed by the ravages of moisture and years.

The fat stranger stepped back a pace, used his clinched hand as a lorgnette, and whispered in the ear of his colleague,—

"Hist! Ghirlandajo."

Pia heard him. Could it be possible that Spina, unadorned by the mosaic of Venice, Ravenna, and Sicily, had found, instead, the natural vehicle of Florentine expression in fresco at the hand of the artist who sighed to cover the entire circuit of walls of his city with his own elaborate designs?

The dwarf scrutinized, half fearfully, the kneeling figure of the nun in the foreground of the altar-picture. Was this the shadowy shape which had haunted her dreams? No. The whisper went about among the women that Pia had surely been visited by Santa Monica in person.

"You will buy the fresco?" she inquired of the Roman dealer, intense eagerness betrayed by her look and gesture. "Eh! strong glue must be spread on the surface, and cloth attached, fold after fold, until, with the aid of heat, the thin section of wall can be removed. Is it not true? Then you will sell the work to some museum, or gallery, for much more money than you pay me."

She made a droll grimace, and turned her head on one side to look up at the stranger who held her fate in his hands.

The latter frowned.

"Not so fast, little one," he replied. "The fresco may be worthless, and I am a poor man."

The steward and the priest conferred apart.

"The little one's right may be disputed. Who knows?" said the priest, in a tone of authority.

"She goes too fast," assented the steward, testily.

Pia watched her opportunity to draw the steward aside.

"Signore Fattore, you must help me," she whispered, in a voice of softest cajolery. "If you keep these strangers from cheating me, the third of the price shall belong to you. Think of the children! If any try to rob me of my rights, I will appeal to the duchess. Let us be friends in the matter, Andrea Vanucci."

The steward was a reasonable man. Better to receive a third of the proceeds than to have no rights in the matter. He decided that the claim of Cesare Tommasi's daughter was a just one.

Pia screamed shrilly. The fat man had picked up an arm from the *débris* of Guido's statue and was examining it critically. The act struck the loyal little guardian of the spot as a desecration. She sprang forward, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.

"Do not touch it, until he comes back. Oh, where is he?" she cried, piteously.

But Guido did not return.

CHAPTER IX.

A BLOCK OF CARRARA MARBLE.

GUIDO CARI, in quitting the chapel and the town, had fled away from his own work of destruction. The model, broken, and lying in fragments at his feet, had brought no regret to his brain or his heart, where suffering was benumbed. Patient to a certain limit of endurance, he now threw all hope to the winds, and suffered every mad impulse, long pent up, to riot unrebuked in his nature. The fever of despair, in reaction, drove him forth from the scene of ruin, as a murderer may shun the spot dyed with the blood of his crime.

He ran until he had put hill and valley between himself and Spina. The familiar roofs and towers of the little town clustered on the rock had become hateful to him.

He had forgotten the faithful Pia. Indeed, it was fortunate for the dwarf that she did not stand in his path and oppose him with her customary arguments of cheerful encouragement. Remonstrances would have added fire to the flame already consuming him.

The ruined shrine, where he had encountered Masolino, rose in the shadow of the roadside. He paused there to rest, crouched on the step, and with his head supported on his hands. What had become of Masolino? What were the words uttered by Cesare Tommasi's wife? He could no longer repeat them, but the sting of look and gesture remained. Thought became confused; his brain was light. The darkness seemed peopled with faces, watching him derisively, their eyes full of curiosity and malevolence, like those of the woman from the Romagna.

The tall and haughty Duke di Nespoli, the duchess, smiling in her tender grace, the sprightly baroness, had once traversed this road, but it was a long time ago; perhaps in another life.

The youth of Guido Cari had shrivelled and vanished in the crucible of the past few months.

These mocking shapes goaded him on. He rose and chose a branching path leading to the heart of the hills.

The access of fury in which he had broken the statue was passing, leaving a sensation of dull oblivion. He no longer recalled the act with the first thrilling agony of pain and triumph in the deed. He had left all behind him, with the fast-vanishing walls and roofs of Spina. A criminal will sometimes sleep soundly after the perpetration of a misdeed.

Daring impulse did not bridge circumstance and place him at the feet of the duchess to drink deep of the beauty of her eyes. He had dreamed of again beholding her, but now the hope was quenched. The living woman had become merged in the statue of his own creation, and the Aurora was shattered. That was the end; yet

> When vain desire at last, and vain regret,
> Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
> What shall assuage the unforgotten pain,
> And teach the unforgetful to forget?

"*Ecco il mio destino!*" said Guido Cari.

The quarries drew him to their precincts, as if by a spell. A haunting longing, an unsatisfied quest, began to torment him. Marble of Carrara had become to him the supreme Might Have Been of a blasted career. He wished to see and touch the marble.

Such was the fierce conflict, the torture of disappointment, mingled with fresh anxiety, which had driven Guido and Emilia from Spina in the night when the sirocco blew, bringing the tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain sweeping over the bosom of the leaden sea. Two beings, widely dissimilar in character and purpose, had gone forth into the darkness, spurning the shelter of the home roof, and straining at the curbing chain of routine until the links yielded and each was free.

Guido Cari, previously caught up in a whirlwind of artistic exaltation, had been dropped to earth, spent in the struggle. Emilia, grovelling for gain, had been rendered desperate by failure to grasp more money and increase her hoard. She left the old nook of the hill-top, as certain birds of ill repute flap forth on heavy wing from a ruined turret, uttering a harsh note of defiance.

The course of the man and of the woman might have been changed had they awaited the development of another day.

With morning light the slaves of Carrara resumed their customary toil.

These passed and repassed a man stretched on the ground, who idly watched their movements. The loiterer was Guido Cari, of Spina, known to many of their number. Sabina Regaldi's father gave him a preoccupied salutation. He had received notification of a tax which he had no means to pay. He scarcely heeded the youth without family cares, who was wasting his time instead of working. *Altro!* Each must bear his own troubles in this world. Thus reasoned Vittorio Regaldi.

The vines sloped below, down to the brink of the lowlands; above, the mountain-sides appeared scarped and scored by the industry of man through the lapse of centuries.

The sole music of the region was the occasional note of the warning horn, succeeded by an explosion of the shattered rock, awakening all the echoes, and the monotonous chipping of the chisel on the stone, in the interval of comparative stillness. The heavy carts, drawn by the teams of oxen, creaked along the rough path. The workers did not heed Guido Cari too much. Sometimes a child paused to stare at him, and ran away if he moved.

When a sledge thus laden passed, he fixed his eyes on it as long as it remained in sight, but he made no frantic effort to check its progress or question its destination, with a hungry longing to detain, as on a former occasion. The tide was too strong for him. The current had tossed him aside, exhausted, broken.

The slaves of the mines passed on their way, some to be suspended by ropes over the cliffs and drill little holes in the surface for the insertion of the tin tube containing nitric acid and gunpowder as agents of destruction, and others to fashion patiently the mass, once unearthed, in the adjacent studios.

Every blast of the drill wrecked precious portions of the marble, in hopeless disfigurement, as great disasters mar countless lives.

Guido sought in his pocket, inspired by the animal instinct of hunger. Ah, wise little Pia had not failed him! A morsel of bread remained of the portion which she had placed there the previous day. He ate the bread slowly, and left the spot. In moving he turned his face in the direction of one of the large quarries. Was he aware that a block of rare purity had been detached up there? How should he know? What difference could it have made had he known? He might have thrown himself on the cold marble and saluted it, but he could not have held it for his own. Oh, no! they would have torn the block from him, and dragged it away for shipment down to the sea. The certainty of such a fate no longer maddened him, as it would have done yesterday. The Aurora had faded from his mind, leaving a blank void.

Through all the years, through countless ages, the block of Carrara marble had waited up there, treasured in the quarry, for Guido Cari. Lustrous ornament of bath and vestibule for the Cæsars, fit material to

embody Pisa's cathedral and tower, as a seaport, with streets thronged by a motley crowd of Turks, Parthians, and other "monsters of the sea," as described by the old chronicler, shrine of art of every nation, still this one fragment had belonged to the humblest son of the soil. Nature, in subtile process of accretion, had prepared it for him.

The scene of labor stirred a vague sentiment of interest in his breast. What was it all to him? Nothing. He had ceased to associate the spot and the traffic with himself. The marble pleased his eye, as the sun sparkled on the freshly-cut surfaces, which appeared crystallized. He picked up a fragment and rubbed it softly between his palms.

> The greatest artist can conceive of naught
> That does not lie within a block of marble.

"*Ecco il mio destino!*" The words of the dying Murat, sometime King of Naples, escaped Guido's lips unconsciously.

To seek the studio where he had worked for so many years, was another phase of his despair. He stood in the door for a long time, with folded arms, and contemplated the labor of his former comrades, in various stages of completion.

"Are you coming back to us, Guido?" inquired stalwart Beppo, with the crisp black hair, ruddy cheeks, and bare arms.

Guido made no reply. He smiled faintly. In his own mind he had always compared Beppo with the youthful Bacchus, vine-crowned. He was too weary, too listless, for speech. He nodded silently in response to their greeting.

Beppo and his mates believed that he had returned to obtain work, humbled by poverty and repentant for his long absence. It is often like that with one who would place himself above his fellows, they reasoned.

Guido, ignorant of this verdict, or indifferent to it, pondered on the change which had come over him since he wielded the chisel here, singing and whistling the while. A dull weight was gradually settling on his heart. Something had happened up at Spina, but he could not recall the precise nature of the disaster.

The master perceived him, and came forward with bluff good humor. Early in the morning two strangers from Rome had passed his door, driving a little wagon, their destination Spina. A cautious inquiry about Guido Cari and the mention of Cesare Tommasi had aroused the padrone's suspicions and interest. Conviction smote him that they had come to see the model of Guido's statue. There was actually a statue, then? He hailed the approach of the young man as opportune.

He placed his hands on Guido's shoulders.

"I was about to seek you, boy," he said, in a friendly tone. "Have a drop of wine from this flask. I may use your model. Who knows?"

He filled a glass with red wine, and gave it to the passive Guido.

"Now let us hear more about the statue. It is an Aurora, if I remember right."

Thus spoke the padrone, pouring out for himself a second glass,—

a man not averse to the fruits of the vintage, as his bulbous nose, deep color, and plethoric person testified.

Guido gazed at him with slowly-dilating eyes, and dropped the glass on the ground. The next moment he threw his arms above his head, and disappeared in the direction of the quarries.

"His brain has turned with folly," muttered the padrone, contemplating the broken glass and spilled wine angrily. "Let him go!"

The statue of Aurora. That was it! The master had given the clue to a clouded mind. But the Aurora was destroyed. In one awful flash of swift revelation the artist saw the convent chapel, and the heap of clay crumbling at his feet. The offer came too late!

He sped along the most secluded path, like one pursued by remorse. At times he flung himself on the ground, with his face pressed among the flowers and leaves, repeating the words that the statue was lost. He could not impress the gravity of the ruin on his own mind, strive as he would to do so. The sentence flowed from his lips at his bidding, but failed to penetrate his soul. He was returning to the quarries for an answer. He was dazed. It seemed to him that they were all holding to his parched lips a cup when he could not drink. The hours passed, and he went on, with fitful pauses for communing with self, and wild rushes forward, as an escape from these efforts at reasoning.

The block of Carrara marble would leave the quarry that day. The slaves had toiled early and late for such consummation. Already the mass had quitted its place, and been lowered down the mountain-side to the next ledge, by means of ropes, and the wooden supports, soaped to avoid friction.

Guido Cari had gained the ravine, and flung himself down to rest. Sudden despair chilled his spirit. The events of the past twenty-four hours began to take shape, without painful exertion of memory. The padrone of the studio would be willing to aid him in executing the statue in marble. Ah, at last! But the clay model had been hacked to pieces by the blows of a madman.

"The Aurora is gone!" he cried aloud, springing once more to his feet.

His voice was strangely prolonged by the reverberating echo of the hill.

He turned his face towards the mountains, and saw the mass poised far above. With clearest vision, while the thronging shadows of the dead artists of countless generations, who had here sought the needful medium of expression, pressed close about him, he beheld the Aurora in the block, as if imprisoned in a translucent prison. The features of the goddess were austere in their dazzling purity of contour, the slender arms uplifted implored release of a master's chisel, the rounded form, veiled in chaste folds of drapery, acquired a vivid overwhelming distinctness, at once divine and terrible in majestic beauty. The statue was no longer his work, Guido Cari of Spina, but the sublime embodiment of Art, the sylvan spirit of the mountain-world. The veil of coarser sense was rent away, and in the one supreme flash of wonder, pain, and surprise the young sculptor knew and understood.

The thronging shadows of the dead artists had thus beheld her, the

Carrara nymph, in their day. In the future what power of genius will be able to lure her, in hitherto undreamed-of loveliness, from the innermost sanctuary of her temple of the hills?

Mechanically, Guido covered his face with his hands for a moment, and glanced towards the sea. Life, sweet, strong, intoxicating, pulsed back to his heart.

What cloud was rising over the waters?

A trailing mist, tinged with the rose of sunset; a veiled form, with arms uplifted to greet another day; a face which, in smiling, had rounded the cycle of a lifetime. Here was the ideal perfection lacked by clay model and living features. Here was shining vapor more radiant in purity than the stored wealth of the mountain. Bianca di Nespoli appeared before him.

Joyful and incredulous, Guido advanced, and stretched forth his hands. As he did so, the prolonged note, previously blended with his own voice, again floated through the ravine. It was the peal of the quarryman's horn, warning of impending danger.

The block of Carrara marble, moving with the net-work of ropes and wooden supports, hung poised far above. Steady! Hold fast the straining mesh, the staying frame! Ah! A cord slipped, another snapped, the wooden railing swerved. The trumpet sent forth its peal for all to seek a shelter of safety. Peril, in another and even more terrible form than the usual explosion, threatened those below.

The block vibrated, plunged the depth of a thousand feet, spurned the crag, and, with the impetus gained in the rapid descent, bounded along the slope, shattering the rocks, ploughing the earth, and scattering clouds of dust in all directions. The mass of stone, released from its bed, descended with the awful velocity of an avalanche. For the moment it became animated with life, in movement, and advanced in the guise of an agent of destruction.

Guido Cari stood directly in its course, with his face turned towards the sea. The thunder of the fall and approach shook the ground beneath his feet, but he did not feel the shock. The note of the horn, the cries of the workmen, beat on deaf ears. His eyes followed the drifting mist, which he strove to reach with outstretched hands.

The marble block bounded forward, struck the man, and he fell.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE GALLERY OF A PRINCE.

FIVE years later Dr. Paul Weisener reached Russia by the White Sea and landed from a Swedish ship at Archangel.

He wished in making this summer journey to satisfy his own mind that the ancient Etruscan had not preceded him here, as elsewhere.

He had rounded the North Cape and followed the coast-line of rock and fiord through mist and storm. He had even sought traces of his hero the primitive merchant among the downs and lakes of Lapland and the heath and sand of the Kola peninsula.

Time had dealt lightly with the Herr Doctor. A few more threads

of silver were perceptible in his hair and beard, while his form was heavier, but his blue eyes retained their keen clearness and his countenance that expression of imperturbable good humor which invariably inspired sympathy in all who encountered him. The Maremma shepherd lent vigorous aid in opening the door of a sepulchre, and the Tyrolese guardian of the vineyard quitted his charge to indicate traces of a smith's forge, to the savant who repaid them with something more than the usual coin in his own geniality of manner.

The student was now compiling a work on Etruscan inscriptions, enriched with copious illustrations made from his own sketch-book.

He also dreamed in leisure moments of a romance of the early peddler,—the love left behind in ancient Clusium, whose toilet and chamber would receive most minute description, even to the sandals copied by Phidias for Minerva, and the vicissitudes of the journey, the perils to be encountered among the blond damsels of Gaul and Britain before his return to share the banquet-couch of his beloved.

Must the truth be confessed? The doctor, sternly condemnatory of fiction in precept, as unwholesome sweets cloying to the growth of the intellectual man, cradled his thought in reveries over this early and obscure page of the human heart, and promised himself, with a glow of enthusiasm, to arouse the interest of the frivolous multitude in his favorite study by infusing vitality into the long-forgotten dust. There would be scope for a trifle of by-play, more or less witty, with the female suffragists of the nineteenth century in bringing well forward the equality with husband and brother enjoyed by the Etruscan women of antiquity in contrast with the Greek.

The romance of the first peddler should be published, when completed, under a *nom de plume*, and the author derive surreptitious pleasure from the surprise of a dazzled public, while shielded in the side-scenes, as it were, when his actors, attired in accurate costume, stalked majestically across the stage.

The work on Etruscan inscriptions had grown steadily with exhaustive research into every available library and museum where a fresh fact could be winnowed from the useless chaff.

The classical romance progressed fitfully in the summer noonday beside the Mediterranean Sea, and in the winter midnight of Berlin or Munich, as the white disk of the lamp on the table formed a charmed circle, excluding modern society,—a true fairy-ring for imagination to revel in. Love sported and danced to the music of the Phrygian pipe on the site of the temples of Veii in the May-day. Robust Teutons defended the hearth-stones of their rude homes against invading hordes of savages advancing from the unknown North, and the first peddler found his peaceable enterprises for getting gain sadly disarranged, as trade still suffers on declaration of war between Germany and France, Austria and Russia, in the midnight of December.

One confidante shared the doctor's secret. The Frau Mutter, still erect and sprightly, knitting beside the window which overlooked the Luther-Platz at Worms, listened with absorbed attention to the pages descriptive of the peddler's wanderings. Ah, tender maternal heart! Ah, most lenient of critics, too often blinded by affection! Was the

Frau Mutter as much enthralled by the career of the Etruscan hero as proud of her son's power to describe him through whole pages and chapters of sonorously flowing narrative? Her little figure gained additional dignity of bearing, and she removed her spectacles to wipe away the moisture which dimmed them.

"Is it good?" the author would inquire, flushed and animated, pacing the chamber and waving the roll of manuscript which he held in his hand.

"*Ach Himmel!* it is wonderful!" the old lady would invariably respond, as she resumed her work.

A Roman nobleman once worshipped at the shrine of the Venus of the Capitol for the space of two years. Had Dr. Weisener thus become enamoured with some shadowy beauty of Etruria whose delicate features beamed on him in the flickering torchlight from the wall of the tomb? In avowing his homage to this divinity of another race and age, had sentiment awakened in his breast and a desire to spin the slender thread of her story?

Landing at Archangel, the traveller's first thought had been,—

"Shall I actually discover in this portion of Russia as much as a half-effaced letter for my work on the Inscriptions?"

His second reflection took the form,—

"What a dramatic situation the capture of my hero by barbarous ancestors of the Lapp would make, or even shipwreck on this coast!"

He found slight material for idle speculation, and proceeded inland, after encountering the usual delays which arise in such localities to thwart travellers. The country presented to him the serious disadvantages of summer locomotion, while the doctor felt little inclination to spend the winter season in this portion of Europe for the gain of smooth and swift transit over the snow of frozen highways.

A tarantass accommodated himself and his slender store of luggage, instead of the rapidly-gliding sledge of the cold season. In this vehicle he was jolted and dragged along the toilsome route. He skirted stretches of sombre forest, unterrified by the packs of wolves which would later menace the wayfarer, crossed ferries, and traversed sandy tracts of soil, strewn with logs.

During the journey he made amicable overtures to the coachman, and the peasants he encountered, with ready use of his store of local vocabulary. He adapted himself to the accommodations available, with his usual philosophy. He had purchased his own samovar and bed at Archangel, as indispensable preparations for the road.

One day, in the late afternoon, the jolting of the tarantass abruptly ceased: the left wheel, settling into a deep hole, had broken.

The doctor found himself on the outskirts of a small village.

Congratulating the coachman, and even the struggling horses, that the accident had not occurred at a greater distance from human habitation, he followed the path in the direction of the settlement, while a group of stalwart peasants, white in skin, and with blond hair, gathered to assist in extricating the vehicle.

The pastoral scene pleased the eye of the stranger, in its summer aspect. The heat had been intense, and clouds of dust had enveloped

him along the route. Now he contemplated green meadows, terminating in a marsh, in one direction; a small lake which reflected the sky of evening; and the hamlet, consisting chiefly of log buildings clustered about a church with a painted dome. Pine-trees environed the spot, and beyond the village the towers and roofs of a country residence were visible through the foliage of gardens.

"The mansion of the feudal lord on his estates," mused Dr. Weisener. "He must have held many *souls* in his day, this bârine. How long has serfdom been abolished, though? Ah, I forget."

A light carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited horses, passed the pedestrian, and the inmate, a gentleman, scrutinized him, with the involuntary curiosity of localities where strangers are rare.

The doctor removed his hat, with a sweeping German bow. He recognized the Russian prince Ivan Pougatcheff.

The latter courteously returned his salutation, but with the puzzled expression of a person who endeavors to recall a face which he has already encountered elsewhere.

The carriage pursued its way, in a fresh cloud of dust, and disappeared.

A boy, with a shock of pale hair hanging in his eyes, attired in a linen shirt, and with bare legs, rode a horse down to the brink of the water to drink. A party of men mending a wagon ceased their work to gaze at the new-comer. A band of little girls, seated on a bench outside of a door, with cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and their naked feet swinging, forgot the monotonous chant they were singing in chorus, to whisper together, and giggle, as the doctor's eye fell on them.

A larger boy, seated on the bank of the lake fishing, laughed good-humoredly when the doctor accosted him, in turn, with inquiries for an inn. The village could boast of no inn,—not even a primitive post-house. What was to be done? The traveller was bruised by the shaking of the conveyance over rough ground, tired, dusty, and hungry. His courage did not desert him, however. Some of these brave peasants would assuredly give him a shelter for the night.

As a solution of the difficulty, the young fisherman volunteered to take him to the house of the priest. The priest received him with kindness and hospitality, in a small chamber where a consecrated lamp burned before the holy images during the entire year, in the present case massive silver, set in a gilded shrine.

A table was spread, and a steaming samovar speedily greeted the jaded traveller with grateful refreshment. A loaf of rye bread, a deep wooden dish, containing salted cucumbers, and another receptacle of fresh honey, completed the simple repast.

While the meal was in preparation a local official was announced. He demanded the credentials of the new-comer. Dr. Weisener, prepared for such an emergency, gave him the requisite papers and his passport. The official withdrew to inspect these articles at his leisure.

Host and guest conversed in German on the usual topics, the condition of the harvest, the unprecedented severity of the previous winter, the unexampled heat of the present summer.

The doctor, sipping his tea, at length inquired,—

"Does the Prince Pougatcheff hold property in this neighborhood? I saw him on the road just now. I recognized him, for I once met him at a costume-ball given by the French ambassador at Rome."

"The prince is our seigneur," replied the priest, who was a small man, of fresh complexion, and with eyes set widely apart in a round face.

"He has been a great traveller, if I am not mistaken," pursued the doctor, who had acquired a habit of placing people in a methodical fashion in his own memory. "I think he had just returned from a Nile journey when I met him."

"Our lord has been truly a great traveller," assented the priest, with discreet reticence.

The doctor nodded, seeking another thread of souvenir: "The prince spent his winters at Vienna and Paris, and his summers at Wiesbaden. He did not pass much of his time in Russia."

The priest took a lump of sugar between his finger and thumb, as he rejoined,—

"Our noble bârine was recalled by the Czar, and he prefers the province to the capital. He came here three years ago, and seldom quits the estate."

"He has some malady," suggested the doctor, quickly. "Is he truly ill?"

The priest shook his head and sighed: "No other malady than old age, between ourselves. He lives with his books and his pictures."

The coachman appeared at this moment, to announce that the tarantass would require some slight repairs before proceeding on the journey.

At the same time the traveller's papers were restored to him, as satisfactory, by the official.

The question of accommodation for the night was still under discussion, when the same light carriage noticed by the doctor on the road at an earlier hour drew up before the priest's house, and a servant alighted. This servant was a Swiss valet, very alert, deferential, and polished in manner, but with a flavor of Lucerne and Interlachen still lingering about him in a distant land.

"Fritz Hauser, if my eyes do not deceive me!" exclaimed Dr. Weisener, in surprise.

The valet smiled, and returned his greeting. The pair had last met at the Wengern Alp, where Fritz Hauser filled the post of secretary. This son of Helvetia rapidly explained that, a capricious world of fashion having deserted once popular resorts in favor of Hombourg and Norway, he had been tempted to try his fortunes in the service of the prince. Dr. Weisener, genuinely glad to encounter the honest fellow, shook hands with him. Fritz announced the object of his mission.

"His Excellency the Prince remembers having met the Herr Doctor at Rome," he said, resuming his capacity of menial, with a series of stiff bows. "His Excellency the Prince desires the Herr Doctor to return with me for dinner, and to pass the night at the château, instead of in the village. I have been sent to invite him."

Dr. Weisener, accepting this gracious interposition of Providence in his behalf with alacrity, bade the priest farewell, and entered the carriage. He was amused by the coincidence of the return of his papers and the invitation of the noble happening simultaneously. Doubtless the prince had informed himself as to the identity of the stranger. The carriage passed through the *porte-cochère*, and entered the court of the seignorial mansion.

How may a traveller divine what changes an hour will bring forth? Dr. Weisener, so recently jolting along a rough road, stifled by dust and heat, with no other prospect before him than a dingy wayside inn, where a greasy repast, at the best, would be served him, found himself, instead, enjoying a perfumed bath in a dressing-room appointed with every modern luxury of the toilet, as preparation for dining with his host.

When conducted to the table, in season, he proved an agreeable and interesting companion, enlivening the tedium of a solitary meal, for the prince usually dined in state and alone.

"I last saw you at the ball, as a viking, in steel corselet and gilded helmet. By my faith, you were a formidable warrior in appearance," said the prince, laughing.

Dr. Weisener bowed profoundly. "His Excellency the Prince was a Persian satrap on the occasion, in superb embroideries, with jewels of the sun and moon on his breast."

The prince made a slight gesture, which signified, "Let us set aside ceremony for the moment."

In his bearing was perceptible that nice shade of affability, never degenerating to condescension, which is so much more frequently bestowed on another nationality than on one's own, especially by persons of rank.

He was a tall and slender man, of advanced age, with hair, skin, and moustache blanched to a uniform whiteness of hue. The cheek-bones were prominent, the nose slightly flattened, the eyes small, and concealed by rounded spectacles. The hands of the prince were long and slender, like those of a woman, with rosy, almond-shaped nails, and he wore a large turquoise ring on one finger.

The dinner was sumptuously served, and delicate in quality.

Charmed with the conversation of his host, who proved to be as brilliant a talker as he was an excellent listener, and stimulated by the good cheer, the savant began to yield to the pleasurable fancy that he was the hero of a fairy-tale, and had entered the enchanted wood, where he was bidden to feast in the palace, which might vanish away if he opened his eyes. Nothing could astonish him. A Parisian *chef* presided, as high-priest of the culinary art, over the digestion of Monsieur the Prince in the province, while his cellars boasted the choicest vintage of France, Hungary, and the Rhineland. The doctor would scarcely have marvelled had the ceiling opened for the descent of a shower of roses, and troops of slaves appeared with the traditional delicacies of the Roman banquet. He communicated some element of this idea, more by his bearing than by his words, to the amusement of his companion.

The meal concluded, the latter rose, and led the way to a smoking-room fitted with Persian hangings, carpets, and divans.

"I am a satrap again here, at least," said the prince, selecting for himself an Oriental pipe with an amber mouthpiece.

Dr. Weisener was not an excessive smoker. When the cigarette which he had chosen from the stock of cigars and pipes had been consumed, he did not kindle another. Perceiving this, the host soon put aside his *nargileh*, and proposed visiting the music-room.

"As you are a German, the inquiry if you are a good musician would be superfluous," said the prince.

The doctor replied by a slight shrug of the shoulders.

The entire mansion, which was spacious, was brilliantly illuminated, not so much to do honor to the stranger, as from the prince's habit of moving about restlessly during the night.

At a glance, the singularity of this interior impressed the spectator. He characterized it as *bizarre*, in his own mind.

The superabundance of light which irradiated every nook was shed abroad from lamps of odd design placed on brackets and softened by tinted globes, wax tapers clustered in chandeliers, lanterns swaying on chains of brass and silver.

The prince crossed an anteroom which served as a vestibule to the suite of apartments beyond.

In this anteroom were vases and tables of malachite, standards of valuable weapons, and rugs of costly furs, snowy white and gray. The portraits of the imperial family adorned the walls.

"I have no longer the energy requisite to travel. I must now bring to me the lands where I have known happiness," he explained.

The doctor, at first dazzled by the lights and overpowered by the scents of flowers from adjacent conservatories, began to understand the fantasy of his host.

A French *salon*, with waxed floor, the furniture of white enamel of the First Empire, vases of Sèvres, and spirited scenes of Napoleon's campaigns depicted on the canvases of the walls, transported the prince to France, where he enjoyed for an hour his favorite authors, Racine, Bossuet, Voltaire, and Octave Feuillet or Georges Sand, rather than the later school of novelists.

An English drawing-room, with chimney-piece decorated with Queen Anne ware, grate of polished steel, table strewn with the latest periodicals, invited him, at another time, to London, where he had once held a diplomatic appointment.

Germany was accorded the faithful reproduction of a Nuremberg interior, and Austria the luxury of Viennese taste.

There was even a boudoir, fragrant with bamboo, sandal-wood, and matting, where the prince took golden tea on occasion, guarded by Chinese gods, and lined with every variety of costly and grotesque porcelain from the Celestial Empire.

The books of the library had been separated in order to give to each room its distinctive literature.

The paintings of a fine collection served the same end. The prince could sit, with crossed feet, on a divan, and contemplate trains of

camels traversing the desert; date-palms quivering in the hot air beside the Nile; the doors of mosques; the crowded bazaar. He could pace a gallery, and confront only the serene sky of Greece, rising above her ruined temples.

To complete the illusion, violets were massed in jars in the French *salon*, while roses bloomed in the English drawing-room, and a few tufts of forget-me-not decked the carvings of Nuremberg. A white poodle, shaven in absurd fashion, reposed on a cushion in the *salon;* a pug-dog waddled forth to greet his master in the drawing-room; a family of superb Persian cats disputed possession with the smokers in the Oriental boudoir.

Dr. Weisener looked about him with a naïve interest which was in itself the most subtile flattery.

Was it imagination that the physiognomy of his host had changed, becoming animated, and that the eyes, protected by the spectacles, sparkled with a fire not previously perceptible? He put aside the curtain of a door-way, with a smile, and repeated,—

> "Knowest thou the land where the pale citron grows,
> And the gold orange through dark foliage glows?
> A soft wind flutters from the deep-blue sky,
> The myrtle blooms, the laurel towers high.
> Knowest thou it well?"

"Ah! if I know it!" echoed the doctor, with a gesture of recognition.

In the left wing of his country-house the Prince Ivan Pougatcheff was again in Italy. Pompeian coloring, Venetian mosaic, Roman and Florentine marbles and bronzes were to be found in lavish profusion, while the atmosphere was sweet with the scent of orange-bloosoms and jasmine.

A gallery had been converted into a *loggia*, with the arched ceiling painted to represent a blue sky and the interlacing vines of an arbor. Lemon-trees were ranged on either side, and the gilded cages of rare birds were suspended amidst the foliage.

The door was flanked by two Etruscan sarcophagi, with female figures reclining on the lids. Beyond was a glass case which contained a gold wreath of Etruscan work, artistically placed on a cushion of black velvet.

In the centre of the loggia, on a standard of green marble, was a terra-cotta bust.

"I value this bust more than any object of art which I possess," said the prince, approaching and placing his hand on the pedestal. "I gaze at it by the hour, and the face, so full of intelligence, seems about to speak in reply to my perpetual interrogations of the scenes it may have witnessed. Ah, my friend, may we not draw here the line between the glory of the past and our own time? Behold the difference between the marvellous fineness and power of this head, and the pretty nymph yonder, prepared to pirouette on one toe. Yes, this is a bust of the Renaissance, and attributed to Benedetto da Majano."

Dr. Weisener listened attentively, and smoothed his beard with his

hand. He recognized the portrait of Cesare Tommasi made by Guido Cari of Spina. Surprise rendered him mute.

"May I venture to inquire where you obtained such a treasure?" he demanded, at length.

"At Paris," the prince replied, passing his finger delicately over the bridge of old Cesare's sharp nose.

Dr. Weisener was again silent, even as Benvenuto Cellini held his peace when the Duke of Ferrara showed the artist the collection of his own little vases, gift of the physician Giacomo da Carpi, as classical relics unearthed by a Roman nobleman.

"All honor to terra-cotta, the modelled clay dried by sun or fire," he thought. "Ancient deities of the barbaric and archaic period, whether Egyptian, Assyrian, Etrurian, or Mexican, were fashioned of it, to defy the touch of time. Greek and Rome did not disdain the plastic mould, nor the Renaissance down to the Della Robbias. Take thy place, Cesare Tommasi, in the ranks of museum-collections, or in the gallery of a prince, as a veritable *chef-d'œuvre.*"

Was it imagination, born of the surprise of discovering the bust here, amidst such novel and magnificent surroundings, that the lapse of time had imparted dignity, refinement, strength, to the head last beheld on a rugged path outside a little Italian town, in the grasp of a woman greedy for gain? Surely the aged features, the furrowed brow, the puckered folds of cheek and chin, had a new gentleness, even pathos, in repose, such as the Renaissance sculptors knew how to impart to their portraits of cardinals and rulers in palace niche and cloistered tomb. The withered lips might part in satirical speech, yet kept their secret close, as Dr. Weisener likewise determined to do.

"And these sarcophagi?" pursued the visitor.

"I found them at Marseilles, and quite by chance," returned the collector, complacently.

The doctor bent over, and examined carefully the carving of the figures. The archæologist is not more readily deceived in the design, texture, and color of vase and urn than is the banker by false coin. The doctor detected certain trifling defects which would have escaped the uninitiated. He had already seen these ornaments of the sepulchre at the Villa Margherita, having been invited to purchase them, on a certain occasion, by the Duke di Nespoli.

"The diadem is a truly fine specimen," he affirmed, inspecting it in turn.

The prince laughed softly: "I bought that at Pisa. I always suspected the man had not acquired it honestly. *Chi lo sa?*"

He turned to a carved Gothic shrine, and opened the leaves. The shrine occupied a portion of the wall. Within was a fresco, thus richly set and preserved.

The Madonna, wearing a blue mantle, rested her foot on a globe entwined by a serpent, and held the Christ-Child on her knee. Judith, Esther, and Ruth surrounded her, in an attitude of devotion. A nun of the Augustinian order knelt in the foreground.

"This fresco was discovered in a dismantled convent of a small town of the Carrara district," continued the prince.

"Was the name of the town Spina?" demanded the doctor, with an imperturbable expression of face.

"Yes. You recall the incident, I perceive. Doubtless you were in Italy at the time," said the prince.

"On the contrary, I never heard of the circumstance. I seldom read local journals. However, I have rambled about Carrara, and there is a dismantled convent at Spina," said the doctor.

"The fresco proved to be a Ghirlandajo. I like the pose of the Madonna. I secured the work," said the prince, quietly.

Dr. Weisener gave him a sudden glance. Ah, how easy it is to gratify a costly whim when one is a prince owning mines in the Ural Mountains and estates in several provinces!

"I admit that the transaction of purchasing the fresco was slightly irregular," concluded the prince, with an ironical smile.

Then he carefully closed the leaves of the shrine, and turned away in the direction of the music-room. The guest found himself ushered into a lofty chamber, with basso-rilievi along the cornice of Orpheus charming the animals with the strains of his lyre and the Lorelei maid touching the strings of her harp. A variety of musical instruments testified to the prevailing taste of the inmate of the house.

"I intend to have an orchestra next year," he announced, seating himself in a low *fauteuil*, while his visitor took his place at the piano-forte. "Perhaps you may be able to recommend to me some superior German violinists. There is one man in Europe who moves me to envy."

"The Prince Ivan Pougatcheff envious of any mortal?" queried the doctor.

His host leaned his head back against the chair and pressed together the tips of his slender fingers.

"The King of Bavaria may enjoy an opera as sole spectator," he said, meditatively.

Dr. Weisener played for hours, and the prince listened with rapt attention.

Why did the thoughts of the musician stray to another evening, when a beautiful woman, in the white robe of a past century, sat in a faded arm-chair, surmounted by a coronet, with her companions grouped about her, and the parterres of an old Italian garden visible beyond the casements? Unconsciously he rendered Liszt's Pensiero once more.

The music moved him to an impulse which as a man of the world he was bound to repress. He would stake his scholarly reputation that the gold crown in the glass case of the loggia was the diadem once worn by the Child King. He struck a note so sharply and suddenly as to produce a discord, and turned to his companion.

"Monsieur the Prince——"

"Continue, I pray you," interposed the prince, waving his hand. "The melody is exquisite."

The doctor closed his lips and repeated the Pensiero. After all, it was better so. One does not wear the heart on the sleeve in this day and reveal to a prince one's true opinion.

When the Cardinal San Giorgio purchased the tinted Cupid made

by Michelangelo to please Lorenzo di Pier Francesco Medici, as classical, of wily Messer Baldassare del Milanese, was the connoisseur less piqued to be informed that he was the victim of a trick than he would have been to remain in ignorance of the fact?

The doctor resumed his journey the following day.

"A dilettante is everywhere the same," soliloquized the traveller, once more seated in the tarantass. "He collects pictures, *objets d'art*, statues, and proclaims, 'This is happiness.'"

Prince Pougatcheff paused beside the bust of Cesare Tommasi, and mused aloud in turn: "These savants are all alike. They stray along with their eyes fixed on the stars. Our good German, for example, had not the slightest appreciation in reality of this work of the Renaissance."

CHAPTER XI.

VESPER BELLS.

At the Alten Kaiser of Worms the table was spread that year for the reunion of the four friends.

Ah, old German inn of pleasant memories and type fast vanishing before more pretentious Grand Hotel Victoria, or Royal, where is the Teniers, the Ostade, the De Hooge, to paint the low arch leading to inner court and kitchen, winding corridors, and state chambers, with their quaint screens, porcelain stoves, eider-down coverlets of green silk on rosewood bedsteads? Where is the Rembrandt to depict Dr. Weisener and his friends gathered about the table in the dark and narrow dining-room, drinking the toast of commemoration in silence, with perceptible emotion, while mine host, a small, brisk personage of rosy visage, hovered near? Portraits of the date of the Palatinate hung on the wall,—a dame in stiff brocade, with a jewelled stomacher, and a courtier wearing a red coat and powdered wig.

The light of the lamp fell full on the group of earnest faces as each told his tale of persevering study, of labor scarcely begun, of animated controversy with some rival French or English savant. Two of the number had adhered to the original branch of medicine. Dr. Stellmacher, an eminent specialist in mental diseases, had journeyed from Vienna, and Dr. Krauss, skilled in analysis of the human digestion, had come from the State of Wisconsin, to meet again in Fatherland beneath the roof of the Alten Kaiser. The third colleague had strayed to the field of biology, and won fame at Berlin.

The tall flasks of Johannisberg vanished from the board, and were replaced by fresh ones. Cold boar, served with sauce-piquante of mustard, unlimited *leberwurst* and *blankraut*, jellies, sweets, a *mehlspeise* or so of the hausfrau's own make, received their meed of praise in the fine appetites of the guests.

The portraits were mute spectators of the scene from the shadows, and beyond the small windows the moon was visible, shining fitfully through the gray clouds on the town, the sloping roofs and chimneys, occasionally crowned with a deserted stork's nest, the sombre mass of

the cathedral, shrouded in obscurity, and the ancient synagogue, ivy-mantled, where a lamp burns perpetually before the desk. In the gathering darkness of night bats skimmed on noiseless wing among the poplar-trees. Witches of tradition might hover above the river-bank. Surely the castellan's daughter must be of the number, doomed to search ever for the lover sent forth on the Walpurgis Night to the cross-roads, where he was murdered by rivals, while the Wampolder Hof, home of the maiden, is still deserted.

Dr. Weisener leaned his elbow on the table, and raised his wine-glass to his lips.

"I have just seen in Russia the portrait-bust of an old Italian shopkeeper, which the possessor, Prince Ivan Pougatcheff, believes to be a work of the Renaissance," he said.

"And you did not undeceive him, of course," added the biologist.

"Oh, no! The assertion would have been far too presumptuous on my part. I once met the artist in Italy, though. He is a poor young marble-cutter of Carrara. I will look him up, at least, as I am now *en route* for Volterra. Shall I tell him that I have admired his labor, treasured in the gallery of a prince? That is the question."

"You will only make him cry out for the moon. It is easy to crowd the brain of an artist with follies," said Dr. Stellmacher, producing a small pamphlet from one of the capacious pockets of his coat. "I ask the favor that you present this copy of my lecture on monomania to the director of the lunatic asylum of Cortona. He is a man of rare ability, and you will enjoy his society. Stay! I must write an introduction on my card."

Dr. Weisener consented, and transferred the pamphlet to his own pocket.

At two o'clock the friends separated, with many parting embraces and hand-pressures. *Auf Wiedersehen!* What might not happen in the course of the next five years?

In the silence of the midnight hours do those spiritual adversaries, whose conflicts find monumental commemoration at Worms, also meet in good-fellowship, with vision cleared to celestial perception in another state? Does Luther step down from his pedestal, accompanied by gravely contemplative John Huss, intensely eager Savonarola, gazing forth from his cowl, Peter Waldus, and Wycliffe, and, quitting the guardianship of the German cities, Augsburg, erect, with her palm-branch, Spires, troubled yet unsubdued, Magdeburg, drooping and leaning on her broken sword, in melancholy contemplation of her desolate hearthstone, meet the shadowy ranks of priests emerging from the cathedral door, the rabbi and his pupils of the synagogue, risen from burial in Jerusalem earth, with the greeting, "Peace! We are all brothers."?

Can it be that such a millennium occurs at Worms, when the doctor and his friends have separated for another five years, at the gate of the Alten Kaiser in the autumn?

Easter was late that season, and Rome unusually crowded.

Dr. Weisener stood beside the terrace parapet of the Pincian Hill, and watched the file of equipages drive past.

A graceful phaeton, drawn by cream-colored ponies, was freighted with the blue and carnation draperies of the baroness. The lady appeared more piquant and coquettish than ever, with a little hat perched on her coronet of black braided hair, and a parasol lined with red shedding a becoming glow on her somewhat fatigued complexion.

A large carriage followed, occupied by the Duchess di Nespoli and her children. The mother's toilet was of purple satin, and a golden hat shaded her pensive features, with soft plumes, as on a former occasion. The daughters Beatrice and Elena had attained slim maidenhood, and held themselves erect, with a consciousness of vanity. The little Carlo now wore the uniform of a cadet.

"Always beautiful and elegant, our duchess blooms in the springtime as a Roman violet," soliloquized the doctor.

Neither of the ladies observed the pedestrian.

A high English drag attracted all eyes to the Duke di Nespoli, who with difficulty restrained the mettlesome steeds. He appeared heavier, even sullen, in expression.

Another vehicle interested Dr. Weisener still more. This was a street-carriage of the Piazza, in which three persons were seated. Their expansion in the enjoyment of a *festa* was manifest to all.

The spectator recognized his former landlady of the Black Eagle at Spina, Marianna Cari. The widow, in a gray gown, a black bonnet, and white thread gloves, indulged in perpetual laughter. Beside her was seated Sabina Regaldi, handsome, sparkling with animation, eyes and teeth glistening. Even the masculine perception of the doctor discerned that the blue and carnation robe of Sabina, with its frillings, was a close imitation of the one worn by the baroness, in cheaper materials. Opposite was a florid man, with waxed moustache, silk hat, a flower in his button-hole, a conspicuous watch-chain, and yellow gloves.

"He is the son, Masolino Cari, who served me with the execrable wine," thought the doctor.

The black eyes of Masolino rolled in the direction of the former guest of the Black Eagle, but there was no light of remembrance perceptible in the lustrous orbs which had otherwise done Il Bimbo such good service.

Evidently the party had gone up in the world since the day spent at Spina by the Herr Doctor when summoned to the Villa Margherita.

His first impulse was to accost the family with inquiries about Guido, the sculptor. The throng of vehicles prevented him.

Quitting the Pincio, he made his way to a pharmacy situated on a narrow street in the vicinity of the Piazza di Spagna. The chemist, a German, was an acquaintance of long standing, and the traveller looked in on him to inquire for his family.

A carriage passed, and Dr. Weisener, turning his head towards the glass door, again contemplated the party of Masolino Cari.

Il Bimbo, with the silk hat tipped jauntily on one side, was lighting a big cigar. He had just uttered some witticism which caused his mother to lean back among the cushions, suffocating with hilarity, while the coachman turned on the box to join in the merriment.

Sabina frowned, and bit her lip. She found this loud laughter a trifle too much like the common people, and she had long breathed another atmosphere. She looked at Masolino critically, and decided that the duke's tailor would make of him a far better figure.

"There goes a new light in the medical world," observed the chemist, with a quizzical smile. "He is a celebrity at present."

"How is that?" demanded Dr. Weisener, in profound astonishment.

"Some years ago he joined an opera-troupe and went to South America. As a singer he did not get on very well, but he discovered a miraculous remedy for hoarseness out there."

"Truly a remedy?" questioned Dr. Weisener.

"Oh, some tropical weed," rejoined the chemist. "He brought it back to Europe, and has concocted from the root a syrup. No singer should be without it. Such is the adjuration of the advertisement. He is doing well with his cure, and will become a rich man in time. The wife is pretty. She was the maid of the Duchess di Nespoli."

He searched among the vials of his shelves, and presented a bottle to his companion. A label announced the Elixir of South America to be an infallible remedy for all affections of the throat. In a vignette Masolino Cari, with curling hair parted in the middle, eyebrows strongly defined, and conspicuous moustache, tendered a tiny bottle in his right hand, with a seductive smile.

Dr. Weisener gravely uncorked the vial and tasted of the contents.

"Friend Masolino, I salute thee!" he said. "My advice was to remain up there at Spina in obscurity and gain a humble livelihood in the marble-quarries, when thou wast fashioned by nature to shine before the world. Liquorice and water are good,—in their place,—and especially when brought from South America."

"Price, four francs the bottle," added the chemist, sententiously.

This incident effectually checked the interest of Dr. Weisener in Guido Cari. Masolino had intervened. Did Guido also wear a silk hat, thanks to the increase of the family fortunes, and smoke a big cigar on a holiday?

That evening the Duchess di Nespoli took her eldest daughter into society with her for the first time.

The mother was attired in black lace, looped with cream-colored roses. Brilliants of rare purity, the jewels of her house, sparkled in the tiara on her head, the necklace with pendent fringes, the clasping bracelets. The duchessina, in white, with a satin belt, had no other ornament than her youthful charm and natural grace.

The pair resembled the human embodiment of night and morning in their youth and maturity.

The baroness, as hostess, fluttered forth to welcome her guests in pink *moire* and pearls.

"Is it a penitence, *chérie?*" she demanded, glancing at the black dress with a little shudder when she had saluted Beatrice on both cheeks.

The duchess smiled.

"I am the past from to-night, *ma mie*," she replied. "Do you remember the time when we contemplated our faces in the old cracked mirror up at the Villa Margherita? I warned you that it would prove the mirror of truth."

"Do not suggest such horrors," answered the baroness. "You give me a migraine only to listen to you."

Later, the duchess sighed as she passed through her own rooms. She had worn the mask of conventional animation during the evening, but now that she was alone her features were pale and careworn.

The old palace of the Ginestre told no tales, yet wealth was rapidly ebbing away from the portals. The noble lady did not dare to contemplate the future. She shrank from questioning too closely the jewels she wore.

The world has changed since the bride with a dowry of a million scudi was painted on the wedding-fan. The baroness, had she been there, would have laughed away such painful reflections with her airiest badinage. The baroness was a daughter of her century. Let the world change, only take care to change with it.

The duchess felt her lace draperies softly pulled. She uttered a faint cry. Her nerves were shaken, and the hour was late.

A little marble hand, once modelled from her own by a young sculptor, had caught in the meshes of the lace. The hand usually rested on a writing-table, doing service as a paper-weight. Now the white fingers seemed to clutch her dress, as if endowed with the instinct of life. She turned hastily, and the hand, detached by the sudden movement, fell on the cement floor and was broken.

A maid hastened to gather up the fragments.

The duchess again sighed. She remembered vaguely having heard that some accident had happened to this very sculptor. Alas! she had intended to assist all those poor people up at Spina. How the seasons pass!

A month later Dr. Weisener stopped at Cortona. He recalled the circumstance of his friend's having given him an introduction to the director of an insane asylum of the vicinity. He searched his portemanteau, and found the pamphlet of Dr. Stellmacher, of Vienna, which he had completely forgotten until that moment. His actual motive for revisiting the spot was to verify an assertion already made in the "Etruscan Inscriptions," in a locality rich in such vestiges of antiquity.

He readily found the establishment for which he sought.

The asylum was a monastery situated on the summit of a hill, the garden and court enclosed within high walls. The place was suggestive of an isolation as complete as in the day of the most rigid monastic rule. The gray hill-side was skirted by olive-trees, and the ploughed fields still bore witness to the skill in agriculture of the former inmates of the cloister.

Meditating on the practical uses made of convents by modern Italy in adapting them to the requirements of barrack and hospital, the doctor rang the bell, and was ushered into the court by the porter.

The vast building was sinister even in the cloudless noonday. Silence was disturbed by strange exclamations and sudden shrieks which rent the air and chilled the blood of a listener fresh from the outside world. Wild figures fluttered behind the bars of upper casements.

"Why did not Gottlieb Stellmacher send his pamphlet by the post?" murmured the intruder, dissatisfied with his mission.

The Director received him with amiable courtesy. He was a slender and pale man, of studious aspect, with a lenient tranquillity of manner which frequently served to disarm the furious transports of his patients. A party of gentlemen surrounded him, also visitors, and the pamphlet of the eminent specialist at Vienna served as a means of general introduction.

"The fixed idea," said the Director, turning the pages of the book: "we could show the Doctor Stellmacher many curious instances of *l'idea fissa*, here."

An old man of majestic aspect, with snowy beard and hair, pointed to the corner of the garden.

"You might tell the gentlemen about our poor Angelo yonder," he suggested, in compassionate accents.

"True," assented the Director, gravely.

A young man, with a wreath of olive twigs on his head, had assumed an affected attitude in the shade of the trees, as if about to shoot an arrow from a bow. His pose suggested the Apollo Belvedere, and he took no heed of the spectators.

"*Poverino!* he stood for a sculptor in that posture, once, and the weather was severe. He caught cold, had a fever, and lost his mind. He will remain there all day, with his left knee bent and his arms outstretched, unless he drops to the ground with weariness," the old man explained, and led the way through the long corridors, as if accustomed to showing the place.

"Here is the most remarkable instance I have of monomania," said the Director, pausing to unlock a door. "Yes, the case is quite hopeless. The patient is a woman who has been here four years. She had a son entered in one of the military colleges, and he sickened of typhoid and died the next month. The mother lost her reason."

He opened the door of the cell, and the visitors inspected the inmate through a grating. The woman, clad in coarse gray cloth, like a nun, was tall and strong. Without noticing the intruders on her seclusion, she went and came ceaselessly, searching everywhere for some coveted article with her white hands. Her movements were feline, like those of certain animals in a cage. In her perpetual unrest she was stealthy rather than violent. Occasionally her lips moved, and at times she uttered a low laugh, but she neither raved nor shrieked.

Dr. Weisener recognized the woman from the Romagna.

Her hair was dishevelled, as on the occasion when she had followed him down the hill to proffer the bust of Cesare for sale, while her eyes, jasper in tint, and veined with yellow, shone with the same light.

"What does she seek?" was his involuntary question.

"Ah, *poveretta!* she seems to be searching ever for some buried

treasure which will restore her boy to life," replied the old man, in his tone of gentle commiseration.

"You must be familiar with the history of each patient," said the doctor.

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"We have plenty of histories here," he replied, with a shade of contempt which his companion deemed professional.

The party proceeded down another long corridor. The patriarch took the lead, and indicated objects of interest, with the zeal of an assistant accustomed to fulfilling an agreeable duty. He conversed about Germany with Dr. Weisener the while.

The latter became abstracted. He was startled to find Emilia Tommasi here. The encounter brought back the souvenir of the little town of Spina, and troubled him, even as an indifferent spectator. Had she succeeded in selling the bust? Did the very transaction turn her brain?

"I shall be glad to obtain more information about that poor woman," he said to the old man. "Do you know much about her past?"

They had reached the end of the corridor, where a large picture hung opposite the entrance to a chapel. This work, a commonplace composition, represented the Trinity. God the Father appeared in the background, as an old man with flowing beard and hair. The picture belonged to that period of art when symbolism was spurned for a complete realism.

The guide paused, drew himself up to his full height, and announced, with flashing eyes,—

"I know all! I am the *Padre eterno.* Do you not recognize my portrait?"

The visitors recoiled in surprise. The old man was mad, and at sight of the picture of the Trinity his insanity had declared full sway.

"Mario!" the Director called, quietly.

An attendant appeared, and led away the patient, who offered no resistance, but bestowed a last glance, full of withering scorn, on Dr. Weisener.

"That old man firmly believes he is God the Father, as depicted by the artists of the *Cinque-cento.* He has served much as a model in studios, and is quite harmless. He likes to receive strangers and show them about. Ah, the fixed idea," concluded the Director, smiling, and tapping the pamphlet which he held.

When Dr. Weisener retraced his steps down the hill, he carried with him the image of a woman in a cell, seeking ever for a treasure which she could not find. He uncovered his head, and breathed the air with a new sentiment of freedom, as if wishing to do reverence to sky and earth that he was not such as she had become.

A summer day found the savant again on the shore at Viareggio. He had chosen this tranquil retreat in which to complete several chapters of his Etruscan romance, and especially those scenes of tender parting between the heroine and her lover about to cross the Alpine passes in quest of fortune.

The inspiration would not flow. The author's head began to ache; his pen spluttered, and he spilled ink on his linen cuff. He pushed aside his manuscript at last, with an exclamation of impatience, and went out on the shingle to soothe his thoughts with salutary exercise.

The sea was calm, with oily reflections; the sky overcast. The faint and sickly sweetness of lilies, on the margins of rice-fields, was borne to his nostrils by the land-breeze. The Carrara mountains reared their serrated peaks against the horizon, the slopes and ravines veiled in the blue mist of distance.

Dr. Weisener's temples throbbed, and his eyes were suffused. A Mediterranean mosquito stung him viciously on the neck. He stamped his foot on the sand, and said, aloud,—

"I will go up there and tell the young sculptor that I have seen his bust in the gallery of a prince. The walk will do me no harm, while the intelligence may bring him a fresh lease of hope. Who knows? None of these poor devils of artists get too much encouragement."

The June sunshine sparkled on the fountain of Spina, and on the faded Madonna of the shrine in the convent wall.

Dr. Weisener penetrated the town by the arch of gate-way, and glanced about him, convinced that the place was unchanged.

Flowers bloomed in the pergola of the terrace, and the carved head of the ass still adorned the cornice above the shop door of Cesare Tommasi. The beautiful ladies and the Child King no longer paused in the narrow street, surrounded by an excited throng, but the pedestrian had just seen them elsewhere. The tarnished sign of the Black Eagle had been suppressed, and, in anticipation of such an emergency, the prudent visitor had stored the bag slung over his shoulder with bread, Bologna sausage, and Gruyère cheese.

A child ran out of the shop, followed by a tiny creature in whom the doctor recognized the dwarf, Pia Tommasi.

The latter carried the copper vessel of the household to obtain water at the fountain. She spoke in caressing tones to the bright-eyed boy, as she had never addressed the riotous crew of the little Regaldis. The child was the steward's baby, also Andrea Vanucci by name, and Pia, in the loneliness of a stricken heart, had vowed a passionate devotion to the infant who had drawn the prize of her dowry from the priest's hat. Spina respected this species of adoption.

"The dwarf will be able to tell me all that I wish to know," reflected the doctor.

He went forward, and accosted her, with his customary easy good humor: "Eh, signorina! I have come back to Spina once more. Good-day."

Pia scrutinized him from head to foot, without returning his salutation. She became very pale, and trembled violently.

"How is this?" exclaimed the doctor, jocosely, and seated himself on the ledge of stone, where Masolino formerly read stale newspapers. "I perceive you have forgotten me. I bought some fine lace of you, too, on a former occasion."

"No, signore, I do not forget," replied Pia, in a hoarse and broken voice, which did not permit of banter.

"See! you must tell me all the news of Spina while I eat my luncheon, for I am aware that the Aquila Nera is no longer kept, or, at least, must have passed into other hands."

Thus speaking, the pedestrian unfolded his handkerchief, and spread it, napkin-wise, on his knee, then drew forth from his bag the substantial store of Bologna sausage which his stomach craved after the walk. He endeavored to lure the steward's baby to his side by means of choice morsels, as one would spread crumbs for a bird, but the little Andrea, unaccustomed to strangers, held shyly aloof.

Pia had placed her copper vessel on the ground.

"Then you know?" she said, steadying her voice with an effort.

"I know little," replied the doctor, kindly. "How is Cesare Tommasi, the father?"

He pronounced the name slowly, and a strange smile flitted across his features when he recalled the habitation where he had seen the portrait of the old dealer.

"He is there," said Pia, curtly, nodding in the direction of the shop.

"Is he well?" pursued the doctor, cutting a slice of the sausage with his clasp-knife, and employing a wedge of bread as a plate for the reception of the delicacy.

"In as good health as he has ever been since he had the stroke, signore," answered Pia, with a sob rising to check her words.

"A *stroke?* Ah, that is sad. Well, well, little one, we must all grow old. I wish to see Guido Cari, the sculptor, who made that bust of the father. Will you call him? Is he here?"

Pia gave the speaker a look of the most eloquent reproach, and raised her hands to her head with a tragic gesture. Then she crouched on the stones, and began to weep convulsively.

"The signore said that he knew!" she moaned, rocking herself on the ground in her sorrow.

Dr. Weisener put aside his luncheon, with a shocked expression.

"Where is Guido Cari?" he inquired, abruptly.

"He is not here," sobbed Pia, with that evasion of the mention of death peculiar to her race.

"Where has he gone?" persisted her interlocutor.

Spina had become aware of his advent.

Sandro, the cobbler, a trifle more withered and bent in outward aspect, hovered near, with the old shoe which he was mending in his hand. Sabina's mother and several other women came in quest of water at the fountain. The steward and the priest appeared in the distance.

Sandro, eying the fragments of sausage eagerly, made Dr. Weisener understand the truth by a series of pantomimic gestures in the direction of the Campo Santo, rather than by words.

Guido Cari was dead. Five years before he had been killed by the fall of a block of Carrara marble. One could not understand too well why he had lingered in the ravine to meet such a doom. Accidents often happened over yonder.

Dr. Weisener thus learned of the fate of the sculptor for whom his own personal interest had developed too late. The steward spoke the most clearly, seconded by the priest, while Sandro and the group of women heightened the effect of a statement by sudden and vivid exclamations of corroboration. The village resembled the stage chorus: the leading voice was still silent.

At length Pia checked her tears and rose to her feet. She had wept so often in unavailing regret that the first poignancy of her grief may have passed. She now reclaimed her right to precedence with a swift change of emotion to jealous tenacity in thrusting aside the testimony of the neighbors. Did she not know everything concerning Guido Cari and his brief career?

Seated beside the fountain, with all these animated faces gathered near; and Pia standing before him, Dr. Weisener was required to rehearse the elation, dejection, and despair of the artist. He saw the Aurora in the perfect beauty of the freshly-moulded clay, and then shattered, trampled under foot. The Aurora was no mere heathen goddess, be it understood, but one of the angels of heaven, according to Pia. The fresco was uncovered before his eyes. Ah, if Guido could have waited another day all would have been well. Fresh tears and sobs from the tiny woman interrupted this portion of the narrative. Sabina's mother wiped her eyes in sympathy. The men were visibly moved.

A small sum of money acquired magnitude at Spina from the poverty of the inhabitants.

"Perhaps I did not receive enough for the fresco," said Pia, suspiciously, and again ceasing to weep. "The dealer always laments that he gave me so much. He declares that it is robbery of his own children."

"He has not succeeded in selling the fresco, then?" suggested the doctor.

Pia sighed and shook her head. The steward coughed, and betrayed uneasiness.

"Oh, no! he has never been able to sell it, as he anticipated. He fears it would not be permitted to pass out of the country, and is waiting until some national gallery may require it," said Pia.

The doctor was silent. Why give an additional pang by undeceiving this truly heroic soul?

Afterwards he visited the church, and the Villa Margherita, where the terraces still bloomed with flowers in their season. The house had been gradually dismantled of appointments. The picture of Madonna Pia alone was left hanging on the wall of the late count's chamber.

Pausing in the large *sala*, he obeyed the impulse to strike a chord of the Pensiero on the old piano, which gave forth only a harsh and jangling note. Even the peacock was dead.

The convent chapel was always open. An image of the Virgin and vases of artificial flowers adorned a new altar, while a panel, usually concealed by a curtain, was suspended on the wall in the space from which the fresco had been removed. A local artist had painted St. Monica on this panel.

Pia's dreams had gained fame. She had become the most important person at Spina. Fra Antonio recited masses for the repose of the soul of Guido Cari. Sandro, the cobbler, rang the bells vigorously for the same laudable end. In another century, grief and this trance-faculty of dreaming would have led her to embrace a religious life. Instead, she managed the shop, and took charge of her parent in his decrepitude. Never had the business of Cesare Tommasi flourished as at the present time and in the hands of his daughter. The cause of this prosperity was not so much a fulfilment of the old adage that water flows to water, for Pia made no extensive purchases, as that her own prosperity attracted the needy. Pia had a lucky face, and all her undertakings must turn out well. People flocked to ask her advice, if no more. Could she not write a little letter to those dealers at Rome and negotiate the sale of old china, books, and silver?

The dwarf kept at the side of Dr. Weisener, and claimed his attention eagerly for the inn, the campanile, the vestibule where Guido had worked. She made no mention of the Duchess di Nespoli. Her former interest in the great lady had subsided to a sullen rage when her aid could no longer be of use.

Dr. Weisener entered the shop, and even inspected Cesare Tommasi, propped up by pillows in his bed. A stout country-girl waited on him, while a stool placed at the bedside enabled Pia and the steward's baby alike to climb to a level with his face.

The visitor gazed attentively at the old man.

"His portrait would be more accurate done in yellow wax, at present," he thought.

Pia pulled his coat gently, and pointed to the shelf once occupied by the bust of terra-cotta.

The statuette of St. Christopher, bearing the child on his shoulder, rested on the bracket. The figure had been chiselled in marble, and the diadem on the head of the child was gilded.

Such was the sole result in marble of Guido Cari's career as an artist.

Dr. Weisener could not resist making a final inquiry. "And the step-mother, the Emilia?" he hazarded.

Pia shuddered, and glanced over her shoulder with a quick gesture of apprehension.

"Hush! He might hear. She went away one night years ago. Oh, is she coming back?"

"No, my child," replied Dr. Weisener, firmly. "I have seen her in a mad-house, where she must remain for life."

Pia clasped her hands, as if doubting the evidence of her senses, while joy and incredulity struggled for the mastery in her breast. This was the terrible fear which had menaced her all these years. The woman from the Romagna, with her meek bearing, her oblique look, her restless white hands, might appear on the threshold and claim a place beneath the roof where prosperity reigned.

"It is true?" faltered the dwarf, thirsting for the confirmation of hope. "The gentleman would not deceive me?"

"Rest assured that it is true," affirmed Dr. Weisener.

Pia seized his hand and kissed it. Then she darted into the chamber beyond, climbed on the stool, clasped the stiffened arm of her father, and cried in his ear,—

"Listen! The Emilia has gone away. Oh, *bello!* she can never come back, *padre mio.*"

Cesare Tommasi opened his eyes widely, and over the frozen immobility of his features passed the shadow of the glow transfiguring the face of his child.

Surely he had understood.

Dr. Weisener selected another festoon of old lace in the shop, and a tiny tear-bottle taken from an Etruscan tomb.

Pia accompanied him to the gate. She was unchanged. By what mockery of nature had all these trials smitten her without tracing an additional furrow on her face?

"They are all gone, signore," she said, sorrowfully. "Guido lies yonder in the Campo Santo. Sabina, Masolino, and even Marianna Cari, have each left us. The great people never come back to the Villa Margherita."

"Farewell," said the doctor, grasping his stout walking-stick and preparing to depart.

"*Addio!*" said Pia, and her voice was like the echo of the tall houses and towers.

When he turned back at the angle of the path, her quaint little figure was still visible, framed by the arch of the town gate.

The pedestrian gained the ruined chapel where Masolino and Guido had formerly paused to rest, and seated himself on the step. His thoughts reverted to the statue of the Aurora lost forever.

"May there not be some Valhalla for disappointed artists in a future state, where their works incomplete or destroyed will find a glorious fulfilment?" mused the doctor. "A fitting vestibule would be those inaccessible classical treasures of Herculaneum buried beneath the hill, with the line of mosaic pavement still visible, and all those works of Grecian art destroyed at Rome by the zeal of the early Christians. The walls should be covered with lost cartoons, Leonardo da Vinci's Battle of Niccolò Piccinino facing Michelangelo's soldiers bathing in the Arno. Pope Julius would look down in majesty from his niche above the church door, and Sforza proudly ride his charger. All Verrocchio's altars and reliquaries, adorned with metal-work, his vases covered with animals and foliage in relief, his chased cope-buttons and cups ornamented with groups of dancing children, would be carefully gathered here. Even the two inlaid chests wrought by Benedetto da Majano for King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, and unpacked in the royal presence only to discover that they had dropped to pieces from the effect of sea-damp, would be honored with complete restoration in this paradise of achievement. And our poor Guido Cari of Spina? His Aurora would also be granted a pedestal."

A winged seed, germ of a wayside plant, with gossamer sail full set, alighted on his coat-sleeve.

"What is human fame, after all? Guido Cari may have possessed the soul of a Giovanni da Bologna or a Donatello, and his sole earthly

record is a terra-cotta bust, falsely attributed to the period of the Renaissance," pursued the doctor, and blew away the seed.

He drew from his pocket the little tear-bottle and poised it on his palm. A band of black figures with linked hands moved in some mystic rite on the reddish-brown surface. The antiquity of the vial might be problematical, but it suggested to him an inspiration. A tear-bottle in gilt outline should be designed on the cover of his Etruscan romance.

The sky was golden above Spina, and the vesper-bell rung by Sandro the cobbler warned the loiterer of the approach of night. These bells acquired to the listening ear the melancholy intonation of farewell. Up there the light of lingering day was radiant, effulgent, and the Carrara peaks were swathed in pink mist; below the chill shadows were lengthened over the brown earth.

Life is marked by many peals of vesper-bells.

Dr. Weisener recognized that storms had ravaged the land; the rivers had inundated the vineyards and corn-fields, swollen by torrential rains; the cliffs had shed terrific ruin in avalanche of stones on many a humble hamlet; the trees had been uprooted by the blast of summer hurricane. Now all was again peace.

Marble of Carrara!

In the cemetery of an American city rises a broken column guarded by an angel with folded wings at the base. The monument commemorates the bereavement of a mother whose only son was killed by a fall from his horse. The sad particulars of the accident are known to all the world. The envious and the needy sigh, "The young man had everything to live for, and yet he was cut off in his prime."

Who ever pauses to marvel whence came the glistening shaft, a block once lowered from the quarry of the mountain-side, and, thwarted in aim by circumstance, smiting the hand which should have shaped it into the image of the Dawn, with upraised face and floating hair?

Who ever thinks that the angel with folded wings watching amidst the shrubbery of the cemetery may record the close of two lives instead of one?

> Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
> Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
> That warmed the grass above him.

THE END.

A MODERN SPARTACUS.

THE climate of Spanish America tends to stimulate impromptu action, if we may thus summarize the theory of a Mexican statesman, whom his American friends were quizzing about the tri-weekly revolutions of his native land.

"It's all the weather," said he, "the temperature of the tropics, that ripens desires into deeds. Whenever our states feel the need of an amendment, they just mend away, without haggling for the tardy aid of the general government."

But that tendency has its occasional disadvantages, when the penchant for self-help happens to affect individuals. Bishop Riley complains that it is almost impossible to prevent Mexican boys from gambling at school, where the desire for cash begins to assume a practical phase, in spite of constant raids on gaming-implements. In default of dice they will stake their *quartillas* on grasshopper-jumps or the number of drops in a dripping rag; and the trouble is that the development of this propensity does not stop at *quartillas*. In pursuit of their private whims some children of our Next Neighbor have played for higher stakes than any Northern gamester would have liked to risk since Robert le Diable staked his soul on the issue of a prize-fight. About a year ago (October 10, 1886) Colonel Lucilio Vargas of the Mexican regular army forced the approaches of an outlaw's stronghold in the rocks of the Sierra de San Martin, and sent up a flag-bearer to demand the instant surrender of the bandit chief, "in the name of his duty towards the laws of his country, and towards his followers, whose fate must depend upon his immediate acceptance of this ultimatum." In the course of the afternoon the colonel's herald, stripped of his uniform, returned with his flag and the following reply:

"If Colonel L. V. advances another mile, I herewith bet my life, the fate of my followers, and our faith in the justice of heaven on the event of a wager that within twenty-four hours I shall have his scalp on the stretching-board. Yours truly,

"ERACLES BERNAL."

"Adding blasphemy to high treason," observes the official report; but, "expected reinforcements having failed to arrive, Colonel Vargas withdrew his troops under cover of night," and perhaps not an hour too soon to retreat under cover of his scalp, Eracles Bernal being notoriously apt to keep his word.

In his native hills he was once known as "the boy who stole Don Vicente's creek." Said Vicente, a pompous mestizo, strutting in the prestige of a semi-official authority, was the *mayoral*, or overseer in chief, of a former convent hacienda, now a government domain, used only as a stock-farm. By way of asserting the prerogatives of his position, the mayoral monopolized not only the hunting-privilege of the

vast estate, but also the use of its drinking-water, and, a few weeks after the death of young Bernal's father, seized one of the widow's cows, "as a warning to trespassers upon the reservations of a government watercourse." "Mark my words, neighbors, if I do not make him stop bragging about that government creek!" shrieked Master Bernal, when the bailiff had elbowed his way through an indignation meeting of the widow's friends, and on the very same evening he marched a posse of trusty playmates to the head-waters of the monopoly creek. Up in the dells of the Sierra, and nearly ten miles above Don Vicente's stock-farm, the boy had private knowledge of a place where a portion of the brook found its way into a cavern, or sink-hole, without a visible outlet towards the next valleys of the water-shed; and by widening the channel of the effluent nearly all the water of the brook was diverted towards that drain. The small residue was absorbed in its course through the sands of the fountainless plain, and the next morning the mayoral was surprised to note the disappearance of the sacred stream. An exploring party failed to elucidate the significance of the portent, and it is on record that young Bernal was subpœnaed on a charge of having entered into a conspiracy with his uncle, the druggist of San Lorenzo, to effect the evanescence of a public pasture-brook by mixing its waters with some evaporative essence!

In his fifteenth year young Eracles met with an accident that limited the scope of his enterprise by confining him to the purlieus of his mother's rancho, or even of a sick-room, for many months; but a few years after his penchant for self-help had already assumed sensational phases, for in his nineteenth year he found himself at the head of a troop of regulators, organized for the purpose of enforcing the abolishment of peonage (the custom authorizing creditors to enslave the person or proxy of an impecunious debtor), but doing a thriving collateral business by raiding the stock-farms of political conservatives. His business partner at that time was one Lino Casales, an exiled politician of considerable forensic ability, and thus far the transactions of the firm seem to have been conducted with a minimum of personal violence.

But in 1876 the two principals were arrested by a special mandamus of the governor of Sinaloa on a charge of highway-robbery, and that episode forms a turning-point in the career of the junior partner. In the jail of San Sebastian Bernal seems really to have been treated with a good deal of superfluous inhumanity, and after effecting his escape he at once collected a band of heavy-armed sympathizers and marched to the rescue of his fellow-prisoners. A jail-delivery, preceded and followed by desperate street-fights, induced the governor to invoke the aid of the regular army; but, in spite of frequent reverses, the legion of outlaws continued to increase, both in number and enterprise, and when at last a declaration of martial law was enforced by the approach of two regiments of regular cavalry, Bernal retreated to the fastnesses of the Sierra de Pinos and raised the standard of revolt against the federal government.

In the budget of that government the "appropriation for the expenses of the Sinaloa campaign" has since become a chronic item, and the uniform failure of eight larger and more than a score of smaller

expeditions can be explained only by the concurrence of three causes,—the ruggedness of the Sinaloa highlands, the strategic genius of the bandit chief, and the inalienable sympathy of the country-population.

The topography of Sinaloa is rather peculiar. Like the hill-country of Daghestan, where Shamyl defied the power of the Russian Empire for twenty-three years, the state affords incalculable means of escape, both by land and by sea, being skirted by a multitude of farallones, or rock-islands, with a labyrinth of shoals and cliffs, and backed by the inexpugnable fastnesses of the Sierra Madre. More than once all the main passes of that Sierra have been closed by *ligaturas*, or chains of fortified batteries, supplemented by a cordon of scouts, reconnoitring the trails from fort to fort, and from pass to pass, all along the western slope of the Sierra, from San Rosario to the gap of the Rio del Fuerte; but Eracles Bernal laughs at *ligaturas*, as Love does at locksmiths, and, by means unknowable to his would-be captors, evades their blockade whenever he finds it convenient to recruit his resources in the hamlets of the lowlands. On one occasion a scout dashed into camp, breathless with the news that a large body of armed horsemen had just crossed the foot-hills and turned down a trail in the direction of Val de Chino, not more than half a league from the head-quarters of the patrol. The commanding officer at once started his men in pursuit, and in a gap of the foot-hills struck a trail that "could have been followed by moonlight," so plain were the hoof-marks in the sandy soil. The track led down to a small tributary of the Rio de los Mimbres, and there disappeared in the gulches. If the bandits had crossed, or even approached, the river at any point, the alluvium of the beach would have infallibly betrayed their march-route, and, on the other hand, they could not have retraced their steps without crossing the sandy *vega;* but, after making the circuit of those gulches in ever-widening circles and reconnoitring the beach for miles up and down the river, the troopers had to return without any practical result, though not without a large assortment of uncanny theories.

Fortune, too, has now and then favored its votaries. In the midst of a hot pursuit in which the pursuers had the advantage of provisions and stouter horses, the Bernalites were once saved by an impenetrable mist that shrouded the highlands for half a week. In 1883 their marauders were tracked to the valley of Sovalitos, in the northeast corner of the state, where the vigilance of the blockaders succeeded in isolating the outlaws' camp and intercepting several foraging-parties. Famine seemed imminent, and the rebel chief, giving way to an acute attack of his chronic despondency, was just on the point of saving his followers by an act of self-sacrifice, when the insurrection of Sonora called all the available troops to the northern frontier and thus raised the siege in the nick of time.

Evident love is the most effective flattery, and the country-people of the Mexican Republic cannot doubt that Eracles Bernal has persistently championed their rights with a passionate and self-denying devotion. With the scanty means at his disposal, he has for years assisted the reform plans of the liberal party and subvened the victims of their opponents, and his camp has long been the safest refuge of

political exiles and fugitive *peons*, including unavoidably many miscreants, who have, in the course of years, rather modified the trusting disposition, though not the charity, of the mountain chief. He has never ceased to protest that his quarrel with society is not of his own seeking, and his captives have often acknowledged the forbearance and even courtesy of their host; but at election-meetings, which he now and then visits in spite of all risks, he assumes a different tone, and the impassioned emphasis of his invectives has often inspired his hearers with a frenzy of aggressive enthusiasm. It is said that more than one of his opponents has abruptly left such meetings for fear of being torn into pieces by an assembly of unarmed country-folks. "I am glad that the commissioners have failed in their mission," said a correspondent of the *Diario*, when the government had attempted to negotiate the surrender of the bandit chief: "if that man should ever be pardoned he would promptly go into politics, and an agrarian revolt would be the immediate consequence. In an open debate no secular or spiritual agencies could for a moment hope to resist the effects of his diatribes."

Since 1884, when his strategy baffled the manœuvres of the best government troops, hundreds of sight-seers have risked the perils of the lion's den to get a glimpse at the invincible outlaw; but Bernal loathes that sort of notoriety, and in the hour of victory, while his followers flushed the intoxication of triumph with other stimulants, he has often retired to his tent and with uplifted hands prayed for deliverance from the misery of his existence. With all his reckless personal courage and Robin Hood popularity, he is, indeed, anything but a typical bandit chief, fond of midnight raids and greenwood revels. His Spanish lineage has tinged him with that national gloom which Frederic Schiller traced to the smoke-clouds of the Santo Oficio, and the dynamics of his oratorical explosions have been gathered in solitary meditations rather than in the noise of camp-fire controversies. Like the Russian exile Bestujeff, he has a poetical vein, and a printer of Mazatlan has published a collection of *decimas* ascribed to the Brigand of Sinaloa and eagerly circulated by his admirers, though the quasi-religious jeremiades of his lyrics are rather depressing and the classical allusions somewhat off color, as where he compares his fate to that of the "vulture chained to Caucasus."

A few years ago he disposed of all his personal property to furnish the travelling expenses of a younger brother, whom he had resolved to send abroad to save him from sharing his fate in the event of a possible disaster, and during the parting scene in the presence of his swashbucklers managed to maintain his stoicism, but passed all the next night in an agony of prayer. On the following morning he refused to leave his tent till his attendants almost forced him to break his fast; and it has been predicted that the hero of thirty campaigns will ultimately surrender to a priest. But his personal friends are confident that he is resolved to conquer an acceptable peace or to die in his boots. There has been no lack of overtures on the part of his opponents, but the trouble is that he cannot risk to trust the security of their safe-conducts for a single day. In 1885 the government dispatched a special

board of commissioners to arrange the preliminaries of a surrender, if the outlaw's terms should not prove too exorbitant; but those terms would have surprised the business manager of a Philadelphia gas company: "pardon for himself and every member of his band, a bonus of thirty thousand dollars, an armed escort of twenty-five retainers, or a position in the army commanding a district of Sinaloa."

"A premium on brigandage might prove a perilous concession" (a risky precedent, as we would say), "and might make a peace of that sort very unstable," remarked the chairman of the committee.

"For that very reason," said Bernal, "I ask for an appointment to some position of public trust, to give me a chance to prove my patriotism and the injustice of the charges accusing me of wanton resistance to the laws of my country."

Clearly a case of irreconcilable interests, and the members of the conference parted with mutual regret. Hostilities then recommenced, but in the mean time the state officials of Sinaloa were authorized to compromise the abnormal state of affairs, and to devise some *modus vivendi* with the inexpugnable incubus. Several communities, indeed, proceeded to formal negotiations with the autocrat of the Sierra de Pinos. Commissioners passed to and fro to treat for the ransom of captives. The spoils of war were sold at public auction, reserving the former owner a fixed rate of pre-emption. Census-takers and tax-collectors applied to Bernal's adjutant for statistical information. In the official revenue reports certain districts of Northern Sinaloa are formally quoted as "under benefit of exemption," the remnant of visible cash being a presumptive minimum. The success of Eracles Bernal in defying the established authorities of his native land represents, indeed, a unicum in the history of brigandage, for it may well be doubted if any equally civilized country, even of limited area, has ever before been obliged to practically recognize the autonomy of a robber camp.

Within a radius of thirty miles from his head-quarters the outlaw of the Pine Mountains moves with the freedom of a respected private citizen, at least during the intervals of the annual campaign which confines his summer haunts to the wilderness of the upper Sierra. Peasants doff their hats and ejaculate their "Buenos dias de Dios, Señor," on meeting El Capitan, with or without his escort. Merchants honor his draft on sight, priests enter his camp without fear, but seem to share his favors with fortune-tellers, for, strange to say, the armed reformer, as his partisans call him, appears in some respects to be as superstitious as a vision-haunted hermit. Since the death of his brother-in-law he has taken his household under his special protection, and, having no children of his own, makes a great pet of his little nephew, who now and then accompanies him on his less perilous excursions. But during his last visit to San Lorenzo the bullet-proof chieftain entered the house of a friend, and, with evident emotion, recommended that youngster to his special care. "I have a misgiving," said he, "that we shall not keep Teo much longer if we ever trust him out of sight. Two nights ago I dreamed that I sent him up to the *terrada* [a sort of flat roof] where the women were churning butter, and that was the last time he was ever seen alive. We searched the house and

all around for miles, and met all sorts of people; only him we could never find." He also believes in lucky and unlucky days of the week, but does not permit that tenet to interfere with his habit of doing his best at any time, for no surprise-party has yet caught him napping.

Nor have visions ever deterred him from the steady pursuit of his plan to extend his political clanship in all directions. He has partisans in Nuevo Leon, Acapulco, and Zacatecas, as well as all over Sinaloa, and it is surmised that the advisers of the government deprecate the plan of driving him to extremes, having reasons to apprehend that the ensuing revolt would not be confined to the Sierra de Pinos.

Felix L. Oswald.

NOVEMBER BOUGHS.

YOU LINGERING SPARSE LEAVES OF ME.

YOU lingering sparse leaves of me on winter-nearing boughs,
And I some well-shorn tree of field or orchard-row;
You tokens diminute and lorn—(not now the flush of May, nor July clover-bloom—no grain of August now;)
You pallid banner-staves—you pennants valueless—you overstay'd of time,
Yet my soul-dearest leaves—the faithfullest—hardiest—last.

"GOING SOMEWHERE."

My science-friend, my noblest woman-friend,
(Now buried in an English grave—and this a memory-leaf for her dear sake,)
Ended our talk—"The sum, concluding all we know of old or modern learning, intuitions deep,
"Of all Geologies—Histories—of all Astronomy—of Evolution, Metaphysics all,
"Is, that we all are onward, onward, speeding slowly, surely bettering,
"Life, life an endless march, an endless army, (no halt, but it is duly over,)
"The world, the race, the soul—in space and time the universes,
"All bound as is befitting each—all surely going somewhere."

AFTER THE SUPPER AND TALK.

After the supper and talk—after the day is done,
As a friend from friends his final withdrawal prolonging,
Good-bye and Good-bye with emotional lips repeating,
(So hard for his hand to release those hands—no more will they meet,
No more for communion of sorrow and joy, of old and young,
A far-stretching journey awaits him, to return no more,)
Shunning, postponing severance—seeking to ward off the last word ever so little,
E'en at the exit-door turning—charges superfluous calling back—e'en as he descends the steps,

Something to eke out a minute additional—shadows of nightfall deepening,
Farewells, messages lessening—dimmer the forth-goer's visage and form,
Soon to be lost for aye in the darkness—loth, O so loth to depart!
Garrulous to the very last.

NOT MEAGRE, LATENT BOUGHS ALONE.

Not meagre, latent boughs alone, O songs! (scaly and bare, like eagles' talons,)
But haply for some sunny day, (who knows?) some future spring, some summer—bursting forth,
To blossoms, verdant leaves, or sheltering shade—to nourishing fruit,
Apples and grapes—the stalwart limbs of trees emerging—the fresh, free, open air,
And love and faith, like scented roses blooming.

Walt Whitman.

THE STORY OF A STANZA.

I BEGAN life as a poet. I mean to say that when I left college, and the editorial chair of the college magazine, writing verses was the nearest approach to any trade I had learned; and while I looked about for a profession, I continued that pleasing but unprofitable occupation. A visit to Italy encouraged the tendency, and on my return I published a volume of rhymes very appropriately called "Dolce Far Niente," which cost me nothing to print, and paid me nothing after it was printed. The publishers—a highly respectable firm in every particular—failed in business before a second edition was called for; but I do not attribute that catastrophe to their connection with me. The critics wrote favorably of my little book, and I can still read my name, if I care to do so, in literary biographical dictionaries as a result of it. The price of it was fifty cents, quite enough for a brown muslin volume of one hundred pages; but I have bought copies myself since then for three times that cost, and have been glad to pay it.

When I arranged for the printer the manuscript, I submitted each piece to a more critical test than I had hitherto applied, and found it necessary to reject several which in the glow of composition I had been satisfied with. One of these—of only twenty-three lines, and which had been almost an improvisation down to the last three—I endeavored to polish up to the plane of the two dozen I preserved; but in vain: I had with much regret to sacrifice it. It had been written under circumstances which gave it the interest of a souvenir. It was, namely, at the Baths of Lucca that it had first seen the light, at a time when I was occupied in nursing back to health a dear friend who had just suffered a terrible bereavement. He was Buchanan Read, whose wife and two children had lately fallen victims to the cholera, which still raged at Florence. On account of the associations I did not therefore destroy

the verses, but preserved them in a commonplace book among other memoranda of my Italian life.

A quarter of a century, chiefly passed in foreign lands, went by without my having even thought of the lines, when I came across them by accident, and in a confidential moment showed them to another dear friend, Sidney Lanier. Somewhat to my surprise, they pleased him, but his quick eye fell at once upon the weak spot,—the *Krebsschaden*, as Piloty would have termed it,—and from criticism he passed instinctively to an attempt to remedy the defect. Together we tried for several hours to hammer into shape the obstinate final triplet. Even the master failed. The task was a difficult one. The construction of rhyme and rhythm made conciseness imperative. Up to the balky point Pegasus had gone in a canter. The premises of an allegory—almost a charade—had been expressed, but at the critical point, with only twenty-three syllables left in which to gather up all the threads into a consistent skein, the flax tangled. To resume the first metaphor, at the last hurdle the steed remained stationary, with folded wings.

For months the verses were laid aside again, when one morning Professor Sylvester visited my studio. The inventor of the New Mathematics is also the author of the "Science of Verse," an original poet, and a translator of Horace and Schiller, who has robbed them of no charm of thought or grace of expression by rendering them into English measures as flexible and as sonorous as their own. No one was better fitted to revamp a verse or remould a stanza. I explained to him my difficulty, and he became interested in solving it. A hundred changes were rung upon the thought, and the fresh inspiration of new rhymes was invoked. To him it had the fascination of a problem for the mathematician, intensified by the ambition of a constructor of verse *par excellence*. The morning passed, and I, tired, I must confess, of the vain labor, suggested luncheon. There was a restaurant in the basement, and, as we sipped a glass and munched a sandwich, our attention dwelt upon the impossible task. We lighted our cigars, and took seats in the garden, where the spring sunshine lay upon the grass and shot emerald gleams through the fresh foliage of the vine. The court was in shadow before the Professor threw up the sponge, and as we walked musing up the street together I was almost conscious of the jingle of rhymes—like the bells on the car-horses—the poet-mathematician was trying in his mind. At parting he wished me to promise "to keep at it." "It was worth it," he said, "and there was no problem impossible to solve."

While I did not try again, the unfinished stanza continued to haunt me at intervals. Time passed, and it was again forgotten, when the other day, in a moment of sweet idleness, I picked up the book once more. The witchery of the past returned, and memory became a thing to conjure with. The old date, Bagni di Lucca, July 17, 1855, recalled the very hour when it was written, the window of the hotel looking down on the limpid Serchio and over to the chestnut verdure on the hill-side beyond. Again I saw the pale, beautiful face of Read as he had puzzled over the false quantity and forced double-rhyme of the unfortunate final triplet; and what a troop of other memories came along with him! He has now been in his grave at Laurel Hill fourteen years.

Then followed the recollection, not less tender, of the gentle, warm-hearted, large-brained Lanier; of his kind praise qualifying his even kinder criticism; his own friendly but vain assistance. He, too, has joined Read in the land where poets realize their ideals and live their poems. Then the spring morning and the mathematician, for whom in his cradle the Muse contended ere she relinquished him to Science, and who now, D.C.L., and Savilian Professor at Oxford, still adds fresh decades to his "Centuries of Verses" in the intervals of learned memoirs and bewildering calculations, dividing his time between numbers and new theories of numbers. . . . One, two, three! the painter-poet, the musician-poet, and the scientist-poet, all passed, like Banquo's kings, before my spiritual vision. . . .

I re-read the lines through tears; and then—how? I cannot tell! —as rapidly as I write this sentence under my pen, I reconstructed the obdurate ending,—no longer perverse. The poem was finished, after thirty-one years. I do not expect the reader to think it worth that length of candle. I am very far from doing so myself; but I cannot forbear a modest exultation, a feeling akin to the joy of the woman in the parable who said, "Rejoice with me, because I have found the groat which I had lost!"

I have only one thing more to add, and that is to the editor, and not to the reader:

Dear and Respected Sir,—

My friend your predecessor was accustomed to accept whatever lucubrations in prose I might send to *Lippincott's Magazine.* I own that he as invariably returned those which were in verse. Will you consent, under the circumstances, to depart from that line of his customary rule, and print the excuse for the above reminiscences?—

THE STATUE.

AN ALLEGORY.

There's a book which lieth open
  That no student e'er hath read;
There's a path through woods and valleys
  Knowing naught of human tread;
And a landscape, fair and golden,
Where beneath the branches olden
  Lies a mutilated head.

In that book unnumbered authors
  Write as for their daily bread;
Down that unknown path are gazing
  Men with doubting and with dread;
And forever for them calling,
Soothing some and some appalling,
  Cries that mutilated head.

But the time comes when that volume,
  Written, shall be also read,
And when through that haunted valley
  Every footstep shall have sped:
Then, within the radiant portal,
Will—a statue fair, immortal—
  Rise the mutilated head.

John R. Tait.

THE SCHOOL-BOY AS A MICROCOSM.

THE school-master's desk is his Olympus. From that serene height he looks down calm and unmoved upon the struggles of the little world beneath him, seeing its ambitions, its hopes, its fears, its joy in success, its grief in failure, but not sharing them. If he discards the classic spirit of repose for the modern temper of investigation, and begins to observe what goes on about him, he finds at work there the same forces that move the greater world for which the less is the training ground; and he amuses and instructs himself by watching in that narrow circle the play of impulses which, in a wider field, control the nations; as one may see the struggle for existence among the animalcula that swarm and breed and die under the cover-glass of a microscope. Let the school-master but follow the doctrine of *laissez-faire* with regard to the out-of-school life of his pupils, and he will see a spontaneous society formed among them. Customs will quickly take root, and before long will grow into law; political institutions will appear; and he will soon have before his eyes a rudimentary state, in which he may objectively, and, if he choose, experimentally, study early law and custom, rights, and morals,—the topics, in a word, with which political philosophers have to deal. More fortunate than the philosophers, he will find his position almost as good for investigation as that of the biologist; for, like him, the school-master has the objects of his research upon his dissecting-table.

The school-master at McDonogh has been thus favored. He has seen the formation and development of the state, and now records an episode in its history.

Thirteen years ago the present population first appeared at McDonogh. Until that time scarcely a single boy inhabited the square mile of land which the twenty-one McDonogh boys then invaded, overran, and occupied. Having established themselves securely and comfortably in the school-house, they turned their attention, some of them wholly, others in a less degree, to the exploration and enjoyment of their new domain. It was then late autumn. The chestnuts had all disappeared, but the less perishable walnuts still lay upon the ground where they had fallen, many times too numerous for the industrious squirrels to carry all of them away. The persimmons hung in abundance upon the trees, their vigorous acridity suppressed by the frost, and replaced by a vapid sweetness, tempting to the undiscriminating palates of the invaders. In the undergrowth that edged the fences, in the rough tangle of blackberry-vines that skirted the ditches, and in every copse and stubble-field, the boys put into flight before them the "cotton-tail," whose tender flesh is a delicacy of no mean repute in the birthplace of the explorers, "the gastronomic centre of the universe." As the new-comers pushed their way along the banks of Gwyn's Falls and Horsehead Run, their keen eyes soon observed on the mud the sharply-cut footprints of raccoons and mink; and occa-

sionally some fortunate hunter dimly saw the curiously-ringed tail of the former among the dark branches overhead, and passed a delightful quarter of an hour in a vain effort to take it as a trophy of his skill in woodcraft. When "the time of the singing of birds" came on, a new delight was spread before the lads who frequented the woods, and the hunters of beasts became robbers of nests. As the air turned mild enough to permit the anglers to sit upon the banks of the streams, they improved their skill and drew up black mullets, with heads armed with spikes, or wriggling, mud-haunting eels. At the same season the squirrels began, as Mr. Gilbert says,—

> To indulge in the felicity
> Of unbounded domesticity.

But, sadly for their parental affections, their household arrangements soon came to the notice of the young-eyed explorers, who carried off the little ones of the unhappy rodents to languish in a neglected captivity, or, more happily, but less often, to become the favored and vivacious pets of careful and indulgent masters.

Thus in the midst of plenty the founders of the state passed through their golden age, or, to use the term of a famous but now discredited school of political thinkers, the population lived as near as human beings can to that state of nature dear to the heart of Rousseau. The woods and fields then supplied, for all who chose to take them, an abundance of nuts and of game, and each boy helped himself to what he wanted, with no restricting considerations of *meum* and *tuum*. There were the nuts, which he had only to gather; there were the rabbits, which he had only to catch; the eggs, which he had only to find. The products of the region were free to all, and all had a common right to them. Private property was recognized only in the special objects which each inhabitant took at will from the common store furnished by the land which all owned in common.

It is extremely interesting and deeply suggestive to notice how this primitive condition passed away, and how private property in definite portions of the common domain came to be established. In watching this process we shall see go on before us, with the rapidity of the movements that take place in the field of the microscope, that usually slow revolution which has apparently formed a part of the history of every nation whose development has gone very far,—namely, the substitution of private property in land for common property. We shall observe changes comparable in every particular, except in the insignificance of the interests affected, to the complete alteration of adult society studied and described by Sir Henry Maine and Emile de Laveleye. We shall see the disappearance of that form of ownership which the socialists of to-day would have us now return to after more than a thousand years of progress away from it, and the evolution of that against which Henry George so vehemently and eloquently cries out, the "beast" of Herr Most's wild ravings.

The great change from common to private property took place among the young citizens of our rudimentary state in consequence of

the increase of population, that potent factor in so many economic revolutions. The score of boys with which the school was opened soon grew to twoscore, and within a year, at the ripening of the next crop, there were fifty hungry seekers after nuts trying to satisfy their wants from the trees within school bounds. The chestnuts were plentiful enough to supply all demands, but the walnuts were far less abundant, and the competition for the possession of the trees became very keen. The primitive condition of the golden age, in which each boy had only to help himself, quickly disappeared in the state of scarcity that followed the great increase of population, and almost every one, in order to insure his getting a share of the crop, attempted to possess himself of at least one tree. This instituted a reign of force, in which violence was tempered only by the weak consciences of healthy boys of sixteen and under. From this condition of anarchy, but by steps which I am unable fully to describe, the citizens of our rudimentary state soon emerged into a reign of law, in which private property was recognized and individual rights were defined. Of course, as in all primitive communities, the law was customary law, not written statutes.

The process of this development of order from chaos was nearly as follows. In the earlier stages of their economic progress the boys started out in parties of three or four, whenever they fancied the walnuts were ripe, each party intent upon shaking the fruit from at least one tree and harvesting it for winter. We may readily believe that two such groups often fixed their minds upon the same tree as the object of their efforts. In such a case the first party to begin work, according to the analogies presented by the world outside, would have the better title to the use of the tree; and, according to the practice of both men and boys, the first takers could be dispossessed only after a fight. It is not surprising, therefore, that the boys came to respect the rights of the first takers of a tree to an unrestricted enjoyment of its fruit. But the community has given this right an enlargement which is quite remarkable, and which has had very important effects upon the history of the state we are studying.

This enlargement is a consequence of the conditions in which the crop is gathered. The first step of the process of harvesting is a laborious one. It consists in climbing among the branches, and, with a great deal of hard work, shaking the nuts down upon the ground. If carried to completion in a large tree by forcing down all the fruit, the process would require some hours of severe exertion, at the end of which the harvesters would naturally feel inclined to leave their field of labor and recuperate themselves at the pantry door and on the ball-field. I may add, parenthetically and explanatorily, that a very tired boy just in from work is much refreshed by first swallowing a crust and then violently "running the bases." It is to the credit of the community under description that its moral sense will not suffer a harvester, thus enjoying his well-earned respite from the toil of climbing and shaking, to be deprived of his property by any one who may come along during his temporary absence and feel tempted to pick the nuts up from the ground where they have been so laboriously deposited. But the custom goes one step further in order to protect this form of

personal property; and it is this second aspect of the matter which more particularly invites attention. If the harvesters became wearied out when they had stripped a tree of only a part of its fruit, and left that portion lying upon the ground, it might be supposed that any subsequent nut-hunter would be permitted to possess himself of what still remained upon the tree; but in fact he is allowed to do this only under such restrictions that he seldom cares to avail himself of the limited privilege; and, consequently, a partial shaking usually gives the first comer full possession of the tree, with all that it bears. The explanation is that when the nuts are shaken from the trees they are scattered all over the ground beneath, and those sent down by the second comers inevitably become mingled with those belonging to the first, thus bringing loss upon one or the other, and producing quarrels and fights. The citizens of the rudimentary state do not regard a breach of the peace as so serious a matter as it is considered in more highly developed society, but they see the disadvantages that accompany a fracas, and prefer to avoid them. To prevent brawls, therefore, and at the same time to protect the rights of priority, the custom has become fixed, that the boys who reach a tree already partially stripped while the first shakers are absent shall shake no nuts to the ground until they first pile up all that may be lying scattered under the boughs. This picking up is, however, a tiresome job, painful to the bent back and discoloring to the fingers. Moreover, it takes so long a time that there is a considerable possibility of the first shaker's returning before it is completed; in which case the equities of the parties, as the lawyers say, would not be very clear, and for which the customary law does not provide any satisfactory mode of settlement. Consequently the boys who, in their wanderings, come to a tree already partly harvested generally pass it by untouched; and they who first climb a tree thereby get possession of the whole of its product, and in reality make it their private property for that year, and entirely withdraw it from the common domain.

Very industrious and enterprising boys, the Philistines of that community, who are never unrepresented at McDonogh, take advantage of this custom to possess themselves of a large share of the walnut-crop; far more than they seem fairly entitled to on the theory of common ownership, but not more than the principles of the school of *laissez-faire* permit the possessors of "good business habits" to obtain in the outside world. Not that there is any dishonesty about it, for I believe the harvest to be carried on without any trickery or violence. But some are so much better provided than the rest with shrewdness, skill, agility, and swiftness of foot that they obtain ten or twenty times the share of the others. Two, or three, or four of these well-equipped youths join in a partnership, and on the day fixed by common consent of the school for the opening of the harvest each of them will run as fast as possible to the different trees in the neighborhood, climb up, shake down about a bushel of nuts, descend, rush to another tree, and repeat the process there. All the trees thus partially shaken, perhaps six or seven of them, become for the season the property of the firm; because, as explained before, a partial stripping of a tree gives posses-

sion of all its fruit. Two or three good harvesters will thus become owners of sixty or seventy bushels of nuts, part of which they will eat during the winter, and part they will sell to their slower-footed or lazier school-fellows, whose share of the common crop is nothing at all.

Although the community thus permits individuals to acquire at will what we may call great fortunes in walnuts, wealth far out of proportion to their relative numbers, yet the state still retains a certain measure of control over the trees, and thus shows that it regards the old idea of common property as still living. This fact is clearly shown in the regulations made by what we may call the tribal assembly as to the time for beginning the harvest. In very early times it was found that the keen competition for the possession of the trees led certain boys to go out and begin harvest in September, before the nuts had ripened. To prevent the great waste thus caused, it was agreed among the boys that no harvesting should be thereafter permitted before a suitable date, to be annually agreed upon. The fixing of this day is always a matter of interest to the community, and is sometimes the cause of a great political excitement. In 1884 the school was divided into two parties, favoring different dates. The one party found its leaders among the members of the debating society, or the literary class, as they would be called in the outer world; the other faction was under the lead of the landed aristocracy, who were charged by their opponents with the intention of subverting the rights of the popular assembly and setting up an oligarchy. When the question came to a decision, the literary clique posted upon the wall of the play-room a resolution naming the date they favored as the time for beginning the harvest, and invited all to sign their names below in token of support of their proposition. The aristocracy, however, made active efforts, and carried the day by a very large majority.

The community regards the trees as common property, to be annually distributed among the citizens. The title to the trees acquired by shaking them expires with the year; and in the next harvest the fruit again becomes the possession of all, to be shared only after permission has been granted by the tribe. By this arrangement the great inequalities of wealth brought about in any given year are partially remedied in succeeding seasons, and class-distinctions between the rich and the poor are prevented.

In other forms of property, however, a permanent right of possession has been established, and great inequality of condition has resulted, with a consequent "progress and poverty" humorously interesting to reflective outsiders, but serious enough to the "McDonogh boys" themselves.

The revolution in the system of property rights has gone farthest in the changes effected in the estates in the "rabbit-land." In these the old rights of common have entirely disappeared, and new customs have grown up which recognize land as private property. The new system has been so far perfected as to get nearly all the good land, that is, good as a home for rabbits, into the hands of a few great landlords; but in late years a socialistic party has appeared among the poor boys,

and demanded a redistribution of what was once the land of all the tribe.

Every one in the tribe, whether monopolist or socialist, traces all titles back to the eponymous hero of the clan, the philanthropist, John McDonogh, who bequeathed his wealth to found the agricultural school. "Our farm," as the clansmen call it, is "ours" because "he left it to us;" a title none the less valid in their eyes because it rests upon a fiction. "Superior and malefic forces, embodied in principals, teachers, and overseers, may prevent the full enjoyment of our rights, but we nevertheless have from our founder a free range over fields and woods, and we still own the wild fruit and the game." Such might have been the course of a clansman's reflections years ago, before individualism had made the conquest of tribal feeling which it has now accomplished. In the early days every privilege, every right of property that any tribesman enjoyed was equally free to all the rest. The rabbits scampering through the undergrowth were the game of all; all had a common of venery in the woods; and all felt equal interest and zeal in expelling the neighboring aliens who sometimes made incursions into the "common mark," to trap or to hunt. Hence, during the earliest year of the settlement every tribesman felt free to set his box-trap where he pleased, scented with an alluring onion. But during the first year the population grew with a rapidity even greater than that maintained by Malthus; and the success of the first trappers tempted an even greater number to embark in the pursuit than the increase of population alone would account for. Therefore the time was not long before the traps became more numerous and more closely placed than an eager trapper could approve. In one of the first seasons it seems to have been agreed upon by common consent that no two traps belonging to different owners should be put very close together. The feeling that caused this step was much the same as that which acted in forming the customs that govern the gathering of the walnuts,—namely, a sentiment of respect for the title of the first comer. The trapper who had labored to make his heavy box-trap, to carry it painfully over rough fields and through tangled briers to set it in the spot chosen by the aid of all his skill in reading the signs of the woods, should not be subjected to the loss of all this work by some laggard who might feel inclined to put a trap at the same place, which his own unaided sagacity would never have selected as a fitting one. There was nothing fanciful in the idea of the loss of game by undue proximity of the traps. The trappers knew that it was the habit of the "Jim Dink," as they familiarly called him, to move through his haunts along well-marked paths; and they took advantage of this peculiarity in deciding where to put their traps, which they always placed in the paths that seemed to be most frequented. A second trap put in the path with the first would of course stop a rabbit moving towards it from that side, and would thus interfere with the catch of the trapper who earliest occupied the ground. Consequently it was the general feeling that a tribesman who had set a trap in an unoccupied place was entitled to the undisturbed use of a circle about it some forty or more yards in diameter.

The adoption of this very reasonable proposition was the first step

toward the entire destruction of the old system of common ownership of "rabbit-land." This unhappy result of a remedial statute is in remarkable accord with the observation that law-makers who have tried to do one thing by a given means are generally found to have done a different thing by other means.

A rabbit-trap, as most country-folks know, is a long, narrow box, generally made of thick plank, by preference oak, in order to resist the gnawing of the captive rodents, who, though not nearly so effective in the use of their jaws as a domestic rat, can still do much for liberty. Such a box will long remain proof against the elements, and will lie upon the ground for several years without suffering any considerable deterioration. Hence no one ever collects his traps when the season is over, but leaves them where they have been set, and where they will be found ready for use when the frosts of the next November cause a partial famine at the home of Jim Dink. This custom working with the rule above mentioned produced this result,—namely, that a boy who had once set a trap in any spot acquired and kept possession of that spot year after year. As his trap already lay upon the ground, he had a better title to the land about it than any boy coming out later with a trap under his arm; and in order to retain possession year after year he had only to be sure that his trap remained upon the ground. Consequently, so far as concerned the small circle around each trap, the old system of common rights disappeared, and was replaced by a system of private property in land.

A still more remarkable result was the monopolizing of the land by three great holders united. To use the vigorous slang of current politics, land-sharks swallowed up the public domain. This far-reaching event was produced in a way which I shall now endeavor to explain. But it should be remembered that the causes of any great revolution in social habits, such as this change from common land-holding to a monopolizing of the soil, are always many and various; and it should be considered enough if the explanation offered, while perhaps incomplete, is yet correct as far as it goes. Such I shall try to make it.

Even in the days of the first settlers there prevailed no equality of condition, but merely equality of opportunity, *la carrière ouverte aux talents.* In those times the land was free to all, to be sure, but there was nothing to prevent an industrious settler from making and setting twice as many or even ten times as many traps as his easy-going rival who spent most of the pleasant October afternoons upon the ball-field. Nor was there any legislation to regulate the date at which trapping should begin, like the laws that fixed the time of the beginning of the walnut-harvest. If any thrifty member of the community chose to spend two or three weeks of the autumn making traps and setting them in the best places, while others were intent on fun, there was nothing to prevent his carrying out such a plan; and a few boys did carry it out. From the first, too, differences of skill existed among the trappers. Consequently there were very early great inequalities in the distribution of wealth; but any boy who felt dissatisfied could, in the first seasons, by exercising his industry move from the poorer class into the richer.

But at a later day this became much more difficult. When private

property in land was recognized, every spot fit for setting a trap in was owned by some one; and boys who entered the school after that time found themselves without any share in the wealth which their predecessors had divided. No matter what their talents as woodsmen might be, no matter how keen their appetites for roasted rabbit, they were entirely debarred from using any portion of the land which, according to the theory of the tribe, John McDonogh had bequeathed to them all. Their only resource was to buy a portion of the soil from some of the prior holders; and this was often done.

The power of selling rabbit-land was exercised very early; and many interesting contracts of sale are told of. Asaph had come into possession of a large and highly productive tract, embracing Mason's ditches, a ditch near Kelly's, and Sheely's woods. He sold a two-thirds interest in this property to two enterprising but landless egg-hunters. Frank and Gilly, the "parties of the second part," paid for their share by giving Asaph one-third of their collection of eggs already accumulated, and a promise of one-third of all that might afterwards be collected by the joint efforts of all three; that is, by giving him one-third interest in their business. Upon another occasion, Ham Miller had need of more traps than he could conveniently make by his own unaided efforts, and, therefore, employed Johnny Schutz as his carpenter; whose services he recompensed by giving him the right to set eight traps forever in Painter's Swamp, the whole of which, with other large and valuable tracts, Ham then owned.

Thus the buying and selling of land, the catching, eating, and selling of rabbits, went on pleasantly enough for the prosperous members of the community. But all landholders must submit to the hand of Father Time, and at last the longest school-days come to an end. Hence there came a day when the rich had to consider what was to become of their swamps and woods when they were gone from the places that once had known them. Naturally enough, they determined to bequeath their possessions to their friends whom they left behind. As in the case of Asaph, Frank, and Gilly noticed above, the trappers were commonly associated in firms of three or four members; and when one member had to quit the pursuit in which they had long been pleasantly united, it was altogether meet that he should choose a common friend of all the partners as a successor, rather than leave his property to be seized by any chance comer, who might be an enemy to the friends of the departed. Nor did the general body of citizens lay any claim to property thus bequeathed. To outsiders it mattered not at all whether the rabbits burrowing in the banks of Mason's ditches were shared by Hall, Frank, and Gilly, or by Frank, Gilly, and Pattison; and individual property seemed so firmly rooted that it perhaps occurred to no one to demand that the share of the decedent should again become common land. As it was to be the private estate of some one, it might as well go to Hall's legatee. Thus testamentary rights came to be recognized; and the opportunity for a return to common ownership afforded by the departure of the first holders in severalty was permitted to pass by. The recognition of private rights even went so far as to produce what I shall venture to call, borrowing

the terminology of the legal profession, incorporeal hereditaments. For example, when Johnny Schutz, the carpenter, departed from his McDonogh life, he was still in the enjoyment of the right to set eight traps in Painter's Swamp granted to him by the great proprietor, Ham Miller. This right Johnny bequeathed to his friend Hall, who long exercised the privilege thus conferred, and bequeathed it, at his last day, to a successor. A hereditament, a lawyer would say, implies an heir; and in the jurisprudence of the McDonogh tribe the surviving partners of the deceased apparently occupy this position. The point has not been authoritatively decided, having arisen but once, and being still in dispute; but a large landholder whose experience entitles him to the respect of an expert conveyancer was of the opinion that property which, by some odd carelessness, the owner had not mentioned in his will, was not open to seizure by a rapacious trapper who attempted to take possession, but properly belonged to the business associates of the deceased.

The most striking result of the unrestricted exercise of the rights of private property in the land at McDonogh was that within eight years of the first appearance of the system of individual ownership almost all of the valuable land of the community fell, by devise or purchase, into the hands of three big and shrewd monopolists, who became the landed aristocracy of McDonogh. It is not necessary to believe that any positive fraud or violence was committed in bringing about this consummation, since we can explain it by supposing a state of facts which actually existed,—namely, the free play of competition such as we see in the adult world. I am strongly of the belief that the differences between the "business abilities" of different boys are quite as great as the differences between those of men; and if space permitted I could give several remarkable examples in support of the truth of this impression, but I shall confine myself to a single one. Some years ago a number of the school-boys entered the business of making taffy and selling it to their school-fellows. The nearest shop was more than a mile away, and its inaccessibility almost withdrew its owner from competition with the home manufacturers. The market was therefore open to the latter, and a dozen or more entered it at various times. Two of these, who were associated in a firm, were far more successful than any of the rest, and by skill in manufacture and pertinacity in drumming up trade they obtained almost a monopoly of the business. I have the best evidence that they doubled their money in every venture, and increased their capital in a single winter from a few cents to more than twenty-five dollars. The same sort of ability was devoted by the same two boys to accumulating a large estate in rabbit-land, and they had the same success.

The influence of the three great capitalists over the rest of the inhabitants became paramount, and their society was much courted. Dives fared sumptuously every day during the trapping season, and any polite attention accepted by him was rewarded by a gift from the dish of rabbit before him at breakfast. A place could always be found for him in the games, all of which, I must admit, he played extremely well. His society was so much courted that he had dependants attached

to his person ready to attend to the business needed in managing his estate. The three great landlords found their possessions too large to be properly looked after by themselves alone; and they therefore hired several helpers to visit some of their traps at regular intervals and to bring home the captured rabbits. Ham Miller hired Winkum to perform this duty in certain portions of Painter's Swamp; while Maud, whose name indicates not sex, but a certain peach-bloom complexion supposed to be girlish, was employed to manage the traps set in Mason's ditches, and was paid as a salary one-fourth of the animals caught. His pay amounted, in the year I have in mind, to four whole rabbits and some odd legs. Such contracts were made with several of the boys; and some underlings attached themselves to the retinues of the great merely for the sake of the crumbs that dropped from their table, or in the hope of being remembered in their wills.

With a number of retainers at their backs, the rich became a power in political affairs, and, as previously noticed, were sometimes able to control the tribal assembly. In consequence of this preponderant influence of theirs, it at one time seemed probable that the old popular form of government would be displaced by a plutocracy; but all fear of this result is now dissipated, at least for the present, because of the much more general distribution of wealth which has recently been effected.

The three monopolists, finding it difficult to maintain the concentration of their landed property, threw it upon the market or divided it among their friends. This was not done altogether of their own free will, however. As the time of their departure from school life drew near, the various hints they had let fall of what would follow upon the break-up of the triumvirate finally produced a report that a single boy was to be made their sole legatee, lord of the manor of McDonogh, and monarch of all he surveyed. This rumor inflamed the smouldering discontent of the landless portion of the community to such a degree that a socialistic party was formed. This body began an agitation of the land question, and demanded a return to the old customs of common ownership, either immediately or upon the demise of the triumvirs. This movement seems to have been supported by, and perhaps may have originated in, the debating society, which took the part of friend of the poor and representative of the principle of "government by discussion," like the Jacobite clubs of Paris in the last century. The stir thus produced seems to have given some alarm to the monopolists; but at the same time an event happened which made their difficulties somewhat less, and they managed their affairs so prudently that the rights of private owners took no hurt. One of the most active of the socialistic orators obtained a share in a monopoly of trapping musk-rats which had been recently established,

> And the subsequent proceedings
> Interested him no more.

Soon after two of the triumvirate quit the scene of their activity, in anticipation of which event they divided their estate into lots, some

of which they sold and others they disposed of, as the lawyers say, by gifts *causa mortis*. The third lord was not long in following their example in all respects. Thus a considerable part of the population, perhaps one-fifth, again obtained an interest in the land, and when this happened the agitation of the socialists ceased. Private property in land still flourishes, and at present there seems to be no sentiment against it.

John Johnson, Jr.

AT NIGHTFALL.

THE misty sunset fades away;
In murky shadow ends the day;
And underneath a rain-blurred sky
The river sullenly flows by.

I would not care, dear heart, how black
The night fell, could it bring you back:
Could but your eyes look into mine,
There were no need for stars to shine.

But, ah, the pity and the pain!
Nor day nor dark, nor sun nor rain,
Nor any wind from a far shore,
Brings what I long for any more.

Light is a word: the smallest thing
That beats the air with viewless wing
Scarce in its sighing breath is stirred,
Yet hearts are broken, by a word.

Would that I might the word unsay!
Beneath a smile I hide away
My broken heart from prying eyes
When common daylight round me lies.

But when the time of dusk and dew
Brings all the old desire for you,
Ah me! the idle smiles are done,
Unchecked I let the salt tears run.

And then I wonder, is it so
With you, my darling? *Once* I know
You loved me. Is there no regret,
Nor wish for me that lingers yet?

O murky night, O starless sky,
Could you to my desire reply,
How fair as fairest day would be
Your dark and desolate space to me!

Mary Bradley.

PRIZE ESSAY NO. 8.

SOCIAL LIFE AT AMHERST COLLEGE.

HOW shall I best picture the daily life of an Amherst student? Let us follow one—an average man, no "dig," and yet no idler—through a Wednesday in term-time. His day begins at a quarter after seven, with an alarm from his clock or a call from some wakeful friend. After a hurried toilet, he leaves his room, and by five minutes' brisk walking he reaches his "table," where, in company with twenty classmates and friends, he sits down to breakfast. It is now twenty minutes before eight, and the meal is summarily disposed of without sauce of conversation or laughter. Eight o'clock finds him in his seat at chapel, panting with his run up the hill and wondering whether the monitor has noted his tardiness. He has now fifteen minutes of repose, which, not being in a devotional frame of mind, he employs in gazing listlessly about at the three hundred and fifty fellow-students gathered with him in the great room. He finds this an excellent time for composing his thoughts and making his plans for the day, and at last, remembering with a start that the society meeting last night prevented all study, he begins hastily to look over his first lesson. Chapel over, he goes at once to recitation, and the rest of the morning is occupied with lectures, recitations, and study. Of course he must get the morning mail, and then—well, when is one to read the paper, if not in the morning? And if a fellow drops in for a moment's talk,—why, one can't be rude. But, as a rule, our friend passes the morning in study and recitations. At dinner he unbends. While at breakfast he had scarce a nod for his bosom friend, he now has an abundance of words for all; well-seasoned words they are, too, for two years of repartee put some edge on the dullest mind. After dinner, down town; then, with two or three friends, to his room, there to while away the time till the real business of the afternoon commences. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are half-holidays at Amherst, and so our friend has his choice, if it be autumn, between tennis, an amateur game of foot-ball, a botanical or geological "tramp," an excursion to the fruit-regions of Sunderland, and a drive to Northampton, with a call at Smith College. He probably prefers tennis; and when, by patiently awaiting his turn, he has secured a place on his society court, the afternoon passes quickly enough. Supper over, an hour or so is spent in discussing college affairs, either at his society house or perhaps on the new college fence, and then study is in order till the books are put to flight by the entrance of some friend with an invitation to come down to "Frank's," a comfortable restaurant hotel, much patronized by the boys. Here the evening is fitly closed by a bit of game or some cream with lemonade,—Amherst is a temperance town as far as students are concerned,—and very late our average friend lies down, to prepare for another day more or less like this one.

A lazy life, you say. And so it looks. The hard study, the high

thinking, yes, and the headaches, do not appear on the surface, and it is little wonder that the ease and idleness of student life have become a proverb and a byword among the towns-people. These, however, can well afford to look with equanimity upon the shortcomings of the students, for the little village of about two thousand inhabitants draws all its sustenance, I had almost said, from the college. And indeed they show remarkable forbearance. Midnight serenades and noisy disturbances of all kinds are calmly endured, bonfires are allowed to burn in the middle of one of the main streets, pilferings of fruit go unnoticed, and in general the doings of the boys are passed over with serene good nature. When, however, a cheap play or concert is "broken up" by the students, the "townies" find it hard to be reconciled to the loss of their evening's entertainment, and their indignation voices itself in threats and denunciations. As a rule, the relations between "town" and "gown" are very pleasant, though "town" occasionally feels annoyance and "gown" does not attempt to conceal a certain feeling of scorn.

Most persons, I think, have an idea that every college town abounds in queer characters, made much of by the students, and in odd places of resort, where the boys congregate for no special reason and where they spend hours in doing nothing. I suspect that such a state of things exists only in the stories of Elijah Kellogg and in the truly remarkable imagination of the writer of college novels. It surely does not exist at Amherst. Queer characters there are, no doubt, as in every town, and some few have been nicknamed by the boys; but even these latter are in no way identified with college life and interests. And as for places of resort, the catalogue is limited to a single one, "Frank's," which is neither odd nor romantic. A prosperous hotel of the cheaper class, kept by a generous, accommodating landlord, always a good friend to the boys, it has come to be the favorite place for getting the little extras of an edible nature that are so acceptable as evening lunches. Here on almost any evening one may find a contented lot of students, filling up the small dining-room and keeping Katie and Annie busy with orders for the various delicacies that the season permits. It is needless to say that ceremony is thrown to the dogs: each enjoys himself after his own fashion, and the whole atmosphere of the place invites to relaxation. Yet the jollification is, as a rule, quiet, and there is none of the boisterous hilarity and rough joking that might be expected.

Passing from the favorite restaurant to the regular boarding clubs, we shall find little of interest. All the clubs, with a single exception, are managed by towns-people, for Amherst has no Memorial Hall, nor have the self-managing clubs proved successful there. The landlady fixes the price of board, regulates the quality, and takes all comers until the "table" is full. In numbers the clubs vary from six to forty-five. At one or two of the smaller clubs the serving is done in the family style, but, as a rule, the carving is done in the kitchen and the landlady does not appear. From one end of the term to another the average student does not sit down at table with ladies; and the consequent relapse into barbarism is sometimes very noticeable. Under the Amherst plan very little can be done in the way of choosing table-mates. One finds his companions selected for him as a result of chance and the gradations in

the price of board, and, rude though this self-adjustment must be, it often happens that one's associations at table are both pleasant and profitable.

In the matter of rooming, a great change has come about within a few years. Time was when none but unfortunate Freshmen roomed elsewhere than "in college;" but, owing to the increasing dilapidation of the college dormitories and to the rapid increase of secret-society houses, there has been a constant migration from College Hill to the village. So far has the movement progressed that only twenty-five are now left to occupy the two vast brick buildings which in former times were crowded to their utmost, together with a third even larger. In vain are the dormitory-rooms, with all their romantic associations, offered at ruinously low prices: the degenerate student of the present time prefers comfort to romance, even when romance, accompanied by an unlimited supply of fresh air, may be had at nominal rates.

Of the students rooming in town, about one hundred and ten live in society houses. These are houses owned by the Amherst chapters of the various Greek fraternities. Bought or built by alumni subscriptions, they are under the legal control of some corporate body of alumni, but practically the management is given over to the undergraduates. Seven in number, they differ most widely among themselves in age, architecture, size, situation, convenience, and elegance. Some were built for the purpose, the rest have been altered from dwelling-houses. In addition to the secret lodge-room, the parlors and reading-room, each house has accommodations for from ten to eighteen students. They are really college homes; and, forming as they do the recognized centres of society life, they are of the utmost importance, not only as influencing individual character, but as giving to the social life of the college its distinctive tone. Most society men take rooms in these houses for the last two or three years of the course; very few indeed fail to pass at least one year within their walls. Occasionally, by reason of friendship or expediency, a Freshman is admitted; but woe to that Freshman if he be what the name implies. It is hard to conceive a course better calculated to remove conceit than a year in an Amherst society-house.

But description of the daily routine of Amherst life and accounts of the habits of the student body are but incidental to our theme. Coming to the more particular discussion of the social life of the college, I must at the outset acknowledge a lack which is perhaps common to all large schools in small towns,—namely, the lack of social advantages outside the limits of the college. Pleasant and refined people are by no means lacking, and some young men are so fortunate as to gain admittance to families which would anywhere rank among the best; but such good fortune is quite exceptional. At church fairs and similar gatherings the student is warmly welcomed, especially if he can add to the entertainment by playing or singing, and by improving such opportunities he may make acquaintances and may even secure "bids" to some small and half formal gatherings during the winter. But the society which is entered through such portals is neither very great in extent nor attractive in kind. A better opportunity for the socially

inclined is that offered by the families of the professors. Charming acquaintances may be made in this circle, and not a few warm friendships are begun. The faculty have at times made kind attempts to encourage social intercourse of this kind, and I think they are heartily glad to have the fellows call; but, whether it be due to a feeling of constraint as regards their instructors or to general diffidence, very, very few ever call at a professor's house save on business. Even a bright man may pass through his four years without making a single calling acquaintance: as a matter of fact, most do finish their course without receiving more social culture than is gained by attending a society reception perhaps once a year, together with two or three gatherings during Senior year.

One important social factor I have omitted to mention. Seven miles distant, just across the valley, in Northampton, is Smith College, one of the leading woman's colleges of the East, and a factor not to be ignored in any problem that concerns Amherst. Drawing students, as it does, from all parts of the country, it is only natural that Amherst men should find many acquaintances among its undergraduates; one introduces another, and it becomes easy for an agreeable fellow to make friends. Given friends and credit with the livery-stables, the extent to which one shall carry his calling becomes simply a question of time and inclination. Very few go through college without making their bow at Smith at least once; about a fifth keep up acquaintance by more or less frequent calls; while six or eight from each class drive over with admirable regularity once or twice each week. All this in the way of calling, for, with the exception of the *tête-à-tête*, very few social inducements are held out by our cousins at "Hamp." A reception in the winter, a concert or two, and a general reception at Commencement complete the list. The winter reception, or "walk-about," is the object of much mild ridicule at Amherst; but it is well attended, notwithstanding, and for a week or so before its occurrence no question is more common than "Did you get a bid?" For, as this is the one formal reception of the year, and each young lady is allowed to invite a certain number of friends, the invitations come as authoritative certificates of one's standing with his lady friends beyond the river. The enterprising man, however, is not confined to these meagre opportunities for social converse. Driving, under certain conditions, is allowed by the Smith authorities, and it is customary for the fellows to bring their friends to Amherst on occasion of the display of out-door athletics in the fall and the more interesting base-ball games in the spring. Until recently, too, young ladies from the sister college have not infrequently attended germans and receptions at Amherst; but more stringent rules are now, I believe, in force.

At present the only means of reaching Northampton is by a carriage-drive of an hour over an uninteresting road. Within a year, however, the towns will be connected by railroad, and the two colleges will thus be brought much nearer to each other, a consummation devoutly wished, by the male collegians at least.

Smith College, as I have said, is an important factor in all that concerns Amherst, but its influence is limited. The character of social

life in Amherst is not due at all to outside influences, and is more decided and more distinctive because of the lack of outside society. It is, I think, the resultant of two opposing forces, class spirit and society spirit. As for the first (pardon the paradox), it is chiefly conspicuous by its absence. No complaint is more commonly made in college than the complaint that class spirit is dying out. And there is much to support this belief. True, the two lower classes still manifest their *esprit de corps* in bonfires, cane rushes, and similar performances, and often the feeling between them runs quite high. Not infrequently a particularly harmonious class keeps up its enthusiasm to the last; and, indeed, class banquets after graduation show that class spirit does not die, even in the breasts of alumni. But class spirit as it was twenty or thirty years ago, when the object of all loyalty and the motive of all effort was the class, class spirit such as exists to-day in many colleges, is surely a thing of the past at Amherst. And this change is due to the growth of Greek-letter societies, which have come at length to occupy the first place in the loyalty of the students.

Amherst secret societies are not to be confounded with class societies, like those at Yale, for they are different in every respect, though the names may be the same. At Amherst a man joins his society in Freshman year and continues his connection throughout the four years; at Yale his membership is for a year only, and he may be connected with a different society each year of his course. Many attempts have been made, and are still made, from time to time, to establish class societies at Amherst; but their term of existence is generally very short. The four-year societies find it for their interest to discourage all such organizations, as weakening the bands between their own members: hence the long list of "dead" class societies. At present there is no such society in college, if we except Phi Beta Kappa, which is in no sense social.

The four-year societies are eight in number, representing as many fraternities, and they enroll as members more than three-fourths of the college. As the most able and influential men are chosen for societies, the remaining fourth are practically without influence in college affairs, and the societies meet with no opposition. New members are chosen from the incoming class at the time of the entrance-examinations in spring and fall, and the "campaign," as the annual struggle for recruits is called, often becomes very exciting. Every effort is made to obtain previous information in regard to desirable men and to bring favorable influences to bear upon them. This plan often succeeds, and occasionally desirable men are secured before rival societies have even seen them. As a rule, however, election is the result of work at "campaign" time. When a society man sees a promising-looking Freshman going to examination or on the way to his room, he forthwith button-holes him, and before releasing him makes an appointment for the evening. Calling for him at the appointed time and place, the upper-classman escorts him to the society parlors. Here are gathered most of the members, and for half an hour the tired candidate is talked to, joked with, and sung to, and during all keenly examined. He is then borne away to repeat the ordeal elsewhere. If as the result of several such interviews he is approved, he is asked to "pledge," that is, to promise to join the society.

If all goes well, he is initiated five or six weeks after the beginning of the fall term, with such accompaniment of practical jokes as may seem suited to his case. As a rule, all the societies initiate on the same night, in accordance with previous understanding, and at such times the various parts of the village offer very amusing pantomimes in the way of tree-climbing, barrel-rolling, and other such gymnastics, all performed blind-folded and amid perfect silence. The buffoonery of initiation-night must not, however, be taken as indications of the character of Amherst societies. Contrary to what might be expected, the strongest influences toward industry and morality are those exerted by the Greek-letter societies. Lazy members are stimulated to work for honors, wild fellows are made to behave, and erring ones are punished with a severity from which the faculty would shrink. Capital punishment in society jurisprudence is expulsion from the fraternity, which is not only virtual expulsion from college, but a barrier to success in all other colleges where the Greeks are prominent.

Class spirit is not the only victim to the growing strength of the secret societies: the debating society belongs in the same category. Alexandria and Athenæ, the open literary societies, founded with the college and for years the centres of fiercest rivalry, rapidly declined as Greek societies strengthened, till at last they have united in the hope of prolonging existence. Thus the centre of literary effort and interest has been gradually transferred from open to secret halls.

More important still, the secret societies are the real centres of the social life of the college. Their fundamental idea is to bring their members as closely together as possible; and it has already been shown how completely this is done by means of the houses. The house is the home of half of the society; for the other half it is a constant resort, both night and day. It is easy to imagine the strength of the union resulting from these class associations, especially in a college where, as at Amherst, there is no outside society to lessen the vigor and intensity of social life among the students themselves. It is easy to see how great must be the influence of organizations which thus control the social life of their members.

Formerly it was not uncommon for members of the same society to eat at a common "table," often in the society house itself. This practice has been entirely abandoned (the last such "table" was given up about two years ago), perhaps because college sentiment, in accord with the catholicity of the times, demands less exclusiveness.

One of the most interesting features of the society system is its relation to village society. Each of the different chapters has its circle of acquaintance in town, and usually considers it a part of its duty to give a reception or entertainment of some kind during the winter. Hardly any undergraduates from rival societies are invited, and the entertainment is considered as the payment of a debt to faculty and town.

I have attempted to describe the two influences which make the Amherst spirit what it is. Either working alone is narrowing, either alone produces an unhealthy spirit in college; working together, they correct each other. Society spirit causes just enough rivalry to destroy that extravagant estimate of classmates and class interests which is pro-

duced by class spirit; while this latter, on the other hand, prevents the clannishness and narrowness liable to result from society life. The result is a spirit which causes men to take a manly, healthy view of college mates and college life and in general to estimate men and things at their real value. This, indeed, takes away some of the charm and romance of college life, perhaps, but it fits men for the world, and Amherst men have good reason to be proud of the spirit that pervades the social life of their *alma mater*.

R. S. Rounds (*Class of* '87).

IN SOMNO VERITAS.

I DREAMED I sat in my chamber
  And watched the dancing light
Of the blaze upon my hearth-stone,
  And the red brands glowing bright.

I listened to the rustle
  Of the flames that rose and fell,
And I dreamed I heard a whisper,
  A voice I knew full well.

The room no more was lonely,
  A presence sweet was there,—
A girlish figure, standing
  Beside my own arm-chair.

I dreamed I spoke, and, trembling
  Lest she should prove to be
The creature of a vision,
  I bade her sit by me.

Her grave brown eyes she lifted,
  Her dear hand placed in mine;
The air was sweet with incense
  Of odorous birch and pine.

And as we watched together
  Those eager, dancing flames,
We talked of days forgotten,
  Called each our childish names.

I dreamed that heaven seemed nearer,
  The skies a lovelier blue:
Then—was it still a vision?—
  I dreamed my dream came true!

Willis Boyd Allen.

A SKETCH IN UMBER.

EVERY life has its history: this is the story of Ruth Welch, the placid-faced, silver-haired woman who sat in the September twilight looking out over the moorlands one Saturday evening, and considering many things.

The house faced toward the south. It looked across a little creek that made in from the sea, and it had in its prospect only level heaths to the horizon's edge. On the west stretched the waters of an arm of the Atlantic, and the tides came twice a day around the low cape into the inlet, and the wind blew over the moors; but in all directions one looked upon level wastes. "The Plains," the country-people called them, speaking of them sometimes as "Welch's bogs," or in sections as the "blueb'ry plains" or the "cramb'ry mashes;" and people who lived outside of them regarded the moors as painfully dull.

They were not, too, without some excuse for such an opinion. The rhodora and the "lamb-kill" in spring spread over sections of the waste transient sheets of glowing color, but for the most part the country was either white or brown, and to one not fond of it the effect of the monotone of hue was depressing. The shade of brown varied, changing from a grayish or even greenish brown in midsummer to a sombre, almost uniform umber in autumn, which latter tint now and then during the winter appeared in desolate patches through the flats of snow, until in March the whole plain came to light darker and more forbidding than ever.

All these long months the only break in the dull monochrome of the landscape was the red cottage which still was called "Grandsir' Welch's," although the old man had been dead many a year, and the little garden before it that kept up with old-fashioned flowers a show of bravery until the frosts came. The tint of the old house was dull and dingy, but in so colorless a setting the hue seemed brighter, as a single event might assume undue importance in a monotonous life. If one could have supposed the builder an imaginative man or one given to refinements of sentiment, it might be easy to imagine that when he built his house thus alone in the plains, with not another dwelling in sight and without a break in the level landscape, he felt the need of giving it some color that should protest against the deadly grayness of all around and hearten its owner by its warmth of tone.

So overwhelming were the solitude and the unbroken sameness of the place, however, that an imaginative man would scarcely have chosen it as an abiding-place, although once involved in its powerful fascination he would have been held to his life's end. By what accident Grandsir' Welch's grandfather had chosen to build here half a score of miles from the little fishing village which stood to the people of that region for the world, no one knew, and very likely no one cared. People thereabout concerned themselves little with reasons for anything, facts being all they found mental grasp sufficient to hold. Once

established in the plains, however, there was no especial cause to suppose the family would not continue to live on there until its course was interrupted either by extinction or by the arrival of the Judgment-Day.

Extinction was not very far off now, since only this white-haired woman remained to bear the name. Her mother had died in the daughter's infancy. She had never adapted herself to the silence and loneliness of the moors, and her people over at the village declared that she had "died of the plains," and it is possible that they were right. Ruth's father, when she was still but a child, had been lost at sea, and the girl had been cared for by her grandfather and the old serving-woman Bethiah, who had once been supposed to be a hired girl, but had ended by being so thoroughly identified with the family that her surname was wellnigh forgotten, and she was designated, when she was spoken of at all, as Bethiah Welch.

The child grew much in the same way as grew the houseleeks in the boxes beside the southern door, very slowly and dully. Once or twice she went for a few months to stay with an aunt in the village ten miles away, it being the unanimous opinion of her relatives that, as the Welches always had known how to read and write, it was proper that something should be done for Ruth's education; and the village school was the only educational means known in the region. The girl pined for home, however, and was never content away from the red house. Perhaps by a strange perversity of circumstance the home-longing of the mother was in the child transformed into a clinging fondness for the place where the former was so lonely and alien. The low, level moors were necessary to Ruth's life: in their colorless monotony she somehow found the complement for her uneventful life. Perhaps the very dulness developed her imagination, as special organs appear in animals whose abnormal conditions of existence render them needful. If this were so, it was no less true that the moors absorbed whatever mental life they stimulated, until the girl seemed hardly less a part of them than the knolls of leathery shrubs, the scattered, shallow pools, the tufts of coarse grass, or the whispering voices of the wind which all night long and every night were hurrying to and fro, concerned with tidings which perhaps came from the sea that forever moaned along the moorland's edges.

Little conscious imagination had Ruth at nineteen; and it was at nineteen that the single, trifling event of her life occurred. She was a maiden by no means uncomely. She was not educated in any conventional sense of the term, but her life alone with her grandfather and old Bethiah and the great brown moors had bred in her a certain sweet gravity which was not without its charm, had there been but those to see who could appreciate it.

Along the front of the house ran a bench, where people seldom sat, but where the milk-pans dried in the sun, a gleaming row; and one sunny morning late in September the flash of their shimmer caught the eye of a skipper who in his yacht in the bay studied the horizon with his glass. He was not yet past those years when a man still finds amusement in imitating fate and nature by yielding to his impulses;

the gleam suggested pleasant draughts of fresh milk; and, without more ado, he headed the trig little craft in which he and a brother artist were skirting the coast of the Gulf of Maine, for the little inlet upon which Grandsir' Welch's red cottage stood.

In those days yachts were less common than now, and both Ruth and Bethiah left their work to watch the boat as it ran up to the low wharf and the snowy sail fell with a musical rattle and clash of metallic rings.

The skipper, a stalwart young fellow, too handsome by half, came briskly ashore and did his errand, and, while the old servant went for the milk, Ruth stood in the open door, replying to the visitor's questions without either shyness or boldness. His eyes were just on a level with hers as she stood on the threshold above him, and their bold, merry glance saw with full appreciation how clear were her sherry-brown orbs. He removed his cap and leaned against the door-post, letting his glance stray over the landscape. Here and there upon the brown surface the keen eye detected the flame of a scarlet leaf amid the prevailing russet, but the combined effect of all the red leaves upon the plain could not warm the sombre wastes.

"Don't you get tired of the sameness?" he asked, suddenly, as if the monotony all at once seemed to him too great to be borne.

"Oh, no," Ruth answered, smiling faintly. "I like it."

He brushed back his curly, golden locks with a shapely brown hand, and regarded her more closely.

"It is like a fish in the water," was his conclusion when he spoke again. "It would drown me."

Ruth smiled again, showing her white, even teeth a little, although she did not in the least understand what he meant; and before the conversation could go farther Bethiah appeared with the milk she had been getting. Ruth put aside the stranger's offer of pay, and, with an instinct of hospitality which must have been genuine indeed to have survived so long disuse from lack of opportunity, she stepped down into the little garden-plot and picked a nosegay of the old-fashioned flowers which in the southern exposure were still unharmed by frost.

"Put a posy in my button-hole," he requested, lightly, when she gave them to him. "Pick out the prettiest."

She had never stuck a flower in a man's coat, but she was too utterly devoid of self-consciousness to be shy. She selected a beautiful clove pink, and, smiling her grave smile, thrust the stem through the button-hole of his yachting-jacket as he held out the lapel.

"It would be just the color of your cheeks," he said, "if it could only get sunburned."

A redder glow flushed up at his words, and so tempting was the innocent face before him that half involuntarily he bent forward to kiss the smooth lips. The girl drew back, in that grave, unemotional fashion of hers which was to the stranger so unaccountable at once and so fascinating, and he failed of his intent.

"Ah, well," he said, in no wise disconcerted, "keep the kiss for your sweetheart, but thank you for the flowers."

He laughed with a gleeful, deep-toned note, and turned down the

faintly-defined path to the shore again. Ruth looked on with interest at the hoisting of the sail, she smiled responsively as the two mariners doffed their caps to her, and then, regardless of the old superstition of the ill luck of watching people out of sight, kept her eyes fixed upon the pretty little craft as it skimmed over the waters, as long as it could be seen. Then she turned a comprehensive glance over all her moors, as if to take them into confidence regarding the pleasant incident which had just happened, and returned to her interrupted domestic duties. The interview had touched her with no repinings; and even could she have known that in that brief moment all the romance of her life had been acted, she would scarcely have sighed. She smiled as she went about her homely occupations, and flushed a little with the consciousness of innocent vanity as she found herself glancing into the glass at the reflection of her softly-glowing cheeks, reddened with health and with the sun.

This September day was the single glowing spot in the slow, mellow years of Ruth's life. She came and went, slept and waked, perhaps even dreamed. She was always in a happy, contented repose among her moors, becoming of them every day more and more completely a part. The wide plains grew green in spring with transient verdure, the purple petals of the rhodora flushed through their brief day and dropped into the shallow brown pools left by the late rains in the hollows; then all the waste turned to fawn and russet under the suns of summer, and the cycle of the year was completed by deepening browns and the wide stretches of snow. Now and again great rolling masses of mist came up from the sea and hid wold and wave alike from sight, but yet the sense of the plains was like a presence to Ruth, as, with heart warm as a nest beneath the mother-bird's breast, she went her way and lived her span of life.

She was far from being dull in her feelings. Indeed, for one in her station and surroundings, she was unusually sensitive to mood of shore and sky, to the beauty of the sunsets or of the wild flowers which sprang amid the low shrubs. She was simply content. She was so perfectly in harmony with her surroundings that she could not be unhappy. She grew as a bluebell grows. She was not deficient in womanly sentiment. She thought sometimes of the handsome sailor lad whose bold brown eyes had looked into hers, and she smiled anew with simple pleasure that he had found her fair. She remembered the audacious gleam which crossed his face when he bent forward to kiss her, and she did not forget his words about a sweetheart. She never spoke of her memories,—she came of a reticent race, and neither Grandsir' Welsh nor Bethiah was especially adapted to the reception of confidences,—but she speculated concerning the sweetheart she never had and of whose coming fate gave no sign. There was never any tinge of melancholy in these reflections. She accepted life for what it was too simply to be sad, even with that vague oppression which seemed to casual observers the obvious consequence of the overpowering presence of the wastes.

As years went on, she accepted the fact that the time of dreams of love was past, and with placid content she reflected that the shadow of

the ungiven kiss of the sailor would never be disturbed by the pressure of lover's lip upon hers.

It is between twenty and thirty that the temperament of a woman becomes fixed, and all her future irrevocably made or marred. Before this her character is too flexible, after this too rigid, for impressions to be lasting. During these years the peace of the wide, calm, and sombre moorlands stamped indelibly upon Ruth a sweet, grave content which nothing could destroy or shake.

There came a time when into the calm of the old house death rushed with that dreadful precipitancy which always marks his coming, even when expected, and old Grandsir' Welsh, long past fourscore, was, in the quaint language of the King James version, gathered to his fathers.

In the gray dawn Ruth tapped softly at the hives of the bees which stood, straw-thatched, against the eastern end of the cottage, and announced the sad news, firmly believing that unless within twelve hours the swarms were told of death they would desert their homes. Then in the sunny autumn afternoon a funeral procession of boats trailed from the red cottage to the graveyard behind the church in the village where slept such of his forefathers as the sea had spared to die in their beds. With evenly dipping oars went first the quaintly-shaped pinky bearing the coffin between two stout fishermen, one at prow and one at stern; while after followed the dories in which were the few nearer relatives who had come to attend the services at the house.

Ruth sat beside a cousin and listened half unconsciously to the plash of the oars and the rhythmic beat of the waves against the boat, looking back with tear-dimmed eyes to the red house until it was by distance blended with the dun country as the last spark dies amid the ashes. She was sad, and she felt that oppressive terror which the presence of death brings; yet her calm was not seriously or permanently shaken.

In their relentless, even course the years moved on, and one day in spring, when the rhodora was in all its glory, and the one bush of mountain-laurel in all the plains, which had strayed into the heath like a lamb in the wilderness, was as white in the distance as a bunch of upland maybloom, again Ruth went softly and gravely to tell the bees that death had been to the red house, and again the procession of boats, like the Egyptian train over the Lake of the Dead, bore away the mortal remains of faithful old Bethiah.

Ruth's relatives in the village tried to induce her now to come to them, and, when she could not be moved to do this, urged her at least to have some one live with her. She was getting to be an old woman, they said among themselves, although in truth she was little past fifty, and, since for that part of the world she was not ill provided with worldly goods, there was no lack of those who were willing to take up their abode in the red house. But Ruth put all offers aside, kindly, indeed, but decisively. She was pleased to live alone; not from a misanthropic dislike of her kind, but because it was so deep and inexhaustible a delight to her to brood happily among her plains. More and more she loved these umber wastes, over which cloud-shadows

drifted like the darkening ripple of the wind on the sea. She knew all their ways, those mysterious paths which wind between the hillocks of deserted heaths as if worn with the constant passing of invisible feet, and she was never weary of wandering among the ragged hummocks, breathing in the salt air from the sea and noting with happy eyes all the weeds and wild flowers, the shrubs that were too inconspicuous to be singled out at a distance, but which to the careful and loving observer revealed themselves as full of beauty. She was fond of the faint, sweet scents of the opening flowers in spring, of the dying grass in fall. She never thought about her feelings or phrased the matter to herself, but she loved so perfectly these wastes which seemed so desolate that they were to her as kindred and home: perhaps even the maternal instinct which is inborn in every woman's breast found some not quite inadequate expression in her almost passionate fondness for the great heath.

Her relatives spoke of her always as strange, and were aggrieved that her ways should be different from theirs; but everything that continues comes in time to be accepted, and as the years went on Ruth's method of life came to seem proper because it had so long been the same. A brawny-armed fisher cousin sailed over from the village every Sunday morning to see that all was well at the red house, and to bring whatever might be needed from the village store. Sometimes in winter he found her house half buried in snow, but he never could report that she appeared either discontented or sad.

It was of the coming of this emissary that Ruth was thinking on this Saturday night in September where first this record found her. She had been reflecting much to-day about dying. In her walk about the moors she had come upon a dead bird, and the sight had suggested to her her own end. She acknowledged to herself that she was old, and for perhaps the only time in her life her thought had formulated a general truth. She had regarded the tiny corpse at her feet, and then, looking about upon the moors, it came over her how immortal is the youth of the world and how brief is man's life. The land about her was no older than when she had looked upon it with baby eyes. For a single instant a poignant taste of bitterness seemed set to her lips; then in a moment the very wide, changeless heath that had caused her pain seemed itself somehow to assuage it.

To-night sitting here she admitted to herself that her strength had failed somewhat of late. Yes, she was old. It was almost half a century ago that that bold-eyed, handsome stranger had compared the color in her cheeks to a clove pink. She smiled serenely although her reflections were of age and death, so perfectly did she recall the sunny day, and the air with which the sailor would have kissed her. Placid and content in the gathering dusk, she smiled her own grave, sweet smile, which it were scarcely too fanciful to liken to the odor of the clove pink of her garden-plot whose hue half a century ago had been in her cheek. She had but one regret in leaving life, and that was to leave her moorlands. Yet she had found existence so pleasant and had been so well content that she could not understand why people so usually spoke of life as sad. But she could not think without pain of leaving the

plains behind and going away to lie in the bleak hill-side graveyard where slept her kinsfolk. It had never occurred to her before to consider to which she held more strongly, her people or the wide brown stretches of open about her, but to-night she debated it with herself and decided it. She resolved to say to her cousin to-morrow that she wished her grave made in the plains. Very likely her relatives would object. They had always thought her ideas strange; but they would surely let her have her way in this. She would even make some concessions and perhaps let Cousin Sarah come to live with her if they would agree to do as she wished about this. It would be so great a comfort to her to be assured that she was not in death to be separated from her dearly-loved moors. She liked Sarah well enough, only that it was so pleasant to live alone with her bees and the plains. Besides, if she should chance to die alone, who would tell the bees? It would be a pity to have the fine swarms lost.

Suddenly she started up in the dusk, and, without knowing clearly why she did it, she wrote on the bottom of the list of errands which she always made on Saturday for her cousin her wish concerning her grave. The spot she mentioned was a knoll near the house, where the ground rose a little before it dipped into the sea. She reflected as she wrote that it was wiser to be prepared for whatever could happen, and, although she would not own it frankly even to herself in these lonely musings, Ruth had felt strangely weak and worn to-day.

She frugally blew out the candle when she was done, and with calm content sat down again in her rocking-chair by the window darkening to "a glimmering square." She heard the sound of the sea and the low wind blowing over the wide plains; and, lulled by the soft sounds, she fell at last asleep.

The wind rose in the night, and it was afternoon when the cousin from the village came in sight of the red house. No smoke rose from its chimney, and as he tied his clumsy sail-boat to the low wharf where so long ago a yacht had been briefly fastened, a long wavering line of bees rose glistening from the straw-thatched hives, floating upward and away like the departing soul of mortal. Their mistress had been dead more than twelve hours, and they had not been told. Perhaps it was a chance flight; perhaps they were seeking her serene spirit over the moors she loved so well.

Arlo Bates.

AS DAYS GO DOWN THE WEST.

AS days go down the west, and tender stars
  All rimmed about with heavens blue come forth
And set their light-ships in the trackless sea
  Whose highways stretch away from south to north,
I think how days have risen in the east
  And flashed like meteors from hill to hill,
Set full of sunny hours, till evening came
  To close them like rose-petals soft and still.

And that my work but poorly hath been done,
  And that my day in idleness hath set,
With saddened eyes I look into the west
  And watch it pass away with keen regret.
Those precious moments lost in dreaming mood,
  Those perfect hours forever past me by !—
Small wonder that new stars are blurred with tears,
  And old days wafted heavenward with a sigh.

Marion Manville.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE peculiar modern development of English proverbs in the United States may be considered a sort of evolution, and this evolutionary process has produced some very revolutionary effects. For example, we are now told that "The race is not *always* to the slow," and that "To the pugnaciously pure all things are impure." Sometimes the old proverbs merely take an additional clause, as in the following case: "Be virtuous and you will be happy; but you won't have a good time." The truth of this proposition is undeniable. That calm and serene happiness which virtue gives is certainly the best and most lasting kind of happiness; but to "have a good time," in the popular sense of the term, one must base his actions on a different principle.

In some instances the evolved proverb is merely a reversal of the older form. We now hear that there is no difficulty in accounting for taste. The Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and other continental expressions of a cognate idea are not affected by this change; for "Each to his taste," and "There should be no disputing about taste," are rules which might be included among axioms. But the English proverb has lost ground in this country, and is fast going out of fashion. The reasons for special tastes are given in every case without any trouble by psychologists and physiologists, and are generally based on the great principle that we naturally want what we don't possess. As it is our acquisitiveness which keeps the world from figuratively standing still, the reason for the existence of taste itself may be furnished with equal ease.

Yet, in spite of the facility with which matters of taste are traced to their cause, many people will probably go on believing that all tastes spring up in a spontaneous sort of way, with which biogenesis has nothing at all to do.

The proverb about the early bird and his provisions has grown into one with a diametrically opposite moral. The new version is, "The early worm was seized by the rapacious fowl." The worm's early rising is held up to obloquy as the cause of his downfall, and it is intimated that if he had stayed comfortably in bed until nine o'clock he would have escaped destruction. An evolved proverb of a similar character says, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do week after next."

Some of the proverbs our ancestors thought quite too fine and impressive to be improved in any way have undergone a radical change in conformity with the growth of modern inventions, and are now couched in language which Addison and Pope, or even Washington Irving, would have considered absolutely

meaningless. Instead of "The pen is mightier than the sword," we now have "The type-writer is more dynamic than the Gatling gun." The time-honored aphorism about the practical advantages of probity has developed into "Honesty may be the *best* policy, but letting yourself be found out is certainly the worst." The famous verse in Hudibras about the man who fights with a due regard for his own safety has become "He who fights and runs away may live to be a contractor and own whole railroads."

These new American forms of the old proverbs give the impression that we are a good deal smarter than our forefathers, but not by any means as steady and honest as they. The general tone of the paragraphs in many of our newspapers is of the same character, and in some cases these editorial scintillations are the distinctive feature of the paper. While the opera of "Pinafore" was still in full blast, one of these paragraphers announced that it was a thing which "*any* young lady might allow her mother to see and hear." What would our respected grandmothers have said to that?

But in reality this evolution in proverbs indicates nothing more than a strong tendency among a certain class of journalistic scribes to satirize all generally accepted notions and to make fun of everything that comes in their way. We may not be more righteous than our ancestors, but our faults and transgressions are blazoned on thousands of printed pages every day, and things which were very easy to conceal in their times now form the chief stock in trade of enterprising rival newspapers. Instead of treating our faults as leniently as truth will allow, or even frankly acknowledging them without comment, we eagerly exaggerate all the evil we do and put it in the worst possible light. Foreigners naturally take us at our word, and it is not strange that writers like Sardou should make their American characters ruffians and swindlers of a pronounced type.

Yet, in spite of this pessimistic view of our own natures, we Americans of to-day are probably about as respectable as any generation that has lived before us anywhere. If we knew as much about earlier times as we do of our own, perhaps we should think ourselves blessed in coming into the world as late as we did. Croakers are always ready to bewail the iniquities of their own epoch and glorify the past. Unless the human mind shall in the mean while undergo a marvellous change, a great many well-meaning people in the year 1986 will say, with perfect sincerity, "How much honester and better the world was in the good old days near the end of the nineteenth century!" *W. W. Crane.*

WHETHER or not the South needs Federal aid in the task of educating her illiterates, that task is evidently a pretty serious one. So, at least, one would judge from occasional literary efforts in the Southern newspapers. Here, for instance, in a North Carolina paper, we find a card from an irate party who, it seems, has been unjustly "entitled" of the grave offence of being a watchman:

A CARD.

I have herne the replies several indifrent times that I was a watchman at the cotton yard I never watched there only induring the time the burnt cotton was there, that was five indifrent nights, I was entitled about it last night on the street B H IPOCK

The same newspaper, a year or two ago, published a letter from a deserted "up-country" husband to the city postmaster, which is as ingenious an effort to

master that art which evidently does *not* come by nature, as could well be devised. There is a certain pathos in it which is quite superior to orthography and needs no light from the dictionary as to the meaning of words. One may be permitted to suspect that William H. Spencer drew somewhat on his imagination for his facts in asserting that he "did not a buse" his wife, "nether Drive her a Way," but it is impossible, notwithstanding his evident solicitude for the return of the "large trunk and flat load of beading" and other personalities, to doubt that the man does "lov" his wife and "cant Do eny thing withdouth" her. Let us hope that the postmaster was "in to Rested" and succeeded in restoring the girl with the "wary Pretty turn and Whit teeth" to her distressed and admiring husband. Here is the letter as published in full by the postmaster as the best method of letting it "be knowen all a Round:"

MIDDLETON, HYD COUNTY, N. C.
April the 101884.

MY DEAR SIR:—I Da sire you to mak an in quirin for my wife, if you Pleas, and hav her taken up & sent back to me on the boat, becaus she left with thout a Cause. Please be in to Rested a bout it. I did not a buse her, nether Drive her a Way. I need my wife bad. I cant Do withdouth her; I lov her & Wauns her back a gain. be for I married her, her name was Mary Rhumly, but know her in tidle is Mary Spencer. Plas in quiry for her, Mary Spencer. I for bid eny man or Wo man of Clokin in thir house or Primises or any Whire a bout. let it be knowen all a Round i shall Work act Courding to law. My Wif mother is nam Sarrah Rhumly, Witter woman, I Did not Drive her off or tell her to go be Cause I lov her; i Works for & her alone. I am a farm mer & I have hevvy Crop on the Ground know & no boddy to Do for me. I am farmin on Mr. D. S. Pugh land and my wife left me in morn & cant Do eny thing withdouth my wife. I Was married in Craven County. i must hav my wife. the law will lou me to tak my wif iney Whire and if you want to know eny thin about Rit to Mr. D. S. Pugh. I for bid eny PerSon of Clokin my Wife. She Wint off on her on a cord. I did not mak her leav. I did'n threaten her a tall and must hav her back a gain. I hope this chapous Will take her. I will have her by law. She carred a large trunk and a flat load of beading sheet and lot of tin, glasses. de mand all she carred. Send her back to me on the same boat. Captain Don suffer her to leave the boat; hav her taken up and sent to me. She well known in the tound. Dark ginger cake Collor, Wary brit eyes, wary Speach, & swing her left arm & wary Pretty turn & Whit teeth. tak her Enny how & send to me. Send all she cared, a nic hat & box & other. She carried all she had off. her brother is nam Danneal Rhumly, her sister name Melvinne Rhumly. I hav not Don eny think to her that she left.

yours truly,

William H. Spencer,
Mary Spencer.

My Wife & child all i got.

Another appeal to public sympathy, in a protest from "som ten or fifteen person" whom a proud "Ice-Porter" omitted in the distribution of ice, waxes fairly eloquent. After taking the "aurthority to Say it is the Wrong Boy in the Wrong place," the protest goes on to say, "We was all denied. Just when old Sol was at high meridian and the fervent heat was descending. Just then a

poare Exhausted Being was panting for a cool Sip of Ice water as the ox pant at the Water Brook. So did we hope there will be a change."

It would be interesting to know if the Wrong Boy was summarily deposed from the wrong place in answer to this prayer, but history is silent no less as to his fate than as to that of the "brit"-eyed girl of dark ginger cake Collor.

L. S. H.

BOOK-TALK.

LORD CAMPBELL—was it not?—once wrote a book to prove that Shakespeare, from the internal evidence of his dramas, must have been an accomplished lawyer. The book is naturally highly prized by the advocates of the Baconian theory. It is true the anti-Baconians hold that Bacon never could have written the dramas, because they are full of legal mistakes which might call a blush to the cheek of even an attorney's clerk. But this only emphasizes the great truth that if Bacon did not write the dramas he ought to have done so, just as he ought to have survived to write the modern novels. Only a man who has taken all knowledge to be his province could be fully equipped as a dramatist in Shakespeare's time or a novelist in ours. Science, philosophy, theology, medicine, law, should be at the fingers' ends of writers whose plots are continually bringing them face to face with the minutiæ of those sciences. It cannot please the author of the last new novel to learn that his pet clergyman has betrayed signal ignorance of the religion he professes, that his judge has made rulings contrary to all law, that his heroine never could have died of the disease with which he has afflicted her, but is still existing somewhere in cloudland as an interesting valetudinarian.

In "The Holy Rose," for example, which was reviewed last month, Mr. Besant makes his heroines—pious and devoted Catholics—sell a valuable heirloom which had once been blessed by a pope. A good Catholic would look upon such a sale as a sacrilege, a mortal sin. Even Walter Scott, who was usually careful of his accessories, makes the Fair Maid of Perth go to mass in the afternoon, whereas that service can only be performed in the morning. It has been urged against Wilkie Collins, who is fond of introducing the sick-room into his novels, that he does not always succeed in correctly diagnosing his patient's case, in spite of the fact that his proof-sheets, so the gossip runs, are submitted to professional criticism. But it is in law that the novelist's feet have strayed the furthest, for law has a natural fascination for the romancer in its close connection with crime, mystery, and tragedy, while it is a slippery subject even in the hands of an expert. Some of the famous trial scenes that live vividly in the memory of the old novel-reader—the trial scenes, for example, in "Very Hard Cash," in "Griffith Gaunt," and in "Orley Farm"—show all the layman's unfamiliarity with the laws of evidence, and to the legal mind have about equal verisimilitude with the still more famous trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice." The greatest blunderers, of course, are the lady novelists,—Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, and our own dear Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. In her "Missing Bride" the latter has given us a trial scene where the jury are drawn not by the sheriff,

but by "idle curiosity." They "arrive unprejudiced," however, in which frame of mind they offer a noble contrast to the judge, whose shameful partiality is painted in glaring colors. That laymen and laywomen should blunder is natural enough, however; it is natural enough even when the laymen, Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope, for example, had eaten dinners at Lincoln's Inn. But that Samuel Warren, a trained lawyer, in active practice, a Q. C., should make an error in the very turning-point of a novel written with the utmost care and elaborated with great effect, is really remarkable. Yet this is only the fact. In "Ten Thousand a Year," when the crisis of interest has been reached in the trial scene, a deed which would have decided the case is set aside by the judge because an erasure is discovered in a material point. The clerk who had engrossed the deed had made the erasure through carelessness. It is true that Blackstone lays the rule down without qualification that an erasure vitiates a deed. But the weight of authority, from Coke down to Greenleaf, has decided that the jury must determine whether the erasure was made before or after signing, and unless they find it was made after signing the deed will stand.

Here is "Ivan Ilyitch and other Stories," by Count Lyof N. Tolstoï (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), which Nathan Haskell Dole has translated from the Russian. Ivan Ilyitch is the story of a sick-room. Is the pathology all right? one cannot help asking. Whatever the doctors may say, the preachers at least can have no fault to find with the story, except that it usurps their function. It is one of the most forcible sermons ever penned,—as forcible as that ghastly and terrible chapter in which Carlyle has pictured Louis XV. on his death-bed. The incidents are of the simplest. Ivan Ilyitch is a Russian official. An average man mentally and morally, who takes the world as he finds it, who aims only to live comfortably and respectably in the eyes of his neighbors, who is absorbed in the minutiæ of daily life and in vulgar thoughts and ambitions, he has no leisure to cultivate the higher emotions or the kindly affections. At the period of his greatest worldly success he injures himself by a fall while arranging his new residence in obedience to the whims of his querulous wife and his own aspirations for elegance. It is nothing, apparently,—only a slight bruise, which passes off in a day or two. But for some weeks Ivan complains of a strange taste in his mouth and an uneasiness in the left side of his abdomen. The uneasiness increases. Ivan consults the doctors. First one celebrity gives his opinion, then another. Ivan only learns that he is in a bad way. He is exasperated at the cold-blooded scientific manner in which the doctors dwell upon the symptoms that strike him with anguish and terror. He is exasperated still more by the coldness and indifference of his wife and daughter. The former even seems to look upon his illness as an added indignity put upon herself. He grows worse, and takes to his bed. The doctors cheerily consult and disagree; the family continue their wonted occupations and amusements; on the poor stricken wretch, face to face with the awful horror of death, the lesson of the vanity and emptiness of life—above all, the vanity and emptiness of the life which he has been leading—presses with hideous force. He hates his wife, he hates his daughter, he hates himself; he dies at last in mental and bodily torture. The widow assumes becoming mourning, weeps in public, and in private inquires about the insurance policy; mass is celebrated over the remains; a number of friends gather at the funeral. That is the whole story. No words can do justice to its ghastly impressiveness.

Not in a spirit of hypercriticism, but as curious matter for speculation, it might not be amiss to ask whether Ivan Ilyitch is, after all, a consistent reality? That in conventional critical language he is true to the broad general facts of human nature is undeniable. A man whose career of health and worldly prosperity had been suddenly arrested by sickness and the fear of death might suffer in the way that Ivan Ilyitch does, if he were a man of sensitive moral fibre, no matter what amount of selfishness and indifference to his better impulses his life might have engendered. Tolstoï himself, for example, would have suffered thus if he had been cut down in a similar fashion at any time during the ten years of which he writes, "I put men to death in war, I fought duels to slay others, I lost at cards, wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, and murder, all committed by me, not one crime omitted, and yet I was not the less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man." *Mutatis mutandis*, and allowing for some penitential exaggeration, these words would fairly well describe the life of the average young man not only in Russia, but in France or England or America. Tolstoï says that he cannot now recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing. But he also says that during those years he had been stifling his higher aspirations. The average man who has no higher aspirations to stifle looks back upon such misspent years with neither horror nor loathing. A tough conscience and a good digestion carry a sinner through life pretty comfortably. The digestion may be impaired, but the tough conscience endureth. The Reviewer remembers hearing a clergyman say that the cheerfuller death-beds were those of the sinners rather than of the saints. In one of his poems Byron asserts that death has greater terrors for the pious ascetic than for the sated voluptuary.

Tolstoï has simply, by a supreme effort of imagination, put himself, with his sensitive conscience, his acuter perceptions, in the place of the stricken Ivan. So Dickens has imagined himself in Bill Sykes's place, in Jonas Chuzzlewit's place, and written out the sensations he would have experienced. A brutal animal like Bill Sykes, a narrow-minded sneak like Chuzzlewit, could never feel as the novelist makes them feel. Hawthorne was more successful with Dimmesdale, for Hawthorne *was* Dimmesdale, and he could picture to himself his mental furnishment. The greatest genius is as hopelessly limited within the four walls of his own being as the greatest dunce. "The difficult task of knowing another soul," says George Eliot, "is not for young gentlemen whose consciousness is chiefly made up of their own wishes." Well, that difficult task is not for the great geniuses either. We are all of us hero-worshippers, and inclined to pay divine honors to our idols. The great genius stares with purblind eyes into the infinite, and because he sees a little further than we do we call him a seer, we reverence him as a demi-god. He casts his poor little plummet into the fathomless ocean of human nature, and because he goes deeper than we do we think he has touched bottom. When we say that a writer has great insight into character, we mean that he describes the people around us in a way that seems to us, who know even less than he, true and life-like. When he concerns himself with fictitious characters it is impossible to find him out. When he deals in history he is equally safe, for he makes better use of the materials that are at every one's command. A vivid conception of a man or a period need not be a true one,—indeed, is probably a false one.

"Henry Esmond," "Romola," "The French Revolution," merely prove that writers of genius have been able to represent to themselves the periods to which these works refer under certain aspects, not that those aspects are true. Paint Savonarola, Marlborough, Danton, in a sufficiently vivid manner, and none will question the likeness. Scott's Louis XI. is, in critical cant, very complete, but that does not prove that it is like the original. It merely proves that Scott had a more vivid imagination than is usually granted to the sons of men. If the writer of insight deals with the characters around him, he is more liable to be tripped up. When Carlyle speaks of "the most popular of men,—inoffensive, like a worn sixpence that has no physiognomy left," he produces an epigram that standing apart from the context is striking and life-like and apparently true. Its untruth is revealed the moment we find that Charles Sumner is the person so described. If Hawthorne had applied his clever and acute description of Margaret Fuller to a fictitious character, no one would have questioned its truth to nature. But when he labelled it Margaret Fuller its injustice became apparent to those who knew that lady better than he did. Dickens in one of his prefaces says, "I have never touched a character precisely from the life, but some counterpart of that character has incredulously asked me, Now, really, did I ever really see one like it?" Probably the inquirer was right, the novelist wrong. Indeed, the novelist gives himself away, to use the expressive *argot* of the street, in his next sentence. "All the Pecksniff family upon earth" (he continues) "are quite agreed, I believe, that Mr. Pecksniff is an exaggeration, and that no such character ever existed." Well, Mr. Pecksniff never did exist. As a type of hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness he is excellent, as an attempt at the portrayal of individual character he is a monstrous failure.

The fourteen other stories in the volume were originally written as tracts for the people, to enforce certain favorite doctrines of the author in simple and homely language. They will all repay perusal. Quaint, ingenious, and fanciful in themselves, they are doubly interesting from the insight they give into the personality of a very remarkable man. Of "Ivan the Fool" this is especially true; but, though that story is a work of genius in a literary sense, from a politico-economical stand-point it can no more be taken seriously than can the fulminations of that great and erratic Englishman, John Ruskin. Indeed, if the author were unknown, it might almost be mistaken for a malicious burlesque on his pet doctrine of non-resistance. The translation is generally good, but in his anxiety to preserve the flavor of the original Mr. Dole has occasionally sacrificed good English and even good sense to literalness. In a school-boy's composition the insertion of the brackets in the sentence "Immediately his belly [ache] went away" might not have the same ludicrous effect it has in the present instance. And if this were indeed a school-boy's composition, would not Master Dole get a bad mark for a paragraph such as this?—"Pakhom settled down. He got cattle. He had three times as much land as he had had before, and the land was fertile. Life was tenfold better than it had been in the old time; had all the arable land and fodder that he needed. Keep as many cattle as you like."

The criticism which groups Tolstoï with Howells and James as a "realist" seems a very narrow and mistaken one. Indeed, the word "realist" is getting to be as much of a shibboleth in this latter part of the nineteenth century

as the word "correct" was in the eighteenth century, and has been equally conventionalized and restricted in its meaning. In any large sense of the words, Addison and Pope were not as correct as Shakespeare and Milton, nor are Howells and James as real as Thackeray and Scott. Tolstoï, in everything but contemporaneity, stands as far apart from the American novelists as Swift did from the rest of the Queen Anne men. There is a perpetual sense of grasp and vigor in his writings, an earnestness, a sincerity, a moral force, which are lacking in the Americans. On the other hand, he lacks their winning grace, their deft and artistic touch, their humor, as well as that sense of conventional fitness which is an excellent thing in its way, but which prevents them from ministering to the higher needs of the soul, exactly as it prevented the trim muses of the Queen Anne period. There seems to be a certain propriety in speaking of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, of Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, but somehow one is reluctant to give these artificial titles to those great writers who, while they are not so careful about the "realism" or the "correctness" of their accessories, touch the truer and deeper self of the reader. Tolstoï has been called a realist, but the realism of "Anna Karenina" is a very different thing from the realism of any American novel. And no American realist would be so courageous, so earnest, or so mentally unsophisticated as to produce a book like "My Confession" (Crowell), which in its frank directness, its logical eccentricity, its mournful impressiveness, its fiery zeal, reminds one by turns of Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and of St. Augustine's "Confessions."

All thoughtful men are impressed by the disparity between man—who claims to be a reasonable and immortal being, who appears upon this planet for a brief to-day, a halting-ground between two eternities, with mysteries pressing above, around, and within him for solution—and his follies, his pettinesses, his absorbing interest in the trivialities of daily life. The average man, however, though he may occasionally be stirred from his security when a marvel like birth or death enters into his own circle, soon returns to common working life and the feelings and habits which this world engenders. We call him the practical man, the man of common sense. Other men also return to daily life, retaining a vivid impression of their deeper thoughts, feeling the contrast keenly, but struck rather with its oddity than its sadness. These are the humorists,—the Horaces, the Montaignes, the Lambs, the Howellses. Other men, again, recoil with scorn or wrath or pity from the lower side of life. The vanity, the transitoriness, of all human pursuits presses at all times upon their consciousness. They would fain have the whole world be as men picture it to themselves when temporarily regarding it under the influence of their higher thoughts only. These are the poets, the prophets, the religious enthusiasts,—the Buddhas, Dantes, Carlyles, Tolstoïs. They are often one-sided, they often lack the balance of mind which humor bestows, but their very one-sidedness makes them the more intense, and intensity is more powerful than humor. It is these men who impress themselves most upon their fellows and add most largely to the vein of thought which feeds the moral life of society. The world puts its own interpretation on their teaching, and brings it within the possibilities of actual life; nevertheless it receives it and abides by it, until other teaching comes to supersede it.

One of the most entertaining books that have recently been issued is Henry T. Finck's "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty: their Development, Causal

Relations, and Historic and National Peculiarities" (Macmillan & Co.). It is largely a mosaic of quotations,—showing wide reading, retentive memory, and excellent taste,—but the quotations are held in place and given a philosophical continuity by a strain of original and brilliant reasoning, the aim of the whole being to show that Romantic Love, the prematrimonial affection which a modern lover feels for his mistress, is in its universality a recent development in the race, although great men as far back as Dante and Petrarch (great men being necessarily in advance of their time) experienced and described it. The love which Mr. Finck celebrates is that which Emerson describes in "Each and All:"

> The lover watched his chosen maid
> As through the virgin choir she strayed,
> Nor knew her beauty's best attire
> Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
> At last she came to his hermitage,
> Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage:
> The gay enchantment was undone,
> A gentle wife, but fairy none.

It is this gay enchantment, this temporary exaltation of a woman into a goddess, so that the touch of her finger-tips is a mystery and a delight, and even a veil blown from her head against the lover's person is an intoxication of the senses,—it is this sublimation of the sexual instinct which Mr. Finck claims to be of modern growth. In a general way he is undoubtedly right, though he may err in assuming that the expression of the feeling would be coeval with its birth. Men are shy of speaking of emotions that are too sacredly individual; they need an audience, no matter of how few, so that it be fit. Further, does the birth of Romantic Love in literature itself date no further back than Dante's "Vita Nuova," and is Mr. Finck right in denying that there is any infusion of the sentiment he celebrates in the amatory poems of Catullus, and, above all, in the Song of Songs?

"Thraldom," by Julian Sturgis (Appleton), is not the sort of work we have learned to expect from that very clever writer, and the departure from his usual manner is hardly a successful one. The author of "An Accomplished Gentleman" and "Dick's Wanderings" is delightfully at home in the real life of modern English society and politics, but this excursus into the fields of romance, with uncanny negresses and mesmerists and mysterious artists as the centres of interest, is disappointing.

"Brief Institutes of General History," by Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews (Silver, Rogers & Co.), is a book meant for teachers or advanced scholars, for people who wish to synthesize what knowledge they possess, rather than for beginners. It aims to give not merely an outline history of the world, but also "the *rationale* of historical movement," and succeeds in being a painstaking compilation of the latest views, discoveries, and theories, put into a somewhat crabbed and obscure style. Perhaps the book would have had a less bewildering appearance if the substance of the notes had been worked into the text (as it is, there are more notes than text), but there is no doubt that the select bibliography at the end of each chapter is of great value as a syllabus and register of the best literature for side-readings.

On the other hand, the three volumes of "Universal History" published by

J. B. Lippincott Company,—"Ancient History" by George Rawlinson, "Mediæval" by Professor George Thomas Stokes, and "Modern" by Professor Arthur St. George Patton,—these three volumes form an excellent manual for historical students at any stage of their education. They are neither so philosophical nor so declamatory as Professor Andrews's book; they only aim to tell the story of man from the outside in simple and intelligible words, and to deal very lightly with philosophical theories. A useful supplementary volume on "Geological History," the natural history of the earth and of its pre-human inhabitants, has been added by Edward Hull, director of the Geological Survey of Ireland. The idea of presenting a popular summary of the historical portion of geological science is a novel one, and the happy thought is happily carried out.

Under the title of "Knickerbocker Nuggets," Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons have begun a reissue of certain classics in dainty miniature form and in a binding and typography that are a delight to the eye. The volumes so far issued include "Select Tales from the Gesta Romanorum," "Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey," by Thomas Love Peacock, "Gulliver's Travels," and "Tales from Irving." Many readers will be especially glad to obtain those clever little satires by Peacock which evidently suggested to Mr. Mallock the scope and method of his "New Republic."

The series of "Lives of the Presidents," written for boys by William O. Stoddard (Stokes), has been continued by two new volumes, "Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams" and "Jackson and Van Buren." These books are written agreeably and pleasantly, and even a grown reader need not be ashamed to give them a place in his library, provided his teeth are not set on edge by the gilded and gaudy binding.

"Uncle Rutherford's Attic," by Joanna H. Mathews (Stokes), and "Esther," by Rosa Nouchette Carey (Lippincott), each bear the sub-title "A Book for Girls," and each can be placed with perfect safety in the hands of any member of the audience to which it is addressed. But if Paterfamilias is anxious to amuse his girls as well as to edify them, he had better choose Miss Carey's book, which is brighter and more readable, and gives a quite charming insight into English home-life.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Our Hundred Days in Europe" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a cheery, genial, and wholesome record of his recent European trip, brightened up here and there with well-bred personalities concerning the distinguished and interesting persons whom he met. But, in spite of the biographic and autobiographic value of the book, it cannot take rank with his more serious work.

"The English Language, its Grammar, History, and Literature," by Professor J. M. D. Meiklejohn, of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland (D. C. Heath & Co.), is an intelligent and intelligible compilation, which combines in a handy and convenient form the features of a grammar, a history of the English language, and a history of English literature. The work is well done, and may be recommended not only to students, but to "all who wish for any reason to review the leading facts of English language and literature,"—a class of persons whom the author expresses a desire to reach.

CURRENT NOTES.

IN a previous issue of this magazine, occasion was taken to commend the efforts of the American Society for the Prevention of Adulteration of Food, of which Dr. H. W. Amerling, of Philadelphia, is the enthusiastic president, in behalf of legislation by Congress for the suppression of the present wholesale adulteration in foods, drugs, and liquors. It is gratifying to note the growth and earnestness of public sentiment in favor of such legislation, as evidenced by the discussion of the subject in the public press. A most wholesome sign of purer food for the future is exhibited also in the action of the retail dealers of the country, who through their trade associations in the centres of population are harmoniously working towards restrictive legislation. The tradesmen who come next to the consumers have it entirely within their power by united and systematic action to drive every article that is adulterated or unwholesome out of the market. The reports of the meetings of many of the grocers' associations show an enthusiasm upon the subject which portends much good to the public at large.

In our former reference to this matter we expressed the opinion that the most effective remedy for the suppression of impure food would be found in public exposure, and an instance of the efficacy of this method was cited in the alum baking-powders, where such an exposure fearlessly made was the means of preventing almost entirely the sale of these dangerous goods for years. Acting upon a similar opinion, apparently, the Massachusetts State Board of Health, one of the most progressive sanitary bodies in the country, of which Dr. H. P. Walcott, of Cambridge, is at the head, has recently published the names of twenty-six baking-powders sold in New England, and warned the public against their use. Our most eminent physicians have declared that alum in food is poisonous to the system.

The State Dairy and Food Commission of Ohio, acting under the direction of the legislature, has made examinations of many of the more important articles of food sold in that State. The Commissioner has added to the usefulness of his work by prominently publishing the names of the alum baking-powders discovered, thus enabling consumers to protect themselves from a danger which it would appear from the report has become of alarming proportions in that commonwealth. The Food Commissioner goes further, and indicates the baking-powder which the official examination proved the purest and most wholesome. The best baking-powder is stated to be that which, giving the largest percentage of leavening gas, leaves the lowest percentage of resultant salts or residuum in the bread. Under this rule the cream of tartar powders are ranked as follows:

Name.	Percentage of carbon gas.	Percentage of resultant salts.
Royal	11.80	7.25
Sterling.	11.	12.63
Dr. Price's	10.50	12.66
De Land's	10.	32.53

Will not New York, Pennsylvania, and the great States of the Northwest take a similar action in the interest of the public health?

ALBION W. TOURGÉE, author of "A Fool's Errand" and other books that have had a phenomenal sale, will contribute to *Lippincott's Magazine* a series of stories under the general title of "With Gauge & Swallow," illustrating the interesting, curious, and exciting phases of the law. The stories will all be complete in themselves, but will revolve around a common centre of interest. The initial story will be published in the December number. It is entitled "Professor Cadmus's Great Case," and turns on the question of expert testimony in handwriting, the tangled web of a supposed forgery being unravelled with rare ingenuity.

THE handsomest book of the year is undoubtedly Will H. Low's illustrated edition of Keats's "Sonnets and Lyrics," which forms a worthy companion to the same artist's "Lamia," issued in 1885.

THE next number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will contain a new novel by Captain Charles King, entitled "From the Ranks." Captain King's stories of military life have achieved the widest success with both military and non-military readers, and his novel of "The Deserter," published in the May number of the magazine, was immediately successful on its first issue and is still in constant and steady demand. No American author has ever succeeded in painting so accurately and so cleverly the human heart that beats beneath the gilt buttons and shoulder-straps, nor, indeed, the human heart that beats in the breast of the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of the graduates of West Point.

WALT WHITMAN, it was recently announced, was to umpire a base-ball game in Camden, New Jersey. The announcement was even printed upon the tickets of admission to the game, and it drew to the grounds a number of Whitman's admirers from Philadelphia, eager to see the poet and sage in a new and difficult rôle. But no Walt appeared upon the scene, and it was learned afterwards that the announcement had been made without his authority and even without his knowledge.

WITH the November (1886) number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* the publishers introduced a new idea, an original feature, into periodical literature. The serial story, it appeared to them, had had its day. Readers were beginning to weary of having their fiction doled out to them in monthly instalments. They wanted the option of doing their reading in one sitting.

The publishers, therefore, abandoned the serial feature, and commenced the publication of a complete novel with every issue. Fortune favored them. Their first novel was "Brueton's Bayou," by John Habberton, a little masterpiece, in which that popular novelist outdid all his former work.

This was followed by novels from such authors as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Julian Hawthorne, M. G. McClelland, Lucy C. Lillie, Edgar Fawcett, Captain Charles King, etc. The public became interested; the circulation of the magazine doubled and redoubled many times over; the new feature was a success.

Encouraged by this success, the publishers have made arrangements for the coming year with some of the best and most popular American authors. Complete novels will be furnished by William H. Bishop, Captain Charles King, Mrs. A. L. Wister, Miss Julia Magruder, Miss Amélie Rives, Henry Hayes (author of "Sons and Daughters"), etc.

The list of contributors who have added brilliancy to the miscellaneous portion of the magazine will be retained. Short stories, essays, and poems will be contributed to early numbers by Amélie Rives, Thomas Nelson Page, Edgar Fawcett, Joaquin Miller, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, H. H. Boyesen, Edith M. Thomas, etc.

The autobiographical experiences of noted men and women, which have attracted attention in the past, will be continued by contributions from H. H. Boyesen, Fanny Davenport, Belva Lockwood, Lotta, Frances E. Wadleigh, Clara Barton, etc. In addition, the people whose callings or circumstances are odd or interesting in themselves will be admitted to the confessional. Thus, "An Adventuress," "An Unsuccessful Author," "A Woman-Suffrage Agitator," "A Government Clerk," "A Literary Butcher," and many others, will detail their experiences.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—Dr. George McKnight, Hannibal, New York, says, "I have used it in cases of nervous exhaustion, with quite satisfactory results."

IN view of the approaching reproduction of "Faust" in this country by Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company have just ready a handsome octavo book on "Faust, the Legend and the Poem," by Wm. S. Walsh, illustrated with six etchings by Herman Faber. Mr. Walsh traces the story back through the puppet-plays, Marlowe's "Faustus," and the mediæval chap-books, to the legend of Simon Magus, although he is inclined to believe that Faust was a real character, a contemporary of Melanchthon's, in whom the older legend, with other legends concerning other enchanters and magicians, was absorbed and concentrated. He attempts also to show that the poem is in its essence an autobiography; that, although it follows very closely the outlines of the mediæval puppet-play, it has informed them with an allegorical meaning which corresponds with the facts of his own mental and moral life. The compact with Mephistopheles, the Witches' kitchen, the seduction of Margaret, the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken, the festival in the Emperor's court, the pursuit and final capture of Helena, the draining of the sea by Faust, are all shown to be poetical pictures of the phases of feeling through which the myriad-minded poet passed.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN INDIGESTION.—Drs. Marshall and Longacre, Olney, Illinois, say, "We have used it in cases of indigestion, with good results."

HUGH BLACK, of Ontario, claims, in the *North American Review* for October, that the famous doggerel epitaph over Shakespeare's grave, "Good Friend for Jesu's Sake Forbear," etc., is to be read by means of Bacon's biliteral cipher, and when so read reveals the secret meaning, namely,—

Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays.

It would be interesting to know whether any student of cryptograms could not succeed in reading Ignatius Donnelly's name into the same lines. Mr. Black's article is ingenious and interesting, but is as curiously illogical and wrong-headed as the Millerite interpretations of Revelation which from time to time have warned the world of its approaching end.

While the Baconians are doing their best to claim Shakespeare's works for Bacon, a German writer, Eugene Reichel, has produced a critical inquiry as to "Who wrote the Novum Organon?" He concludes, from the internal evidence of style, that it could not have been Francis Bacon, being at once too poetical and too philosophical, although he acknowledges that here and there it has some of his finger-marks, evidently impressed with cunning after-thought to give color to the pretensions of Bacon. Who then did write the book? Shakespeare was Reichel's first guess, but he threw this aside because he deemed that the dramatist was born a little too late and must have impregnated whatever he penned with more poetry. His final conclusion is that it was a teacher of Bacon's, who, taken suddenly sick, on his death-bed intrusted his philosophical material to his promising pupil.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE GIVES SATISFACTORY RESULTS.—Dr. O. W. Weeks, Marion, Ohio, says, "Its use is followed by results satisfactory both to patient and physician."

A CURIOUS libel suit has recently attracted public attention in Germany. The great firm of Brockhaus, in its collection of Spanish novels (published in the original and sold largely in the Spanish-speaking countries of South America), included the novels of Trueba, without any compensation to the author. In an open letter, published in the *Deutsche Schriftsteller-Zeitung*, with comments by the editor, W. Lange, the author savagely protested against this treatment, and called the publishers thieves. Brockhaus brought suit against the editor for libel. But the court agreed with Lange and Trueba that the appropriation of unprotected literary property was immoral and reprehensible, and accordingly acquitted Lange. An appeal to a higher court was decided in the same way. An amusing incident in the trial was the reading by defendant's counsel of Brockhaus's own description of literary piracy in the "Conversations-Lexicon" of 1824,—viz., "that literary piracy which, defiantly mocking at right and custom, seeks its aim in reaping what others have sown. The business of a reprinter is base, he is publicly despised, his trade is immoral," etc.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR IMPAIRED VITALITY.—Dr. F. Skillem, Pulaski, Tennessee, says, "I think it is a reliable medicine for impaired vitality."

"COUNTRY LUCK," by John Habberton, which J. B. Lippincott Company have now ready for publication, is a charming idyl of country life and a satire upon the conventionalities and affectation of social life in New York, worked together with consummate tact and skill into a delightful love-story.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, Rhode Island.

AMONG the many Southern writers who will grace early numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine*, special mention may be made of Miss Amélie Rives, who will contribute a novel, short stories, and poems, Thomas Nelson Page, Miss Julia Magruder, Miss M. G. McClelland, Samuel Minturn Peck, Wm. H. Hayne, and others.

FROM THE RANKS.

A NOVEL.

BY

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING,

AUTHOR OF

"THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "THE DESERTER," "MARION'S FAITH,"
"KITTY'S CONQUEST," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1887.

FROM THE RANKS.

I.

A STRANGE thing had happened at the old fort during the still watches of the night. Even now, at nine in the morning, no one seemed to be in possession of the exact circumstances. The officer of the day was engaged in an investigation, and all that appeared to be generally known was the bald statement that the sentry on "Number Five" had fired at somebody or other about half after three; that he had fired by order of the officer of the day, who was on his post at the time; and that now he flatly refused to talk about the matter.

Garrison curiosity, it is perhaps needless to say, was rather stimulated than lulled by this announcement. An unusual number of officers were chatting about head-quarters when Colonel Maynard came over to his office. Several ladies, too, who had hitherto shown but languid interest in the morning music of the band, had taken the trouble to stroll down to the old quadrangle, ostensibly to see guard-mounting. Mrs. Maynard was almost always on her piazza at this time, and her lovely daughter was almost sure to be at the gate with two or three young fellows lounging about her. This morning, however, not a soul appeared in front of the colonel's quarters.

Guard-mounting at the fort was not held until nine o'clock, contrary to the somewhat general custom at other posts in our scattered army. Colonel Maynard had ideas of his own upon the subject, and it was his theory that everything worked more smoothly if he had finished a leisurely breakfast before beginning office-work of any kind, and neither the colonel nor his family cared to breakfast before eight o'clock. In view of the fact that Mrs. Maynard had borne that name but a very short time and that her knowledge of army life dated only from the month of May, the garrison was disposed to consider her en-

titled to much latitude of choice in such matters, even while it did say that she was old enough to be above bride-like sentiment. The women-folk at the fort were of opinion that Mrs. Maynard was fifty. It must be conceded that she was over forty, also that this was her second entry into the bonds of matrimony.

That no one should now appear on the colonel's piazza was obviously a disappointment to several people. In some way or other most of the breakfast-tables at the post had been enlivened by accounts of the mysterious shooting. The soldiers going the rounds with the "police-cart," the butcher and grocer and baker from town, the old milkwoman with her glistening cans, had all served as newsmongers from kitchen to kitchen, and the story that came in with the coffee to the lady of the house had lost nothing in bulk or bravery. The groups of officers chatting and smoking in front of head-quarters gained accessions every moment, while the ladies seemed more absorbed in chat and confidences than in the sweet music of the band.

What fairly exasperated some men was the fact that the old officer of the day was not out on the parade where he belonged. Only the new incumbent was standing there in statuesque pose as the band trooped along the line, and the fact that the colonel had sent out word that the ceremony would proceed without Captain Chester only served to add fuel to the flame of popular conjecture. It was known that the colonel was holding a consultation with closed doors with the old officer of the day, and never before since he came to the regiment had the colonel been known to look so pale and strange as when he glanced out for just one moment and called his orderly. The soldier sprang up, saluted, received his message, and, with every eye following him, sped off towards the old stone guard-house. In three minutes he was on his way back, accompanied by a corporal and private of the guard in full dress uniform.

"That's Leary,—the man who fired the shot," said Captain Wilton to his senior lieutenant, who stood by his side.

"Belongs to B Company, doesn't he?" queried the subaltern. "Seems to me I have heard Captain Armitage say he was one of his best men."

"Yes. He's been in the regiment as long as I can remember. What on earth can the colonel want him for? Near as I can learn, he only fired by Chester's order."

"And neither of them knows what he fired at."

It was perhaps ten minutes more before Private Leary came forth from the door-way of the colonel's office, nodded to the corporal, and, raising their white-gloved hands in salute to the group of officers, the two men tossed their rifles to the right shoulder and strode back to the guard.

Another moment, and the colonel himself opened his door and appeared in the hall-way. He stopped abruptly, turned back and spoke a few words in low tone, then hurried through the groups at the entrance, looking at no man, avoiding their glances, and giving faint and impatient return to the soldierly salutations that greeted him. The sweat was beaded on his forehead; his lips were white, and his face full

of a trouble and dismay no man had ever seen there before. He spoke to no one, but walked rapidly homeward, entered, and closed the gate and door behind him.

For a moment there was silence in the group. Few men in the service were better loved and honored than the veteran soldier who commanded the ——th Infantry; and it was with genuine concern that his officers saw him so deeply and painfully affected,—for affected he certainly was. Never before had his cheery voice denied them a cordial "Good-morning, gentlemen." Never before had his blue eyes flinched. He had been their comrade and commander in years of frontier service, and his bachelor home had been the rendezvous of all genial spirits when in garrison. They had missed him sorely when he went abroad on long leave the previous year, and were almost indignant when they received the news that he had met his fate in Italy and would return married. "She" was the widow of a wealthy New-Yorker who had been dead some three years only, and, though over forty, did not look her years to masculine eyes when she reached the fort in May. After knowing her a week, the garrison had decided to a man that the colonel had done wisely. Mrs. Maynard was charming, courteous, handsome, and accomplished. Only among the women were there still a few who resented their colonel's capture; and some of these, oblivious of the fact that they had tempted him with relations of their own, were sententious and severe in their condemnation of second marriage; for the colonel, too, was indulging in a second experiment. Of his first, only one man in the regiment, besides the commander, could tell anything; and he, to the just indignation of almost everybody, would not discuss the subject. It was rumored that in the old days when Maynard was senior captain and Chester junior subaltern in their former regiment the two had very little in common. It was known that the first Mrs. Maynard, while still young and beautiful, had died abroad. It was hinted that the resignation of a dashing lieutenant of the regiment, which was synchronous with her departure for foreign shores, was demanded by his brother officers; but it was useless asking Captain Chester. He could not tell; and—wasn't it odd?—here was Chester again, the only man in the colonel's confidence in an hour of evident trouble.

"By Jove! what's gone wrong with the chief?" was the first exclamation from one of the older officers. "I never saw him look so broken."

As no explanation suggested itself, they began edging in towards the office. The door stood open; a hand-bell banged; a clerk darted in from the sergeant-major's rooms, and Captain Chester was revealed seated at the colonel's desk. This in itself was sufficient to induce several officers to stroll in and look inquiringly around. Captain Chester, merely nodding, went on with some writing at which he was engaged.

After a moment's awkward silence and uneasy glancing at one another, the party seemed to arrive at the conclusion that it was time to speak. The band had ceased, and the new guard had marched away behind its pealing bugles. Lieutenant Hall winked at his comrades,

strolled hesitatingly over to the desk, balanced unsteadily on one leg, and, with his hands sticking in his trousers-pockets and his forage-cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and, with marked lack of confidence, accosted his absorbed superior:

"Colonel gone home?"

"Didn't you see him?" was the uncompromising reply; and the captain did not deign to raise his head or eyes.

"Well—er—yes, I suppose I did," said Mr. Hall, shifting uncomfortably to his other leg, and prodding the floor with the toe of his boot.

"Then that wasn't what you wanted to know, I presume," said Captain Chester, signing his name with a vicious dab of the pen and bringing his fist down with a thump on the blotting-pad, while he wheeled around in his chair and looked squarely up into the perturbed features of the junior.

"No, it wasn't," answered Mr. Hall, in an injured tone, while an audible snicker at the door added to his sense of discomfort. "What I mainly wanted was to know could I go to town."

"That matter is easily arranged, Mr. Hall. All you have to do is to get out of that uncomfortable and unsoldierly position, stand in the attitude in which you are certainly more at home and infinitely more picturesque, proffer your request in respectful words, and there is no question as to the result."

"Oh! you're in command, then?" said Mr. Hall, slowly wriggling into the position of the soldier and flushing through his bronzed cheeks. "I thought the colonel might be only gone for a minute."

"The colonel may not be back for a week; but you be here for dress-parade all the same, and—— Mr. Hall!" he called, as the young officer was turning away. The latter faced about again.

"Was Mr. Jerrold going with you to town?"

"Yes, sir. He was to drive me in his dog-cart, and it's over here now."

"Mr. Jerrold cannot go,—at least not until I have seen him."

"Why, captain, he got the colonel's permission at breakfast this morning."

"That is true, no doubt, Mr. Hall." And the captain dropped his sharp and captious manner, and his voice fell, as though in sympathy with the cloud that settled on his face. "I cannot explain matters just now. There are reasons why the permission is withdrawn for the time being. The adjutant will notify him." And Captain Chester turned to his desk again as the new officer of the day, guard-book in hand, entered to make his report.

"The usual orders, captain," said Chester, as he took the book from his hand and looked over the list of prisoners. Then, in bold and rapid strokes, he wrote across the page the customary certificate of the old officer of the day, winding up with this remark:

"He also inspected guard and visited sentries between 3 and 3.35 A.M. The firing at 3.30 A.M. was by his order."

Meantime, those officers who had entered and who had no immediate duty to perform were standing or seated around the room, but all ob-

serving profound silence. For a moment or two no sound was heard but the scratching of the captain's pen. Then, with some embarrassment and hesitancy, he laid it down and glanced around him.

"Has any one here anything to ask,—any business to transact?"

Two or three mentioned some routine matters that required the action of the post-commander, but did so reluctantly, as though they preferred to await the orders of the colonel himself. Captain Wilton, indeed, spoke his sentiments:

"I wanted to see Colonel Maynard about getting two men of my company relieved from extra duty; but, as he isn't here, I fancy I had better wait."

"Not at all. Who are your men?—Have it done at once, Mr. Adjutant, and supply their places from my company, if need be. Now is there anything else?"

The group was apparently "nonplussed," as the adjutant afterwards put it, by such unlooked-for complaisance on the part of the usually crotchety senior captain. Still, no one offered to lead the others and leave the room. After a moment's nervous rapping with his knuckles on the desk, Captain Chester again abruptly spoke:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to incommode you, but, if there be nothing more that you desire to see me about, I shall go on with some other matters, which—pardon me—do not require your presence."

At this very broad hint the party slowly found their legs, and with much wonderment and not a few resentful glances at their temporary commander the officers sauntered to the door-way. There, however, several stopped again, still reluctant to leave in the face of so pervading a mystery, for Wilton turned.

"Am I to understand that Colonel Maynard has left the post to be gone any length of time?" he asked.

"He has not yet gone. I do not know how long he will be gone or how soon he will start. For pressing personal reasons he has turned over the command to me; and, if he decide to remain away, of course some field-officer will be ordered to come to head-quarters. For a day or two you will have to worry along with me; but I shan't worry you more than I can help. I've got mystery and mischief enough here to keep me busy, God knows. Just ask Sloat to come back here to me, will you? And—Wilton, I did not mean to be abrupt with you. I'm all upset to-day. Mr. Adjutant, notify Mr. Jerrold at once that he must not leave the post until I have seen him. It is the colonel's last order. Tell him so."

II.

The night before had been unusually dark. A thick veil of clouds overspread the heavens and hid the stars. Moon there was none, for the faint silver crescent that gleamed for a moment through the swift-sailing wisps of vapor had dropped beneath the horizon soon after tattoo, and the mournful strains of "taps," borne on the rising wind, seemed to signal "extinguish lights" to the entire firmament as well as to Fort Sibley. There was a dance of some kind at the quarters of one of the staff-officers living far up the row on the southern terrace.

Chester heard the laughter and chat as the young officers and their convoy of matrons and maids came tripping homeward after midnight. He was a crusty old bachelor, to use his own description, and rarely ventured into these scenes of social gayety, and, besides, he was officer of the day, and it was a theory he was fond of expounding to juniors that when on guard no soldier should permit himself to be drawn from the scene of his duties. With his books and his pipe Chester whiled away the lonely hours of the early night, and wondered if the wind would blow up a rain or disperse the clouds entirely. Towards one o'clock a light, bounding footstep approached his door, and the portal flew open as a trim-built young fellow with laughing eyes and an air of exuberant health and spirits came briskly in. It was Rollins, the junior second lieutenant of the regiment, and Chester's own and only pet,—so said the envious others. He was barely a year out of leading-strings at the Point, and as full of hope and pluck and mischief as a colt. Moreover, he was frank and teachable, said Chester, and didn't come to him with the idea that he had nothing to learn and less to do. The boy won upon his gruff captain from the very start, and, to the incredulous delight of the whole regiment, within six months the old cynic had taken him into his heart and home, and Mr. Rollins occupied a pleasant room under Chester's roof-tree, and was the sole accredited sharer of the captain's mess. To a youngster just entering service, whose ambition it was to stick to business and make a record for zeal and efficiency, these were manifest advantages. There were men in the regiment to whom such close communion with a watchful senior would have been most embarrassing, and Mr. Rollins's predecessor as second lieutenant of Chester's company was one of these. Mr. Jerrold was a happy man when promotion took him from under the wing of "Crusty Jake" and landed him in Company B. More than that, it came just at a time when, after four years of loneliness and isolation at an up-river stockade, his new company and his old one, together with four others from the regiment, were ordered to join head-quarters and the band at the most delightful station in the Northwest. Here Mr. Rollins had reported for duty during the previous autumn, and here they were with troops of other arms of the service, enjoying the close proximity of all the good things of civilization.

Chester looked up with a quizzical smile as his "plebe" came in:

"Well, sir, how many dances had you with 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt'? Not many, I fancy, with Mr. Jerrold monopolizing everything, as usual. By gad! some good fellow could make a colossal fortune in buying that young man at my valuation and selling him at his own."

"Oh, come, now, captain," laughed Rollins, "Jerrold's no such slouch as you make him out. He's lazy, and he likes to spoon, and he puts up with a good deal of petting from the girls,—who wouldn't, if he could get it?—but he is jolly and big-hearted, and don't put on any airs,—with us, at least,—and the mess like him first-rate. 'Tain't his fault that he's handsome and a regular lady-killer. You must admit that he had a pretty tough four years of it up there at that cussed old Indian graveyard, and it's only natural he should enjoy getting

here, where there are theatres and concerts and operas and dances and dinners——"

"Yes, dances and dinners and daughters,—all delightful, I know, but no excuse for a man's neglecting his manifest duty, as he is doing and has been ever since we got here. Any other time the colonel would have straightened him out; but no use trying it now, when both women in his household are as big fools about the man as anybody in town,—bigger, unless I'm a born idiot." And Chester rose excitedly.

"I suppose he had Miss Renwick pretty much to himself to-night?" he presently demanded, looking angrily and searchingly at his junior, as though half expecting him to dodge the question.

"Oh, yes. Why not? It's pretty evident she would rather dance and be with him than with any one else: so what can a fellow do? Of course we ask her to dance, and all that, and I think he wants us to; but I cannot help feeling rather a bore to her, even if she *is* only eighteen, and there are plenty of pleasant girls in the garrison who don't get any too much attention, now we're so near a big city, and I like to be with them."

"Yes, and it's the *right* thing for you to do, youngster. That's one trait I despise in Jerrold. When we were up there at the stockade two winters ago, and Captain Gray's little girl was there, he hung around her from morning till night, and the poor little thing fairly beamed and blossomed with delight. Look at her now, man! He don't go near her. He hasn't had the decency to take her a walk, a drive, or anything, since we got here. He began, from the moment we came, with that gang in town. He was simply devoted to Miss Beaubien until Alice Renwick came; then he dropped her like a hot brick. By the Eternal, Rollins, he hasn't gotten off with *that* old love yet, you mark my words. There's Indian blood in her veins, and a look in her eye that makes me wriggle, sometimes. I watched her last night at parade when she drove out here with that copper-faced old squaw, her mother. For all her French and Italian education and her years in New York and Paris, that girl's got a wild streak in her somewhere. She sat there watching him as the officers marched to the front, and then *her*, as he went up and joined Miss Renwick; and there was a gleam of her white teeth and a flash in her black eyes that made me think of the leap of a knife from the sheath. Not but what 'twould serve him right if she did play him some devil's trick. It's his own doing. Were any people out from town?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, half a dozen or so," answered Mr. Rollins, who was pulling off his boots and inserting his feet into easy slippers, while old "Crusty" tramped excitedly up and down the floor. "Most of them stayed out here, I think. Only one team went back across the bridge."

"Whose was that?"

"The Suttons', I believe. Young Cub Sutton was out with his sister and another girl."

"There's another damned fool!" growled Chester. "That boy has ten thousand a year of his own, a beautiful home that will be his, a doting mother and sister, and everything wealth can buy, and yet, by gad! he's unhappy because he can't be a poor devil of a lieutenant,

with nothing but drills, debts, and rifle-practice to enliven him. That's what brings him out here all the time. He'd swap places with you in a minute. Isn't he very thick with Jerrold?"

"Oh, yes, rather. Jerrold entertains him a good deal."

"Which is returned with compound interest, I'll bet you. Mr. Jerrold simply makes a convenience of him. He won't make love to his sister, because the poor, rich, unsophisticated girl is as ugly as she is ubiquitous. His majesty is fastidious, you see, and seeks only the caress of beauty, and while he lives there at the Suttons' when he goes to town, and dines and sleeps and smokes and wines there, and uses their box at the opera-house, and is courted and flattered by the old lady because dear Cubby worships the ground he walks on and poor Fanny Sutton thinks him adorable, he turns his back on the girl at every dance because she *can't* dance, and leaves her to you fellows who have a conscience and some idea of decency. He gives all *his* devotions to Nina Beaubien, who dances like a *coryphée*, and drops *her* when Alice Renwick comes with her glowing Spanish beauty. Oh, damn it, I'm an old fool to get worked up over it as I do, but you young fellows don't see what I see. You haven't seen what I've seen; and pray God you never may! That's where the shoe pinches, Rollins. It is what he *reminds* me of—not so much what he *is*, I suppose—that I get rabid about. He is for all the world like a man we had in the old regiment when you were in swaddling-clothes; and I never look at Mamie Gray's sad, white face that it doesn't bring back a girl I knew just then whose heart was broken by just such a shallow, selfish, adorable scoun—— No, I won't use *that* word in speaking of Jerrold; but it's what I fear. Rollins, you call him generous. Well, so he is,—*lavish*, if you like, with his money and his hospitality here in the post. Money comes easily to him, and goes; but you boys misuse the term. *I* call him selfish to the core, because he can deny himself no luxury, no pleasure, though it may wring a woman's life—or, more than that, her honor—to give it him." The captain was tramping up and down the room now, as was his wont when excited; his face was flushed, and his hand clinched. He turned suddenly and faced the younger officer, who sat gazing uncomfortably at the rug in front of the fire-place:

"Rollins, some day I may tell you a story that I've kept to myself all these years. You won't wonder at my feeling as I do about these goings-on of your friend Jerrold when you hear it all, but it was just such a man as he who ruined one woman, broke the heart of another, and took the sunshine out of the life of two men from that day to this. One of them was your colonel, the other your captain. Now go to bed. I'm going out." And, throwing down his pipe, regardless of the scattering sparks and ashes, Captain Chester strode into the hall-way, picked up the first forage-cap he laid hands on, and banged himself out of the front door.

Mr. Rollins remained for some moments in the same attitude, still gazing abstractedly at the rug, and listening to the nervous tramp of his senior officer on the piazza without. Then he slowly and thoughtfully went to his room, where his perturbed spirit was soon soothed in

sleep. His conscience being clear and his health perfect, there were no deep cares to keep him tossing on a restless pillow.

To Chester, however, sleep was impossible: he tramped the piazza a full hour before he felt placid enough to go and inspect his guard. The sentries were calling three o'clock, and the wind had died away, as he started on his round. Dark as was the night, he carried no lantern. The main garrison was well lighted by lamps, and the road circling the old fort was broad, smooth, and bordered by a stone coping wall where it skirted the precipitous descent into the river-bottom. As he passed down the plank walk west of the quadrangle wherein lay the old barracks and the stone quarters of the commanding officer and the low one-storied row of bachelor dens, he could not help noting the silence and peace of the night. Not a light was visible at any window as he strode down the line. The challenge of the sentry at the old stone tower sounded unnecessarily sharp and loud, and his response of "Officer of the day" was lower than usual, as though rebuking the unseemly outcry. The guard came scrambling out and formed hurriedly to receive him, but the captain's inspection was of the briefest kind. Barely glancing along the prison corridor to see that the bars were in place, he turned back into the night, and made for the line of posts along the river-bank. The sentry at the high bridge across the gorge, and the next one, well around to the southeast flank, were successively visited and briefly questioned as to their instructions, and then the captain plodded sturdily on until he came to the sharp bend around the outermost angle of the fort and found himself passing behind the quarters of the commanding officer, a substantial two-storied stone house with mansard roof and dormer-windows. The road in the rear was some ten feet below the level of the parade inside the quadrangle, and consequently, as the house faced the parade, what was the ground-floor from that front became the second story at the rear. The kitchen, storeroom, and servants' rooms were on this lower stage, and opened upon the road; an outer stairway ran up to the centre door at the back, but at the east and west flanks of the house the stone walls stood without port or window except those above the eaves,—the dormers. Light and air in abundance streamed through the broad Venetian windows north and south when light and air were needed. This night, as usual, all was tightly closed below, all darkness aloft as he glanced up at the dormers high above his head. As he did so, his foot struck a sudden and sturdy obstacle; he stumbled and pitched heavily forward, and found himself sprawling at full length upon a ladder lying on the ground almost in the middle of the roadway.

"Damn those painters!" he growled between his set teeth. "They leave their infernal man-traps around in the very hope of catching me, I believe. Now, who but a painter would have left a ladder in such a place as this?"

Rising ruefully and rubbing a bruised knee with his hand, he limped painfully ahead a few steps, until he came to the side-wall of the colonel's house. Here a plank walk passed from the roadway along the western wall until almost on a line with the front piazza, where by a flight of steps it was carried up to the level of the parade. Here he

paused a moment to dust off his clothes and rearrange his belt and sword. He stood leaning against the wall and facing the gray stone gable end of the row of old-fashioned quarters that bounded the parade upon the southwest. All was still darkness and silence.

"Confound this sword!" he muttered again: "the thing made rattle and racket enough to wake the dead. Wonder if I disturbed anybody at the colonel's."

As though in answer to his suggestion, there suddenly appeared, high on the blank wall before him, the reflection of a faint light. Had a little night-lamp been turned on in the front room of the upper story? The gleam came from the north window on the side: he saw plainly the shadow of the pretty lace curtains, looped loosely back. Then the shade was gently raised, and there was for an instant the silhouette of a slender hand and wrist, the shadow of a lace-bordered sleeve. Then the light receded, as though carried back across the room, waned, as though slowly extinguished, and the last shadows showed the curtains still looped back, the rolling shade still raised.

"I thought so," he growled. "One tumble like that is enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, let alone a love-sick girl who is probably dreaming over Jerrold's parting words. She is spirited and blue-blooded enough to have more sense, too, that same superb brunette. Ah, Miss Alice, I wonder if you think that fellow's love worth having. It is two hours since he left you,—more than that,—and here you are awake yet,—cannot sleep,—want more air, and have to come and raise your shade. No such warm night, either." These were his reflections as he picked up his offending sword and, more slowly and cautiously now, groped his way along the western terrace. He passed the row of bachelor quarters, and was well out beyond the limits of the fort before he came upon the next sentry,—"Number Five,"—and recognized, in the stern "Who comes there?" and the sharp rattle of the bayonet as it dropped to the charge, the well-known challenge of Private Leary, one of the oldest and most reliable soldiers in the regiment.

"All right on your post, Leary?" he asked, after having given the countersign.

"All right, I *think*, sor; though if the captain had asked me that half an hour ago I'd not have said so. It was so dark I couldn't see me hand afore me face, sor; but about half-past two I was walkin' very slow down back of the quarters, whin just close by Loot'nant Jerrold's back gate I seen somethin' movin', and as I come softly along it riz up, an' sure I thought 'twas the loot'nant himself, whin he seemed to catch sight o' me or hear me, and he backed inside the gate an' shut it. I was sure 'twas he, he was so tall and slim like, an' so I niver said a word until I got to thinkin' over it, and then I couldn't spake. Sure if it had been the loot'nant he wouldn't have backed away from a sintry; he'd 'a' come out bold and given the countersign; but I didn't think o' that. It looked like him in the dark, an' 'twas his quarters, an' I thought it *was* him, until I thought ag'in, and then, sor, I wint back and searched the yard; but there was no one there."

"Hm! Odd thing that, Leary! Why didn't you challenge at first?"

"Sure, sor, he lept inside the fince quick as iver we set eyes on each other. He was bendin' down, and I thought it was one of the hound pups when I first sighted him."

"And he hasn't been around since?"

"No, sor, nor nobody, till the officer of the day came along."

Chester walked away puzzled. Sibley was a most quiet and orderly garrison. Night prowlers had never been heard from, especially over here at the south and southwest fronts. The enlisted men going to or from town passed across the big, high bridge or went at once to their own quarters on the east and north. This southwestern terrace behind the bachelors' row was the most secluded spot on the whole post,—so much so that when a fire broke out there among the fuel-heaps one sharp winter's night a year agone it had wellnigh enveloped the whole line before its existence was discovered. Indeed, not until after this occurrence was a sentry posted on that front at all; and, once ordered there, he had so little to do and was so comparatively sure to be undisturbed that the old soldiers eagerly sought the post in preference to any other, and were given it as a peace privilege. For months, relief after relief tramped around the fort and found the terrace post as humdrum and silent as an empty church; but this night "Number Five" leaped suddenly into notoriety.

Instead of going home, Chester kept on across the plateau and took a long walk on the northern side of the reservation, where the quartermaster's stables and corrals were placed. He was affected by a strange unrest. His talk with Rollins had roused the memories of years long gone by,—of days when he, too, was young and full of hope and faith, ay, full of love,—all lavished on one fair girl who knew it well, but gently, almost entreatingly, repelled him. Her heart was wrapped up in another, the Adonis of his day in the gay old seaboard garrison. She was a soldier's child, barrack-born, simply taught, knowing little of the vice and temptations, the follies and the frauds, of the whirling life of civilization. A good and gentle mother had reared her and been called hence. Her father, an officer whose sabre-arm was left at Molino del Rey, and whose heart was crushed when the loving wife was taken from him, turned to the child who so resembled her, and centred there all his remaining love and life. He welcomed Chester to his home, and tacitly favored his suit, but in his blindness never saw how a few moonlit strolls on the old moss-grown parapet, a few evening dances in the casemates with handsome, wooing, winning Will Forrester, had done their work. She gave him all the wild, enthusiastic, worshipping love of her girlish heart just about the time Captain and Mrs. Maynard came back from leave, and then he grew cold and negligent *there*, but lived at Maynard's fireside; and one day there came a sensation,—a tragedy,—and Mrs. Maynard went away, and died abroad, and a shocked and broken-hearted girl hid her face from all and pined at home, and Mr. Forrester's resignation was sent from—no one knew just where, and no one would have cared to know, except Maynard. He would have followed him, pistol in hand, but Forrester gave him no chance. Years afterwards Chester again sought her and offered her his love and his name. It was useless, she told him, sadly. She lived

only for her father now, and would never leave him till he died, and then—she prayed she might go too. Memories like this *will* come up at such times in these same "still watches of the night." Chester was in a moody frame of mind when about half an hour later he came back past the guard-house. The sergeant was standing near the lighted entrance, and the captain called him:

"There's a ladder lying back of the colonel's quarters on the roadway. Some of those painters left it, I suppose. It's a wonder some of the reliefs have not broken their necks over it going around to-night. Let the next one pick it up and move it out of the way. Hasn't it been reported?"

"Not to me, sir. Corporal Schreiber has command of this relief, and he has said nothing about it. Here he is, sir."

"Didn't you see it or stumble over it when posting your relief, corporal?" asked Chester.

"No indeed, sir. I—I think the captain must have been mistaken in thinking it a ladder. We would surely have struck it if it had been."

"No mistake at all, corporal. I lifted it. It is a long, heavy ladder,—over twenty feet, I should say."

"There *is* such a ladder back there, captain," said the sergeant, "but it always hangs on the fence just behind the young officers' quarters,—Bachelors' Row, sir, I mean."

"And that ladder was there an hour ago when I went my rounds," said the corporal, earnestly. "I had my hurricane-lamp, sir, and saw it on the fence plainly. And there was nothing behind the colonel's at that hour."

Chester turned away, thoughtful and silent. Without a word he walked straight into the quadrangle, past the low line of stone buildings, the offices of the adjutant and quartermaster, the home of the sergeant-major, the club- and billiard-room, past the long, piazza-shaded row of bachelor quarters, and came upon the plank walk at the corner of the colonel's fence. Ten more steps, and he stood stock-still at the head of the flight of wooden stairs.

There, dimly visible against the southern sky, its base on the plank walk below him, its top resting upon the eaves midway between the dormer-window and the roof of the piazza, so that one could step easily from it into the one or on to the other, was the very ladder that half an hour before was lying on the ground behind the house.

His heart stood still. He seemed powerless to move,—even to think. Then a slight noise roused him, and with every nerve tingling he crouched ready for a spring. With quick, agile movements, noiseless as a cat, sinuous and stealthy as a serpent, the dark figure of a man issued from Alice Renwick's chamber window and came gliding down.

One second more, and, almost as noiselessly, he reached the ground, then quickly raised and turned the ladder, stepped with it to the edge of the roadway, and peered around the angle as though to see that no sentry was in sight, then vanished with his burden around the corner. Another second, and down the steps went Chester, three at a bound, tiptoeing it in pursuit. Ten seconds brought him close to the culprit,—a tall, slender shadow.

"You villain! Halt!"

Down went the ladder on the dusty road. The hand that Chester had clinched upon the broad shoulder was hurled aside. There was a sudden whirl, a lightning blow that took the captain full in the chest and staggered him back upon the treacherous and entangling rungs, and, ere he could recover himself, the noiseless stranger had fairly whizzed into space and vanished in the darkness up the road. Chester sprang in pursuit. He heard the startled challenge of the sentry, and then Leary's excited "Halt, I say! Halt!" and then he shouted,—

"Fire on him, Leary! Bring him down!"

Bang went the ready rifle with sharp, sullen roar that woke the echoes across the valley. Bang again, as Leary sent a second shot after the first. Then, as the captain came panting to the spot, they followed up the road. No sign of the runner. Attracted by the shots, the sergeant of the guard and one or two men, lantern-bearing, came running to the scene. Excitedly they searched up and down the road in mingled hope and dread of finding the body of the marauder, or some clue or trace. Nothing! Whoever he was, the fleet runner had vanished and made good his escape.

"Who could it have been, sir?" asked the sergeant of the officer of the day. "Surely none of the men ever come round this way."

"I don't know, sergeant; I don't know. Just take your lamp and see if there is anything visible down there among the rocks. He may have been hit and leaped the wall.—Do you think you hit him, Leary?"

"I can't say, sor. He came by me like a flash. I had just a second's look at him, and——Sure I niver saw such runnin'."

"Could you see his face?" asked Chester, in a low tone, as the other men moved away to search the rocks.

"Not his face, sor. 'Twas too dark."

"Was there—did he look like anybody you knew, or had seen?—anybody in the command?"

"Well, sor, not among the men, that is. There's none so tall and slim both, and so light. Sure he must 'a' worn gums, sor. You couldn't hear the whisper of a footfall."

"But whom did he *seem* to resemble?"

"Well, if the captain will forgive me, sor, it's unwillin' I am to say the worrd, but there's no one that tall and light and slim here, sor, but Loot'nant Jerrold. Sure it couldn't be him, sor."

"Leary, will you promise me something on your word as a man?"

"I will, sor."

"Say not one word of this matter to any one, except I tell you, or you have to, before a court."

"I promise, sor."

"And I believe you. Tell the sergeant I will soon be back."

With that he turned and walked down the road until once more he came to the plank crossing and the passage-way between the colonel's and Bachelors' Row. Here again he stopped short, and waited with bated breath and scarcely-beating heart. The faint light he had seen before again illumined the room and cast its gleam upon the old gray

wall. Even as he gazed, there came silently to the window a tall, white-robed form, and a slender white hand seized and lowered the shade, noiselessly. Then, as before, the light faded away; but—she was awake.

Waiting one moment in silence, Captain Chester then sprang up the wooden steps and passed under the piazza which ran the length of the bachelor quarters. Half-way down the row he turned sharply to his left, opened the green-painted door, and stood in a little dark hall-way. Taking his match-box from his pocket, he struck a light, and by its glare quickly read the card upon the first door-way to his right:

"Mr. Howard F. Jerrold,
"——*th Infantry, U.S.A.*"

Opening this door, he bolted straight through the little parlor to the bedroom in the rear. A dim light was burning on the mantel. The bed was unruffled, untouched, and Mr. Jerrold was not there.

Five minutes afterwards, Captain Chester, all alone, had laboriously and cautiously dragged the ladder from the side to the rear of the colonel's house, stretched it in the roadway where he had first stumbled upon it, then returned to the searching-party on "Number Five."

"Send two men to put that ladder back," he ordered. "It is where I told you,—on the road behind the colonel's."

III.

When Mrs. Maynard came to Sibley in May and the officers with their wives were making their welcoming call, she had with motherly pride and pleasure yielded to their constant importunities and shown to one party after another an album of photographs,—likenesses of her only daughter. There were little *cartes de visite* representing her in long dresses and baby-caps; quaint little pictures of a chubby-faced, chubby-legged infant a few months older; charming studies of a little girl with great black eyes and delicate features; then of a tall, slender slip of a maiden, decidedly foreign-looking; then of a sweet and pensive face, with great dark eyes, long, beautiful curling lashes, and very heavy, low-arched brows, exquisitely moulded mouth and chin, and most luxuriant dark hair; then others, still older, in every variety of dress,—even in fancy costume, such as the girl had worn at fair or masquerade. These and others still had Mrs. Maynard shown them, with repressed pride and pleasure and with sweet acknowledgment of their enthusiastic praises. Alice still tarried in the East, visiting relatives whom she had not seen since her father's death three years earlier, and, long before she came to join her mother at Sibley and to enter upon the life she so eagerly looked forward to, "'way out in the West, you know, with officers and soldiers and the band, and buffalo and Indians all around you," there was not an officer or an officer's wife who had not delightedly examined that album. There was still another picture, but that one had been shown to only a chosen few just one week after her daughter's arrival, and rather an absurd scene had occurred, in which that

most estimable officer, Lieutenant Sloat, had figured as the hero. A more simple-minded, well-intentioned fellow than Sloat there did not live. He was so full of kindness and good nature and readiness to do anything for anybody that it never seemed to occur to him that everybody on earth was not just as ready to be equally accommodating. He was a perpetual source of delight to the colonel, and one of the most loyal and devoted of subalterns, despite the fact that his locks were long silvered with the frosts of years and that he had fought through the war of the rebellion and risen to the rank of a field-officer in Maynard's old brigade. The most temperate of men, ordinarily, the colonel had one anniversary he loved to celebrate, and Sloat was his stand-by when the 3d of July came round, just as he had been at his shoulder at that supreme moment when, heedless of the fearful sweep of shell and canister through their shattered ranks, Pickett's heroic Virginians breasted the slope of Cemetery Hill and surged over the low stone wall into Cushing's guns. Hard, stubborn fighting had Maynard's men to do that day, and for serene courage and determination no man had beaten Sloat. Both officers had bullet-hole mementos to carry from that field; both had won their brevets for conspicuous gallantry, and Sloat was a happy and grateful man when, years afterwards, his old commander secured him a lieutenancy in the regular service. He was the colonel's henchman, although he never had brains enough to win a place on the regimental staff, and when Mrs. Maynard came he overwhelmed her with cumbrous compliments and incessant calls. He was, to his confident belief, her chosen and accepted knight for full two days after her arrival. Then Jerrold came back from a brief absence, and, as in duty bound, went to pay his respects to his colonel's wife; and that night there had been a singular scene. Mrs. Maynard had stopped suddenly in her laughing chat with two ladies, had started from her seat, wildly staring at the tall, slender subaltern who entered the gateway, and then fell back in her chair, fairly swooning as he made his bow.

Sloat had rushed into the house to call the colonel and get some water, while Mr. Jerrold stood paralyzed at so strange a reception of his first call. Mrs. Maynard revived presently, explained that it was her heart, or the heat, or something, and the ladies on their way home decided that it was possibly the heart, it was certainly not the heat, it was unquestionably something, and that something was Mr. Jerrold, for she never took her eyes off him during the entire evening, and seemed unable to shake off the fascination. Next day Jerrold dined there, and from that time on he was a daily visitor. Every one noted Mrs. Maynard's strong interest in him, but no one could account for it. She was old enough to be his mother, said the garrison; but not until Alice Renwick came did another consideration appear: he was singularly like the daughter. Both were tall, lithe, slender; both had dark, lustrous eyes, dark, though almost perfect, skin, exquisitely-chiselled features, and slender, shapely hands and feet. Alice was "the picture of her father," said Mrs. Maynard, and Mr. Renwick had lived all his life in New York; while Mr. Jerrold was of an old Southern family, and his mother a Cuban beauty who was the toast of the New Orleans clubs not many years before the war.

Poor Sloat! He did not fancy Jerrold, and was as jealous as so unselfish a mortal could be of the immediate ascendency the young fellow established in the colonel's household. It was bad enough before Alice joined them; after that it was wellnigh unbearable. Then came the 3d-of-July dinner and the colonel's one annual jollification. No man ever heard of Sloat's being intoxicated; he rarely drank at all; but this evening the reminiscences of the day, the generous wine, the unaccustomed elegance of all his surroundings, due to Mrs. Maynard's taste and supervision, and the influence of Alice Renwick's exquisite beauty, had fairly carried him away.

They were chatting in the parlor, while Miss Renwick was entertaining some young-lady friends from town and listening to the band on the parade. Sloat was expatiating on her grace and beauty and going over the album for the twentieth time, when the colonel, with a twinkling eye, remarked to Mrs. Maynard,—

"I think you ought to show Major* Sloat the 'Directoire' picture, my dear."

"Alice would never forgive me," said madame, laughing; "though I consider it the most beautiful we have of her."

"Oh, where is it?" "Oh, do let us see it, Mrs. Maynard!" was the chorus of exclamations from the few ladies present. "Oh, I *insist* on seeing it, madame," was Sloat's characteristic contribution to the clamor.

"I want you to understand it," said Mrs. Maynard, pleased, but still hesitating. "We are very daft about Alice at home, you know, and it's quite a wonder she has not been utterly spoiled by her aunts and uncles; but this picture was a specialty. An artist friend of ours fairly *made* us have it taken in the wedding-dress worn by her grandmother. You know the Josephine Beauharnais 'Directoire' style that was worn in seventeen ninety-something. Her neck and shoulders are lovely, and that was why we consented. I went, and so did the artist, and we posed her, and the photograph is simply perfect of her face, and neck too, but when Alice saw it she blushed furiously and forbade my having them finished. Afterwards, though, she yielded when her aunt Kate and I begged so hard and promised that none should be given away, and so just half a dozen were finished. Indeed, the dress is by no means as *décolleté* as many girls wear theirs at dinner now in New York; but poor Alice was scandalized when she saw it last month, and she never would let me put one in the album."

"Oh, *do* go and get it, Mrs. Maynard!" pleaded the ladies. "Oh, *please* let me see it, Mrs. Maynard!" added Sloat; and at last the mother-pride prevailed. Mrs. Maynard rustled up-stairs, and presently returned holding in her hands a delicate silver frame in filigree-work, a quaint foreign affair, and enclosed therein was a cabinet photograph *en vignette*,—the head, neck, and shoulders of a beautiful girl; and the dainty, diminutive, what-there-was-of-it waist of the old-fashioned gown,

* By act of Congress, officers may be addressed by the title of the highest rank held by them in the volunteer service during the war. The colonel always punctiliously so addressed his friend and subordinate, although in the army his grade was simply that of first lieutenant.

sashed almost immediately under the exquisite bust, revealed quite materially the cause of Alice Renwick's blushes. But a more beautiful portrait was never photographed. The women fairly gasped with delight and envy. Sloat could not restrain his impatience to get it in his own hands, and finally he grasped it and then eyed it in rapture. It was two minutes before he spoke a word, while the colonel sat laughing at his worshipping gaze. Mrs. Maynard somewhat uneasily stretched forth her hand, and the other ladies impatiently strove to regain possession.

"Come, Major Sloat, you've surely had it long enough. *We* want it again."

"Never!" said Sloat, with melodramatic intensity. "Never! This is my ideal of perfection,—of divinity in woman. I will bear it home with me, set it above my fireside, and adore it day and night."

"Nonsense, Major Sloat!" said Mrs. Maynard, laughing, yet far from being at her ease. "Come, I *must* take it back. Alice may be in any minute now, and if she knew I had betrayed her she would never forgive me. Come, surrender!" And she strove to take it from him.

But Sloat was in one of his utterly asinine moods. He would have been perfectly willing to give any sum he possessed for so perfect a picture as this. He never dreamed that there were good and sufficient reasons why *no* man should have it. He so loved and honored his colonel that he was ready to lay down his life for any of his household. In laying claim to this picture he honestly believed that it was the highest proof he could give of his admiration and devotion. A tame surrender now meant that his protestations were empty words. "Therefore," argued Sloat, "I must stand firm."

"Madame," said he, "I'd die first." And with that he began backing to the door.

Alarmed now, Mrs. Maynard sprang after him, and the little major leaped upon a chair, his face aglow, jolly, rubicund, beaming with bliss and triumph. She looked up, almost wringing her hands, and turned half appealingly to the colonel, who was laughing heartily on the sofa, never dreaming Sloat could be in earnest.

"Here, I'll give you back the frame: I don't want that," said Sloat, and began fumbling at the back of the photograph. This was too much for the ladies. They, too, rushed to the rescue. One of them sprang to and shut the door, the other seized and violently shook the back of his chair, and Sloat leaped to the floor, still clinging to his prize, and laughing as though he had never had so much entertainment in his life. The long Venetian windows opened upon the piazza, and towards the nearest one he retreated, holding aloft the precious gage and waving off the attacking party with the other hand. He was within a yard of the blinds, when they were suddenly thrown open, a tall, slender form stepped quickly in, one hand seized the uplifted wrist, the other the picture, and in far less time than it takes to tell it Mr. Jerrold had wrenched it away and, with quiet bow, restored it to its rightful owner.

"Oh, I say, now, Jerrold, that's downright unhandsome of you!" gasped Sloat. "I'd have been on my way home with it."

"Shut up, you fool!" was the sharp, hissing whisper. "Wait till I go home, if you want to talk about it." And, as quickly as he came, Mr. Jerrold slipped out again upon the piazza.

Of course the story was told with varied comment all over the post. Several officers were injudicious enough to chaff the old subaltern about it, and—he was a little sore-headed the next day, anyway—the usually placid Sloat grew the more indignant at Jerrold. He decided to go and upbraid him; and, as ill luck would have it, they met before noon on the steps of the club-room.

"I want to say to you, Mr. Jerrold, that from an officer of your age to one of mine I think your conduct last night a piece of impertinence."

"I had a perfect right to do what I did," replied Jerrold, coolly. "You were taking a most unwarrantable liberty in trying to carry off that picture."

"How did you know what it was? You had never seen it!"

"There's where you are mistaken, Mr. Sloat" (and Jerrold purposely and exasperatingly refused to recognize the customary *brevet*): "I had seen it,—frequently."

Two officers were standing by, and one of them turned sharply and faced Jerrold as he spoke. It was his former company commander. Jerrold noted the symptom, and flushed, but set his teeth doggedly.

"Why, Mr. Jerrold! Mrs. Maynard said she never showed that to any one," said Sloat, in much surprise. "You heard her, did you not, Captain Chester?"

"I did, certainly," was the reply.

"All the same, I repeat what I've said," was Jerrold's sullen answer. "I have seen it frequently, and, what's more——" He suddenly stopped.

"Well, what's more?" said Sloat, suggestively.

"Never mind. I don't care to talk of the matter," replied Jerrold, and started to walk away.

But Sloat was angry, nettled, jealous. He had meant to show his intense loyalty and admiration for everything that was his colonel's, and had been snubbed and called a fool by an officer many years, though not so many "files," his junior. He never had liked him, and now there was an air of conscious superiority about Jerrold that fairly exasperated him. He angrily followed and called to him to stop, but Jerrold walked on. Captain Chester stood still and watched them. The little man had almost to run before he overtook the tall one. They were out of earshot when he finally did so. There were a few words on both sides. Then Jerrold shifted his light cane into his left hand, and Chester started forward, half expecting a fracas. To his astonishment, the two officers shook hands and parted.

"Well," said he, as Sloat came back with an angry yet bewildered face, "I'm glad you shook hands. I almost feared a row, and was just going to stop it. So he apologized, did he?"

"No, nothing like it."

"Then what did you mean by shaking hands?"

"That's nothing—never you mind," said Sloat, confusedly. "I

haven't forgiven him, by a good deal. The man's conceit is enough to disgust anything—but a woman, I suppose," he finished, ruefully.

"Well, it's none of my business, Sloat, but pardon my saying I don't see what there was to bring about the apparent reconciliation. That hand-shake meant something."

"Oh, well—damn it! we had some words, and he—or I——Well, there's a bet, and we shook hands on it."

"Seems to me that's pretty serious business, Sloat,—a bet following such a talk as you two have had. I hope——"

"Well, captain," interrupted Sloat, "I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been mad as blazes; but I made it, and must stick to it,—that's all."

"You wouldn't mind telling me what it was, I suppose?"

"I can't; and that ends it."

Captain Chester found food for much thought and speculation over this incident. So far as he was concerned, the abrupt remark of Sloat by no means ended it. In his distrust of Jerrold, he too had taken alarm at the very substantial intimacy to which that young man was welcomed at the colonel's quarters. Prior to his marriage old Maynard had not liked him at all, but it was mainly because he had been so negligent of his duties and so determined a beau in city society after his arrival at Sibley. He had, indeed, threatened to have him transferred to a company still on frontier service if he did not reform; but then the rifle-practice season began, and Jerrold was a capital shot and sure to be on the list of competitors for the Department team, so what was the use? He would be ordered in for the rifle-camp anyway, and so the colonel decided to keep him at head-quarters. This was in the summer of the year gone by. Then came the colonel's long leave, his visit to Europe, his meeting with his old friend, now the widow of the lamented Renwick, their delightful winter together in Italy, his courtship, her consent, their marriage and return to America. When Maynard came back to Sibley and the old regiment, he was so jolly and content that every man was welcomed at his house, and it was really a source of pride and pleasure to him that his accomplished wife should find any of his young officers so thoroughly agreeable as she pronounced Mr. Jerrold. Others were soldierly, courteous, well bred, but he had the air of a foreign court about him, she privately informed her lord; and it seems, indeed, that in days gone by Mr. Jerrold's father had spent many years in France and Spain, once as his country's representative near the throne. Though the father died long before the boy was out of his knickerbockers, he had left the impress of his grand manner, and Jerrold, to women of any age, was at once a courtier and a knight. But the colonel never saw how her eyes followed the tall young officer time and again. There were women who soon noted it, and one of them said it was such a yearning, longing look. *Was* Mrs. Maynard really happy? they asked each other. *Did* she really want to see Alice mate with him, the handsome, the dangerous, the selfish fellow they knew him to be? If not, could anything be more imprudent than that they should be thrown together as they were being, day after day? Had Alice wealth of her own? If not, did the mother

know that nothing would tempt Howard Jerrold into an alliance with a dowerless daughter? These, and many more, were questions that came up every day. The garrison could talk of little else; and Alice Renwick had been there just three weeks, and was the acknowledged Queen of Hearts at Sibley, when the rifle-competitions began again, and a great array of officers and men from all over the Northwest came to the post by every train, and their canvas tents dotted the broad prairie to the north.

One lovely evening in August, just before the practice began, Colonel Maynard took his wife to drive out and see the camp. Mr. Jerrold and Alice Renwick followed on horseback. The carriage was surrounded as it halted near the range, and half a score of officers, old and young, were chatting with Mrs. Maynard, while others gathered about the lovely girl who sat there in the saddle. There came marching up from the railway a small squad of soldiers, competitors arriving from the far West. Among them—apparently their senior non-commissioned officer—was a tall cavalry sergeant, superbly built, and with a bronzed and bearded and swarthy face that seemed to tell of years of campaigning over mountain and prairie. They were all men of perfect physique, all in the neat, soldierly fatigue-dress of the regular service, some wearing the spotless white stripes of the infantry, others the less artistic and equally destructible yellow of the cavalry. Their swinging stride, erect carriage, and clear and handsome eyes all spoke of the perfection of health and soldierly development. Curious glances were turned to them as they advanced, and Miss Renwick, catching sight of the party, exclaimed,—

"Oh, who are these? And what a tall soldier that sergeant is!"

"That sergeant, Miss Renwick," said a slow, deliberate voice, "is the man I believe will knock Mr. Jerrold out of the first prize. That is Sergeant McLeod."

As though he heard his name pronounced, the tall cavalryman glanced for the first time at the group, brought his rifle to the carry as if about to salute, and was just stepping upon the roadside, where he came in full view of the occupants of the carriage, when a sudden pallor shot across his face, and he plunged heavily forward and went down like a shot. Sympathetic officers and comrades surrounded the prostrate form in an instant. The colonel himself sprang from his carriage and joined the group; a blanket was quickly brought from a neighboring tent, and the sergeant was borne thither and laid upon a cot. A surgeon felt his pulse and looked inquiringly around:

"Any of you cavalrymen know him well? Has he been affected this way before?"

A young corporal who had been bending anxiously over the sergeant straightened up and saluted:

"I know him well, sir, and have been with him five years. He's only had one sick spell in all that time,—'twas just like this,—and then he told me he'd been sunstruck once."

"This is no case of sunstroke," said the doctor. "It looks more like the heart. How long ago was the attack you speak of?"

"Three years ago last April, sir. I remember it because we'd just

got into Fort Raines after a long scout. He'd been the solidest man in the troop all through the cold and storm and snow we had in the mountains, and we were in the reading-room, and he'd picked up a newspaper and was reading while the rest of us were talking and laughing, and, first thing we knew, he was down on the floor, just like he was to-night."

"Hm!" said the surgeon. "Yes. That's plenty, steward. Give him that. Raise his head a little, corporal. Now he'll come round all right."

Driving homeward that night, Colonel Maynard musingly remarked,—

"Did you see that splendid fellow who fainted away?"

"No," answered his wife, "you all gathered about him so quickly and carried him away. I could not even catch a glimpse of him. But he had recovered, had he not?"

"Yes. Still, I was thinking what a singular fact it is that occasionally a man slips through the surgeon's examinations with such a malady as this. Now, here is one of the finest athletes and shots in the whole army, a man who has been through some hard service and stirring fights, has won a tip-top name for himself and was on the highroad to a commission, and yet this will block him effectually."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"Some affection of the heart. Why! Halloo! Stop, driver! Orderly, jump down and run back there. Mrs. Maynard has dropped her fan.—What was it, dear?" he asked, anxiously. "You started; and you are white, and trembling."

"I—I don't know, colonel. Let us go home. It will be over in a minute. Where are Alice and Mr. Jerrold? Call them, please. She must not be out riding after dark."

But they were not in sight; and it was considerably after dark when they reached the fort. Mr. Jerrold explained that his horse had picked up a stone and he had had to walk him all the way.

IV.

There was no sleep for Captain Chester the rest of the night. He went home, threw off his sword-belt, and seated himself in a big easy-chair before his fireplace, deep in thought. Once or twice he arose and paced restlessly up and down the room, as he had done in his excited talk with Rollins some few hours before. Then he was simply angry and argumentative,—or declamatory. Now he had settled down into a very different frame of mind. He seemed awed,—stunned,—crushed. He had all the bearing and mien of one who, having defiantly predicted a calamity, was thunderstruck by the verification of his prophecy. In all his determined arraignment of Mr. Jerrold, in all the harsh things he had said and thought of him, he had never imagined any such depth of scoundrelism as the revelations of the night foreshadowed. Chester differed from many of his brotherhood: there was no room for rejoicing in his heart that the worst he had ever said of Jerrold was unequal to the apparent truth. He took no comfort to his soul that those who called him cynical, crabbed, unjust, even malicious, would

now be compelled to admit he was right in his estimate. Like the best of us, Chester could not ordinarily say "*Vade retro*" to the temptation to think, if not to say, "Didn't I tell you so?" when in every-day affairs his oft-disputed views were proved well founded. But in the face of such a catastrophe as now appeared engulfing the fair fame of his regiment and the honor of those whom his colonel held dear, Chester could feel only dismay and grief. What was his duty in the light of the discoveries he had made? To the best of his belief, he was the only man in the garrison who had evidence of Jerrold's absence from his own quarters and of the presence of *some one* at *her* window. He had taken prompt measures to prevent its being suspected by others. He purposely sent his guards to search along the cliff in the opposite direction while he went to Jerrold's room and thence back to remove the tell-tale ladder. Should he tell *any* one until he had confronted Jerrold with the evidences of his guilt, and, wringing from him his resignation, send him far from the post before handing it in? Time and again he wished Frank Armitage were here. The youngest captain in the regiment, Armitage had been for years its adjutant and deep in the confidence of Colonel Maynard. He was a thorough soldier, a strong, self-reliant, courageous man, and one for whom Chester had ever felt a warm esteem. Armitage was on leave of absence, however,—had been away some time on account of family matters, and would not return, it was known, until he had effected the removal of his mother and sister to the new home he had purchased for them in the distant East. It was to his company that Jerrold had been promoted, and there was friction from the very week that the handsome subaltern joined.

Armitage had long before "taken his measure," and was in no wise pleased that so lukewarm a soldier should have come to him as senior subaltern. They had a very plain talk, for Armitage was straightforward as a dart, and then, as Jerrold showed occasional lapses, the captain shut down on some of his most cherished privileges, and, to the indignation of society, the failure of Mr. Jerrold to appear at one or two gatherings where he was confidently expected was speedily laid at his captain's door. The recent death of his father kept Armitage from appearing in public, and, as neither he nor the major (who commanded the regiment while Maynard was abroad) vouchsafed the faintest explanation, society was allowed to form its own conclusions, and *did*,—to the effect that Mr. Jerrold was a wronged and persecuted man. It was just as the Maynards arrived at Sibley that Armitage departed on his leave, and, to his unspeakable bliss, Mr. Jerrold succeeded to the command of his company. This fact, coupled with the charming relations which were straightway established with the colonel's family, placed him in a position of independence and gave him opportunities he had never known before. It was speedily evident that he was neglecting his military duties,—that Company B was running down much faster than Armitage had built it up,—and yet no man felt like speaking of it to the colonel, who saw it only occasionally on dress-parade. Chester had just about determined to write to Armitage himself and suggest his speedy return, when this eventful night arrived.

Now he fully made up his mind that it must be done at once, and had seated himself at his desk, when the roar of the sunrise gun and the blare of the bugles warned him that reveille had come and he must again go to his guard. Before he returned to his quarters another complication, even more embarrassing, had arisen, and the letter to Armitage was postponed.

He had received the "present" of his guard and verified the presence of all his prisoners, when he saw Major Sloat still standing out in the middle of the parade, where the adjutant usually received the reports of the roll-calls. Several company officers, having made their reports, were scurrying back to quarters for another snooze before breakfast-time or to get their cup of coffee before going out to the range. Chester strolled over towards him.

"What's the matter, Sloat?"

"Nothing much. The colonel told me to receive the reveille reports for Hoyt this week. He's on general court-martial."

"Yes, I know all that. I mean, what are you waiting for?"

"Mr. Jerrold again. There's no report from his company."

"Have you sent to wake him?"

"No; I'll go myself, and do it thoroughly, too." And the little major turned sharply away and walked direct to the low range of bachelor quarters, dove under the piazza, and into the green doorway.

Hardly knowing how to explain his action, Chester quickly followed, and in less than a minute was standing in the self-same parlor which, by the light of a flickering match, he had searched two hours before. Here he halted and listened, while Sloat pushed on into the bedroom and was heard vehemently apostrophizing some sleeper:

"Does the government pay you for this sort of thing, I want to know? Get up, Jerrold! This is the second time you've cut reveille in ten days. Get up, I say!" And the major was vigorously shaking at something, for the bed creaked and groaned.

"Wake up! I say, I'm blowed if I'm going to get up here day after day and have you sleeping. Wake, Nicodemus! Wake, you snoozing, snoring, open-mouthed masher. Come, now; I mean it."

A drowsy, disgusted yawn and stretch finally rewarded his efforts. Mr. Jerrold at last opened his eyes, rolled over, yawned sulkily again, and tried to evade his persecutor, but to no purpose. Like a little terrier, Sloat hung on to him and worried and shook.

"Oh, don't! damn it, don't!" growled the victim. "What do you want, anyway? Has that infernal reveille gone?"

"Yes, and you're absent again, and no report from B Company. By the holy poker, if you don't turn out and get it and report to me on the parade I'll spot the whole gang absent, and then no *matinée* for you to-day, my buck. Come, out with you! I mean it. Hall says you and he have an engagement in town; and 'pon my soul I'll bust it if you don't come out."

And so, growling and complaining, and yet half laughing, Adonis rolled from his couch and began to get into his clothes. Chester's blood ran cold, then boiled. Think of a man who could laugh like

that,—and remember! *When*, how, had he returned to the house? Listen!

"Confound you, Sloat, *I* wouldn't rout *you* out in this shabby way. Why couldn't you let a man sleep? I'm tired half to death."

"What have you done to tire you? Slept all yesterday afternoon, and danced perhaps a dozen times at the doctor's last night. You've had more sleep than I've had, begad! You took Miss Renwick home before 'twas over, and mean it was of you, too, with all the fellows that wanted to dance with her."

"That wasn't my fault: Mrs. Maynard made her promise to be home at twelve. You old cackler, that's what sticks in your crop yet. You are persecuting me because they like me so much better than they do you," he went on, laughingly now. "Come, now, Sloat, confess, it is all because you're jealous. You couldn't have that picture, and I could."

Chester fairly started. He had urgent need to see this young gallant,—he was staying for that purpose,—but should he listen to further talk like this? Too late to move, for Sloat's answer came like a shot:

"I bet you you *never* could!"

"But didn't I tell you I had?—a week ago?"

"Ay, but I didn't believe it. You couldn't show it!"

"Pshaw, man! Look here. Stop, though! Remember, *on your honor*, you never tell."

"On my honor, of course."

"Well, there!"

A drawer was opened. Chester heard a gulp of dismay, of genuine astonishment and conviction mixed, as Sloat muttered some half-articulate words and then came into the front room. Jerrold followed, caught sight of Chester, and stopped short, with sudden and angry change of color.

"I did not know *you* were here," he said.

"It was to find where *you* were that I came," was the quiet answer.

There was a moment's silence. Sloat turned and looked at the two men in utter surprise. Up to this time he had considered Jerrold's absence from reveille as a mere dereliction of duty which was ascribable to the laziness and indifference of the young officer. So far as lay in his power, he meant to make him attend more strictly to business, and had therefore come to his quarters and stirred him up. But there was no thought of any serious trouble in his mind. His talk had all been roughly good-humored until—until that bet was mentioned, and then it became earnest. Now, as he glanced from one man to the other, he saw in an instant that something new—something of unusual gravity—was impending. Chester, buttoned to the throat in his dark uniform, accurately gloved and belted, with pale, set, almost haggard face, was standing by the centre-table under the drop-light. Jerrold, only half dressed, his feet thrust into slippers, his fingers nervously working at the studs of his dainty white shirt, had stopped short at his bedroom door, and, with features that grew paler every second and a dark scowl on his brow, was glowering at Chester.

"Since when has it been the duty of the officer of the day to come around and hunt up officers who don't happen to be out at reveille?" he asked.

"It is not your absence from reveille I want explained, Mr. Jerrold," was the cold and deliberate answer. "I wanted you at 3.30 this morning, and you were not and had not been here."

An unmistakable start and shock; a quick, nervous, hunted glance around the room, so cold and pallid in the early light of the August morning; a clutch of Jerrold's slim brown hand at the bared throat. But he rallied gamely, strode a step forward, and looked his superior full in the face. Sloat marked the effort with which he cleared away the huskiness that seemed to clog his larynx, but admired the spunk with which the young officer returned the senior's shot:

"What is your authority here, I would like to know? What business has the officer of the day to want me or any other man not on guard? Captain Chester, you seem to forget that I am no longer your second lieutenant, and that I am a company commander like yourself. Do you come by Colonel Maynard's order to search my quarters and question me? If so, say so at once; if not, get out." And Jerrold's face was growing black with wrath, and his big lustrous eyes were wide awake now and fairly snapping.

Chester leaned upon the table and deliberated a moment. He stood there coldly, distrustfully eying the excited lieutenant, then turned to Sloat:

"I will be responsible for the roll-call of Company B this morning, Sloat. I have a matter of grave importance to bring up to this—this gentleman, and it is of a private nature. Will you let me see him alone?"

"Sloat," said Jerrold, "don't go yet. I want you to stay. These are my quarters, and I recognize your right to come here in search of me, since I was not at reveille; but I want a witness here to bear me out. I'm too amazed yet—too confounded by this intrusion of Captain Chester's to grasp the situation. I never heard of such a thing as this. Explain it, if you can."

"Mr. Jerrold, what I have to ask or say to you concerns you alone. It is *not* an official matter. It is as man to man I want to see you, alone and at once. *Now* will you let Major Sloat retire?"

Silence for a moment. The angry flush on Jerrold's face was dying away, and in its place an ashen pallor was spreading from throat to brow; his lips were twitching ominously. Sloat looked in consternation at the sudden change.

"Shall I go?" he finally asked.

Jerrold looked long, fixedly, searchingly in the set face of the officer of the day, breathing hard and heavily. What he saw there Sloat could not imagine. At last his hand dropped by his side; he made a little motion with it, a slight wave towards the door, and again dropped it nervously. His lips seemed to frame the word "Go," but he never glanced at the man whom a moment before he so masterfully bade to stay; and Sloat, sorely puzzled, left the room.

Not until his footsteps had died out of hearing did Chester speak:

"How soon can you leave the post?"

"I don't understand you."

"How soon can you pack up what you need to take and—get away?"

"Get away where? What on earth do you mean?"

"You *must* know what I mean! You *must* know that after last night's work you quit the service at once and forever."

"I don't know anything of the kind; and I defy you to prove the faintest thing." But Jerrold's fingers were twitching, and his eyes had lost their light.

"Do you suppose I did not recognize you?" asked Chester.

"When?—where?" gulped Jerrold.

"When I seized you and you struck me!"

"I never struck you. I don't know what you mean."

"My God, man, let us end this useless fencing. The evidence I have of your last night's scoundrelism would break the strongest record. For the regiment's sake,—for the colonel's sake,—let us have no public scandal. It's awful enough as the thing stands. Write your resignation, give it to me, and leave,—before breakfast if you can."

"I've done nothing to resign for. You know perfectly well I haven't."

"Do you mean that such a crime—that a woman's ruin and disgrace—isn't enough to drive you from the service?" asked Chester, tingling in every nerve and longing to clinch the shapely, swelling throat in his clutching fingers. "God of heaven, Jerrold! are you dead to all sense of decency?"

"Captain Chester, I won't be bullied this way. I may not be immaculate, but no man on earth shall talk to me like this! I deny your insinuations. I've done nothing to warrant your words, even if—if you did come sneaking around here last night and find me absent. You can't prove a thing. You——"

"What! When I saw you,—almost caught you! By heaven! I wish the sentry had killed you then and there. I never dreamed of such hardihood."

"You've done nothing *but* dream. By Jove, I believe you're sleep-walking yet. What on earth do you mean by catching and killing me? 'Pon my soul I reckon you're crazy, Captain Chester." And color was gradually coming back again to Jerrold's face, and confidence to his tone.

"Enough of this, Mr. Jerrold. Knowing what you and I both know, do you refuse to hand me your resignation?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you mean to deny to me where I saw you last night?"

"I deny your right to question me. I deny anything,—everything. I believe you simply thought you had a clue and could make me tell. Suppose I *was* out last night. I don't believe you know the faintest thing about it."

"Do you want me to report the whole thing to the colonel?"

"Of course I don't. Naturally, I want him to know nothing about my being out of quarters; and it's a thing that no officer would

think of reporting another for. You'll only win the contempt of every gentleman in the regiment if you do it. What good will it do you?—Keep me from going to town for a few days, I suppose. What earthly business is it of yours, anyway?"

"Jerrold, I can stand this no longer. I ought to shoot you in your tracks, I believe. You've brought ruin and misery to the home of my warmest friend, and dishonor to the whole service, and you talk of two or three days' stoppage from going to town. If I can't bring you to your senses, by God! the colonel shall." And he wheeled and left the room.

For a moment Jerrold stood stunned and silent. It was useless to attempt reply. The captain was far down the walk when he sprang to the door to call him again. Then, hurrying back to the bedroom, he hastily dressed, muttering angrily and anxiously to himself as he did so. He was thinking deeply, too, and every movement betrayed nervousness and trouble. Returning to the front door, he gazed out upon the parade, then took his forage-cap and walked rapidly down towards the adjutant's office. The orderly bugler was tilted up in a chair, leaning half asleep against the whitewashed front, but his was a weasel nap, for he sprang up and saluted as the young officer approached.

"Where did Major Sloat go, orderly?" was the hurried question.

"Over towards the stables, sir. Him and Captain Chester was here together, and they're just gone."

"Run over to the quarters of B Company and tell Merrick I want him right away. Tell him to come to my quarters." And thither Mr. Jerrold returned, seated himself at his desk, wrote several lines of a note, tore it into fragments, began again, wrote another which seemed not entirely satisfactory, and was in the midst of a third when there came a quick step and a knock at the door. Opening the shutters, he glanced out of the window. A gust of wind sent some of the papers whirling and flying, and the bedroom door banged shut, but not before some few half-sheets of paper had fluttered out upon the parade, where other little flurries of the morning breeze sent them sailing over towards the colonel's quarters. Anxious only for the coming of Merrick and no one else, Mr. Jerrold no sooner saw who was at the front door than he closed the shutters, called, "Come in!" and a short, squat, wiry little man, dressed in the fatigue-uniform of the infantry, stood at the door-way to the hall.

"Come in here, Merrick," said the lieutenant, and Merrick came.

"How much is it you owe me now?—thirty-odd dollars, I think?"

"I believe it is, lieutenant," answered the man, with shifting eyes and general uneasiness of mien.

"You are not ready to pay it, I suppose; and you got it from me when we left Fort Raines, to help you out of that scrape there."

The soldier looked down and made no answer.

"Merrick, I want a note taken to town at once. I want *you* to take it and get it to its address before eight o'clock. I want you to say no word to a soul. Here's ten dollars. Hire old Murphy's horse across the river and *go*. If you are put in the guard-house when you get back, don't say a word; if you are tried by garrison court for crossing the bridge or absence without leave, plead guilty, make no

defence, and I'll pay you double your fine and let you off the thirty dollars. But if you fail me, or tell a soul of your errand, I'll write to —you know who, at Raines. Do you understand, and agree?"

"I do. Yessir."

"Go and get ready, and be here in ten minutes."

Meantime, Captain Chester had followed Sloat to the adjutant's office. He was boiling over with indignation which he hardly knew how to control. He found the gray-moustached subaltern tramping in great perplexity up and down the room, and the instant he entered was greeted with the inquiry,—

"What's gone wrong? What's Jerrold been doing?"

"Don't ask me any questions, Sloat, but answer. It is a matter of honor. *What* was your bet with Jerrold?"

"I oughtn't to tell that, Chester. Surely it cannot be a matter mixed up with this."

"I can't explain, Sloat. What I ask is unavoidable. Tell me about that bet."

"Why, he was so superior and airy, you know, and was trying to make me feel that he was so much more intimate with them all at the colonel's, and that he could have that picture for the mere asking; and I got mad, and bet him he *never* could."

"Was that the day you shook hands on it?"

"Yes."

"And that was her picture—*the* picture, then—he showed you this morning."

"Chester, you heard the conversation: you were there: *you* know that I'm on honor not to tell."

"Yes, I know. That's quite enough."

V.

Before seven o'clock that same morning Captain Chester had come to the conclusion that only one course was left open for him. After the brief talk with Sloat at the office he had increased the perplexity and distress of that easily-muddled soldier by requesting his company in a brief visit to the stables and corrals. A "square" and reliable old veteran was the quartermaster sergeant who had charge of those establishments; Chester had known him for years, and his fidelity and honesty were matters the officers of his former regiment could not too highly commend. When Sergeant Parks made an official statement there was no shaking its solidity. He slept in a little box of a house close by the entrance to the main stable, in which were kept the private horses of several of the officers, and among them Mr. Jerrold's; and it was his boast that, day or night, no horse left that stable without his knowledge. The old man was superintending the morning labors of the stable-hands, and looked up in surprise at so early a visit from the officer of the day.

"Were you here all last night, sergeant?" was Chester's abrupt question.

"Certainly, sir, and up until one o'clock or more."

"Were any horses out during the night,—any officers' horses, I mean?"

"No, sir, not one."

"I thought possibly some officers might have driven or ridden to town."

"No, sir. The only horses that crossed this threshold going out last night were Mr. Sutton's team from town. They were put up here until near one o'clock, and then the doctor sent over for them. I locked up right after that, and can swear nothing else went out."

Chester entered the stable and looked curiously around. Presently his eye lighted on a tall, rangy bay horse that was being groomed in a wide stall near the door-way.

"That's Mr. Jerrold's Roderick, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. He's fresh as a daisy, too,—hasn't been out for three days,—and Mr. Jerrold's going to drive the dog-cart this morning."

Chester turned away.

"Sloat," said he, as they left the stable, "if Mr. Jerrold was away from the post last night,—and you heard me say he was out of his quarters,—could he have gone any way except afoot, after what you heard Parks say?"

"Gone in the Suttons' outfit, I suppose," was Sloat's cautious answer.

"In which event he would have been seen by the sentry at the bridge, would he not?"

"Ought to have been, certainly."

"Then we'll go back to the guard-house." And, wonderingly and uncomfortably, Sloat followed. He had long since begun to wish he had held his peace and said nothing about the confounded roll-call. He hated rows of any kind. He didn't like Jerrold, but he would have crawled *ventre à terre* across the wide parade sooner than see a scandal in the regiment he loved; and it was becoming apparent to his sluggish faculties that it was no mere matter of absence from quarters that was involving Jerrold. Chester was all aflame over that picture-business, he remembered, and the whole drift of his present investigation was to prove that Jerrold was *not* absent from the post, but absent only from his quarters. If so, where had he spent his time until nearly four? Sloat's heart was heavy with vague apprehension. He knew that Jerrold had borne Alice Renwick away from the party at an unusually early hour for such things to break up. He knew that he and others had protested against such desertion, but she declared it could not be helped. He remembered another thing,—a matter that he thought of at the time, only from another point of view. It now seemed to have significance bearing on this very matter; for Chester suddenly asked,—

"Wasn't it rather odd that Miss Beaubien was not here at the dance? She has never missed one, seems to me, since Jerrold began spooning with her last year."

"Why, she *was* here."

"She was? Are you sure? Rollins never spoke of it; and we had been talking of her. I inferred from what he said that she was

not there at all. And I saw her drive homeward with her mother right after parade: so it didn't occur to me that she could have come out again, all that distance, in time for the dance. Singular! Why shouldn't Rollins have told me?"

Sloat grinned: a dreary sort of smile it was, too. "You go into society so seldom you don't see these things. I've more than half suspected Rollins of being quite ready to admire Miss Beaubien himself; and since Jerrold dropped her he has had plenty of opportunity."

"Great guns! I never thought of it! If I'd known she was to be there I'd have gone myself last night. How did she behave to Miss Renwick?"

"Why, sweet and smiling, and chipper as you please. If anything, I think Miss Renwick was cold and distant to her. I couldn't make it out at all."

"And did Jerrold dance with her?"

"Once, I think, and they had a talk out on the piazza,—just a minute. I happened to be at the door, and couldn't help seeing it; and what got me was this: Mr. Hall came out with Miss Renwick on his arm; they were chatting and laughing as they passed me, but the moment she caught sight of Jerrold and Miss Beaubien she stopped, and said, 'I think I won't stay out here; it's too chilly,' or something like it, and went right in; and then Jerrold dropped Miss Beaubien and went after her. He just handed the young lady over to me, saying he was engaged for next dance, and skipped."

"How did she like that? Wasn't she furious?"

"No. That's another thing that got me. She smiled after him, all sweetness, and—well, she *did* say, 'I count upon you,—you'll be there,' and he nodded. Oh, she was bright as a button after that."

"What did she mean?—be 'where,' do you suppose? Sloat, this all means more to me, and to us all, than I can explain."

"I don't know. I can't imagine."

"Was it to see her again that night?"

"I don't know at all. If it was, he fooled her, for he never went near her again. Rollins put her in the carriage."

"Whose? Did she come out with the Suttons?"

"Why, certainly. I thought you knew that."

"And neither old Madame Beaubien nor Mrs. Sutton with them? What was the old squaw thinking of?"

By this time they had neared the guard-house, where several of the men were seated awaiting the call for the next relief. All arose at the shout of the sentry on Number One, turning out the guard for the officer of the day. Chester made hurried and impatient acknowledgment of the salute, and called to the sergeant to send him the sentry who was at the bridge at one o'clock. It turned out to be a young soldier who had enlisted at the post only six months before and was already known as one of the most intelligent and promising candidates for a corporalship in the garrison.

"Were you on duty at the bridge at one o'clock, Carey?" asked the captain.

"I was, sir. My relief went on at 11.45 and came off at 1.45."

"What persons passed your post during that time?"

"There was a squad or two of men coming back from town on pass. I halted them, sir, and Corporal Murray came down and passed them in."

"I don't mean coming from town. Who went the other way?"

"Only one carriage, sir,—Mr. Sutton's."

"Could you see who were in it?"

"Certainly, sir: it was right under the lamp-post this end of the bridge that I stood when I challenged. Lieutenant Rollins answered for them and passed them out. He was sitting beside Mr. Sutton as they drove up, then jumped out and gave me the countersign and bade them good-night right there."

"Rollins again," thought Chester. "Why did he keep this from me?"

"Who were in the carriage?" he asked.

"Mr. Sutton, sir, on the front seat, driving, and two young ladies on the back seat."

"Nobody else?"

"Not a soul, sir. I could see in it plain as day. One lady was Miss Sutton, and the other Miss Beaubien. I know I was surprised at seeing the latter, because she drove home in her own carriage last evening right after parade. I was on post there at that hour too, sir. The second relief is on from 5.45 to 7.45."

"That will do, Carey. I see your relief is forming now."

As the officers walked away and Sloat silently plodded along beside his dark-browed senior, the latter turned to him:

"I should say that there was no way in which Mr. Jerrold could have gone townwards last night. Should not you?"

"He might have crossed the bridge while the third relief was on, and got a horse at the other side."

"He didn't do that, Sloat. I had already questioned the sentry on that relief. It was the third that I inspected and visited this morning."

"Well, how do you know he wanted to go to town? Why couldn't he have gone up the river, or out to the range? Perhaps there was a little game of 'draw' out at camp."

"There was no light in camp, much less a little game of draw, after eleven o'clock. You know well enough that there is nothing of that kind going on with Gaines in command. That isn't Jerrold's game, even if those fellows *were* bent on ruining their eyesight and nerve and spoiling the chance of getting the men on the division and army teams. I wish it *were* his game, instead of what it is!"

"Still, Chester, he may have been out in the country somewhere. You seem bent on the conviction he was up to mischief here, around this post. I won't ask you what you mean; but there's more than one way of getting to town if a man wants to very bad."

"How? Of course he can take a skiff and row down the river; but he'd never be back in time for reveille. There goes six o'clock, and I must get home and shave and think this over. Keep your own counsel, no matter who asks you. If you hear any questions or talk about shooting last night, you know nothing, heard nothing, and saw nothing."

"Shooting last night!" exclaimed Sloat, all agog with eagerness and excitement now. "Where was it? Who was it?"

But Chester turned a deaf ear upon him, and walked away. He wanted to see Rollins, and went straight home.

"Why didn't you tell me Miss Beaubien was out here last night?" was the question he asked as soon as he had entered the room where, all aglow from his cold bath, the youngster was dressing for breakfast. He colored vividly, then laughed.

"Well, you never gave me much chance to say anything, did you? You talked all the time, as I remember, and suddenly vanished and slammed the door. I would have told you had you asked me." But all the same it was evident for the first time that here was a subject Rollins was shy of mentioning.

"Did you go down and see them across sentry post?"

"Certainly. Jerrold asked me to. He said he had to take Miss Renwick home, and was too tired to come back,—was going to turn in. I was glad to do anything to be civil to the Suttons."

"Why, I'd like to know? They have never invited you to the house or shown you any attention whatever. You are not their style at all, Rollins, and I'm glad of it. It wasn't for their sake you stayed there until one o'clock instead of being here in bed. I wish—" and he looked wistfully, earnestly, at his favorite now, "I wish I could think it wasn't for the sake of Miss Beaubien's black eyes and aboriginal beauty."

"Look here, captain," said Rollins, with another rush of color to his face; "you don't seem to fancy Miss Beaubien, and—she's a friend of mine, and one I don't like to hear slightingly spoken of. You said a good deal last night that—well, wasn't pleasant to hear."

"I know it, Rollins. I beg your pardon. I didn't know then that you were more than slightly acquainted with her. I'm an old bat, and go out very little, but some things are pretty clear to my eyes, and—don't you be falling in love with Nina Beaubien. That is no match for you."

"I'm sure you never had a word to say against her father. The old colonel was a perfect type of the French gentleman, from all I hear."

"Yes, and her mother is as perfect a type of a Chippewa squaw, if she is only a half-breed and claims to be only a sixteenth. Rollins, there's Indian blood enough in Nina Beaubien's little finger to make me afraid of her. She is strong as death in love or hate, and you must have seen how she hung on Jerrold's every word all last winter. You must know she is not the girl to be lightly dropped now."

"She told me only a day or two ago they were the best of friends and had never been anything else," said Rollins, hotly.

"Has it gone that far, my boy? I had not thought it so bad, by any means. It's no use talking with a man who has lost his heart: his reason goes with it." And Chester turned away.

"You don't know anything about it," was all poor Rollins could think of as a suitable thing to shout after him; and it made no more impression than it deserved.

As has been said, Captain Chester had decided before seven o'clock that but one course lay open to him in the matter as now developed. Had Armitage been there he would have had an adviser, but there was no other man whose counsel he cared to seek. Old Captain Gray was as bitter against Jerrold as Chester himself, and with even better reason, for he knew well the cause of his little daughter's listless manner and tearful eyes. She had been all radiance and joy at the idea of coming to Sibley and being near the great cities, but not one happy look had he seen in her sweet and wistful face since the day of her arrival. Wilton, too, was another captain who disliked Jerrold; and Chester's rugged sense of fair play told him that it was not among the enemies of the young officer that he should now seek advice, but that if he had a friend among the older and wiser heads in the regiment it was due to him that that older and wiser head be given a chance to think a little for Jerrold's sake. And there was not one among the seniors whom he could call upon. As he ran over their names, Chester for the first time realized that his ex-subaltern had not a friend among the captains and senior officers now on duty at the fort. His indifference to duties, his airy foppishness, his conceit and self-sufficiency, had all served to create a feeling against him; and this had been intensified by his conduct since coming to Sibley. The youngsters still kept up jovial relations with and professed to like him, but among the seniors there were many men who had only a nod for him on meeting. Wilton had epitomized the situation by saying he "had no use for a masher," and poor old Gray had one day scowlingly referred to him as "the professional beauty."

In view of all this feeling, Chester would gladly have found some man to counsel further delay; but there was none. He felt that he must inform the colonel at once of the fact that Mr. Jerrold was absent from his quarters at the time of the firing, of his belief that it was Jerrold who struck him and sped past the sentry in the dark, and of his conviction that the sooner the young officer was called to account for his strange conduct the better. As to the episodes of the ladder, the lights, and the form at the dormer-window, he meant, for the present at least, to lock them in his heart.

But he forgot that others too must have heard those shots, and that others too would be making inquiries.

VI.

A lovely morning it was that beamed on Sibley and the broad and beautiful valley of the Cloudwater when once the sun got fairly above the moist horizon. Mist and vapor and heavy cloud all seemed swallowed up in the gathering, glowing warmth, as though the King of Day had risen athirst and drained the welcoming cup of nature. It must have rained at least a little during the darkness of the night, for dew there could have been none with skies so heavily overcast, and yet the short smooth turf on the parade, the leaves upon the little shade-trees around the quadrangle, and all the beautiful vines here on the trellis-work of the colonel's veranda, shone and sparkled in the radiant light. The roses in the little garden, and the old-fashioned morning-glory

vines over at the east side, were all a-glitter in the flooding sunshine when the bugler came out from a glance at the clock in the adjutant's office and sounded "sick-call" to the indifferent ear of the garrison. Once each day, at 7.30 A.M., the doctor trudged across to the hospital and looked over the half-dozen "hopelessly healthy" but would-be invalids who wanted to get off guard duty or a morning at the range. Thanks to the searching examination to which every soldier must be subjected before he can enter the service of Uncle Sam, and to the disciplined order of the lives of the men at Sibley, maladies of any serious nature were almost unknown. It was a gloriously healthy post, as everybody admitted, and, to judge from the specimen of young-womanhood that came singing, "blithe and low," out among the roses this same joyous morning, exuberant physical well-being was not restricted to the men.

A fairer picture never did dark beauty present than Alice Renwick, as she bent among the bushes or reached high among the vines in search of her favorite flowers. Tall, slender, willowy, yet with exquisitely-rounded form; slim, dainty little hands and feet; graceful arms and wrists all revealed in the flowing sleeves of her snowy, web-like gown, fitting her and displaying her sinuous grace of form as gowns so seldom do to-day. And then her face!—a glorious picture of rich, ripe, tropical beauty, with its great, soulful, sunlit eyes, heavily shaded though they were with those wondrous lashes; beautiful, too, in contour as was the lithe body, and beautiful in every feature, even to the rare and dewy curve of her red lips, half opened as she sang. She was smiling to herself, as she crooned her soft, murmuring melody, and every little while the great dark eyes glanced over towards the shaded doors of Bachelors' Row. There was no one up to watch and tell: why should she not look thither, and even stand one moment peering under the veranda at a darkened window half-way down the row, as though impatient at the non-appearance of some familiar signal? How came the laggard late? How slept the knight while here his lady stood impatient? She twined the leaves and roses in a fragrant knot, ran lightly within and laid them on the snowy cloth beside the colonel's seat at table, came forth and plucked some more and fastened them, blushing, blissful, in the lace-fringed opening of her gown, through which, soft and creamy, shone the perfect neck.

> "Daisy, tell my fortune, pray:
> He loves me not,—he loves me,"

she blithely sang, then, hurrying to the gate, shaded her eyes with the shapely hand and gazed intently. 'Twas nearing eight,—nearing breakfast-time. But some one was coming. Horrid! Captain Chester, of all men! Coming, of course, to see papa, and papa not yet down, and mamma had a headache and had decided not to come down at all, she would breakfast in her room. What girl on earth when looking and longing and waiting for the coming of a graceful youth of twenty-six would be anything but dismayed at the substitution therefor of a bulky, heavy-hearted captain of forty-six, no matter if he were still unmarried? And yet her smile was sweet and cordial.

"Why, good-morning, Captain Chester. I'm so glad to see you this bright day. Do come in and let me give you a rose. Papa will soon be down." And she opened the gate and held forth one long, slim hand. He took it slowly, as though in a dream, raising his forage-cap at the same time, yet making no reply. He was looking at her far more closely than he imagined. How fresh, how radiant, how fair and gracious and winning! Every item of her attire was so pure and white and spotless; every fold and curve of her gown seemed charged with subtile, delicate fragrance, as faint and sweet as the shy and modest wood-violet's. She noted his silence and his haggard eyes. She noted the intent gaze, and the color mounted straightway to her forehead.

"And have you no word of greeting for me?" she blithely laughed, striving to break through the awkwardness of his reserve, "or are you worn out with your night watch as officer of the day?"

He fairly started. Had she seen him, then? Did she know it was he who stood beneath her window, he who leaped in chase of that scoundrel, he who stole away with that heavy tell-tale ladder? and, knowing all this, could she stand there smiling in his face, the incarnation of maiden innocence and beauty? Impossible! Yet what could she mean?

"How did you know I had so long a vigil?" he asked, and the cold, strained tone, the half-averted eyes, the pallor of his face, all struck her at once. Instantly her manner changed:

"Oh, forgive me, captain. I see you are all worn out; and I'm keeping you here at the gate. Come to the piazza and sit down. I'll tell papa you are here, for I know you want to see him." And she tripped lightly away before he could reply, and rustled up the stairs. He could hear her light tap at the colonel's door, and her soft, clear, flute-like voice: "Papa, Captain Chester is here to see you."

Papa indeed! She spoke to him and of him as though he were her own. He treated her as though she were his flesh and blood, —as though he loved her devotedly. Even before she came had not they been prepared for this? Did not Mrs. Maynard tell them that Alice had become enthusiastically devoted to her step-father and considered him the most knightly and chivalric hero she had ever seen? He could hear the colonel's hearty and loving tone in reply, and then she came fluttering down again:

"Papa will be with you in five minutes, captain. But won't you let me give you some coffee? It's all ready, and you look so tired,—even ill."

"I have had a bad night," he answered, "but I'm growing old, and cannot stand sleeplessness as you young people seem to."

Was she faltering? He watched her eagerly, narrowly, almost wonderingly. Not a trace of confusion, not a sign of fear; and yet had he not *seen* her, and that other figure?

"I wish you could sleep as I do," was the prompt reply. "I was in the land of dreams ten minutes after my head touched the pillow, and mamma made me come home early last night because of our journey to-day. You know we are going down to visit Aunt Grace, Colonel Maynard's sister, at Lake Sablon, and mamma wanted me to

be looking my freshest and best," she said, "and I never heard a thing till reveille."

His eyes, sad, penetrating, doubting,—yet self-doubting, too,—searched her very soul. Unflinchingly the dark orbs looked into his,—even pityingly; for she quickly spoke again:

"Captain, *do* come into the breakfast-room and have some coffee. You have not breakfasted, I'm sure."

He raised his hand as though to repel her offer,—even to put her aside. He *must* understand her. He *could* not be hoodwinked in this way.

"Pardon me, Miss Renwick, but did you hear nothing strange last night or early this morning? Were you not disturbed at all?"

"I? No, indeed!" True, her face had changed now, but there was no fear in her eyes. It was a look of apprehension, perhaps, of concern and curiosity mingled, for his tone betrayed that something had happened which caused him agitation.

"And you heard no shots fired?"

"Shots! No! Oh, Captain Chester! what does it mean? *Who* was shot? Tell me!"

And now, with paling face and wild apprehension in her eyes, she turned and gazed beyond him, past the vines and the shady veranda, across the sunshine of the parade and under the old piazza, searching that still closed and darkened window.

"Who?" she implored, her hands clasping nervously, her eyes returning eagerly to his face.

"It was not Mr. Jerrold," he answered, coldly. "He is unhurt, so far as shot is concerned."

"Then how is he hurt? Is he hurt at all?" she persisted; and then as she met his gaze her eyes fell, and the burning blush of maiden shame surged up to her forehead. She sank upon a seat and covered her face with her hands.

"I thought of Mr. Jerrold, naturally. He said he would be over early this morning," was all she could find to say.

"I have seen him, and presume he will come. To all appearances, he is the last man to suffer from last night's affair," he went on, relentlessly,—almost brutally,—but she never winced. "It is odd you did not hear the shots. I thought yours was the northwest room,—this one?" he indicated, pointing overhead.

"So it is, and I slept there all last night and heard nothing,—not a thing. *Do* tell me what the trouble was."

Then what was there for him to say? The colonel's footsteps were heard upon the stair, and the colonel, with extended hand and beaming face and cheery welcome, came forth from the open door-way:

"Welcome, Chester! I'm glad you've come just in time for breakfast. Mrs. Maynard won't be down. She slept badly last night, and is sleeping now. What was the firing last night? I did not hear it at the time, but the orderly and old Maria the cook were discussing it as I was shaving."

"It is that I came to see you about, colonel. I am the man to hold responsible."

"No prisoners got away, I hope?"

"No, sir. Nothing, I fear, that would seem to justify my action. I ordered Number Five to fire."

"Why, what on earth could have happened around there,—almost back of us?" said the colonel, in surprise.

"I do not know what had happened, or what was going to happen." And Chester paused a moment, and glanced towards the door through which Miss Renwick had retired as soon as the colonel arrived. The old soldier seemed to understand the glance. "*She* would not listen," he said, proudly.

"I know," explained Chester. "I think it best that no one but you should hear anything of the matter for the present until I have investigated further. It was nearly half-past three this morning as I got around here on Five's post, inspecting sentinels, and came suddenly in the darkness upon a man carrying a ladder on his shoulder. I ordered him to halt. The reply was a violent blow, and the ladder and I were dropped at the same instant, while the man sprang into space and darted off in the direction of Number Five. I followed quick as I could, heard the challenge and the cries of halt, and shouted to Leary to fire. He did, but missed his aim in the haste and darkness, and the man got safely away. Of course there is much talk and speculation about it around the post this morning, for several people heard the shots besides the guard, and, although I told Leary and others to say nothing, I know it is already generally known."

"Oh, well, come in to breakfast," said the colonel. "We'll talk it over there."

"Pardon me, sir, I cannot. I must get back home before guard-mount, and Rollins is probably waiting to see me now. I—I could not discuss it at the table, for there are some singular features about the matter."

"Why, in God's name, what?" asked the colonel, with sudden and deep anxiety.

"Well, sir, an officer of the garrison is placed in a compromising position by this affair, and cannot or will not explain."

"Who?"

"Mr. Jerrold, sir."

"Jerrold! Why, I got a note from him not ten minutes ago saying he had an engagement in town and asking permission to go before guard-mounting, if Mr. Hall was ready. Hall wanted to go with him, Jerrold wrote, but Hall has not applied for permission to leave the post."

"It is Jerrold who is compromised, colonel. I may be all wrong in my suspicions, all wrong in reporting the matter to you at all, but in my perplexity and distress I see no other way. Frankly, sir, the moment I caught sight of the man he looked like Jerrold; and two minutes after the shots were fired I inspected Jerrold's quarters. He was not there, though the lamps were burning very low in the bedroom, and his bed had not been occupied at all. When you see Leary, sir, he will tell you that he also thought it must be Mr. Jerrold."

"The young scapegrace!—been off to town, I suppose."

"Colonel," said Chester, quickly, "you—not I—must decide that. I went to his quarters after reveille, and he was then there, and resented my visit and questions, admitted that he had been out during the night, but refused to make any statement to me."

"Well, Chester, I will haul him up after breakfast. Possibly he had been up to the rifle-camp, or had driven to town after the doctor's party. Of course *that* must be stopped; but I'm glad you missed him. It, of course, staggers a man's judgment to be knocked down, but if you had killed him it might have been as serious for you as this knock-down blow will be for him. That is the worst phase of the matter. What could he have been thinking of? He must have been either drunk or mad; and he rarely drank. Oh, dear, dear, dear, but that's very bad, —very bad,—striking the officer of the day! Why, Chester, that's the worst thing that's happened in the regiment since I took command of it. It's about the worst thing that *could* have happened to us. Of course he must go in arrest. I'll see the adjutant right after breakfast. I'll be over early, Chester." And with grave and worried face the colonel bade him adieu.

As he turned away, Chester heard him saying again to himself, "About the worst thing he could have done!—the worst thing he could have done!" And the captain's heart sank within him. What would the colonel say when he knew how far, far worse was the foul wrong Mr. Jerrold had done to him and his?

VII.

Before guard-mounting—almost half an hour before his usual time for appearing at the office—Colonel Maynard hurried in to his desk, sent the orderly for Captain Chester, and then the clerks in the sergeant-major's room heard him close and lock the door. As the subject of the shooting was already under discussion among the men there assembled, this action on the part of the chief was considered highly significant. It was hardly five minutes before Chester came, looked surprised at finding the door locked, knocked, and was admitted.

The look on the haggard face at the desk, the dumb misery in the eyes, the wrath and horror in it all, carried him back twenty years to that gloomy morning in the casemates when the story was passed around that Captain Maynard had lost a wife and an intimate friend during the previous night. Chester saw at a glance that, despite his precautions, the blow had come, the truth been revealed at one fell swoop.

"Lock the door again, Chester, and come here. I have some questions to ask you."

The captain silently took the chair which was indicated by a wave of the colonel's hand, and waited. For a moment no word more was spoken. The old soldier, white and trembling strangely, reseated himself at the desk, and covered his face with his hands. Twice he drew them with feebly stroking movement over his eyes, as though to rally the stunned faculties and face the trying ordeal. Then a shiver passed through his frame, and with sudden lift of the head he fixed his gaze on Chester's face and launched the question,—

"Chester, is there any kindness to a man who has been through what I have in telling only half a tale, as you have done?"

The captain colored red. "I am at a loss to answer you, colonel," he said, after brief reflection. "You know far more than you did half an hour ago, and what I knew I could not bear to tell you as yet."

"My God! my God! Tell me *all*, and tell me at once. Here, man, if you need stimulant to your indignation and cannot speak without it, read this. I found it, open, among the rose-bushes in the garden, where she must have dropped it when out there with you. Read it. Tell me what it means; for, God knows, I can't believe such a thing of her."

He handed Chester a sheet of note-paper. It was moist and blurred on the first page, but the inner pages, though damp, were in good condition. The first, second, and third pages were closely covered in a bold, nervous hand that Chester knew well. It was Jerrold's writing, beyond a doubt, and Chester's face grew hot as he read, and his heart turned cold as stone when he finished the last hurried line.

"My Darling,—

"I *must* see you, if only for a moment, before you leave. Do not let this alarm you, for the more I think the more I am convinced it is only a bluff, but Captain Chester discovered my absence early this morning when spying around as usual, and now he claims to have knowledge of our secret. Even if he was on the terrace when I got back, it was too dark for him to recognize me, and it seems impossible that he can have got any real clue. He suspects, perhaps, and thinks to force me to confession; but I would guard your name with my life. Be wary. Act as though there were nothing on earth between us, and if we cannot meet until then I will be at the dépôt with the others to see you off, and will then have a letter ready with full particulars and instructions. It will be in the first thing I hand to you. Hide it until you can safely read it. Your mother must not be allowed a glimmer of suspicion, and then you are safe. As for me, even Chester cannot make the colonel turn against me now. My jealous one, my fiery sweetheart, do you not realize now that I was wise in showing her so much attention? A thousand kisses. Come what may, they cannot rob us of the past. Howard.

"I fear you heard and were alarmed by the shots just after I left you. All was quiet when I got home."

It was some seconds before Chester could control himself sufficiently to speak. "I wish to God the bullet had gone through his heart!" he said.

"It has gone through mine,—through mine! This will kill her mother. Chester," cried the colonel, springing suddenly to his feet, "she must not know it. She must not dream of it. I tell you it would stretch her in the dust, *dead*, for she loves that child with all her strength, with all her being, I believe, for it is two mother-loves in one. She had a son, older than Alice by several years, her first-born,—her

glory, he was,—but the boy inherited the father's passionate and impulsive nature. He loved a girl utterly beneath him, and would have married her when he was only twenty. There is no question that he loved her well, for he refused to give her up, no matter what his father threatened. They tried to buy her off, and she scorned them. Then they had a letter written, while he was sent abroad under pretence that he should have his will if he came back in a year unchanged. By Jove, it seems she was as much in love as he, and it broke her heart. She went off and died somewhere, and he came back ahead of time because her letters had ceased, and found it all out. There was an awful scene. He cursed them both,—father and mother,—and left her senseless at his feet; and from that day to this they never heard of him, never could get the faintest report. It broke Renwick,—killed him, I guess, for he died in two years; and as for the mother, you would not think that a woman so apparently full of life and health was in desperate danger. She had some organic trouble with the heart years ago, they tell her, and this experience has developed it so that now any great emotion or sudden shock is perilous. Do you not see how doubly fearful this comes to us? Chester, I have weathered one awful storm, but I'm old and broken now. This—this beats me. Tell me what to do."

The captain was silent a few moments. He was thinking intently.

"Does she know you have that letter?" he asked.

Maynard shook his head: "I looked back as I came away. She was in the parlor, singing softly to herself, at the very moment I picked it up, lying open as it was right there among the roses, the first words staring me in the face. I meant not to read it,—never dreamed it was for her,—and had turned over the page to look for the superscription. There was none, but there I saw the signature and that postscript about the shots. That startled me, and I read it here just before you came, and then could account for your conduct,—something I could not do before. God of heaven! would any man believe it of her? It is incredible! Chester, tell me everything you know now,—even everything you suspect. I must see my way clear."

And then the captain, with halting and reluctant tongue, told his story: how he had stumbled on the ladder back of the colonel's quarters and learned from Number Five that some one had been prowling back of Bachelors' Row; how he returned there afterwards, found the ladder at the side-wall, and saw the tall form issue from her window; how he had given chase and been knocked breathless, and of his suspicions, and Leary's, as to the identity of the stranger.

The colonel bowed his head still deeper, and groaned aloud. But he had still other questions to ask.

"Did you see—any one else at the window?"

"Not while he was there."

"At any time, then,—before or after?" And the colonel's eyes would take no denial.

"I saw," faltered Chester, "nobody. The shade was pulled up while I was standing there, after I had tripped on the ladder. I supposed the noise of my stumble had awakened her."

"And was that all? Did you see nothing more?"

"Colonel, I *did* see, afterwards, a woman's hand and arm closing the shade."

"My God! And she told me she slept the night through,—never waked or heard a sound!"

"Did you hear nothing yourself, colonel?"

"Nothing. When she came home from the party she stopped a moment, saying something to him at the door, then came into the library and kissed me good-night. I shut up the house and went to bed about half-past twelve, and her door was closed when I went to our room."

"So there were two closed doors, yours and hers, and the broad hall between you?"

"Certainly. We have the doors open all night that lead into the rear rooms, and their windows. This gives us abundant air. Alice always has the hall door closed at night."

"And Mrs. Maynard,—was she asleep?"

"No. Mrs. Maynard was lying awake, and seemed a little restless and disturbed. Some of the women had been giving her some hints about Jerrold and fretting her. You know she took a strange fancy to him at the start. It was simply because he reminded her so strongly of the boy she had lost. She told me so. But after a little she began to discover traits in him she did not like, and then his growing intimacy with Alice worried her. She would have put a stop to the doctor's party,—to her going with him, I mean,—but the engagement was made some days ago. Two or three days since, she warned Alice not to trust him, she says; and it is really as much on this as any other account that we decided to get her away, off to see her aunt Grace. Oh, God! how blind we are! how blind we are!" And poor old Maynard bowed his head and almost groaned aloud.

Chester rose, and, in his characteristic way, began tramping nervously up and down. There was a knock at the door. "The adjutant's compliments, and 'twas time for guard-mount. Would the colonel wish to see him before he went out?" asked the orderly.

"I ought to go, sir," said Chester. "I am old officer of the day, and there will be just time for me to get into full uniform."

"Let them go on without you," said Maynard. "I cannot spare you now. Send word to that effect. Now,—now about this man,—this Jerrold. What is the best thing we can do?—of course I know what he most deserves;—but what is the *best* thing under all the circumstances? Of course my wife and Alice will leave to-day. She was still sleeping when I left, and, pray God, is not dreaming of this. It was nearly two before she closed her eyes last night; and I, too, slept badly. You have seen him. What does he say?"

"Denies everything,—anything,—challenges me to prove that he was absent from his house more than five minutes,—indeed, I could not, for he may have come in just after I left,—and pretended utter ignorance of my meaning when I accused him of striking me before I ordered the sentry to fire. Of course it is all useless now. When I confront him with this letter he *must* give in. Then let him resign and get away as quietly as possible before the end of the week. No one

need know the causes. Of course shooting is what he deserves; but shooting demands explanation. It is better for your name, hers, and all, that he should be allowed to live than that the truth were suspected, as it would be if he were killed. Indeed, sir, if I were you I would take them to Sablon, keep them away for a fortnight, and leave him to me. It may be even judicious to let him go on with all his duties as though nothing had happened, as though he had simply been absent from reveille, and let the whole matter drop like that until all remark and curiosity is lulled; then you can send her back to Europe or the East,—time enough to decide on that; but I will privately tell him he must quit the service in six months, and show him why. It isn't the way it ought to be settled; it probably isn't the way Armitage would do it; but it is the best thing that occurs to me. One thing is certain: you and they ought to get away at once, and he should not be permitted to see her again. I can run the post a few days and explain matters after you go."

The colonel sat in wretched silence a few moments; then he arose:

"If it were not for *her* danger,—her heart,—I would never drop the matter here,—never! I would see it through to the bitter end. But you are probably right as to the prudent course to take. I'll get them away on the noon train: he thinks they do not start until later. Now I must go and face it. My God, Chester! could you look at that child and realize it? Even now, even now, sir, I believe—I believe, someway—somehow—she is innocent."

"God grant it, sir!"

And then the colonel left the office, avoiding, as has been told, a word with any man. Chester buttoned the tell-tale letter in an inner pocket, after having first folded the sheet lengthwise and then enclosed it in a long official envelope. The officers, wondering at the colonel's distraught appearance, had come thronging in, hoping for information, and then had gone, unsatisfied and disgusted, practically turned out by their crabbed senior captain. The ladies, after chatting aimlessly about the quadrangle for half an hour, had decided that Mrs. Maynard must be ill, and, while most of them awaited the result, two of their number went to the colonel's house and rang at the bell. A servant appeared: "Mrs. Maynard wasn't very well this morning, and was breakfasting in her room, and Miss Alice was with her, if the ladies would please excuse them." And so the emissaries returned unsuccessful. Then, too, as we have seen, despite his good intention of keeping matters hushed as much as possible, Chester's nervous irritability had got the better of him, and he had made damaging admissions to Wilton of the existence of a cause of worriment and perplexity, and this Wilton told without compunction. And then there was another excitement, that set all tongues wagging. Every man had heard what Chester said, that Mr. Jerrold must not quit the garrison until he had first come and seen the temporary commanding officer, and Hall had speedily carried the news to his friend.

"Are *you* ready to go?" asked Mr. Jerrold, who was lacing his boots in the rear room.

"No. I've got to go and get into 'cits' first."

"All right. Go, and be lively! I'll wait for you at Murphy's, beyond the bridge, provided you say nothing about it."

"You don't mean you are going against orders?"

"Going? Of course I am. I've got old Maynard's permission, and if Chester means to revoke it he's got to get his adjutant here inside of ten seconds. What you tell me isn't official. I'm off *now!*"

And when the adjutant returned to Captain Chester it was with the information that he was too late: Mr. Jerrold's dog-cart had crossed the bridge five minutes earlier.

Perhaps an hour later the colonel sent for Chester, and the captain went to his house. The old soldier was pacing slowly up and down the parlor floor.

"I wanted you a moment. A singular thing has happened. You know that 'Directoire' cabinet photo of Alice? My wife always kept it on her dressing-table, and this morning it's gone. That frame—the silver filigree thing—was found behind a sofa-pillow in Alice's room, and she declares she has no idea how it got there. Chester, is there any new significance in this?"

The captain bowed assent.

"What is it?"

"That photograph was seen by Major Sloat in Jerrold's bureau-drawer at reveille this morning."

And such was the situation at Sibley the August day the colonel took his wife and her lovely daughter to visit Aunt Grace at Lake Sablon.

VIII.

In the big red omnibus that was slowly toiling over the dusty road several passengers were making their way from the railway-station to the hotel at Lake Sablon. Two of them were women of mature years, whose dress and bearing betokened lives of ease and comfort; another was a lovely brunette of less than twenty, the daughter, evidently, of one of these ladies, and an object of loving pride to both. These three seemed at home in their surroundings, and were absorbed in the packet of letters and papers they had just received at the station. It was evident that they were not new arrivals, as were the other passengers, who studied them with the half-envious feelings with which new-comers at a summer resort are apt to regard those who seem to have been long established there, and who gathered from the scraps of conversation that they had merely been over to say good-by to friends leaving on the very train which brought in the rest of what we good Americans term "the 'bus-load." There were women among the newly-arrived who inspected the dark girl with that calm, unflinching, impertinent scrutiny and half-audibly whispered comment which, had they been of the opposite sex, would have warranted their being kicked out of the conveyance, but which was ignored by the fair object and her friends as completely as were the commentators themselves. There were one or two men in the omnibus who might readily have been forgiven an admiring glance or two at so bright a vision of girlish beauty as was Miss Renwick this August afternoon, and they *had* looked; but the one who most attracted

the notice of Mrs. Maynard and Aunt Grace—a tall, stalwart, distinguished-looking party in gray travelling-dress—had taken his seat close to the door and was deep in the morning's paper before they were fairly away from the station.

Laying down the letter she had just finished reading, Mrs. Maynard glanced at her daughter, who was still engaged in one of her own, and evidently with deep interest.

"From Fort Sibley, Alice?"

"Yes, mamma, all three,—Miss Craven, Mrs. Hoyt, and—Mr. Jerrold. Would you like to see it?" And, with rising color, she held forth the one in her hand.

"Not now," was the answer, with a smile that told of confidence and gratification both. "It is about the german, I suppose?"

"Yes. He thinks it outrageous that we should not be there,—says it is to be the prettiest ever given at the fort, and that Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Craven, who are the managers for the ladies, had asked him to lead. He wants to know if we cannot possibly come."

"Are you not very eager to go, Alice? I should be," said Aunt Grace, with sympathetic interest.

"Yes, I am," answered Miss Renwick, reflectively. "It had been arranged that it should come off next week, when, as was supposed, we would be home after this visit. It cannot be postponed, of course, because it is given in honor of all the officers who are gathered there for the rifle-competition, and that will be all over and done with to-day, and they cannot stay beyond Tuesday next. We must give it up, auntie," and she looked up smilingly, "and you have made it so lovely for me here that I can do it without a sigh. Think of that!—an army german!—and Fanny Craven says the favors are to be simply lovely. Yes, I *did* want to go, but papa said he felt unequal to it the moment he got back from Chicago, day before yesterday, and he certainly does not look at all well: so that ended it, and I wrote at once to Mrs. Hoyt. This is her answer now."

"What does she say?"

"Oh, it is very kind of her: she wants me to come and be her guest if the colonel is too ill to come and mamma will not leave him. She says Mr. Hoyt will come down and escort me. But I would not like to go without mamma," and the big dark eyes looked up wistfully, "and I know she does not care to urge papa when he seems so indisposed to going."

Mrs. Maynard's eyes were anxious and troubled now. She turned to her sister-in-law:

"Do you think he seems any better, Grace? I do not."

"It is hard to say. He was so nervously anxious to get away to see the general the very day you arrived here that there was not a moment in which I could ask him about himself; and since his return he has avoided all mention of it beyond saying it is nothing but indigestion and he would be all right in a few days. I never knew him to suffer in that way in my life. Is there any regimental matter that can be troubling him?" she asked, in lower tone.

"Nothing of any consequence whatever. Of course the officers

feel chagrined over their defeat in the rifle-match. They had expected to stand very high, but Mr. Jerrold's shooting was unexpectedly below the average, and it threw their team behind. But the colonel didn't make the faintest allusion to it. That hasn't worried him anywhere near as much as it has the others, I should judge."

"I do not think it was all Mr. Jerrold's fault, mamma," said Miss Renwick, with gentle reproach and a very becoming flush. "I'm going to stand up for him, because I think they all blame him for other men's poor work. He was not the only one on our team whose shooting was below former scores."

"They claim that none fell so far below their expectations as he, Alice. You know I am no judge of such matters, but Mr. Hoyt and Captain Gray both write the colonel that Mr. Jerrold had been taking no care of himself whatever and was entirely out of form."

"In any event I'm glad the cavalry did no better," was Miss Renwick's loyal response. "You remember the evening we rode out to the range and Captain Gray said that there was the man who would win the first prize from Mr. Jerrold,—that tall cavalry sergeant who fainted away,—Sergeant McLeod; don't you remember, mother? Well, he did not even get a place, and Mr. Jerrold beat him easily."

Something in her mother's eyes warned her to be guarded, and, in that indefinable but unerring system of feminine telegraphy, called her attention to the man sitting by the door. Looking quickly to her right, Miss Renwick saw that he was intently regarding her. At the mention of Fort Sibley the stranger had lowered his paper, revealing a bronzed face clean-shaven except for the thick blonde moustache, and a pair of clear, steady, searching blue eyes under heavy brows and lashes, and these eyes were very deliberately yet respectfully fixed upon her own; nor were they withdrawn in proper confusion when detected. It was Miss Renwick whose eyes gave up the contest and returned in some sense of defeat to her mother's face.

"What letters have you for the colonel?" asked Mrs. Maynard, coming *au secours.*

"Three,—two of them from his devoted henchman Captain Chester, who writes by every mail, I should imagine; and these he will go off into some secluded nook with and come back looking blue and worried. Then here's another, forwarded from Sibley, too. I do not know this hand. Perhaps it is from Captain Armitage, who, they say, is to come back next month. Poor Mr. Jerrold!"

"Why poor Mr. Jerrold?" asked Aunt Grace, with laughing interest, as she noted the expression on her niece's pretty face.

"Because he can't bear Captain Armitage, and——"

"Now, Alice!" said her mother, reprovingly. "You must not take his view of the captain at all. Remember what the colonel said of him——"

"Mother dear," protested Alice, laughing, "I have no doubt Captain Armitage is the paragon of a soldier, but he is unquestionably a most unpleasant and ungentlemanly person in his conduct to the young officers. Mr. Hall has told me the same thing. I declare, I don't see how they can speak to him at all, he has been so harsh and discourteous

and unjust." The color was rising in earnest now, but a warning glance in her mother's eye seemed to check further words. There was an instant's silence. Then Aunt Grace remarked,—

"Alice, your next-door neighbor has vanished. I think your vehemence has frightened him."

Surely enough, the big, blue-eyed man in tweeds had disappeared. During this brief controversy he had quickly and noiselessly let himself out of the open door, swung lightly to the ground, and was out of sight among the trees.

"Why, what a strange proceeding!" said Aunt Grace again. "We are fully a mile and a half from the hotel, and he means to walk it in this glaring sun."

Evidently he did. The driver reined up at the moment in response to a suggestion from some one in a forward seat, and there suddenly appeared by the wayside, striding out from the shelter of the sumachs, the athletic figure of the stranger.

"Go ahead!" he called, in a deep chest-voice that had an unmistakable ring to it,—the tone that one so readily recognizes in men accustomed to prompt action and command. "I'm going across lots." And, swinging his heavy stick, with quick, elastic steps and erect carriage the man in gray plunged into a wood-path and was gone.

"Alice," said Aunt Grace, again, "that man is an officer, I'm sure, and you have driven him into exile and lonely wandering. I've seen so much of them when visiting my brother in the old days before my marriage that even in civilian dress it is easy to tell some of them. Just look at that back, and those shoulders! He has been a soldier all his life. Horrors! suppose it should be Captain Armitage himself!"

Miss Renwick looked genuinely distressed, as well as vexed. Certainly no officer but Captain Armitage would have had reason to leave the stage. Certainly officers and their families occasionally visited Sablon in the summer-time, but Captain Armitage could hardly be here. There was comforting assurance in the very note she held in her hand.

"It cannot be," she said, "because Mr. Jerrold writes that they have just heard from him at Sibley. He is still at the sea-shore, and will not return for a month. Mr. Jerrold says he implored Captain Chester to let him have three days' leave to come down here and have a sail and a picnic with us, and was told that it would be out of the question."

"Did he tell you any other news?" asked Mrs. Maynard, looking up from her letter again,—"anything about the german?"

"He says he thinks it a shame we are to be away and—well, read it yourself." And she placed it in her mother's hands, the dark eyes seriously, anxiously studying her face as she read. Presently Mrs. Maynard laid it down and looked again into her own, then, pointing to a certain passage with her finger, handed it to her daughter.

"Men were deceivers ever," she said, laughing, yet oracularly significant.

And Alice Renwick could not quite control the start with which she read,—

"Mr. Jerrold is to lead with his old love, Nina Beaubien. They make a capital pair, and she, of course, will be radiant—with Alice out of the way."

"That is something Mr. Jerrold failed to mention, is it not?"

Miss Renwick's cheeks were flushed, and the dark eyes were filled with sudden pain, as she answered,—

"I did not know she was there. She was to have gone to the Lakes the same day we left."

"She did go, Alice," said her mother, quietly, "but it was only for a brief visit, it seems."

The colonel was not at their cottage when the omnibus reached the lake. Over at the hotel were the usual number of loungers gathered to see the new arrivals, and Alice presently caught sight of the colonel coming through the park. If anything, he looked more listless and dispirited than he had before they left. She ran down the steps to meet him, smiling brightly up into his worn and haggard face.

"Are you feeling a little brighter, papa? Here are letters for you."

He took them wearily, barely glancing at the superscriptions.

"I had hoped for something more," he said, and passed on into the little frame house which was his sister's summer home. "Is your mother here?" he asked, looking back as he entered the door.

"In the north room, with Aunt Grace, papa," she answered; and then once more and with graver face she began to read Mr. Jerrold's letter. It was a careful study she was making of it this time, and not altogether a pleasant one. Aunt Grace came out and made some laughing remark at seeing her still so occupied. She looked up, pluckily smiling despite a sense of wounded pride, and answered,—

"I am only convincing myself that it was purely on general principles that Mr. Jerrold seemed so anxious I should be there. He never wanted me to lead with him at all." All the same it stung, and Aunt Grace saw and knew it, and longed to take her to her heart and comfort her; but it was better so. She was finding him out unaided.

She was still studying over portions of that ingenious letter, when the rustle of her aunt's gown indicated that she was rising. She saw her move towards the steps, heard a quick, firm tread upon the narrow planking, and glanced up in surprise. There, uncovering his close-cropped head, stood the tall stranger, looking placidly up as he addressed Aunt Grace:

"Pardon me, can I see Colonel Maynard?"

"He is at home. Pray come up and take a chair. I will let him know. I—I felt sure you must be some friend of his when I saw you in the stage," said the good lady, with manifest and apologetic uneasiness.

"Yes," responded the stranger, as he quickly ascended the steps and bowed before her, smiling quietly the while. "Let me introduce myself. I am Captain Armitage, of the colonel's regiment."

"There! I *knew* it!" was Aunt Grace's response, as with both hands uplifted in tragic despair she gave one horror-stricken glance at Alice and rushed into the house.

There was a moment's silence; then, with burning cheeks, but

with brave eyes that looked frankly into his, Alice Renwick arose, came straight up to him, and held out her pretty hand.

"Captain Armitage, I beg your pardon."

He took the extended hand and gazed earnestly into her face, while a kind—almost merry—smile lighted up his own.

"Have the boys given me such an uncanny reputation as all that?" he asked; and then, as though tickled with the comicality of the situation, he began to laugh. "What ogres some of us old soldiers do become in the course of years! Do you know, young lady, I might never have suspected what a brute I was if it had not been for you? What a blessed thing it was the colonel did not tell you I was coming! You would never have given me this true insight into my character."

But she saw nothing to laugh at, and would not laugh. Her lovely face was still burning with blushes and dismay and full of trouble.

"I do not look upon it lightly at all," she said. "It was unpardonable in me to—to——"

"To take so effective and convincing a method of telling a man of his grievous sins! Not a bit of it. I like a girl who has the courage to stand up for her friends. I shall congratulate Jerrold and Hall both when I get back, lucky fellows that they are!" And evidently Captain Armitage was deriving altogether too much jolly entertainment from her awkwardness. She rallied and strove to put an end to it.

"Indeed, Captain Armitage, I *do* think the young officers sorely need friends and advocates at times. I never would have knowingly spoken to you of your personal responsibilities in the woes of Mr. Jerrold and Mr. Hall, but since I have done so unwittingly I may as well define my position, especially as you are so good-natured with it all." And here, it must be admitted, Miss Renwick's beautiful eyes were shyly lifted to his in a most telling way. Once there, they looked squarely into the clear blue depths of his, and never flinched. "It seemed to me several times at Sibley that the young officers deserved more consideration and courtesy than their captains accorded them. It was not you alone that I heard of."

"I am profoundly gratified to learn that somebody else is a brute," he answered, trying to look grave, but with that irrepressible merriment twitching at the corners of his mouth and giving sudden gleams of his firm white teeth through the thick moustache. "You are come to us just in time, Miss Renwick, and if you will let me come and tell you all my sorrows the next time the colonel pitches into me for something wrong in B Company, I'll give you full permission to overhaul me for everything or anything I say and do to the youngsters. Is it a bargain?" And he held out his big, firm hand.

"I think you are—very different from what I heard," was all her answer, as she looked up in his eyes, twinkling as they were with fun. "Oh, we are to shake hands on it as a bargain? Is that it? Very well, then."

IX.

When Captain Armitage left the cottage that night he did not go at once to his own room. Brief as was the conversation he had enjoyed

with Miss Renwick, it was all that Fate vouchsafed him for that date at least. The entire party went to tea together at the hotel, but immediately thereafter the colonel carried Armitage away, and for two long hours they were closeted over some letters that had come from Sibley, and when the conference broke up and the wondering ladies saw the two men come forth it was late,—almost ten o'clock,—and the captain did not venture beyond the threshold of the sitting-room. He bowed and bade them a somewhat ceremonious good-night. His eyes rested—lingered—on Miss Renwick's uplifted face, and it was the picture he took with him into the stillness of the summer night.

The colonel accompanied him to the steps, and rested his hand upon the broad gray shoulder.

"God only knows how I have needed you, Armitage. This trouble has nearly crushed me, and it seemed as though I were utterly alone. I had the haunting fear that it was only weakness on my part and my love for my wife that made me stand out against Chester's propositions. He can only see guilt and conviction in every new phase of the case, and, though you see how he tries to spare me, his letters give no hope of any other conclusion."

Armitage pondered a moment before he answered. Then he slowly spoke:

"Chester has lived a lonely and an unhappy life. His first experience after graduation was that wretched affair of which you have told me. Of course I knew much of the particulars before, but not all. I respect Chester as a soldier and a gentleman, and I like him and trust him as a friend; but, Colonel Maynard, in a matter of such vital importance as this, and one of such delicacy, I distrust, not his motives, but his judgment. All his life, practically, he has been brooding over the sorrow that came to him when your trouble came to you, and his mind is grooved: he believes he sees mystery and intrigue in matters that others might explain in an instant."

"But think of all the array of evidence he has."

"Enough, and more than enough, I admit, to warrant everything he has thought or said of the man; but——"

"He simply puts it this way. If he be guilty, can she be less? Is it possible, Armitage, that you are unconvinced?"

"Certainly I am unconvinced. The matter has not yet been sifted. As I understand it, you have forbidden his confronting Jerrold with the proofs of his rascality until I get there. Admitting the evidence of the ladder, the picture, and the form at the window,—ay, the letter, too,—I am yet to be convinced of one thing. You must remember that his judgment is biassed by his early experiences. He fancies that no woman is proof against such fascinations as Jerrold's."

"And your belief?"

"Is that some women—*many* women—are utterly above such a possibility."

Old Maynard wrung his comrade's hand. "You make me hope in spite of myself,—my past experiences,—my very senses, Armitage. I have leaned on you so many years that I missed you sorely when this trial came. If you had been there, things might not have taken

this shape. He looks upon Chester—and it's one thing Chester hasn't forgiven in him—as a meddling old granny; you remember the time he so spoke of him last year; but he holds you in respect, or is afraid of you,—which in a man of his calibre is about the same thing. It may not be too late for you to act. Then when he is disposed of once and for all, I can know what must be done—where she is concerned."

"And under no circumstances can you question Mrs. Maynard?"

"No! no! If she suspected anything of this it would kill her. In any event, she must have no suspicion of it *now*."

"But does she not ask? Has she no theory about the missing photograph? Surely she must marvel over its disappearance."

"She *does;* at least, she *did;* but—I'm ashamed to own it, Armitage—we had to quiet her natural suspicions in some way, and I told her that it was my doing,—that I took it to tease Alice, put the photograph in the drawer of my desk, and hid the frame behind her sofa-pillow. Chester knows of the arrangement, and we had settled that when the picture was recovered from Mr. Jerrold he would send it to me."

Armitage was silent. A frown settled on his forehead, and it was evident that the statement was far from welcome to him. Presently he held forth his hand.

"Well, good-night, sir. I must go and have a quiet think over this. I hope you will rest well. You need it, colonel."

But Maynard only shook his head. His heart was too troubled for rest of any kind. He stood gazing out towards the park, where the tall figure of his ex-adjutant had disappeared among the trees. He heard the low-toned, pleasant chat of the ladies in the sitting-room, but he was in no mood to join them. He wished that Armitage had not gone, he felt such strength and comparative hope in his presence; but it was plain that even Armitage was confounded by the array of facts and circumstances that he had so painfully and slowly communicated to him. The colonel went drearily back to the room in which they had had their long conference. His wife and sister both hailed him as he passed the sitting-room door, and urged him to come and join them,—they wanted to ask about Captain Armitage, with whom it was evident they were much impressed; but he answered that he had some letters to put away, and he must attend first to that.

Among those that had been shown to the captain, mainly letters from Chester telling of the daily events at the fort and of his surveillance in the case of Jerrold, was one which Alice had brought him two days before. This had seemed to him of unusual importance, as the others contained nothing that tended to throw new light on the case. It said,—

"I am glad you have telegraphed for Armitage, and heartily approve your decision to lay the whole case before him. I presume he can reach you by Sunday, and that by Tuesday he will be here at the fort and ready to act. This will be a great relief to me, for, do what I could to allay it, there is no concealing the fact that much speculation and gossip is afloat concerning the events of that unhappy night. Leary declares he has been close-mouthed; the other men on guard know absolutely nothing, and Captain Wilton is the only officer to

whom in my distress of mind I betrayed that there *was* a mystery, and he has pledged himself to me to say nothing. Sloat, too, has an inkling, and a big one, that Jerrold is the suspected party; but I never dreamed that anything had been seen or heard which in the faintest way connected *your* household with the matter, until yesterday. Then Leary admitted to me that two women, Mrs. Clifford's cook and the doctor's nursery-maid, had asked him whether it wasn't Lieutenant Jerrold he fired at, and if it was true that he was trying to get in at the colonel's back door. Twice Mrs. Clifford has asked me very significant questions, and three times to-day have officers made remarks to me that indicated their knowledge of the existence of some grave trouble. What makes matters worse is that Jerrold, when twitted about his absence from reveille, loses his temper and gets confused. There came near being a quarrel between him and Rollins at the mess a day or two since. He was saying that the reason he slept through roll-call was the fact that he had been kept up very late at the doctor's party, and Rollins happened to come in at the moment and blurted out that if he was up at all it must have been after he left the party, and reminded him that he had left before midnight with Miss Renwick. This completely staggered Jerrold, who grew confused and tried to cover it with a display of anger. Now, two weeks ago Rollins was most friendly to Jerrold and stood up for him when I assailed him, but ever since that night he has had no word to say for him. When Jerrold played wrathful and accused Rollins of mixing in other men's business, Rollins bounced up to him like a young bull-terrier, and I believe there would have been a row had not Sloat and Hoyt promptly interfered. Jerrold apologized, and Rollins accepted the apology, but has avoided him ever since,—won't speak of him to me, now that I have reason to want to draw him out. As soon as Armitage gets here he can do what I cannot,—find out just what and who is suspected and talked about.

"Mr. Jerrold, of course, avoids me. He has been attending strictly to his duty, and is evidently confounded that I did not press the matter of his going to town as he did the day I forbade it. Mr. Hoyt's being too late to see him personally gave me sufficient grounds on which to excuse it; but he seems to understand that something is impending, and is looking nervous and harassed. He has not renewed his request for leave of absence to run down to Sablon. I told him curtly it was out of the question."

The colonel took a few strides up and down the room. It had come, then. The good name of those he loved was already besmirched by garrison gossip, and he knew that nothing but heroic measures could ever silence scandal. Impulse and the innate sense of "fight" urged him to go at once to the scene, leaving his wife and her fair daughter here under his sister's roof; but Armitage and common sense said no. He had placed his burden on those broad gray shoulders, and, though ill content to wait, he felt that he was bound. Stowing away the letters, too nervous to sleep, too worried to talk, he stole from the cottage, and, with hands clasped behind his back, with low-bowed head he strolled forth into the broad vista of moonlit road.

There were bright lights still burning at the hotel, and gay voices came floating through the summer air. The piano, too, was thrumming a waltz in the parlor, and two or three couples were throwing embracing, slowly-twirling shadows on the windows. Over in the bar- and billiard-rooms the click of the balls and the refreshing rattle of cracked ice told suggestively of the occupation of the inmates. Keeping on beyond these distracting sounds, he slowly climbed a long, gradual ascent to the "bench," or plateau above the wooded point on which were grouped the glistening white buildings of the pretty summer resort, and, having reached the crest, turned silently to gaze at the beauty of the scene,—at the broad, flawless bosom of a summer lake all sheen and silver from the unclouded moon. Far to the southeast it wound among the bold and rock-ribbed bluffs rising from the forest growth at their base to shorn and rounded summits. Miles away to the southward twinkled the lights of one busy little town; others gleamed and sparkled over towards the northern shore, close under the pole-star; while directly opposite frowned a massive wall of palisaded rock, that threw, deep and heavy and far from shore, its long reflection in the mirror of water. There was not a breath of air stirring in the heavens, not a ripple on the face of the waters beneath, save where, close under the bold headland down on the other side, the signal-lights, white and crimson and green, creeping slowly along in the shadows, revealed one of the packets ploughing her steady way to the great marts below. Nearer at hand, just shaving the long strip of sandy, wooded point that jutted far out into the lake, a broad raft of timber, pushed by a hard-working, black-funnelled stern-wheeler, was slowly forging its way to the outlet of the lake, its shadowy edge sprinkled here and there with little sparks of lurid red,—the pilot-lights that gave warning of its slow and silent coming. Far down along the southern shore, under that black bluff-line, close to the silver water-edge, a glowing meteor seemed whirling through the night, and the low, distant rumble told of the "Atlantic Express" thundering on its journey. Here, along with him on the level plateau, were other roomy cottages, some dark, some still sending forth a guiding ray; while long lines of white-washed fence gleamed ghostly in the moonlight and were finally lost in the shadow of the great bluff that abruptly shut in the entire point and plateau and shut out all further sight of lake or land in that direction. Far beneath he could hear the soft plash upon the sandy shore of the little wavelets that came sweeping in the wake of the raft-boat and spending their tiny strength upon the strand; far down on the hotel point he could still hear the soft melody of the waltz; he remembered how the band used to play that same air, and wondered why it was he used to like it; it jarred him now. Presently the distant crack of a whip and the low rumble of wheels were heard: the omnibus coming back from the station with passengers from the night train. He was in no mood to see any one. He turned away and walked northward along the edge of the bench, towards the deep shadow of the great shoulder of the bluff, and presently he came to a long flight of wooden stairs, leading from the plateau down to the hotel, and here he stopped and seated himself awhile. He did not want to go home

yet. He wanted to be by himself,—to think and brood over his trouble. He saw the omnibus go round the bend and roll up to the hotel door-way with its load of pleasure-seekers, and heard the joyous welcome with which some of their number were received by waiting friends, but life had little of joy to him this night. He longed to go away,—anywhere, anywhere, could he only leave this haunting misery behind. He was so proud of his regiment; he had been so happy in bringing home to it his accomplished and gracious wife; he had been so joyous in planning for the lovely times Alice was to have,—the social successes, the girlish triumphs, the garrison gayeties of which she was to be the queen,—and now, so very, very soon, all had turned to ashes and desolation! She *was* so beautiful, so sweet, winning, graceful. Oh, God! *could* it be that one so gifted could possibly be so base? He rose in nervous misery and clinched his hands high in air, then sat down again with hiding, hopeless face, rocking to and fro as sways a man in mortal pain. It was long before he rallied and again wearily arose. Most of the lights were gone; silence had settled down upon the sleeping point; he was chilled with the night air and the dew, and stiff and heavy as he tried to walk. Down at the foot of the stairs he could see the night-watchman making his rounds. He did not want to explain matters and talk with him: he would go around. There was a steep pathway down into the ravine that gave into the lake just beyond his sister's cottage, and this he sought and followed, moving slowly and painfully, but finally reaching the grassy level of the pathway that connected the cottages with the wood-road up the bluff. Trees and shrubbery were thick on both sides, and the path was shaded. He turned to his right, and came down until once more he was in sight of the white walls of the hotel standing out there on the point, until close at hand he could see the light of his own cottage glimmering like faithful beacon through the trees; and then he stopped short.

A tall, slender figure—a man in dark, snug-fitting clothing—was creeping stealthily up to the cottage window.

The colonel held his breath: his heart thumped violently: he waited,—watched. He saw the dark figure reach the blinds; he saw them slowly, softly turned, and the faint light gleaming from within; he saw the figure peering in between the slats, and then—God! was it possible?—a low voice, a man's voice, whispering or hoarsely murmuring a name: he heard a sudden movement within the room, as though the occupant had heard and were replying, "Coming." His blood froze: it was not Alice's room: it was his,—his and hers—his wife's,—and that was surely her step approaching the window. Yes, the blind was quickly opened. A white-robed figure stood at the casement. He could see, hear, bear no more: with one mad rush he sprang from his lair and hurled himself upon the shadowy stranger.

"You hound! who are you?"

But 'twas no shadow that he grasped. A muscular arm was round him in a trice, a brawny hand at his throat, a twisting, sinewy leg was curled in his, and he went reeling back upon the springy turf, stunned and wellnigh breathless.

When he could regain his feet and reach the casement the stranger had vanished; but Mrs. Maynard lay there on the floor within, a white and senseless heap.

X.

Perhaps it was as well for all parties that Frank Armitage concluded that he must have another whiff of tobacco that night as an incentive to the "think" he had promised himself. He had strolled through the park to the grove of trees out on the point and seated himself in the shadows. Here his reflections were speedily interrupted by the animated flirtations of a few couples who, tiring of the dance, came out into the coolness of the night and the seclusion of the grove, where their murmured words and soft laughter soon gave the captain's nerves a strain they could not bear. He broke cover and betook himself to the very edge of the stone retaining wall out on the point.

He wanted to think calmly and dispassionately; he meant to weigh all he had read and heard and form his estimate of the gravity of the case before going to bed. He meant to be impartial,—to judge her as he would judge any other woman so compromised; but for the life of him he could not. He bore with him the mute image of her lovely face, with its clear, truthful, trustful dark eyes. He saw her as she stood before him on the little porch when they shook hands on their laughing—or his laughing—compact, for she would not laugh. How perfect she was!—her radiant beauty, her uplifted eyes, so full of their self-reproach and regret at the speech she had made at his expense! How exquisite was the grace of her slender, rounded form as she stood there before him, one slim hand half shyly extended to meet the cordial clasp of his own! He wanted to judge and be just; but that image dismayed him. How could he look on this picture and then—on that, —the one portrayed in the chain of circumstantial evidence which the colonel had laid before him? It was monstrous! it was treason to womanhood! One look in her eyes, superb in their innocence, was too much for his determined impartiality. Armitage gave himself a mental kick for what he termed his imbecility, and went back to the hotel.

"It's no use," he muttered. "I'm a slave of the weed, and can't be philosophic without my pipe."

Up to his little box of a room he climbed, found his pipe-case and tobacco-pouch, and in five minutes was strolling out to the point once more, when he came suddenly upon the night-watchman,—a personage of whose functions and authority he was entirely ignorant. The man eyed him narrowly, and essayed to speak. Not knowing him, and desiring to be alone, Armitage pushed past, and was surprised to find that a hand was on his shoulder and the man at his side before he had gone a rod.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the watchman, gruffly, "but I don't know you. Are you stopping at the hotel?"

"I am," said Armitage, coolly, taking his pipe from his lips and blowing a cloud over his other shoulder. "And who may you be?"

"I am the watchman; and I do not remember seeing you come to-day."

"Nevertheless I did."

"On what train, sir?"

"This afternoon's up-train."

"You certainly were not on the omnibus when it got here."

"Very true. I walked over from beyond the school-house."

"You must excuse me, sir. I did not think of that; and the manager requires me to know everybody. Is this Major Armitage?"

"Armitage is my name, but I'm not a major."

"Yes, sir; I'm glad to be set right. And the other gentleman,—him as was inquiring for Colonel Maynard to-night? He's in the army, too, but his name don't seem to be on the book. He only came in on the late train."

"Another man to see Colonel Maynard?" asked the captain, with sudden interest. "Just come in, you say. I'm sure I've no idea. What was he like?"

"I don't know, sir. At first I thought you was him. The driver told me he brought a gentleman over who asked some questions about Colonel Maynard, but he didn't get aboard at the dépôt, and he didn't come down to the hotel,—got off somewhere up there on the bench, and Jim didn't see him."

"Where's Jim?" said Armitage. "Come with me, watchman. I want to interview him."

Together they walked over to the barn, which the driver was just locking up after making everything secure for the night.

"Who was it inquiring for Colonel Maynard?" asked Armitage.

"I don't know, sir," was the slow answer. "There was a man got aboard as I was coming across the common there in the village at the station. There were several passengers from the train, and some baggage: so he may have started ahead on foot but afterwards concluded to ride. As soon as I saw him get in I reined up and asked where he was going; he had no baggage nor nuthin', and my orders are not to haul anybody except people of the hotel: so he came right forward through the 'bus and took the seat behind me and said 'twas all right, he was going to the hotel; and he passed up a half-dollar. I told him that I couldn't take the money,—that 'bus-fares were paid at the office,—and drove ahead. Then he handed me a cigar, and pretty soon he asked me if there were many people, and who had the cottages; and when I told him, he asked which was Colonel Maynard's, but he didn't say he knew him, and the next thing I knew was when we got here to the hotel he wasn't in the 'bus. He must have stepped back through all those passengers and slipped off up there on the bench. He was in it when we passed the little brown church up on the hill."

"What was he like?"

"I couldn't see him plain. He stepped out from behind a tree as we drove through the common, and came right into the 'bus. It was dark in there, and all I know is he was tall and had on dark clothes. Some of the people inside must have seen him better; but they are all gone to bed, I suppose."

"I will go over to the hotel and inquire, anyway," said Armitage, and did so. The lights were turned down, and no one was there, but he

could hear voices chatting in quiet tones on the broad, sheltered veranda without, and, going thither, found three or four men enjoying a quiet smoke. Armitage was a man of action. He stepped at once to the group:

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but did any of you come over in the omnibus from the station to-night?"

"I did, sir," replied one of the party, removing his cigar and twitching off the ashes with his little finger, then looking up with the air of a man expectant of question.

"The watchman tells me a man came over who was making inquiries for Colonel Maynard. May I ask if you saw or heard of such a person?"

"A gentleman got in soon after we left the station, and when the driver hailed him he went forward and took a seat near him. They had some conversation, but I did not hear it. I only know that he got out again a little while before we reached the hotel."

"Could you see him, and describe him? I am a friend of Colonel Maynard's, an officer of his regiment,—which will account for my inquiry."

"Well, yes, sir. I noticed he was very tall and slim, was dressed in dark clothes, and wore a dark slouched hat well down over his forehead. He was what I would call a military-looking man, for I noticed his walk as he got off; but he wore big spectacles,—blue or brown glass, I should say,—and had a heavy beard."

"Which way did he go when he left the 'bus?"

"He walked northward along the road at the edge of the bluff, right up towards the cottages on the upper level," was the answer.

Armitage thanked him for his courtesy, explained that he had left the colonel only a short time before and that he was then expecting no visitor, and if one had come it was perhaps necessary that he should be hunted up and brought to the hotel. Then he left the porch and walked hurriedly through the park towards its northernmost limit. There to his left stood the broad roadway along which, nestling under shelter of the bluff, was ranged the line of cottages, some two-storied, with balconies and verandas, others low, single-storied affairs with a broad hall-way in the middle of each and rooms on both north and south sides. Farthermost north on the row, almost hidden in the trees, and nearest the ravine, stood Aunt Grace's cottage, where were domiciled the colonel's household. It was in the big bay-windowed north room that he and the colonel had had their long conference earlier in the evening. The south room, nearly opposite, was used as their parlor and sitting-room. Aunt Grace and Miss Renwick slept in the little front rooms north and south of the hall-way, and the lights in their rooms were extinguished; so, too, was that in the parlor. All was darkness on the south and east. All was silence and peace as Armitage approached; but just as he reached the shadow of the stunted oak-tree growing in front of the house his ears were startled by an agonized cry, a woman's half-stifled shriek. He bounded up the steps, seized the knob of the door and threw his weight against it. It was firmly bolted within. Loud he thundered on the panels. "'Tis I,—Armi-

tage!" he called. He heard the quick patter of little feet; the bolt was slid, and he rushed in, almost stumbling against a trembling, terror-stricken, yet welcoming white-robed form,—Alice Renwick, barefooted, with her glorious wealth of hair tumbling in dark luxuriance all down over the dainty night-dress,—Alice Renwick, with pallid face and wild imploring eyes.

"What is wrong?" he asked, in haste.

"It's mother,—her room,—and it's locked, and she won't answer," was the gasping reply.

Armitage sprang to the rear of the hall, leaned one second against the opposite wall, sent his foot with mighty impulse and muscled impact against the opposing lock, and the door flew open with a crash. The next instant Alice was bending over her senseless mother, and the captain was giving a hand in much bewilderment to the panting colonel, who was striving to clamber in at the window. The ministrations of Aunt Grace and Alice were speedily sufficient to restore Mrs. Maynard. A teaspoonful of brandy administered by the colonel's trembling hand helped matters materially. Then he turned to Armitage.

"Come outside," he said.

Once again in the moonlight the two men faced each other.

"Armitage, can you get a horse?"

"Certainly. What then?"

"Go to the station, get men, if possible, and head this fellow off. He was here again to-night, and it was not Alice he called, but my—but Mrs. Maynard. I saw him; I grappled with him right here at the bay-window where *she* met him, and he hurled me to grass as though I'd been a child. *I* want a horse! I want that man to-night. How did he get away from Sibley?"

"Do you mean—do you think it was Jerrold?"

"Good God, yes! Who else could it be? Disguised, of course, and bearded; but the figure, the carriage, were just the same, and he came to this window,—to *her* window,—and called, and she answered. My God, Armitage, think of it!"

"Come with me, colonel. You are all unstrung," was the captain's answer as he led his broken friend away. At the front door he stopped one moment, then ran up the steps and into the hall, where he tapped lightly at the casement.

"What is it?" was the low response from an invisible source.

"Miss Alice?"

"Yes."

"The watchman is here now. I will send him around to the window to keep guard until our return. The colonel is a little upset by the shock, and I want to attend to him. We are going to the hotel a moment before I bring him home. You are not afraid to have him leave you?"

"Not now, captain."

"Is Mrs. Maynard better?"

"Yes. She hardly seems to know what has happened. Indeed, none of us do. What was it?"

"A tramp, looking for something to eat, tried to open the blinds,

and the colonel was out here and made a jump at him. They had a scuffle in the shrubbery, and the tramp got away. It frightened your mother: that's the sum of it, I think."

"Is papa hurt?"

"No: a little bruised and shaken, and mad as a hornet. I think perhaps I'll get him quieted down and sleepy in a few minutes, if you and Mrs. Maynard will be content to let him stay with me. I can talk almost any man drowsy."

"Mamma seems to worry for fear he is hurt."

"Assure her solemnly that he hasn't a scratch. He is simply fighting mad, and I'm going to try and find the tramp. Does Mrs. Maynard remember how he looked?"

"She could not see the face at all. She heard some one at the shutters, and a voice, and supposed of course it was papa, and threw open the blind."

"Oh, I see. That's all, Miss Alice. I'll go back to the colonel. Good-night!" And Armitage went forth with a lighter step.

"One sensation knocked endwise, colonel. I have it on the best of authority that Mrs. Maynard so fearlessly went to the window in answer to the voice and noise at the shutters simply because she knew you were out there somewhere and she supposed it was you. How simple these mysteries become when a little daylight is let in on them, after all! Come, I'm going to take you over to my room for a stiff glass of grog, and then after his trampship while you go back to bed."

"Armitage, you seem to make very light of this night's doings. What is easier than to connect it all with the trouble at Sibley?"

"Nothing was ever more easily explained than this thing, colonel, and all I want now is a chance to get that tramp. Then I'll go to Sibley; and 'pon my word I believe that mystery can be made as commonplace a piece of petty larceny as this was of vagrancy. Come."

But when Armitage left the colonel at a later hour and sought his own room for a brief rest he was in no such buoyant mood. A night-search for a tramp in the dense thickets among the bluffs and woods of Sablon could hardly be successful. It was useless to make the attempt. He slept but little during the cool August night, and early in the morning mounted a horse and trotted over to the railway-station.

"Has any train gone northward since last night?" he inquired at the office.

"None that stop here," was the answer. "The first train up comes along at 11.56."

"I want to send a despatch to Fort Sibley and get an answer without delay. Can you work it for me?"

The agent nodded, and pushed over a package of blanks. Armitage wrote rapidly as follows:

"CAPTAIN CHESTER,

"Commanding Fort Sibley.

"Is Jerrold there? Tell him I will arrive Tuesday. Answer.

"F. ARMITAGE."

It was along towards nine o'clock when the return message came clicking in on the wires, was written out, and handed to the tall soldier with the tired blue eyes.

He read, started, crushed the paper in his hand, and turned from the office. The answer was significant:

"Lieutenant Jerrold left Sibley yesterday afternoon. Not yet returned. Absent without leave this morning.

"CHESTER."

XI.

Nature never vouchsafed to wearied man a lovelier day of rest than the still Sunday on which Frank Armitage rode slowly back from the station. The soft, mellow tone of the church-bell, tolling the summons for morning service, floated out from the brown tower, and was echoed back from the rocky cliff glistening in the August sunshine on the northern bluff. Groups of villagers hung about the steps of the little sanctuary and gazed with mild curiosity at the arriving parties from the cottages and the hotel. The big red omnibus came up with a load of worshippers, and farther away, down the vista of the road, Armitage could see others on foot and in carriages, all wending their way to church. He was in no mood to meet them. The story that he had been out pursuing a tramp during the night was pretty thoroughly circulated by this time, he felt assured, and every one would connect his early ride to the station, in some way, with the adventure that the grooms, hostlers, cooks, and kitchen-maids had all been dilating upon ever since daybreak. He dreaded to meet the curious glances of the women, and the questions of the few men whom he had taken so far into his confidence as to ask about the mysterious person who came over in the stage with them. He reined up his horse, and then, seeing a little pathway leading into the thick wood to his right, he turned in thither and followed it some fifty yards among bordering treasures of coreopsis and golden-rod and wild luxuriance of vine and foliage. Dismounting in the shade, he threw the reins over his arm and let his horse crop the juicy grasses, while he seated himself on a little stump and fell to thinking again. He could hear the reverent voices of one or two visitors strolling about among the peaceful, flower-decked graves behind the little church and only a short stone's-throw away through the shrubbery. He could hear the low, solemn voluntary of the organ, and presently the glad outburst of young voices in the opening hymn, but he knew that belated ones would still be coming to church, and he would not come forth from his covert until all were out of the way. Then, too, he was glad of a little longer time to think: he did not want to tell the colonel the result of his morning investigations.

To begin with: the watchman, the driver, and the two men whom he had questioned were all of an opinion as to the character of the stranger: "he was a military man." The passengers described his voice as that of a man of education and social position; the driver and passengers declared his walk and carriage to be that of a soldier: he was taller, they said, than the tall, stalwart Saxon captain, but by

no means so heavily built. As to age, they could not tell: his beard was black and curly,—no gray hairs; his movements were quick and elastic; but his eyes were hidden by those colored glasses, and his forehead by the slouch of that broad-brimmed felt hat.

At the station, while awaiting the answer to his despatch, Armitage had questioned the agent as to whether any man of that description had arrived by the night train from the north. He had seen none, he said, but there was Larsen over at the post-office store, who came down on that train; perhaps he could tell. Oddly enough, Mr. Larsen recalled just such a party,—tall, slim, dark, dark-bearded, with blue glasses and dark hat and clothes,—but he was bound for Lakeville, the station beyond, and he remained in the car when he, Larsen, got off. Larsen remembered the man well, because he sat in the rear corner of the smoker and had nothing to say to anybody, but kept reading a newspaper; and the way he came to take note of him was that while standing with two friends at that end of the car they happened to be right around the man. The Saturday evening train from the city is always crowded with people from the river towns who have been up to market or the *matinées*, and even the smoker was filled with standing men until they got some thirty miles down. Larsen wanted to light a fresh cigar, and offered one to each of his friends: then it was found they had no matches, and one of them, who had been drinking a little and felt jovial, turned to the dark stranger and asked him for a light, and the man, without speaking, handed out a little silver match-box. It was just then that the conductor came along, and Larsen saw his ticket. It was a "round trip" to Lakeville: he was evidently going there for a visit, and therefore, said Larsen, he didn't get off at Sablon Station, which was six miles above.

But Armitage knew better. It was evident that he had quietly slipped out on the platform of the car after the regular passengers had got out of the way, and let himself off into the darkness on the side opposite the station. Thence he had an open and unimpeded walk of a few hundred yards until he reached the common, and then, when overtaken by the hotel omnibus, he could jump aboard and ride. There was only one road, only one way over to the hotel, and he could not miss it. There was no doubt now that, whoever he was, the night visitor had come down on the evening train from the city; and his return ticket would indicate that he meant to go back the way he came. It was half-past ten when that train arrived. It was nearly midnight when the man appeared at the cottage window. It was after two when Armitage gave up the search and went to bed. It was possible for the man to have walked to Lakeville, six miles south, and reached the station there in abundant time to take the up-train which passed Sablon, without stopping, a little before daybreak. If he took that train, and if he was Jerrold, he would have been in the city before seven, and could have been at Fort Sibley before or by eight o'clock. But Chester's despatch showed clearly that at 8.30—the hour for signing the company morning reports—Mr. Jerrold was not at his post. Was he still in the neighborhood and waiting for the noon train? If so, could he be confronted on the cars and accused of his crime? He looked at his watch;

it was nearly eleven, and he must push on to the hotel before that hour, report to the colonel, then hasten back to the station. He sprang to his feet, and was just about to mount, when a vision of white and scarlet came suddenly into view. There, within twenty feet of him, making her dainty way through the shrubbery from the direction of the church, sunshine and shadow alternately flitting across her lovely face and form, Alice Renwick stepped forth into the pathway, and, shading her eyes with her hand, gazed along the leafy lane towards the road, as though expectant of another's coming. Then, attracted by the beauty of the golden-rod, she bent and busied herself with gathering in the yellow sprays. Armitage, with one foot in the stirrup, stood stock-still, half in surprise, half stunned by a sudden and painful thought. Could it be that she was there in hopes of meeting—any one?

He retook his foot from the stirrup, and, relaxing the rein, still stood gazing at her over his horse's back. That placid quadruped, whose years had been spent in these pleasant by-ways and were too many to warrant an exhibition of coltish surprise, promptly lowered his head and resumed his occupation of grass-nibbling, making a little crunching noise which Miss Renwick might have heard, but apparently did not. She was singing very softly to herself,—

> "Daisy, tell my fortune, pray:
> He loves me not,—he loves me."

And still Armitage stood and gazed, while she, absorbed in her pleasant task, still pulled and plucked at the golden-rod. In all his life no "vision of fair women" had been to him fair and sacred and exquisite as this. Down to the tip of her arched and slender foot, peeping from beneath the broidered hem of her snowy skirt, she stood the lady born and bred, and his eyes looked on and worshipped her,—worshipped, yet questioned, Why came she here? Absorbed, he released his hold on the rein, and Dobbin, nothing loath, reached with his long, lean neck for further herbage, and stepped in among the trees. Still stood his negligent master, fascinated in his study of the lovely, graceful girl. Again she raised her head and looked northward along the winding, shaded wood-path. A few yards away were other great clusters of the wild flowers she loved, more sun-kissed golden-rod, and, with a little murmur of delight, gathering her dainty skirts in one hand, she flitted up the pathway like an unconscious humming-bird garnering the sweets from every blossom. A little farther on the pathway bent among the trees, and she would be hidden from his sight; but still he stood and studied her every movement, drank in the soft, cooing melody of her voice as she sang, and then there came a sweet, solemn strain from the brown, sunlit walls just visible through the trees, and reverent voices and the resonant chords of the organ thrilled through the listening woods the glorious anthem of the church militant.

At the first notes she lifted up her queenly head and stood, listening and appreciative. Then he saw her rounded throat swelling like a bird's, and the rich, full tones of her voice rang out through the

welcoming sunshine, and the fluttering wrens, and proud red-breasted robins, and rival song-queens, the brown-winged thrushes,—even the impudent shrieking jays,—seemed to hush and listen. Dobbin, fairly astonished, lifted up his hollow-eyed head and looked amazedly at the white songstress whose scarlet sash and neck-ribbons gleamed in such vivid contrast to the foliage about her. A wondering little "cotton-tail" rabbit, shy and wild as a hawk, came darting through the bushes into the sunshiny patchwork on the path, and then, uptilted and with quivering ears and nostrils and wide-staring eyes, stood paralyzed with helpless amaze, ignoring the tall man in gray as did the singer herself. Richer, rounder, fuller grew the melody, as, abandoning herself to the impulse of the sacred hour, she joined with all her girlish heart in the words of praise and thanksgiving,—in the glad and triumphant chorus of the Te Deum. From beginning to end she sang, now ringing and exultant, now soft and plaintive, following the solemn words of the ritual,—sweet and low and suppliant in the petition, "We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood," confident and exulting in the declaration, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," and then rich with fearless trust and faith in the thrilling climax, "Let me never be confounded." Armitage listened as one in a trance. From the depth of her heart the girl had joined her glorious voice to the chorus of praise and adoration, and now that all was stilled once more her head had fallen forward on her bosom, her hands, laden with golden-rod, were joined together: it seemed as though she were lost in prayer.

And this was the girl, this the pure, God-worshipping, God-fearing woman, who for one black instant he had dared to fancy had come here expectant of a meeting with the man whose aim had been frustrated but the night before! He could have thrown himself at her feet and implored her pardon. He *did* step forth, and then, hat in hand, baring his proud Saxon head as his forefathers would have uncovered to their monarch, he waited until she lifted up her eyes and saw him, and knew by the look in his frank face that he had stood by, a mute listener to her unstudied devotions. A lovely flush rose to her very temples, and her eyes drooped their pallid lids until the long lashes swept the crimson of her cheeks.

"Have *you* been here, captain? I never saw you," was her fluttering question.

"I rode in here on my way back from the station, not caring to meet all the good people going to church. I felt like an outcast."

"I, too, am a recreant to-day. It is the first time I have missed service in a long while. Mamma felt too unstrung to come, and I had given up the idea, but both she and Aunt Grace urged me. I was too late for the omnibus, and walked up, and then I would not go in because service was begun, and I wanted to be home again before noon. I cannot bear to be late at church, or to leave it until everything is over, but I can't be away from mother so long to-day. Shall we walk that way now?"

"In a minute. I must find my horse. He is in here somewhere. Tell me how the colonel is feeling, and Mrs. Maynard."

"Both very nervous and worried, though I see nothing extraordinary in the adventure. We read of poor hungry tramps everywhere, and they rarely do harm."

"I wonder a little at your venturing here in the wood-paths, after what occurred last night."

"Why, Captain Armitage, no one would harm me here, so close to the church. Indeed, I never thought of such a thing until you mentioned it. Did you discover anything about the man?"

"Nothing definite; but I must be at the station again to meet the up-train, and have to see the colonel meantime. Let me find Dobbin, or whatever they call this venerable relic I'm riding, and then I'll escort you home."

But Dobbin had strayed deeper into the wood. It was some minutes before the captain could find and catch him. The rich melody of sacred music was again thrilling through the perfumed woods, the glad sunshine was pouring its warmth and blessing over all the earth, glinting on bluff and brake and palisaded cliff, the birds were all singing their rivalling psaltery, and Nature seemed pouring forth its homage to the Creator and Preserver of all on this His holy day, when Frank Armitage once more reached the bowered lane where, fairest, sweetest sight of all, his lady stood waiting him. She turned to him as she heard the hoof-beat on the turf, and smiled.

"Can we wait and hear that hymn through?"

"Ay. Sing it."

She looked suddenly in his face. Something in the very tone in which he spoke startled her,—something deeper, more fervent, than she had ever heard before,—and the expression in the steady, deep-blue eyes was another revelation. Alice Renwick had a woman's intuition, and yet she had not known this man a day. The color again mounted to her temples, and her eyes fell after one quick glance.

"I heard you joining in the Te Deum," he urged. "Sing once more: I love it. There, they are just beginning again. Do you know the words?"

She nodded, then raised her head, and her glad young voice carolled through the listening woods:

"Holy, holy, holy! All
  Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
  At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

There was silence when the music ceased. She had turned her face towards the church, and, as the melody died away in one prolonged, triumphant chord, she still stood in reverent attitude, as though listening for the words of benediction. He, too, was silent, but his eyes were fixed on her. He was thirty-five, she not twenty. He had lived his soldier life wifeless, but, like other soldiers, his heart had had its rubs

and aches in the days gone by. Years before he had thought life a black void when the girl he fancied while yet he wore the Academic gray calmly told him she preferred another. Nor had the intervening years been devoid of their occasional yearnings for a mate of his own in the isolation of the frontier or the monotony of garrison life; but flitting fancies had left no trace upon his strong heart. The love of his life only dawned upon him at this late day when he looked into her glorious eyes and his whole soul went out in passionate worship of the fair girl whose presence made that sunlit lane a heaven. Were he to live a thousand years, no scene on earth could rival in his eyes the love-haunted woodland pathway wherein like forest queen she stood, the sunshine and leafy shadows dancing over her graceful form, the golden-rod enhancing her dark and glowing beauty, the sacred influences of the day throwing their mystic charm about her as though angels guarded and shielded her from harm. His life had reached its climax; his fate was sealed; his heart and soul were centred in one sweet girl,—and all in one brief hour in the woodland lane at Sablon.

She could not fail to see the deep emotion in his eyes as at last she turned to break the silence.

"Shall we go?" she said, simply.

"It is time; but I wish we could remain."

"You do not go to church very often at Sibley, do you?"

"I have not, heretofore; but you would teach me to worship."

"You *have* taught me," he muttered below his breath, as he extended a hand to assist her down the sloping bank towards the avenue. She looked up quickly once more, pleased, yet shy, and shifted her great bunch of golden-rod so that she could lay her hand in his and lean upon its steady strength down the incline; and so, hand in hand, with old Dobbin ambling placidly behind, they passed out from the shaded pathway to the glow and radiance of the sunlit road.

XII.

"Colonel Maynard, I admit everything you say as to the weight of the evidence," said Frank Armitage, twenty minutes later, "but it is my faith—understand me: my *faith*, I say—that she is utterly innocent. As for that damnable letter, I do not believe it was ever written to her. It is some other woman."

"What other is there, or was there?" was the colonel's simple reply.

"That is what I mean to find out. Will you have my baggage sent after me to-night? I am going at once to the station, and thence to Sibley. I will write you from there. If the midnight visitor should prove to have been Jerrold, he can be made to explain. I have always held him to be a conceited fop, but never either crack-brained or devoid of principle. There is no time for explanation *now*. Good-by; and keep a good lookout. That fellow may be here again."

And in an hour more Armitage was skimming along the winding river-side *en route* to Sibley. He had searched the train from pilot to rear platform, and no man who in the faintest degree resembled Mr. Jerrold was on board. He had wired to Chester that he would reach

the fort that evening, but would not resume duty for a few days. He made another search through the train as they neared the city, and still there was no one who in stature or appearance corresponded with the descriptions given him of the sinewy visitor.

Late in the afternoon Chester received him as he alighted from the train at the little station under the cliff. It was a beautiful day, and numbers of people were driving or riding out to the fort, and the high bridge over the gorge was constantly resounding to the thunder of hoofs. Many others, too, had come out on the train; for the evening dress-parade always attracted a swarm of visitors. A corporal of the guard, with a couple of men, was on hand to keep vigilant eye on the arrivals and to persuade certain proscribed parties to re-enter the cars and go on, should they attempt to revisit the post, and the faces of these were lighted up as they saw their old adjutant; but none others of the garrison appeared.

"Let us wait a moment and get these people out of the way," said Armitage. "I want to talk with you. Is Jerrold back?"

"Yes. He came in just ten minutes after I telegraphed to you, was present at inspection, and if it had not been for your despatch this morning I should not have known he had remained out of quarters He appeared to resent my having been to his quarters,—calls it spying, I presume."

"What permission had he to be away?"

"I gave him leave to visit town on personal business yesterday afternoon. He merely asked to be away a few hours to meet friends in town, and Mr. Hall took tattoo roll-call for him. As I do not require any other officer to report the time of his return, I did not exact it of him; but of course no man can be away after midnight without special permission, and he was gone all night. What is it, Armitage? Has he followed her down there?"

"Somebody was there last night and capsized the colonel pretty much as he did you the night of the ladder episode," said Armitage, coolly.

"By heaven! and I let him go!"

"How do you know 'twas he?"

"Who else could it be, Armitage?"

"That's what the colonel asks; but it isn't clear to me yet awhile."

"I wish it were less clear to me," said Chester, gloomily. "The worst is that the story is spreading like a pestilence all over the post. The women have got hold of it, and there is all manner of talk. I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Hoyt had to be taken violently ill. She has written to invite Miss Renwick to visit her, as it is certain that Colonel and Mrs. Maynard cannot come, and Hoyt came to me in a horror of amaze yesterday to know if there were any truth in the rumor that I had caught a man coming out of Mrs. Maynard's window the other night. I would tell him nothing, and he says the ladies declare they won't go to the german if *she* does. Heavens! I'm thankful you are come. The thing has been driving me wild these last twelve hours. I wanted to go away myself. *Is* she coming up?"

"No, she isn't; but let me say this, Chester: that whenever she is ready to return I shall be ready to escort her."

Chester looked at his friend in amazement, and without speaking.

"Yes, I see you are astonished, but you may as well understand the situation. I have heard all the colonel could tell, and have even seen the letter, and since she left here a mysterious stranger has appeared by night at Sablon, at the cottage window, though it happened to be her mother's this time, and I don't believe Alice Renwick knows the first thing about it."

"Armitage, are you in love?"

"Chester, I am in my sound senses. Now come and show me the ladder, and where you found it, and tell me the whole story over again. I think it grows interesting. One moment: has he that picture yet?"

"I suppose so. I don't know. In these last few days everybody is fighting shy of him. He thinks it is my doing, and looks black and sulky at me, but is too proud or too much afraid of consequences to ask the reason of the cold shoulders and averted looks. Gray has taken seven days' leave and gone off with that little girl of his to place her with relatives in the East. He has heard the stories, and it is presumed that some of the women have told her. She was down sick here a day or two."

"Well, now for the window and the ladder. I want to see the outside through your eyes, and then I will view the interior with my own. The colonel bids me do so."

Together they slowly climbed the long stairway leading up the face of the cliff. Chester stopped for a breathing-spell more than once.

"You're all out of condition, man," said the younger captain, pausing impatiently. "What has undone you?"

"This trouble, and nothing else. By gad! it has unstrung the whole garrison, I believe. You never saw our people fall off so in their shooting. Of course we expected Jerrold to go to pieces, but nobody else."

"There were others that seemed to fall away, too. Where was that cavalry-team that was expected to take the skirmish medal away from us?"

"Sound as a dollar, every man, with the single exception of their big sergeant. I don't like to make ugly comparisons to a man whom I believe to be more than half interested in a woman, but it makes me think of the old story about Medusa. One look at her face is too much for a man. That Sergeant McLeod went to grass the instant he caught sight of her, and never has picked up since."

"Consider me considerably more than half interested in the woman in this case, Chester: make all the comparisons that you like, provided they illumine matters as you are doing now, and tell me more of this Sergeant McLeod. What do you mean by his catching sight of her and going to grass?"

"I mean he fell flat on his face the moment he saw her, and hasn't been in good form from that moment to this. The doctor says it's heart-disease."

"That's what the colonel says troubles Mrs. Maynard. She was senseless and almost pulseless some minutes last night. What manner of man is McLeod?"

"A tall, slim, dark-eyed, swarthy fellow,—a man with a history and a mystery, I judge."

"A man with a history,—a mystery,—who is tall, slim, has dark eyes and swarthy complexion, and faints away at sight of Miss Renwick, might be said to possess peculiar characteristics,—family traits, some of them. Of course you've kept an eye on McLeod. Where is he?"

Chester stood leaning on the rail, breathing slowly and heavily. His eyes dilated as he gazed at Armitage, who was surveying him coolly, though the tone in which he spoke betrayed a new interest and a vivid one.

"I confess I never thought of him in connection with this affair," said Chester.

"There's the one essential point of difference between us," was the reply. "You go in on the supposition that there is only one solution to this thing, and that a woman must be dishonored to begin with. I believe there can be several solutions, and that there is only one thing in the lot that is at all impossible."

"What's that?"

"Miss Renwick's knowledge of that night's visitor, or of any other secret or sin. I mean to work other theories first; and the McLeod trail is a good one to start on. Where can I get a look at him?"

"Somewhere out in the Rockies by this time. He was ordered back to his troop five days ago, and they are out scouting at this moment, unless I'm vastly mistaken. You have seen the morning despatches?"

"About the Indians? Yes. Looks squally at the Spirit Rock reservation. Do you mean that McLeod is there?"

"That's where his troop ought to be by this time. There is too small a force on the trail now, and more will have to go if a big outbreak is to be prevented."

"Then he has gone, and I cannot see him. Let me look at the window, then."

A few steps brought them to the terrace, and there, standing by the west wall and looking up at the closed slats of the dormer-window, Captain Chester retold the story of his night-adventure. Armitage listened attentively, asking few questions. When it was finished, the latter turned and walked to the rear door, which opened on the terrace. It was locked.

"The servants are having a holiday, I presume," he said. "So much the better. Ask the quartermaster for the key of the front door, and I'll go in while everybody is out looking at dress-parade. There goes first call now. Let your orderly bring it to me here, will you?"

Ten minutes later, with beating heart, he stood and uncovered his handsome head and gazed silently, reverently around him. He was in her room.

It was dainty as her own dainty self. The dressing-table, the windows, the pretty little white bed, the broad, inviting lounge, the work-table and basket, the very wash-stand, were all trimmed and decked alike,—white and yellow prevailing. White lace curtains

draped the window on the west—that fateful window—and the two that opened out on the roof of the piazza. White lace curtains draped the bed, the dressing-table, and the wash-stand; white lace, or some equally flimsy and feminine material, hung about her book-shelves and work-table and over the lounge; and bows of bright yellow ribbon were everywhere, yellow pin-cushions and wall-pockets hung about the toilet-table, soft yellow rugs lay at the bed- and lounge-side, and a sunshiny tone was given to the whole apartment by the shades of yellow silk that hung close to the windows.

On the wall were some choice etchings and a few foreign photographs. On the book-shelves were a few volumes of poetry, and the prose of George Eliot and our own Hawthorne. Hanging on pegs in the corner of the simple army room, covered by a curtain, were some heavy outer-garments,—an ulster, a travelling coat and cape of English make, and one or two dresses that were apparently too thick to be used at this season of the year. He drew aside the curtain one moment, took a brief glance at the garments, raised the hem of a skirt to his lips, and turned quickly away. A door led from the room to the one behind it, —a spare bedroom, evidently, that was lighted only from the back of the house and had no side-window at all. Another door led to the hall, a broad, old-fashioned affair, and crossing this he stood in the big front room occupied by the colonel and his wife. This was furnished almost as luxuriously (from an army point of view) as that of Miss Renwick, but not in white and yellow. Armitage smiled to see the evidences of Mrs. Maynard's taste and handiwork on every side. In the years he had been the old soldier's adjutant nothing could have exceeded the simplicity with which the colonel surrounded himself. Now it was something akin to Sybaritish elegance, thought the captain; but all the same he made his deliberate survey. There was the big dressing-table and bureau on which had stood that ravished picture,—that photograph of the girl he loved which others were able to speak of, and one man to appropriate feloniously, while yet he had never seen it. His impulse was to go to Jerrold's quarters and take him by the throat and demand it of him; but what right had he? How knew he, even, that it was now there? In view of the words that Chester had used towards him, Jerrold must know of the grievous danger in which he stood. That photograph would prove most damaging evidence if discovered. Very probably, after yielding to his vanity and showing it to Sloat he meant to get it back. Very certainly, after hearing Chester's words he must have determined to lose no time in getting rid of it. He was no fool, if he was a coxcomb.

Looking around the half-darkened room, Armitage lingered long over the photographs which hung about the dressing-table and over the mantel,—several prettily-framed duplicates of those already described as appearing in the album. One after another he took them in his hands, bore them to the window, and studied them attentively: some were not replaced without a long, lingering kiss. He had not ventured to disturb an item in her room. He would not touch the knob of a drawer or attempt to open anything she had closed, but here in quarters where his colonel could claim joint partnership he felt less sentiment or

delicacy. He closed the hall door and tried the lock, turning the knob to and fro. Then he reopened the door and swung it upon its hinges. For a wonder, neither lock nor hinges creaked. The door worked smoothly and with little noise. Then he similarly tried the door of her room. It was in equally good working order,—quite free from the squeak and complaint with which quartermasters' locks and hinges are apt to do their reluctant duty. The discovery pleased him. It was possible for one to open and close these portals noiselessly, if need be, and without disturbing sleepers in either room. Returning to the east chamber, he opened the shades, so as to get more light, and his eye fell upon an old album lying on a little table that stood by the bedside. There was a night-lamp upon the table, too,—a little affair that could hold only a thimbleful of oil and was intended, evidently, to keep merely a faint glow during the night hours. Other volumes—a Bible, some devotional books, like "The Changed Cross," and a Hymnal or two—were also there; but the album stood most prominent, and Armitage curiously took it up and opened it.

There were only half a dozen photographs in the affair. It was rather a case than an album, and was intended apparently for only a few family pictures. There was but one that interested him, and this he examined intently, almost excitedly. It represented a little girl of nine or ten years,—Alice, undoubtedly,—with her arms clasped about the neck of a magnificent St. Bernard dog and looking up into the handsome features of a tall, slender, dark-eyed, black-haired boy of sixteen or thereabouts; and the two were enough alike to be brother and sister. Who, then, was this boy?

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully. Parade was over, and the troops were marching back to their quarters. The band was playing gloriously as it came tramping into the quadrangle, and the captain could not but glance out at his own old company as in compact column of fours it entered the grassy diamond and swung off towards the barracks. He saw a knot of officers, too, turning the corner by the adjutant's office, and for a moment he lowered the album to look. Mr. Jerrold was not of the number that came sauntering up the walk, dropping away by ones or twos as they reached their doors and unbuckled their belts or removed their helmets in eager haste to get out of the constraint of full dress. But in another moment Jerrold, too, appeared, all alone, walking rapidly and nervously. Armitage watched him, and could not but see how other men turned away or gave him the coolest possible nod as he passed. The tall, slender lieutenant was handsomer even than when he last saw him; and yet there was gloom and worry on the dark beauty of his face. Nearer and nearer he came, and had passed the quarters of the other officers and was almost at the door of his own, when Armitage saw a little, wiry soldier in full dress uniform running across the parade as though in pursuit. He recognized Merrick, one of the scapegraces of his company, and wondered why he should be chasing after his temporary commander. Just as Jerrold was turning under the piazza the soldier seemed to make himself heard, and the lieutenant, with an angry frown on his face, stopped and confronted him.

"I told you not to come to me again," he said, so loud that every word was audible to the captain standing by the open window above. "What do you mean, sir, by following me in this way?"

The reply was inaudible. Armitage could see the little soldier standing in the respectful position of "attention," looking up and evidently pleading.

"I won't do it until I'm ready," was again heard in Jerrold's angry tones, though this time the lieutenant glanced about, as though to see if others were within earshot. There was no one, apparently, and he grew more confident. "You've been drinking again to-day, Merrick; you're not sober now; and I won't give you money to get maudlin and go to blabbing secrets on. No, sir! Go back to your quarters, and stay there."

The little soldier must indeed have been drinking, as the lieutenant declared. Armitage saw that he hesitated, instead of obeying at once, and that his flushed face was angrily working, then that he was arguing with his superior and talking louder. This was contrary to all the captain's ideas of proper discipline, even though he was indignant at the officer for permitting himself to be placed in so false and undignified a position. Jerrold's words, too, had acquired a wide significance; but they were feeble as compared with the sudden outburst that came from the soldier's lips:

"By God, lieutenant, you bribed me to silence to cover your tracks, and then you refuse to pay. If you don't want me to tell what I know, the sooner you pay that money the better."

This was more than Armitage could stand. He went down-stairs three at a jump and out through the colonel's garden with quick, impetuous steps. Jerrold's furious face turned ashen at the sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:

"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."

Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected, and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester was an old granny, who sometimes made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, Creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.

"After you, captain," he said.

XIII.

Once within-doors, it was too dark for Armitage to see the features of his lieutenant; and he had his own reasons for desiring to read

them. Mr. Jerrold, on the other hand, seemed disposed to keep in the shadows as much as possible. He made no movement to open the shutters of the one window which admitted light from the front, and walked back to his bedroom door, glanced in there as though to see that there were no occupants, then carefully closed it as he returned to face his captain. He took off his helmet and placed it on the centre-table, then, thrusting his thumbs inside the handsome, gold-broidered sword-belt, stood in a jaunty attitude but with a very uneasy look in his eyes to hear what his senior might have to say. Between the two men an invitation to sit would have been a superfluity. Neither had ever remained long enough in the other's quarters, since the exchange of the first calls when Jerrold came to the garrison, to render a chair at all necessary.

"Be good enough to strike a light, Mr. Jerrold," said Armitage, presently, seeing that his unwilling host made no effort on his own account.

"I proposed going out at once, captain, and presume you cannot have any very extended remarks to make."

"You cannot see the writing I have to call your attention to without a light. I shall detain you no longer than is necessary. Had you an engagement?"

"Nothing of great consequence. I presume it will keep."

"It will have to. The matter I have come upon will admit no further delay. Light your lamp, if you please."

And Jerrold did so, slowly and with much reluctance. He wiped his forehead vigorously the instant the flame began to splutter, but as the clear, steady light of the argand gradually spread over the little room Armitage could see the sweat again beading his forehead, and the dark eyes were glancing nervously about, and the hands that were so firm and steady and fine the year before and held the Springfield in so light yet immovable an aim were twitching now. It was no wonder Jerrold's score had dropped some thirty per cent. His nerve had gone to pieces.

Armitage stood and watched him a moment. Then he slowly spoke:

"I have no desire to allude to the subject of your conversation with Merrick. It was to put an end to such a thing—not to avail myself of any information it might give—that I hurried in. We will put that aside and go at once to the matter that brings me back. You are aware, of course, that your conduct has compromised a woman's name, and that the garrison is talking of nothing else."

Jerrold grasped the back of a chair with one slender brown hand, and looked furtively about as though for some hope of escape. Something like a startled gulp seemed to work his throat-muscles an instant; then he stammered his reply:

"I don't know what you mean."

"You *do* know what I mean. Captain Chester has already told you."

"Captain Chester came in here and made an unauthorized inspection of my quarters because he heard a shot fired by a sentry. I was out: I don't deny that. But he proceeded to say all manner of insult-

ing and unwarrantable things, and tried to force me to hand in a resignation, simply because I was out of quarters after taps. I could account for *his* doing something so idiotic, but I'm at a loss to comprehend your taking it up."

"The most serious allegation ever made against an officer of the regiment is made against you, the senior lieutenant of my company, and the evidence furnished me by the colonel and by Captain Chester is of such a character that, unless you can refute it and clear her name, you will have a settlement with me to start with, and your dismissal from the regiment——"

"Settlement with you? What concern have you in the matter?" interrupted Jerrold.

"Waste no words on that, Mr. Jerrold. Understand that where her name is concerned no man on earth is more interested than I. Now answer me. You were absent from your quarters for some hours after the doctor's party. Somebody believed to have been you was seen and fired at for refusing to halt at the order of Captain Chester at 3.30 in the morning. The ladder that usually hung at your fence was found at the colonel's while you were out, and that night a woman's name was compromised beyond repair unless you can repair it. Unless you prove beyond peradventure where you were both that night and last night,—prove beyond question that you were not where you are believed to have been,—her name is stained and yours blackened forever. There are other things you must fully explain; but these first."

Jerrold's face was growing gray and sickly. He stared at the stern eyes before him, and could make no answer. His lips moved dryly, but made no sound.

"Come, I want to hear from you. Where were you, if not with, or seeking, her? Name your place and witnesses."

"By God, Captain Armitage, the army is no longer a place for a gentleman, if his every movement is to be spied upon like this!"

"The world is no place for a man of your stamp, is perhaps a better way of putting it," said Armitage, whose fingers were twitching convulsively, and whose whole frame quivered with the effort he was making to restrain the rage and indignation that consumed him. He could not—he would not—believe in her guilt. He must have this man's proof, no matter how it might damn *him* for good and all, no matter whom else it might involve, so long as it cleared her precious name. He must be patient, he must be calm and resolute; but the man's cold-blooded, selfish, criminal concealment nearly maddened him. With infinite effort he controlled himself, and went on:

"But it is of her I'm thinking, not of you. It is the name you have compromised and can clear, and should clear, even at the expense of your own,—in fact, Mr. Jerrold, *must* clear. Now will you tell me where you were and how you can prove it?"

"I decline to say. I won't be cross-questioned by men who have no authority. Captain Chester said he would refer it to the colonel; and when *he* asks I will answer,—not until then."

"I ask in his name. I am authorized by him, for he is not well enough to meet the ordeal."

"You say so, and I don't mean to dispute your word, Captain Armitage, but I have a right to demand some proof. How am I to know he authorized you?"

"He himself gave me this letter, in your handwriting," said Armitage; and, opening the long envelope, he held forth the missive over which the poor old colonel had gone nearly wild. "He found it the morning they left,—in her garden."

If Jerrold's face had been gray before, it was simply ghastly now. He recoiled from the sight after one fruitless effort to grasp the letter, then rallied with unlooked-for spirit:

"By heaven, Armitage, suppose I *did* write that letter? What does it prove but what I say,—that somebody has been prying and spying into my affairs? How came the colonel by it, if not by fraud or treachery?"

"He picked it up in the garden, I tell you,—among the rose-bushes, where she—where Miss Renwick had been but a few moments before, and where it might appear that she had dropped it."

"*She!* That letter! What had she to do with it? What right had she to read it?"

Armitage stepped impulsively forward. A glad, glorious light was bursting upon his soul. He could almost have seized Jerrold's hand and thanked him; but proofs—proofs were what he needed. It was not his mind that was to be convinced, it was "society" that must be satisfied of her utter innocence, that it might be enabled to say, "Well, I never for a moment believed a word of it." Link by link the chain of circumstantial evidence must be destroyed, and this was only one.

"You mean that that letter was not intended for Miss Renwick?" he asked, with eagerness he strove hard to repress.

"It was never meant for anybody," said Jerrold, the color coming back to his face and courage to his eyes. "That letter was never sent by me to any woman. It's my writing, of course, I can't deny that; but I never even meant it to go. If it left that desk it must have been stolen. I've been hunting high and low for it. I knew that such a thing lying around loose would be the cause of mischief. God! is *that* what all this fuss is about?" And he looked warily, yet with infinite anxiety, into his captain's eyes.

"There is far more to it, as you well know, sir," was the stern answer. "For whom was this written, if not for her? It won't do to *half* clear her name."

"Answer me this, Captain Armitage. Do you mean that that letter has compromised Miss Renwick?—that it is she whose name has been involved, and that it was of her that Chester meant to speak?"

"Certainly it was,—and I too."

There was an instant's silence; then Jerrold began to laugh nervously:

"Oh, well, I fancy it isn't the first time the revered and respected captain has got away off the track. All the same I do not mean to overlook his language to me; and I may say right now, Captain Armitage, that yours, too, calls for explanation."

"You shall have it in short order, Mr. Jerrold, and the sooner you

understand the situation the better. So far as I am concerned, Miss Renwick needed no defender; but, thanks to your mysterious and unwarranted absence from quarters two very unlucky nights, and to other circumstances I have no need to name, and to your *penchant* for letter-writing of a most suggestive character, it *is* Miss Renwick whose name has been brought into question here at this post, and most prominently so. In plain words, Mr. Jerrold, you who brought this trouble upon her by your own misconduct must clear her, no matter at whose expense, or——"

"Or what?"

"I make no threats. I prefer that you should make the proper explanations from a proper sense of what is due."

"And suppose I say that no man is called upon to explain a situation which has been distorted and misrepresented by the evil imagination of his fellows?"

"Then I may have to wring the truth out of you,—and *will;* but, for her sake, I want as little publicity as possible. After this display on your part, I am not bound to show you any consideration whatever. Understand this, however: the array of evidence that you were feloniously inside Colonel Maynard's quarters that night and at his cottage window last night is of such a character that a court would convict you unless your *alibi* was conclusive. Leave the service you certainly shall, unless this whole thing is cleared up."

"I never was anywhere near Colonel Maynard's either last night or the other night I was absent."

"You will have to prove it. Mere denials won't help you in the face of such evidence as we have that you were there the first time."

"What evidence?"

"The photograph that was stolen from Mrs. Maynard between two and four o'clock that morning was seen in your drawer by Major Sloat at reveille. You were fool enough to show it to him."

"Captain Armitage, I shall be quite able to show, when the proper time comes, that the photograph I showed Major Sloat was *not* stolen: it was given me."

"That is beyond belief, Mr. Jerrold. Once and for all, understand this case. You have compromised her good name by the very mystery of your actions. You have it in your power to clear her by proving where you were, since you were not near her,—by showing how you got that photograph,—by explaining how you came to write so strange a letter. Now I say to you, will you do it, instantly, or must we wring it from you?"

A sneering smile was the only answer for a moment; then,—

"I shall take great pleasure in confounding my enemies should the matter be brought before a court,—I'm sure if the colonel can stand that sort of thing I can,—but as for defending myself or anybody else from utterly unjust and proofless suspicions, it's quite another thing."

"Good God, Jerrold! do you realize what a position you are taking? Do you——"

"Oh, not at all, captain," was the airy reply, "not at all. It is not a position I have taken: it is one into which you misguided con-

spirators have forced me. I certainly am not required to compromise anybody else in order to relieve a suspicion which you, not I, have created. How do you know that there may not be some other woman whose name I propose to guard? You have been really very flattering in your theories so far."

Armitage could bear no more. The airy conceit and insolence of the man overcame all self-restraint and resolution. With one bound he was at his throat, his strong white hands grasping him in a sudden, vice-like grip, then hurling him with stunning, thundering force to the floor. Down, headlong, went the tall lieutenant, his sword clattering by his side, his slim brown hands clutching wildly at anything that might bear him up, and dragging with him in his catastrophe a rack of hunting-pouches, antlers, and one heavy double-barrelled shot-gun. All came tumbling down about the struggling form, and Armitage, glaring down at him with clinching fists and rasping teeth, had only time to utter one deep-drawn malediction when he noted that the struggles ceased and Jerrold lay quite still. Then the blood began to ooze from a jagged cut near the temple, and it was evident that the hammer of the gun had struck him.

Another moment, and the door opened, and with anxious face Chester strode into the room. "You haven't killed him, Armitage? Is it as bad as that?"

"Pick him up, and we'll get him on the bed. He's only stunned. I didn't even hit him. Those things tumbled afterwards," said Armitage, as between them they raised the dead weight of the slender Adonis in their arms and bore him to the bedroom. Here they bathed the wound with cold water and removed the uniform coat, and presently the lieutenant began to revive and look about him.

"Who struck me?" he faintly asked.

"Your shot-gun fell on your head, but I threw you down, Jerrold. I'm sorry I touched you, but you're lucky it was no worse. This thing is going to raise a big bump here. Shall I send the doctor?"

"No. I'll come round presently. We'll see about this thing afterwards."

"Is there any friend you want to see? Shall I send word to anybody?" asked Chester.

"No. Don't let anybody come. Tell my striker to bring my breakfast; but I want nothing to-night but to be let alone."

"At least you will let me help you undress and get to bed?" said Chester.

"No. I wish you'd go,—both of you. I want quiet,—peace,—and there's none of it with either of you."

And so they left him. Later Captain Chester had gone to the quarters, and, after much parleying from without, had gained admission. Jerrold's head was bound in a bandage wet with arnica and water. He had been solacing himself with a pipe and a whiskey toddy, and was in a not unnaturally ugly mood.

"You may consider yourself excused from duty until your face is well again, by which time this matter will be decided. I admonish you to remain here and not leave the post until it is."

"You can prefer charges and see what you'll make of it," was the vehement reply. "Devil a bit will I help you out of the thing, after this night's work."

XIV.

Tuesday, and the day of the long-projected german had come; and if ever a lot of garrison-people were wishing themselves well out of a flurry it was the social circle at Sibley. Invitations had been sent to all the prominent people in town who had shown any interest in the garrison since the regiment's arrival; beautiful favors had been procured; an elaborate supper had been prepared,—the ladies contributing their efforts to the salads and other solids, the officers wisely confining their donations to the wines. It was rumored that new and original figures were to be danced, and much had been said about this feature in town, and much speculation had been indulged in; but the Beaubien residence had been closed until the previous day, Nina was away with her mother and beyond reach of question, and Mr. Jerrold had not shown his face in town since her departure. Nor was he accessible when visitors inquired at the fort. They had never known such mysterious army people in their lives. What on earth could induce them to be so close-mouthed about a mere german? one might suppose they had something worth concealing; and presently it became noised abroad that there was genuine cause for perplexity, and possibly worse.

To begin with, every one at Sibley now knew something of the night adventure at the colonel's, and, as no one could give the true statement of the case, the stories in circulation were gorgeous embellishments of the actual facts. It would be useless, even if advisable, to attempt to reproduce these wild theories, but never was army garrison so tumultuously stirred by the whirlwind of rumor. It was no longer denied for an instant that the absence of the colonel and his household was the direct result of that night's discoveries; and when, to Mrs. Hoyt's inexpressible relief, there came a prettily-worded note from Alice on Monday evening informing her that neither the colonel nor her mother felt well enough to return to Sibley for the german, and that she herself preferred not to leave her mother at a time when she needed her care, Mrs. Hoyt and her intimates, with whom she instantly conferred, decided that there could be no doubt whatever that the colonel knew of the affair, had forbidden their return, and was only waiting for further evidence to decide what was to be done with his erring stepdaughter. Women talked with bated breath of the latest stories in circulation, of Chester's moody silence and preoccupation, of Jerrold's ostracism, and of Frank Armitage's sudden return.

On Monday morning the captain had quietly appeared in uniform at the office, and it was known that he had relinquished the remainder of his leave of absence and resumed command of his company. There were men in the garrison who well knew that it was because of the mystery overhanging the colonel's household that Armitage had so suddenly returned. They asked no questions and sought no explanation. All men marked, however, that Jerrold was not at the office on Monday, and many curiously looked at the morning report in the

adjutant's office. No, he was not in arrest; neither was he on sick-report. He was marked present for duty, and yet he was not at the customary assembly of all the commissioned officers at head-quarters. More mystery, and most exasperating, too, it was known that Armitage and Jerrold had held a brief talk in the latter's quarters soon after Sunday's evening parade, and that the former had been reinforced for a time by Captain Chester, with whom he was afterwards closeted. Officers who heard that he had suddenly returned and was at Chester's went speedily to the latter's quarters,—at least two or three did,—and were met by a servant at the door, who said that the gentlemen had just gone out the back way. And, sure enough, neither Chester nor Armitage came home until long after taps; and then the colonel's cook told several people that the two gentlemen had spent over an hour up-stairs in the colonel's and Miss Alice's room and "was foolin' around the house till near ten o'clock."

Another thing that added to the flame of speculation and curiosity was this. Two of the ladies, returning from a moonlit stroll on the terrace just after tattoo, came through the narrow passage-way on the west side of the colonel's quarters, and there, at the foot of the little flight of steps leading up to the parade, they came suddenly upon Captain Chester, who was evidently only moderately pleased to see them and nervously anxious to expedite their onward movement. With the perversity of both sexes, however, they stopped to chat and inquire what he was doing there, and in the midst of it all a faint light gleamed on the opposite wall and the reflection of the curtains in Alice Renwick's window was distinctly visible. Then a sturdy masculine shadow appeared, and there was a rustling above, and then, with exasperating, mysterious, and epigrammatic terseness, a deep voice propounded the utterly senseless question,—

"How's that?"

To which, in great embarrassment, Chester replied,—

"Hold on a minute. I'm talking with some interested spectators."

Whereat the shadow of the big man shot out of sight, and the ladies found that it was useless to remain,—there would be no further developments so long as they did; and so they came away, with many a lingering backward look. "But the idea of asking such a fool question as 'How's that?' Why couldn't the man *say* what he meant?" It was gathered, however, that Armitage and Chester had been making some experiments that bore in some measure on the mystery. And all this time Mr. Jerrold was in his quarters, only a stone's-throw away. How interested *he* must have been!

But, while the garrison was relieved at knowing that Alice Renwick would not be on hand for the german and it was being fondly hoped she might never return to the post, there was still another grievous embarrassment. How about Mr. Jerrold?

He had been asked to lead when the german was first projected, and had accepted. That was fully two weeks before; and now—no one knew just what ought to be done. It was known that Nina Beaubien had returned on the previous day from a brief visit to the upper lakes, and that she had a costume of ravishing beauty in which

to carry desolation to the hearts of the garrison belles in leading that german with Mr. Jerrold. Old Madame Beaubien had been reluctant, said her city friends, to return at all. She heartily disapproved of Mr. Jerrold, and was bitterly set against Nina's growing infatuation for him. But Nina was headstrong and determined: moreover, she was far more than a match for her mother's vigilance, and it was known at Sibley that two or three times the girl had been out at the fort with the Suttons and other friends when the old lady believed her in quarters totally different. Cub Sutton had confided to Captain Wilton that Madame Beaubien was in total ignorance of the fact that there was to be a party at the doctor's the night he had driven out with Nina and his sister, and that Nina had "pulled the wool over her mother's eyes" and made her believe she was going to spend the evening with friends in town, naming a family with whom the Beaubiens were intimate. A long drive always made the old lady sleepy, and, as she had accompanied Nina to the fort that afternoon, she went early to bed, having secured her wild birdling, as she supposed, from possibility of further meetings with Jerrold. For nearly a week, said Cub, Madame Beaubien had dogged Nina so that she could not get a moment with the man with whom she was evidently so smitten, and the girl was almost at her wits' end with seeing the depth of his flirtation with Alice Renwick and the knowledge that on the morrow her mother would spirit her off to the cool breezes and blue waves of the great lake. Cub said she so worked on Fanny's feelings that they put up the scheme together and made him bring them out. Gad! if old Maman only found it out there'd be no more germans for Nina. She'd ship her off to the good Sisters at Creve-Cœur and slap her into a convent and leave all her money to the Church.

And yet, said city society, old Maman idolized her beautiful daughter and could deny her no luxury or indulgence. She dressed her superbly, though with a somewhat barbaric taste where Nina's own good sense and Eastern teaching did not interfere. What she feared was that the girl would fall in love with some adventurer, or—what was quite as bad—some army man who would carry her darling away to Arizona or other inaccessible spot. Her plan was that Nina should marry here—at home—some one of the staid young merchant princes rising into prominence in the Western metropolis, and from the very outset Nina had shown a singular infatuation for the buttons and straps and music and heaven-knows-what-all out at the fort. She gloried in seeing her daughter prominent in all scenes of social life. She rejoiced in her triumphs, and took infinite pains with all preparations. She would have set her foot against Nina's simply dancing the german at the fort with Jerrold as a partner, but she could not resist it that the papers should announce on Sunday morning that "the event of the season at Fort Sibley was the german given last Tuesday night by the ladies of the garrison and led by the lovely Miss Beaubien" with Lieutenant or Captain Anybody. There were a dozen bright, graceful, winning women among the dames and damsels at the fort, and Alice Renwick was a famous beauty by this time. It was more than Maman Beaubien could withstand, that her Nina should "lead" all these, and

so her consent was won. Back they came from Chequamegon, and the stately home on Summit Avenue reopened to receive them. It was Monday noon when they returned, and by three o'clock Fanny Sutton had told Nina Beaubien what she knew of the wonderful rumors that were floating in from Sibley. She was more than half disposed to be in love with Jerrold herself. She expected a proper amount of womanly horror, incredulity, and indignation; but she was totally unprepared for the outburst that followed. Nina was transformed into a tragedy queen on the instant, and poor, simple-hearted, foolish Fanny Sutton was almost scared out of her small wits by the fire of denunciation and fury with which her story was greeted. She came home with white, frightened face and hunted up Cub and told him that she had been telling Nina some of the queer things the ladies had been saying about Mr. Jerrold, and Nina almost tore her to pieces, and could he go right out to the fort to see Mr. Jerrold? Nina wanted to send a note at once; and if he couldn't go she had made her promise that she would get somebody to go instantly and to come back and let her know before four o'clock. Cub was always glad of an excuse to go out to the fort, but a coldness had sprung up between him and Jerrold. He had heard the ugly rumors in that mysterious way in which all such things are heard, and, while his shallow pate could not quite conceive of such a monstrous scandal and he did not believe half he heard, he sagely felt that in the presence of so much smoke there was surely some fire, and avoided the man from whom he had been inseparable. Of course he had not spoken to him on the subject, and, singularly enough, this was the case with all the officers at the post except Armitage and the commander. It was understood that the matter was in Chester's hands, to do with as was deemed best. It was believed that his resignation had been tendered; and all these forty-eight hours since the story might be said to be fairly before the public, Jerrold had been left much to himself, and was presumably in the depths of dismay.

One or two men, urged by their wives, who thought it was really time something were done to let him understand he ought not to lead the german, had gone to see him and been refused admission. Asked from within what they wanted, the reply was somewhat difficult to frame, and in both cases resolved itself into "Oh, about the german;" to which Jerrold's voice was heard to say, "The german's all right. I'll lead if I'm well enough and am not bothered to death meantime; but I've got some private matters to attend to, and am not seeing anybody to-day." And with this answer they were fain to be content. It had been settled, however, that the officers were to tell Captain Chester at ten o'clock that in their opinion Mr. Jerrold ought not to be permitted to attend so long as this mysterious charge hung over him; and Mr. Rollins had been notified that he must be ready to lead.

Poor Rollins! He was in sore perplexity. He wanted nothing better than to dance with Nina Beaubien. He wondered if she *would* lead with him, or would even come at all when she learned that Jerrold would be unable to attend. "Sickness" was to be the ostensible cause, and in the youth and innocence of his heart Rollins never supposed that Nina would hear of all the other assignable reasons. He meant

to ride in and call upon her Monday evening; but, as ill luck would have it, old Sloat, who was officer of the day, stepped on a round pebble as he was going down the long flight to the railway-station, and sprained his ankle. Just at five o'clock Rollins got orders to relieve him, and was returning from the guard-house, when who should come driving in but Cub Sutton, and Cub reined up and asked where he would be apt to find Mr. Jerrold.

"He isn't well, and has been denying himself to all callers to-day," said Rollins, shortly.

"Well, I've got to see him, or at least get a note to him," said Cub. "It's from Miss Beaubien, and requires an answer."

"You know the way to his quarters, I presume," said Rollins, coldly: "you have been there frequently. I will have a man hold your horse, or you can tie him there at the rail, just as you please."

"Thanks. I'll go over, I believe." And go he did, and poor Rollins was unable to resist the temptation of watching whether the magic name of Nina would open the door. It did not; but he saw Cub hand in the little note through the shutters, and ere long there came another from within. This Cub stowed in his waistcoat-pocket and drove off with, and Rollins walked jealously homeward. But that evening he went through a worse experience, and it was the last blow to his budding passion for sparkling-eyed Nina.

It was nearly tattoo, and a dark night, when Chester suddenly came in:

"Rollins, you remember my telling you I was sure some of the men had been getting liquor in from the shore down below the station and 'running it' that way? I believe we can nab the smuggler this evening. There's a boat down there now. The corporal has just told me."

Smuggling liquor was one of Chester's horrors. He surrounded the post with a cordon of sentries who had no higher duty, apparently, than that of preventing the entrance of alcohol in any form. He had run a "red-cross" crusade against the post-trader's store in the matter of light wines and small beer, claiming that only adulterated stuff was sold to the men, and forbidding the sale of anything stronger than "pop" over the trader's counter. Then, when it became apparent that liquor was being brought on the reservation, he made vigorous efforts to break up the practice. Colonel Maynard rather poohpoohed the whole business. It was his theory that a man who was determined to have a drink might better be allowed to take an honest one, *coram publico*, than a smuggled and deleterious article; but he succumbed to the rule that only "light wines and beer" should be sold at the store, and was lenient to the poor devils who overloaded and deranged their stomachs in consequence. But Chester no sooner found himself in command than he launched into the crusade with redoubled energy, and spent hours of the day and night trying to capture invaders of the reservation with a bottle in their pockets. The bridge was guarded, so was the crossing of the Cloudwater to the south, and so were the two roads entering from the north and west; and yet there was liquor coming in, and, as though "to give Chester a benefit," some of the men in barracks had a royal

old spree on Saturday night, and the captain was sorer-headed than any of the participants in consequence. In some way he heard that a row-boat came up at night and landed supplies of contraband down by the river-side out of sight and hearing of the sentry at the railway-station, and it was thither he hurriedly led Rollins this Monday evening.

They turned across the railway on reaching the bottom of the long stairs, and scrambled down the rocky embankment on the other side, Rollins following in reluctant silence and holding his sword so that it would not rattle, but he had no faith in the theory of smugglers. He felt in some vague and unsatisfactory way a sense of discomfort and anxiety over his captain's late proceedings, and this stealthy descent seemed fraught with ill omen.

Once down in the flats, their footsteps made no noise in the yielding sand, and all was silence save for the plash of the waters along the shores. Far down the river were the reflections of one or two twinkling lights, and close under the bank in the slack-water a few stars were peeping at their own images, but no boat was there, and the captain led still farther to a little copse of willow, and there, in the shadows, sure enough, was a row-boat, with a little lantern dimly burning, half hidden in the stern.

Not only that, but as they halted at the edge of the willows the captain put forth a warning hand and cautioned silence. No need. Rollins's straining eyes were already fixed on two figures that were standing in the shadows not ten feet away,—one that of a tall, slender man, the other a young girl. It was a moment before Rollins could recognize either; but in that moment the girl had turned suddenly, had thrown her arms about the neck of the tall young man, and, with her head pillowed on his breast, was gazing up in his face.

"Kiss me once more, Howard. Then I must go," they heard her whisper.

Rollins seized his captain's sleeve, and strove, sick at heart, to pull him back; but Chester stoutly stood his ground. In the few seconds more that they remained they saw his arms more closely enfold her. They saw her turn at the brink, and, in an utter abandonment of rapturous, passionate love, throw her arms again about his neck and stand on tiptoe to reach his face with her warm lips. They could not fail to hear the caressing tone of her every word, or to mark his receptive but gloomy silence. They could not mistake the voice,—the form, shadowy though it was. The girl was Nina Beaubien, and the man, beyond question, Howard Jerrold. They saw him hand her into the light skiff and hurriedly kiss her good-night. Once again, as though she could not leave him, her arms were thrown about his neck and she clung to him with all her strength; then the little boat swung slowly out into the stream, the sculls were shipped, and with practised hand Nina Beaubien pulled forth into the swirling waters of the river, and the faint light, like slowly-setting star, floated downward with the sweeping tide and finally disappeared beyond the point.

Then Jerrold turned to leave, and Chester stepped forth and confronted him:

"Mr. Jerrold, did I not instruct you to confine yourself to your

quarters until satisfactory explanation was made of the absences with which you are charged?"

Jerrold started at the abrupt and unlooked-for greeting, but his answer was prompt:

"Not at all, sir. You gave me to understand that I was to remain here—not to leave the post—until you had decided on certain points; and, though I do not admit the justice of your course, and though you have put me to grave inconvenience, I obeyed the order. I needed to go to town to-day on urgent business, but, between you and Captain Armitage, am in no condition to go. For all this, sir, there will come proper retribution when my colonel returns. And now, sir, you are spying upon me,—*spying*, I say,—and it only confirms what I said of you before."

"Silence, Mr. Jerrold! This is insubordination."

"I don't care a damn what it is, sir! There is nothing contemptuous enough for me to say of you or your conduct to me——"

"Not another word, Mr. Jerrold! Go to your quarters in arrest. —Mr. Rollins, you are witness to this language."

But Rollins was not. Turning from the spot in blankness of heart before a word was uttered between them, he followed the waning light with eyes full of yearning and trouble; he trudged his way down along the sandy shore until he came to the silent waters of the slough and could go no farther; and then he sat him down and covered his face with his hands. It was pretty hard to bear.

XV.

Tuesday still, and all manner of things had happened and were still to happen in the hurrying hours that followed Sunday night. The garrison woke at Tuesday's reveille in much perturbation of spirit, as has been said, but by eight o'clock and breakfast-time one cause of perplexity was at an end. Relief had come with Monday afternoon and Alice Renwick's letter saying she would not attend the german, and now still greater relief in the news that sped from mouth to mouth: Lieutenant Jerrold was in close arrest. Armitage and Chester had been again in consultation Monday night, said the gossips, and something new had been discovered,—no one knew just what,—and the toils had settled upon Jerrold's handsome head, and now he was to be tried. As usual in such cases, the news came in through the kitchen, and most officers heard it at the breakfast-table from the lips of their better halves, who could hardly find words to express their sentiments as to the inability of their lords to explain the new phase of the situation. When the first sergeant of Company B came around to Captain Armitage with the sick-book, soon after six in the morning, the captain briefly directed him to transfer Lieutenant Jerrold on the morning report from present for duty to "in arrest," and no sooner was it known at the quarters of Company B than it began to work back to Officers' Row through the medium of the servants and strikers.

It was the sole topic of talk for a full hour. Many ladies who had intended going to town by the early train almost perilled their chances of catching the same in their eagerness to hear further details.

But the shriek of the whistle far up the valley broke up the group that was so busily chatting and speculating over in the quadrangle, and, with shy yet curious eyes, the party of at least a dozen—matrons and maids, wives or sisters of the officers—scurried past the darkened windows of Mr. Jerrold's quarters, and through the mysterious passage west of the colonel's silent house, and down the long stairs, just in time to catch the train that whirled them away city-ward almost as soon as it had disgorged the morning's mail. Chatting and laughing, and full of blithe anticipation of the glories of the coming german, in preparation for which most of their number had found it necessary to run in for just an hour's shopping, they went jubilantly on their way. Shopping done, they would all meet, take luncheon together at the "Woman's Exchange," return to the post by the afternoon train, and have plenty of time for a little nap before dressing for the german. Perhaps the most interesting question now up for discussion was, who would lead with Mr. Rollins? The train went puffing into the crowded dépôt: the ladies hastened forth, and in a moment were on the street; cabs and carriages were passed in disdain; a brisk walk of a block carried them to the main thoroughfare and into the heart of the shopping district; a rush of hoofs and wheels and pedestrians there encountered them, and the roar assailed their sensitive and unaccustomed ears, yet high above it all pierced and pealed the shrill voices of the newsboys darting here and there with their eagerly-bought journals. But women bent on germans and shopping have time and ears for no such news as that which demands the publication of extras. Some of them never hear or heed the cry, "Indian Massacree!" "Here y'are! All about the killin' of Major Thornton an' his sojers!" "Extry!—extry!" It is not until they reach the broad portals of the great Stewart of the West that one of their number, half incredulously, buys a copy and reads aloud: "Major Thornton, ——th Infantry, Captain Langham and Lieutenant Bliss, ——th Cavalry, and thirty men, are killed. Captains Wright and Lane and Lieutenants Willard and Brooks, ——th Cavalry, and some forty more men, are seriously wounded. The rest of the command is corralled by an overwhelming force of Indians, and their only hope is to hold out until help can reach them. All troops along the line of the Union Pacific are already under orders."

"Oh, isn't it dreadful?"

"Yes; but aren't you glad it wasn't Ours? Oh, look! there's Nina Beaubien over there in her carriage. *Do* let's find out if she's going to lead with Rollins!"

Væ victis! Far out in the glorious Park country in the heart of the Centennial State a little band of blue-coats, sent to succor a perilled agent, is making desperate stand against fearful odds. Less than two hundred men has the wisdom of the Department sent forth through the wilderness to find and, if need be, fight its way through five times its weight in well-armed foes. The officers and men have no special quarrel with those Indians, nor the Indians with them. Only two winters before, when those same Indians were sick and starving, and their lying go-betweens, the Bureau-employees, would give them neither food nor justice, a small band made their way to the railway and were

fed on soldier food and their wrongs righted by soldier justice. But another snarl has come now, and this time the Bureau-people are in a pickle, and the army—ever between two fires at least, and thankful when it isn't six—is ordered to send a little force and go out there and help the agent maintain his authority. The very night before the column reaches the borders of the reservation the leading chiefs come in camp to interview the officers, shake hands, beg tobacco, and try on their clothes, then go back to their braves and laugh as they tell there are only a handful, and plan the morrow's ambuscade and massacre. *Væ victis!* There are women and children among the garrisons along the Union Pacific whose hearts have little room for thoughts of germans in the horror of this morning's tidings. But Sibley is miles and miles away, and, as Mrs. Wheeler says, aren't you glad it wasn't Ours?

Out at the fort there is a different scene. The morning journals and the clicking telegraph send a thrill throughout the whole command. The train has barely whistled out of sight when the ringing notes of officers' call resound through the quadrangle and out over the broader drill-ground beyond. Wondering, but prompt, the staid captains and eager subalterns come hurrying to head-quarters, and the band, that had come forth and taken its station on the parade, all ready for guard-mount, goes quickly back, while the men gather in big squads along the shaded row of their quarters and watch the rapid assembly at the office. And there old Chester, with kindling eyes, reads to the silent company the brief official order. Ay, though it be miles and miles away, fast as steam and wheel can take it, the good old regiment in all its sturdy strength goes forth to join the rescue of the imprisoned comrades far in the Colorado Rockies. "Have your entire command in readiness for immediate field-service in the Department of the Platte. Special train will be there to take you by noon at latest." And though many a man has lost friend and comrade in the tragedy that calls them forth, and though many a brow clouds for the moment with the bitter news of such useless sacrifice, every eye brightens, every muscle seems to brace, every nerve and pulse to throb and thrill with the glorious excitement of quick assembly and coming action. Ay, we are miles and miles away; we leave the dear old post, with homes and firesides, wives, children, and sweethearts, all to the care of the few whom sickness or old wounds or advancing years render unfit for hard, sharp marching; and, thank God! we'll be there to take a hand and help those gallant fellows out of their "corral" or to have one good blow at the cowardly hounds who lured and lied to them.

How the "assembly" rings on the morning air! How quick they spring to ranks, those eager bearded faces and trim blue-clad forms! How buoyant and brisk even the elders seem as the captains speed over to their company quarters and the quick, stirring orders are given! "Field kits; all the cooked rations you have on hand; overcoat, blanket, extra socks and underclothes; every cartridge you've got; haversack and canteen, and nothing else. Now get ready,—lively!" How irrepressible is the cheer that goes up! How we pity the swells of the light battery who have to stay! How wistful those fellows look, and how eagerly they throng about the barracks, yearning to go,

and, since that is denied, praying to be of use in some way! Small wonder is it that all the bustle and excitement penetrates the portals of Mr. Jerrold's darkened quarters, and the shutters are thrown open and his bandaged head comes forth.

"What is it, Harris?" he demands of a light-batteryman who is hurrying past.

"Orders for Colorado, sir. The regiment goes by special train. Major Thornton's command's been massacred, and there's a big fight ahead."

"My God! Here!—stop one moment. Run over to Company B and see if you can find my servant, or Merrick, or somebody. If not, you come back quick. I want to send a note to Captain Armitage."

"I can take it, sir. We're not going. The band and the battery have to stay."

And Jerrold, with trembling hand and feverish haste, seats himself at the same desk whence on that fatal morning he sent the note that wrought such disaster; and as he rises and hands his missive forth, throwing wide open the shutters as he does so, his bedroom doors fly open, and a whirling gust of the morning wind sweeps through from rear to front, and half a score of bills and billets, letters and scraps of paper, go ballooning out upon the parade.

"By heaven!" he mutters, "that's how it happened, is it? *Look* at them go!" for going they were, in spiral eddies or fluttering skips, up the grassy "quad," and over among the rose-bushes of Alice Renwick's garden. Over on the other side of the narrow, old-fashioned frontier fort the men were bustling about, and their exultant, eager voices rang out on the morning air. All was life and animation, and even in Jerrold's selfish soul there rose responsive echo to the soldierly spirit that seemed to pervade the whole command. It was their first summons to active field-duty with prospective battle since he had joined, and, with all his shortcomings as a "duty" officer in garrison and his many frailties of character, Jerrold was not the man to lurk in the rear when there was danger ahead. It dawned on him with sudden and crushing force that now it lay in the power of his enemies to do him vital injury,—that he could be held here at the post like a suspected felon, a mark for every finger, a target for every tongue, while every other officer of his regiment was hurrying with his men to take his knightly share in the coming onset. It was intolerable, shameful. He paced the floor of his little parlor in nervous misery, ever and anon gazing from the window for sight of his captain. It was to him he had written, urging that he be permitted a few moments' talk. "This is no time for a personal misunderstanding," he wrote. "I must see you at once. I can clear away the doubts, can explain my action; but, for heaven's sake, intercede for me with Captain Chester that I may go with the command."

As luck would have it, Armitage was with Chester at the office when the letter was handed in. He opened it, gave a whistle of surprise, and simply held it forth to the temporary commander.

"Read that," he said.

Chester frowned, but took the note and looked it curiously over.

"I have no patience with the man now," he said. "Of course after what I saw last night I begin to understand the nature of his defence; but we don't want any such man in the regiment, after this. What's the use of taking him with us?"

"That isn't the point," said Armitage. "Now or never, possibly, is the time to clear up this mystery. Of course Maynard will be up to join us by the first train; and what won't it be worth to him to have positive proof that all his fears were unfounded?"

"Even if it wasn't Jerrold, there is still the fact that I saw a man clambering out of her window. How is that to be cleared up?" said Chester, gloomily.

"That may come later, and won't be such a bugbear as you think. If you were not worried into a morbid condition over all this trouble, you would not look so seriously npon a thing which I regard as a piece of mere night prowling, with a possible spice of romance."

"What romance, I'd like to know?"

"Never mind that now: I'm playing detective for the time being. Let me see Jerrold for you and find out what he has to offer. Then you can decide. Are you willing? All right! But remember this while I think of it. You admit that the light you saw on the wall Sunday night was exactly like that which you saw the night of your adventure, and that the shadows were thrown in the same way. You thought that night that the light was turned up and afterwards turned out in her room, and that it was *her* figure you saw at the window. Didn't you?"

"Yes. What then?"

"Well, I believe her statement that she saw and heard nothing until reveille. I believe it was Mrs. Maynard who did the whole thing, without Miss Renwick's knowing anything about it."

"Why?"

"Because I accomplished the feat with the aid of the little night-lamp that I found by the colonel's bedside. It is my theory that Mrs. Maynard was restless after the colonel finally fell asleep, that she heard your tumble, and took her little lamp, crossed over into Miss Renwick's room, opened the door without creaking, as I can do to your satisfaction, found her sleeping quietly, but the room a trifle close and warm, set her night-lamp down on the table, as I did, threw her shadow on the wall, as I did, and opened the shade, as you thought her daughter did. Then she withdrew, and left those doors open,—both hers and her daughter's,—and the light, instead of being turned down, as you thought, was simply carried back into her own room."

"That is all possible. But how about the man in her room? Nothing was stolen, though money and jewelry were lying around loose. If theft was not the object, what was?"

"Theft certainly was not, and I'm not prepared to say what was, but I have reason to believe it wasn't Miss Renwick."

"Anything to prove it?"

"Yes; and, though time is precious and I cannot show you, you may take my word for it. We must be off at noon, and both of us

have much to do, but there may be no other chance to talk, and before you leave this post I want you to realize her utter innocence."

"I want to, Armitage."

"I know you do: so look here. We assume that the same man paid the night visit both here and at Sablon, and that he wanted to see the same person,—if he did not come to steal: do we not?"

"Yes."

"We know that at Sablon it was Mrs. Maynard he sought and called. The colonel says so."

"Yes."

"Presumably, then, it was she—not her daughter—he had some reasons for wanting to see here at Sibley. What is more, if he wanted to see Miss Renwick there was nothing to prevent his going right into her window?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I believe I can prove he didn't; on the contrary, that he went around by the roof of the porch to the colonel's room and tried there, but found it risky on account of the blinds, and that finally he entered the hall window,—what might be called neutral ground. The painters had been at work there, as you said, two days before, and the paint on the slats was not quite dry. The blinds and sills were the only things they had touched up on that front, it seems, and nothing on the sides. Now, on the fresh paint of the colonel's slats are the new imprints of masculine thumb and fingers, and on the sill of the hall window is a footprint that I know to be other than Jerrold's."

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't own such a thing as this track was made with, and I don't know a man in this command who does. It was the handiwork of the Tonto Apaches, and came from the other side of the continent."

"You mean it was——?"

"Exactly. An Indian moccasin."

Meantime, Mr. Jerrold had been making hurried preparations, as he had fully determined that at any cost he would go with the regiment. He had been burning a number of letters, when Captain Armitage knocked and hurriedly entered. Jerrold pushed forward a chair and plunged at once into the matter at issue:

"There is no time to waste, captain. I have sent to you to ask what I can do to be released from arrest and permitted to go with the command."

"Answer the questions I put to you the other night, and certify to your answers; and of course you'll have to apologize to Captain Chester for your last night's language."

"That of course; though you will admit it looked like spying. Now let me ask you, did he tell you who the lady was?"

"No. I told him."

"How did you know?"

"By intuition, and my knowledge of previous circumstances."

"We have no time to discuss it. I make no attempt to conceal it now; but I ask that, on your honor, neither you nor he reveal it."

"And continue to let the garrison believe that you were in Miss Renwick's room that ghastly night?" asked Armitage, dryly.

Jerrold flushed: "I have denied that, and I would have proved my *alibi* could I have done so without betraying a woman's secret. Must I tell?"

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Jerrold," said Armitage, with cold and relentless meaning, "you not only must tell—you must *prove*—both that night's doings and Saturday night's,—both that and how you obtained that photograph."

"My God! In one case it is a woman's name; in the other I have promised on honor not to reveal it."

"That ends it, then. You remain here in close arrest, and the charges against you will be pushed to the bitter end. I will write them this very hour."

XVI.

At ten o'clock that morning, shortly after a smiling interview with the ladies of Fort Sibley, in which, with infinite spirit and the most perfect self-control, Miss Beaubien had informed them that she had promised to lead with Mr. Jerrold, and, since he was in duress, she would lead with no one, and sent them off wondering and greatly excited, there came running up to the carriage a telegraph messenger boy, who handed her a despatch.

"I was going up to the avenue, mum," he explained, "but I seen you here."

Nina's face paled as she tore it open and read the curt lines:

"Come to me, here. Your help needed instantly."

She sprang from the carriage. "Tell mother I have gone over to see some Fort friends,—not to wait," she called to the coachman, well knowing he would understand that she meant the ladies with whom she had been so recently talking. Like a frightened deer she sped around the corner, hailed the driver of a cab, lounging with his fellows along the walk, ordered him to drive with all speed to Summit Avenue, and with beating heart decided on her plan. Her glorious eyes were flashing: the native courage and fierce determination of her race were working in her woman's heart. She well knew that imminent danger threatened him. She had dared everything for love of his mere presence, his sweet caress. What would she not dare to save him, if save she could? He had not been true to her. She knew, and knew well, that, whether sought or not, Alice Renwick had been winning him from her, that he was wavering, that he had been cold and negligent; but with all her soul and strength she loved him, and believed him grand and brave and fine as he was beautiful. Now—now was her opportunity. He needed her. His commission, his honor, depended on her. He had intimated as much the night before,—had told her of the accusations and suspicions that attached to him,—but made no mention of the photograph. He had said that though nothing could drag from him a word that would compromise *her*, *she* might be called upon to stand 'twixt him and ruin; and now perhaps the hour had come. She could free, exonerate, glorify him, and in doing so claim him for her

own. Who, after this, could stand 'twixt her and him? He loved her, though he *had* been cold; and she——? Had he bidden her bow her dusky head to earth and kiss the print of his heel, she would have obeyed could she but feel sure that her reward would be a simple touch of his hand, an assurance that no other woman could find a moment's place in his love. Verily, he had been doing desperate wooing in the long winter, for the very depths of her nature were all athrob with love for him. And now he could no longer plead that poverty withheld his offer of his hand. She would soon be mistress of her own little fortune, and, at her mother's death, of an independence. Go to him she would, and on wings of the wind, and go she did. The cab released her at the gate to her home, and went back with a double fare that set the driver to thinking. She sped through the house, and out the rear doors, much to the amaze of cook and others who were in consultation in the kitchen. She flew down a winding flight of stairs to the level below, and her fairy feet went tripping over the pavement of a plebeian street. A quick turn, and she was at a little second-rate stable, whose proprietor knew her and started from his chair.

"What's wrong to-day, Miss Nina?"

"I want the roan mare and light buggy again,—quick as you can. Your own price at the old terms, Mr. Graves,—silence."

He nodded, called to a subordinate, and in five minutes handed her into the frail vehicle. An impatient chirrup and flap of the reins, and the roan shot forth into the dusty road, leaving old Graves shaking his head at the door.

"I've known her ever since she was weaned," he muttered, "and she's a wild bird, if ever there was one, but she's never been the like o' this till last month."

And the roan mare was covered with foam and sweat when Nina Beaubien drove into the bustling fort, barely an hour after her receipt of Jerrold's telegram. A few officers were gathered in front of headquarters, and there were curious looks from face to face as she was recognized. Mr. Rollins was on the walk, giving some instructions to a sergeant of his company, and never saw her until the buggy reined up close behind him and, turning suddenly, he met her face to face as she sprang lightly to the ground. The young fellow reddened to his eyes, and would have recoiled, but she was mistress of the situation. She well knew she had but to command and he would obey, or, at the most, if she could no longer command she had only to implore, and he would be powerless to withstand her entreaty.

"I am glad *you* are here, Mr. Rollins. You can help me.—Sergeant, will you kindly hitch my horse at that post?—Now," she added, in low, hurried tone, "come with me to Mr. Jerrold's."

Rollins was too stupefied to answer. Silently he placed himself by her side, and together they passed the group at the office. Miss Beaubien nodded with something of her old archness and coquetry to the cap-raising party, but never hesitated. Together they passed along the narrow board walk, followed by curious eyes, and as they reached the angle and stepped beneath the shelter of the piazza in front of the long, low, green-blinded Bachelors' Row, there was sudden sensation in the

group. Mr. Jerrold appeared at the door of his quarters; Rollins halted some fifty feet away, raised his cap, and left her; and, all alone, with the eyes of Fort Sibley upon her, Nina Beaubien stepped bravely forward to meet her lover.

They saw him greet her at the door. Some of them turned away, unwilling to look, and yet unwilling to go and not understand this new phase of the mystery. Rollins, looking neither to right nor left, repassed them and walked off with a set, savage look on his young face, and then, as one or two still gazed, fascinated by this strange and daring proceeding, others, too, turned back and, half ashamed of themselves for such a yielding to curiosity, glanced furtively over at Jerrold's door.

There they stood,—he, restrained by his arrest, unable to come forth; she, restrained more by his barring form than by any consideration of maidenly reserve, for, had he bidden, she would have gone within. She had fully made up her mind that wherever he was, even were it behind the sentinels and bars of the guard-house, she would demand that she be taken to his side. He had handed out a chair, but she would not sit. They saw her looking up into his face as he talked, and noted the eager gesticulation, so characteristic of his Creole blood, that seemed to accompany his rapid words. They saw her bending towards him, looking eagerly up in his eyes, and occasionally casting indignant glances over towards the group at the office, as though she would annihilate with her wrath the persecutors of her hero. Then they saw her stretch forth both her hands with a quick impulsive movement, and grasp his one instant, looking so faithfully, steadfastly, loyally, into his clouded and anxious face. Then she turned, and with quick, eager steps came tripping towards them. They stood irresolute. Every man felt that it was somebody's duty to step forward, meet her, and be her escort though the party, but no one advanced. There was, if anything, a tendency to sidle towards the office door, as though to leave the sidewalk unimpeded. But she never sought to pass them by. With flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, she bore straight upon them, and, with indignant emphasis upon every word, accosted them:

"Captain Wilton, Major Sloat, I wish to see Captain Chester at once. Is he in the office?"

"Certainly, Miss Beaubien. Shall I call him? or will you walk in?" And both men were at her side in a moment.

"Thanks. I will go right in,—if you will kindly show me to him."

Another moment, and Armitage and Chester, deep in the midst of their duties and surrounded by clerks and orderlies and assailed by half a dozen questions in one and the same instant, looked up astonished as Wilton stepped in and announced Miss Beaubien desiring to see Captain Chester on immediate business. There was no time for conference. There she stood in the door-way, and all tongues were hushed on the instant. Chester rose and stepped forward with anxious courtesy. She did not choose to see the extended hand.

"It is you, alone, I wish to see, captain. Is it impossible here?"

"I fear it is, Miss Beaubien; but we can walk out in the open air.

I feel that I know what it is you wish to say to me," he added, in a low tone, took his cap from the peg on which it hung, and led the way. Again she passed through the curious but respectful group, and Jerrold, watching furtively from his window, saw them come forth.

The captain turned to her as soon as they were out of earshot:

"I have no daughter of my own, my dear young lady, but if I had I could not more thoroughly feel for you than I do. How can I help you?"

The reply was unexpectedly spirited. He had thought to encourage and sustain her, be sympathetic and paternal, but, as he afterwards ruefully admitted, he "never did seem to get the hang of a woman's temperament." Apparently sympathy was not the thing she needed.

"It is late in the day to ask such a question, Captain Chester. You have done great wrong and injustice. The question is now, will you undo it?"

He was too surprised to speak for a moment. When his tongue was unloosed he said,—

"I shall be glad to be convinced I was wrong."

"I know little of army justice or army laws, Captain Chester, but when a girl is compelled to take this step to rescue a friend there is something brutal about them,—or the men who enforce them. Mr. Jerrold tells me that he is arrested. I knew that last night, but not until this morning did he consent to let me know that he would be court-martialled unless he could prove where he was the night you were officer of the day two weeks ago, and last Saturday night. He is too noble and good to defend himself when by doing so he might harm me. But I am here to free him from the cruel suspicion you have formed." She had quickened her step, and in her impulsiveness and agitation they were almost at the end of the walk. He hesitated, as though reluctant to go along under the piazza, but she was imperious, and he yielded. "No, come!" she said. "I mean that you shall hear the whole truth, and that at once. I do not expect you to understand or condone my conduct, but you must acquit him. We are engaged; and —I love him. He has enemies here, as I see all too plainly, and they have prejudiced mother against him, and she has forbidden my seeing him. I came out to the fort without her knowledge one day, and it angered her. From that time she would not let me see him alone. She watched every movement, and came with me wherever I drove. She gave orders that I should never have any of our horses to drive or ride alone,—I, whom father had indulged to the utmost and who had ridden and driven at will from my babyhood. She came out to the fort with me that evening for parade, and never even agreed to let me go out to see some neighbors until she learned he was to escort Miss Renwick. She had ordered me to be ready to go with her to Chequamagon the next day, and I would not go until I had seen him. There had been a misunderstanding. I got the Suttons to drive me out while mother supposed me at the Laurents', and Mr. Jerrold promised to meet me east of the bridge and drive in town with us, and I was to send him back in Graves's buggy. He had been refused permission to leave the post, he said, and could not cross the bridge, where the sen-

tries would be sure to recognize him, but, as it was our last chance of meeting, he risked the discovery of his absence, never dreaming of such a thing as his private rooms being inspected. He had a little skiff down in the willows that he had used before, and by leaving the party at midnight he could get home, change his dress, run down the bank and row down-stream to the Point, there leave his skiff and climb up to the road. He met us there at one o'clock, and the Suttons would never betray either of us, though they did not know we were engaged. We sat in their parlor a quarter of an hour after we got to town, and then 'twas time to go, and there was only a little ten minutes' walk down to the stable. I had seen him such a very short time, and I had so much to tell him." (Chester could have burst into rapturous applause had she been an actress. Her cheeks were aflame, her eyes full of fire and spirit, her bosom heaving, her little foot tapping the ground, as she stood there leaning on the colonel's fence and looking straight up in the perturbed veteran's face. She was magnificent, he said to himself; and, in her bravery, self-sacrifice, and indignation, she *was*.) "It was then after two, and I could just as well go with him,—somebody had to bring the buggy back,—and Graves himself hitched in his roan mare for me, and I drove out, picked up Mr. Jerrold at the corner, and we came out here again through the darkness together. Even when we got to the Point I did not let him go at once. It was over an hour's drive. It was fully half-past three before we parted. He sprang down the path to reach the river-side; and before he was fairly in his boat and pulling up against the stream, I heard, far over here somewhere, those two faint shots. That was the shooting he spoke of in his letter to me,—not to her; and what business Colonel Maynard had to read and exhibit to his officers a letter never intended for him I cannot understand. Mr. Jerrold says it was not what he wanted it to be at all, as he wrote hastily, so he wrote another, and sent that to me by Merrick that morning after his absence was discovered. It probably blew out of the window, as these other things did this morning. See for yourself, captain." And she pointed to the two or three bills and scraps that had evidently only recently fluttered in among the now neglected roses. "Then when he was aroused at reveille and you threatened him with punishment and held over his head the startling accusation that you knew of our meeting and our secret, he was naturally infinitely distressed, and could only write to warn me, and he managed to get in and say good-by to me at the station. As for me, I was back home by five o'clock, let myself noiselessly up to my room, and no one knew it but the Suttons and old Graves, neither of whom would betray me. I had no fear of the long dark road: I had ridden and driven as a child all over these bluffs and prairies before there was any town worth mentioning, and in days when my father and I found only friends—not enemies—here at Sibley."

"Miss Beaubien, let me protest againt your accusation. It is not for me to reprove your grave imprudence or recklessness; nor have I the right to disapprove your choice of Mr. Jerrold. Let me say at once that you have none but friends here; and if it ever should be known to what lengths you went to save him, it will only make him

more envied and you more genuinely admired. I question your wisdom, but, upon my soul, I admire your bravery and spirit. You have cleared him of a terrible charge."

A most disdainful and impatient shrug of her shapely shoulders was Miss Beaubien's only answer to that allusion. The possibility of Mr. Jerrold's being suspected of another entanglement was something she would not tolerate:

"I know nothing of other people's affairs. I simply speak of my own. Let us end this as quickly as possible, captain. Now about Saturday night. Mother had consented to our coming back for the german,—she enjoys seeing me lead, it seems,—and she decided to pay a short visit to relations at St. Croix, staying there Saturday night and over Sunday. This would give us a chance to meet again, as he could spend the evening in St. Croix and return by late train, and I wrote and asked him. He came; we had a long talk in the summer-house in the garden, for mother never dreamed of his being there, and unluckily he just missed the night train and did not get back until inspection. It was impossible for him to have been at Sablon; and he can furnish other proof, but would do nothing until he had seen me."

"Miss Beaubien, you have cleared him. I only wish that you could clear—every one."

"I am in no wise concerned in that other matter to which you have alluded; neither is Mr. Jerrold. May I say to him at once that this ends his persecution?"

The captain smiled: "You certainly deserve to be the bearer of good tidings. I wish he may appreciate it."

Another moment, and she had left him and sped back to Jerrold's door-way. He was there to meet her, and Chester looked with grim and uncertain emotion at the radiance in her face. He had to get back to the office and to pass them: so, as civilly as he could, considering the weight of wrath and contempt he felt for the man, he stopped and spoke:

"Your fair advocate has been all-powerful, Mr. Jerrold. I congratulate you; and your arrest is at an end. Captain Armitage will require no duty of you until we are aboard; but we've only half an hour. The train is coming sharp at noon."

"Train! What train! Where are you going?" she asked, a wild anxiety in her eyes, a sudden pallor on her face.

"We are ordered post-haste to Colorado, Nina, to rescue what is left of Thornton's men. But for you I should have been left behind."

"But for me!—left behind!" she cried. "Oh, Howard, Howard! have I only—only won you to send you into danger? Oh, my darling! Oh, God! Don't—don't go! They will kill you! It will kill me! Oh, what have I done? what have I done?"

"Nina, hush! My honor is with the regiment. I *must* go, child. We'll be back in a few weeks. Indeed, I fear 'twill all be over before we get there. *Nina*, don't look so! Don't act so! Think where you are!"

But she had borne too much, and the blow came all too soon,—too heavy. She was wellnigh senseless when the Beaubien carriage came

whirling into the fort and old Maman rushed forth in voluble and rabid charge upon her daughter. All too late! it was useless now. Her darling's heart was weaned away, and her love lavished on that tall, objectionable young soldier so soon to go forth to battle. Reproaches, tears, wrath, were all in order, but were abandoned at sight of poor Nina's agony of grief. Noon came, and the train, and with buoyant tread the gallant command marched down the winding road and filed aboard the cars, and Howard Jerrold, shame-stricken, humbled at the contemplation of his own unworthiness, slowly unclasped her arms from about his neck, laid one long kiss upon her white and quivering lips, took one brief look in the great, dark, haunting, despairing eyes, and carried her wail of anguish ringing in his ears as he sprang aboard and was whirled away.

But there were women who deemed themselves worse off than Nina Beaubien,—the wives and daughters and sweethearts whom she met that morn in town; for when they got back to Sibley the regiment was miles away. For them there was not even a kiss from the lips of those they loved. Time and train waited for no woman. There were comrades battling for life in the Colorado Rockies, and aid could not come too soon.

XVII.

Under the cloudless heavens, under the starlit skies, blessing the grateful dew that cools the upland air and moistens the bunch-grass that has been bleaching all day in the fierce rays of the summer sun, a little column of infantry is swinging steadily southward. Long and toilsome has been the march; hot, dusty, and parching the day. Halts have been few and far between, and every man, from the colonel down, is coated with a gray mask of powdered alkali, the contribution of a two hours' tramp through Deadman's Cañon just before the sun went down. Now, however, they are climbing the range. The morrow will bring them to the broad and beautiful valley of the Spirit Wolf, and there they must have news. Officers and men are footsore and weary, but no one begs for rest. Colonel Maynard, riding ahead on a sorry hack he picked up at the station two days' long march behind them, is eager to reach the springs at Forest Glade before ordering bivouac for the night. A week agone no one who saw him at Sablon would have thought the colonel fit for a march like this; but he seems rejuvenate. His head is high, his eye as bright, his bearing as full of spirit, as man's could possibly be at sixty, and the whole regiment cheered him when he caught the column at Omaha. A talk with Chester and Armitage seemed to have made a new man of him, and to-night he is full of an energy that inspires the entire command. Though they were farther away than many other troops ordered to the scene, the fact that their station was on the railway and that they could be sent by special trains to Omaha and thence to the West enabled them to begin their rescue-march ahead of all the other foot-troops and behind only the powerful command of cavalry that was whirled to the scene the moment the authorities woke up to the fact that it should have been sent in the first place. Old Maynard would give his very ears to get

to Thornton's corral ahead of them, but the cavalry has thirty-six hours' start and four legs to two. Every moment he looks ahead expectant of tidings from the front that shall tell him the ——th were there and the remnant rescued. Even then, he knows, he and his long Springfields will be needed. The cavalry can fight their way in to the succor of the besieged, but once there will be themselves surrounded and too few in numbers to begin aggressive movements. He and his will indeed be welcome reinforcements; and so they trudge ahead.

The moon is up and it is nearly ten o'clock when high up on the rolling divide the springs are reached, and, barely waiting to quench their thirst in the cooling waters, the wearied men roll themselves in their blankets under the giant trees, and, guarded by a few outlying pickets, are soon asleep. Most of the officers have sprawled around a little fire and are burning their boot-leather thereat. The colonel, his adjutant, and the doctor are curled up under a tent-fly that serves by day as a wrap for the rations and cooking-kit they carry on pack-mule. Two company commanders,—the Alpha and Omega of the ten, as Major Sloat dubbed them,—the senior and junior in rank, Chester and Armitage by name, have rolled themselves in their blankets under another tent-fly and are chatting in low tones before dropping off to sleep. They have been inseparable on the journey thus far, and the colonel has had two or three long talks with them; but who knows what the morrow may bring forth? There is still much to settle.

One officer, he of the guard, is still afoot, and trudging about among the trees, looking after his sentries. Another officer, also alone, is sitting in silence smoking a pipe: it is Mr. Jerrold.

Cleared though he is of the charges originally brought against him in the minds of his colonel and Captain Chester, he has lost caste with his fellows and with them. Only two or three men have been made aware of the statement which acquitted him, but every one knows instinctively that he was saved by Nina Beaubien, and that in accepting his release at her hands he had put her to a cruel expense. Every man among his brother officers knows in some way that he has been acquitted of having compromised Alice Renwick's fair fame only by an *alibi* that correspondingly harmed another. The fact now generally known, that they were betrothed, and that the engagement was openly announced, made no difference. Without being able to analyze his conduct, the regiment was satisfied that it had been selfish and contemptible; and that was enough to warrant giving him the cold shoulder. He was quick to see and take the hint, and, in bitter distress of mind, to withdraw himself from their companionship. He had hoped and expected that his eagerness to go with them on the wild and sudden campaign would reinstate him in their good graces, but it failed utterly. "Any man would seek *that*," was the verdict of the informal council held by the officers. "He would have been a poltroon if he hadn't sought to go; but, while he isn't a poltroon, he has done a contemptible thing." And so it stood. Rollins had cut him dead, refused his hand, and denied him a chance to explain. "Tell him he can't explain," was the savage reply he sent by the adjutant, who consented to carry Jerrold's message in order that he might have fair play. "He knows,

without explanation, the wrong he has done to more than one. I won't have anything to do with him."

Others avoided him, and only coldly spoke to him when speech was necessary. Chester treated him with marked aversion; the colonel would not look at him; only Armitage—his captain—had a decent word for him at any time, and even he was stern and cold. The most envied and careless of the entire command, the Adonis, the beau, the crack shot, the graceful leader in all garrison gayeties, the beautiful dancer, rider, tennis-player, the adored of so many sentimental women at Sibley, poor Jerrold had found his level, and his proud and sensitive though selfish heart was breaking.

Sitting alone under the trees, he had taken a sheet of paper from his pocket-case and was writing by the light of the rising moon. One letter was short and easily written, for with a few words he had brought it to a close, then folded and in a bold and vigorous hand addressed it. The other was far longer; and over this one, thinking deeply, erasing some words and pondering much over others, he spent a long hour. It was nearly midnight, and he was chilled to the heart, when he stiffly rose and took his way among the blanketed groups to the camp-fire around which so many of his wearied comrades were sleeping the sleep of the tired soldier. Here he tore to fragments and scattered in the embers some notes and letters that were in his pockets. They blazed up brightly, and by the glare he stood one moment studying young Rollins's smooth and placid features; then he looked around on the unconscious circle of bronzed and bearded faces. There were many types of soldier there,—men who had led brigades through the great war and gone back to the humble bars of the line-officer at its close; men who had led fierce charges against the swarming Indians in the rough old days of the first prairie railways; men who had won distinction and honorable mention in hard and trying frontier service; men who had their faults and foibles and weaknesses like other men, and were aggressive or compliant, strong-willed or yielding, overbearing or meek, as are their brethren in other walks of life; men who were simple of heart, single in purpose and ambition, diverse in characteristics, but unanimous in one trait,—no meanness could live among them; and Jerrold's heart sank within him, colder, lower, stonier than before, as he looked from face to face and cast up mentally the sum of each man's character. His hospitality had been boundless, his bounty lavish; one and all they had eaten of his loaf and drunk of his cup; but was there among them one who could say of him, "He is generous and I stand his friend"? Was there one of them, one of theirs, for whom he had ever denied himself a pleasure, great or small? He looked at poor old Gray, with his wrinkled, anxious face, and thought of his distress of mind. Only a few thousands—not three years' pay—had the veteran scraped and saved and stored away for his little girl, whose heart was aching with its first cruel sorrow,—*his* work, *his* undoing, his cursed, selfish greed for adulation, his reckless love of love. The morrow's battle, if it came, might leave her orphaned and alone, and, poor as it was, a father's pitying sympathy could not be her help with the coming year. Would Gray mourn him if the fortune of war

made *him* the victim? Would any one of those averted faces look with pity and regret upon his stiffening form? Would there be any one on earth to whom his death would be a sorrow, but Nina? Would it even be a blow to her? She loved him wildly, he knew that; but *would* she did she but dream the truth? He knew her nature well. He knew how quickly such burning love could turn to fiercest hate when convinced that the object was utterly untrue. He had said nothing to her of the photograph, nothing at all of Alice except to protest time and again that his attentions to her were solely to win the good will of the colonel's family and of the colonel himself, so that he might be proof against the machinations of his foes. And yet had he not, that very night on which he crossed the stream and let her peril her name and honor for one stolen interview—had he not gone to her exultant welcome with a traitorous knowledge gnawing at his heart? That very night, before they parted at the colonel's door had he not lied to Alice Renwick?—had he not denied the story of his devotion to Miss Beaubien, and was not his practised eye watching eagerly the beautiful dark face for one sign that the news was welcome, and so precipitate the avowal trembling on his lips that it was *her* he madly loved,—not Nina? Though she hurriedly bade him good-night, though she was unprepared for any such announcement, he well knew that Alice Renwick's heart fluttered at the earnestness of his manner, and that he had indicated far more than he had said. Fear—not love—had drawn him to Nina Beaubien that night, and hope had centred on her more beautiful rival, when the discoveries of the night involved him in the first trembling symptoms of the downfall to come. And he was to have spent the morning with her, the woman to whom he had lied in word, while she to whom he had lied in word and deed was going from him, not to return until the german, and even then he planned treachery. He meant to lead with Alice Renwick and claim that it *must* be with the colonel's daughter because the ladies of the garrison were the givers. Then, he knew, Nina would not come at all, and, possibly, might quarrel with him on that ground. What could have been an easier solution of his troublous predicament? She would break their secret engagement; he would refuse all reconciliation, and be free to devote himself to Alice. But all these grave complications had arisen. Alice would not come. Nina wrote demanding that he should lead with her, and that he should meet her at St. Croix; and then came the crash. He owed his safety to her self-sacrifice, and now must give up all hope of Alice Renwick. He had accepted the announcement of their engagement. He *could* not do less, after all that had happened and the painful scene at their parting. And yet would it not be a blessing to her if he were killed? Even now in his self-abnegation and misery he did not fully realize how mean he was,—how mean he seemed to others. He resented in his heart what Sloat had said of him but the day before, little caring whether he heard it or not: "It would be a mercy to that poor girl if Jerrold were killed. He will break her heart with neglect, or drive her mad with jealousy, inside of a year." But the regiment seemed to agree with Sloat.

And so in all that little band of comrades he could call no man

friend. One after another he looked upon the unconscious faces, cold and averted in the oblivion of sleep, but not more cold, not more distrustful, than when he had vainly sought among them one relenting glance in the early moonlight that battle eve in bivouac. He threw his arms upward, shook his head with hopeless gesture, then buried his face in the sleeves of his rough campaign overcoat and strode blindly from their midst.

Early in the morning, an hour before daybreak, the shivering outpost crouching in a hollow to the southward catch sight of two dim figures shooting suddenly up over a distant ridge,—horsemen, they know at a glance,—and these two come loping down the moonlit trail over which two nights before had marched the cavalry speeding to the rescue, over which in an hour the regiment itself must be on the move. Old campaigners are two of the picket, and they have been especially cautioned to be on the lookout for couriers coming back along the trail. They spring to their feet, in readiness to welcome or repel, as the sentry rings out his sharp and sudden challenge.

"Couriers from the corral," is the jubilant answer. "This Colonel Maynard's outfit?"

"Ay, ay, sonny," is the unmilitary but characteristic answer. "What's your news?"

"Got there in time, and saved what's left of 'em; but it's a hell-hole, and you fellows are wanted quick as you can come,—thirty miles ahead. Where's the colonel?"

The corporal of the guard goes back to the bivouac, leading the two arrivals. One is a scout, a plainsman born and bred, the other a sergeant of cavalry. They dismount in the timber and picket their horses, then follow on foot the lead of their companion of the guard. While the corporal and the scout proceed to the wagon-fly and fumble at the opening, the tall sergeant stands silently a little distance in their rear, and the occupants of a neighboring shelter—the counterpart of the colonel's—begin to stir, as though their light slumber had been broken by the smothered sound of footsteps. One of them sits up and peers out at the front, gazing earnestly at the tall figure standing easily there in the flickering light. Then he hails in low tones:

"That you, Mr. Jerrold? What is the matter?"

And the tall figure faces promptly towards the hailing voice. The spurred heels come together with a click, the gauntleted hand rises in soldierly salute to the broad brim of the scouting-hat, and a deep voice answers, respectfully,—

"It is not Mr. Jerrold, sir. It is Sergeant McLeod, ——th Cavalry, just in with despatches."

Armitage springs to his feet, sheds his shell of blankets, and steps forth into the glade with his eyes fixed eagerly on the shadowy form in front. He peers under the broad brim, as though striving to see the eyes and features of the tall dragoon.

"Did you get there in time?" he asks, half wondering whether that was really the question uppermost in his mind.

"In time to save the survivors, sir; but no attack will be made until the infantry get there."

"Were you not at Sibley last month?" asks the captain, quickly.

"Yes, sir,—with the competitors."

"You went back before your regimental team, did you not?"

"I—— No, sir: I went back with them."

"You were relieved from duty at Sibley and ordered back before them, were you not?"

Even in the pallid light Armitage could see the hesitation, the flurry of surprise and distress, in the sergeant's face.

"Don't fear to tell me, man: I would rather hear it than any news you could give me. I would rather know you were *not* Sergeant McLeod than any fact you could tell. Speak low, man, but tell me here and now. Whatever motive you may have had for this disguise, whatever anger or sorrows in the past, you must sink them now to save the honor of the woman your madness has perilled. Answer me, for your sister's sake: are you not Fred Renwick?"

"Do you swear to me she is in danger?"

"By all that's sacred; and you ought to know it."

"I *am* Fred Renwick. Now what can I do?"

XVIII.

The sun is not an hour high, but the bivouac at the springs is far behind. With advance-guard and flankers well out, the regiment is tramping its way, full of eagerness and spirit. The men can hardly refrain from bursting into song, but, although at "route step," the fact that Indian scouts have already been sighted scurrying from bluff to bluff is sufficient to warn all hands to be silent and alert. Wilton with his company is on the dangerous flank, and guards it well. Armitage with Company B covers the advance, and his men are strung out in long skirmish-line across the trail wherever the ground is sufficiently open to admit of deployment. Where it is not, they spring ahead and explore every point where Indian may lurk, and render ambuscade of the main column impossible. With Armitage is McLeod, the cavalry sergeant who made the night ride with the scout who bore the despatches. The scout has galloped on towards the railway with news of the rescue, the sergeant guides the infantry reinforcement. Observant men have noted that Armitage and the sergeant have had a vast deal to say to each other during the chill hours of the early morn. Others have noted that at the first brief halt the captain rode back, called Colonel Maynard to one side, and spoke to him in low tones. The colonel was seen to start with astonishment. Then he said a few words to his second in command, and rode forward with Armitage to join the advance. When the regiment moved on again and the head of column hove in sight of the skirmishers, they saw that the colonel, Armitage, and the sergeant of cavalry were riding side by side, and that the officers were paying close attention to all the dragoon was saying. All were eager to hear the particulars of the condition of affairs at the corral, and all were disposed to be envious of the mounted captain who could ride alongside the one participant in the rescuing charge and get it all at first hand. The field-officers, of course, were mounted, but every

line-officer marched afoot with his men, except that three horses had been picked up at the railway and impressed by the quartermaster in case of need, and these were assigned to the captains who happened to command the skirmishers and flankers.

But no man had the faintest idea what manner of story that tall sergeant was telling. It would have been of interest to every soldier in the command, but to no one so much so as to the two who were his absorbed listeners. Armitage, before their early march, had frankly and briefly set before him his suspicions as to the case, and the trouble in which Miss Renwick was involved. No time was to be lost. Any moment might find them plunged in fierce battle; and who could foretell the results?—who could say what might happen to prevent this her vindication ever reaching the ears of her accusers? Some men wondered why it was that Colonel Maynard sent his compliments to Captain Chester and begged that at the next halt he would join him. The halt did not come for a long hour, and when it did come it was very brief, but Chester received another message, and went forward to find his colonel sitting in a little grove with the cavalryman, while the orderly held their horses a short space away. Armitage had gone forward to his advance, and Chester showed no surprise at the sight of the sergeant seated side by side with the colonel and in confidential converse with him. There was a quaint, sly twinkle in Maynard's eyes as he greeted his old friend.

"Chester," said he, "I want you to be better acquainted with my step-son, Mr. Renwick. He has an apology to make to you."

The tall soldier had risen the instant he caught sight of the newcomer, and even at the half-playful tone of the colonel would relax in no degree his soldierly sense of the proprieties. He stood erect and held his hand at the salute, only very slowly lowering it to take the one so frankly extended him by the captain, who, however, was grave and quiet.

"I have suspected as much since daybreak," he said; "and no man is gladder to know it *is* you than I am."

"You would have known it before, sir, had I had the faintest idea of the danger in which my foolhardiness had involved my sister. The colonel has told you of my story. I have told him and Captain Armitage what led to my mad freak at Sibley; and, while I have much to make amends for, I want to apologize for the blow I gave you that night on the terrace. I was far more scared than you were, sir."

"I think we can afford to forgive him, Chester. He knocked us both out," said the colonel.

Chester bowed gravely. "That was the easiest part of the affair to forgive," he said, "and it is hardly for me, I presume, to be the only one to blame the sergeant for the trouble that has involved us all, especially your household, colonel."

"It was expensive masquerading, to say the least," replied the colonel; "but he never realized the consequences until Armitage told him to-day. You must hear his story in brief, Chester. It is needful that three or four of us know it, so that some may be left to set things right

at Sibley. God grant us all safe return!" he added, piously, and with deep emotion. "I can far better appreciate our home and happiness than I could a month ago. Now, Renwick, tell the captain what you have told us."

And briefly it *was* told: how in his youthful fury he had sworn never again to set foot within the door of the father and mother who had so wronged the poor girl he loved with boyish fervor; how he called down the vengeance of heaven upon them in his frenzy and distress; how he had sworn never again to set eyes on their faces. "May God strike me dead if ever I return to this roof until she is avenged! May He deal with you as you have dealt with her!" was the curse that flew from his wild lips, and with that he left them, stunned. He went West, was soon penniless, and, caring not what he did, seeking change, adventure, anything to take him out of his past, he enlisted in the cavalry, and was speedily drafted to the ——th, which was just starting forth on a stirring summer campaign. He was a fine horseman, a fine shot, a man who instantly attracted the notice of his officers: the campaign was full of danger, adventure, rapid and constant marching, and before he knew it or dreamed it possible he had become deeply interested in his new life. Only in the monotony of a month or two in garrison that winter did the service seem intolerable. His comrades were rough, in the main, but thoroughly good-hearted, and he soon won their esteem. The spring sent them again into the field; another stirring campaign, and here he won his stripes, and words of praise from the lips of a veteran general officer, as well as the promise of future reward; and then the love of soldierly deeds and the thirst for soldierly renown took firm hold in his breast. He began to turn towards the mother and father who had been wrapped up in his future,—who loved him so devotedly. He was forgetting his early and passionate love, and the bitter sorrow of her death was losing fast its poignant power to steel him against his kindred. He knew they could not but be proud of the record he had made in the ranks of the gallant ——th, and then he shrank and shivered when he recalled the dreadful words of his curse. He had made up his mind to write, implore pardon for his hideous and unfilial language, and invoke their interest in his career, when, returning to Fort Raines for supplies, he picked up a New York paper in the reading-room and read the announcement of his father's death, "whose health had been broken ever since the disappearance of his only son, two years before." The memory of his malediction had, indeed, come home to him, and he fell, stricken by a sudden and unaccountable blow. It seemed as though his heart had given one wild leap, then stopped forever. Things did not go so well after this. He brooded over his words, and believed that an avenging God had launched the bolt that killed the father as punishment to the stubborn and recreant son. He then bethought him of his mother, of pretty Alice, who had loved him so as a little girl. He could not bring himself to write, but through inquiries he learned that the house was closed and that they had gone abroad. He plodded on in his duties a trying year: then came more lively field-work and reviving interest. He was forgetting entirely the sting of his first great sorrow, and

mourning gravely the gulf he had placed 'twixt him and his. He thought time and again of his cruel words, and something began to whisper to him he must see that mother again at once, kiss her hand, and implore her forgiveness, or she, too, would be stricken suddenly. He saved up his money, hoping that after the summer's rifle-work at Sibley he might get a furlough and go East; and the night he arrived at the fort, tired with his long railway-journey and panting after a long and difficult climb up-hill, his mother's face swam suddenly before his eyes, and he felt himself going down. When they brought him to, he heard that the ladies were Mrs. Maynard and her daughter Miss Renwick,—his own mother, remarried, his own Alice, a grown young woman. This was, indeed, news to put him in a flutter and spoil his shooting. He realized at once that the gulf was wider than ever. How could he go to her now, the wife of a colonel, and he an enlisted man? Like other soldiers, he forgot that the line of demarcation was one of discipline, not of sympathy. He did not realize what any soldier among his officers would gladly have told him, that he was most worthy to reveal himself now,—a non-commissioned officer whose record was an honor to himself and to his regiment, a soldier of whom officers and comrades alike were proud. He never dreamed—indeed, how few there are who do!—that a man of his character, standing, and ability is honored and respected by the very men whom the customs of the service require him to speak with only when spoken to. He supposed that only as Fred Renwick could he extend his hand to one of their number, whereas it was under his soldier name he won their trust and admiration, and it was as Sergeant McLeod the officers of the ——th were backing him for a commission that would make him what they deemed him fit to be,—their equal. Unable to penetrate the armor of reserve and discipline which separates the officer from the rank and file, he never imagined that the colonel would have been the first to welcome him had he known the truth. He believed that *now* his last chance of seeing his mother was gone until that coveted commission was won. Then came another blow: the doctor told him that with his heart-trouble he could never pass the physical examination: he could not hope for preferment, then, and *must* see her as he was, and see her secretly and alone. Then came blow after blow. His shooting had failed, so had that of others of his regiment, and he was ordered to return in charge of the party early on the morrow. The order reached him late in the evening, and before breakfast-time on the following day he was directed to start with his party for town, thence by rail to his distant post. That night, in desperation, he made his plan. Twice before he had strolled down to the post and with yearning eyes had studied every feature of the colonel's house. He dared ask no questions of servants or of the men in garrison, but he learned enough to know which rooms were theirs, and he had noted that the windows were always open. If he could only see their loved faces, kneel and kiss his mother's hand, pray God to forgive him, he could go away believing that he had undone the spell and revoked the malediction of his early youth. It was hazardous, but worth the danger. He could go in peace and sin no more towards mother, at least; and then

if she mourned and missed him, could he not find it out some day and make himself known to her after his discharge? He slipped out of camp, leaving his boots behind, and wearing his light Apache moccasins and flannel shirt and trousers. Danger to himself he had no great fear of. If by any chance mother or sister should wake, he had but to stretch forth his hand and say, "It is only I,—Fred." Danger to *them* he never dreamed of.

Strong and athletic, despite his slender frame, he easily lifted the ladder from Jerrold's fence, and, dodging the sentry when he spied him at the gate, finally took it down back of the colonel's and raised it to a rear window. By the strangest chance the window was closed, and he could not budge it. Then he heard the challenge of a sentry around on the east front, and had just time to slip down and lower the ladder when he heard the rattle of a sword and knew it must be the officer of the day. There was no time to carry off the ladder. He left it lying where it was, and sprang down the steps towards the station. Soon he heard Number Five challenge, and knew the officer had passed on: he waited some time, but nothing occurred to indicate that the ladder was discovered, and then, plucking up courage and with a muttered prayer for guidance and protection, he stole up-hill again, raised the ladder to the west wall, noiselessly ascended, peered in Alice's window and could see a faint night-light burning in the hall beyond, but that all was darkness there, stole around on the roof of the piazza to the hall window, stepped noiselessly upon the sill, climbed over the lowered sash, and found himself midway between the rooms. He could hear the colonel's placid snoring and the regular breathing of the other sleepers. No time was to be lost. Shading the little night-lamp with one hand, he entered the open door, stole to the bedside, took one long look at his mother's face, knelt, breathed upon, but barely brushed with his trembling lips, the queenly white hand that lay upon the coverlet, poured forth one brief prayer to God for protection and blessing for her and forgiveness for him, retraced his steps, and caught sight of the lovely picture of Alice in the Directoire costume. He longed for it and could not resist. She had grown so beautiful, so exquisite. He took it, frame and all, carried it into her room, slipped the card from its place and hid it inside the breast of his shirt, stowed the frame away behind her sofa-pillow, then looked long at the lovely picture she herself made, lying there sleeping sweetly and peacefully amid the white drapings of her dainty bed. Then 'twas time to go. He put the lamp back in the hall, passed through her room, out at her window, and down the ladder, and had it well on the way back to the hooks on Jerrold's fence when seized and challenged by the officer of the day. Mad terror possessed him then. He struck blindly, dashed off in panicky flight, paid no heed to sentry's cry or whistling missile, but tore like a racer up the path and never slackened speed till Sibley was far behind.

When morning came, the order that they should go was temporarily suspended: some prisoners were sent to a neighboring military prison, and he was placed in charge, and on his return from this duty learned that the colonel's family had gone to Sablon. The next thing there

was some strange talk that worried him,—a story that one of the men who had a sweetheart who was second girl at Mrs. Hoyt's brought out to camp,—a story that there was an officer who was too much in love with Alice to keep away from the house even after the colonel so ordered, and that he was prowling around the other night and the colonel ordered Leary to shoot him,—Leary, who was on post on Number Five. He felt sure that something was wrong,—felt sure that it was due to his night visit,—and his first impulse was to find his mother and confide the truth to her. He longed to see her again, and, if harm had been done, to make himself known and explain everything. Having no duties to detain him, he got a pass to visit town and permission to be gone a day or more. On Saturday evening he ran down to Sablon, drove over, as Captain Armitage had already told them, and, peering in his mother's room, saw her, still up, though in her night-dress. He never dreamed of the colonel's being out and watching. He had "scouted" all those trees, and no one was nigh. Then he softly called; she heard, and was coming to him, when again came fierce attack: he had all a soldier's reverence for the person of the colonel, and would never have harmed him had he known 'twas he: it was the night watchman that had grappled with him, he supposed, and he had no compunctions in sending him to grass. Then he fled again, knowing that he had only made bad worse, walked all that night to the station next north of Sablon,—a big town where the early morning train always stopped,—and by ten on Sunday morning he was in uniform again and off with his regimental comrades under orders to haste to their station,—there was trouble with the Indians at Spirit Rock and the ——th were held in readiness. From beneath his scouting-shirt he drew a flat packet, an Indian case, which he carefully unrolled, and there in its folds of wrappings was the lovely Directoire photograph.

Whose, then, was the one that Sloat had seen in Jerrold's room? It was this that Armitage had gone forward to determine, and he found his sad-eyed lieutenant with the skirmishers.

"Jerrold," said he, with softened manner, "a strange thing is brought to light this morning, and I lose no time in telling you. The man who was seen at Maynard's quarters, coming from Miss Renwick's room, was her own brother and the colonel's step-son. He was the man who took the photograph from Mrs. Maynard's room, and has proved it this very day,—this very hour." Jerrold glanced up in sudden surprise. "He is with us now, and only one thing remains, which you can clear up. We are going into action, and I may not get through, nor you, nor—who knows who? Will you tell us now how you came by your copy of that photograph?"

For answer Jerrold fumbled in his pocket a moment and drew forth two letters:

"I wrote these last night, and it was my intention to see that you had them before it grew very hot. One is addressed to you, the other to Miss Beaubien. You had better take them now," he said, wearily. "There may be no time to talk after this. Send hers after it's over, and don't read yours until then."

"Why, I don't understand this, exactly," said Armitage, puzzled. "Can't you tell me about the picture?"

"No. I promised not to while I lived; but it's the simplest matter in the world, and no one at the colonel's had any hand in it. They never saw this one that I got to show Sloat. It is burned now. I said 'twas given me. That was hardly the truth. I have paid for it dearly enough."

"And this note explains it?"

"Yes. You can read it to-morrow."

XIX.

And the morrow has come. Down in a deep and bluff-shadowed valley, hung all around with picturesque crags and pine-crested heights, under a cloudless September sun whose warmth is tempered by the mountain-breeze, a thousand rough-looking, bronzed and bearded and powder-blackened men are resting after battle.

Here and there on distant ridge and point the cavalry vedettes keep vigilant watch against surprise or renewed attack. Down along the banks of a clear, purling stream a sentry paces slowly by the brown line of rifles, swivel-stacked in the sunshine. Men by the dozen are washing their blistered feet and grimy hands and faces in the cool, refreshing water; men by the dozen lie soundly sleeping, some in the broad glare, some in the shade of the little clump of willows, all heedless of the pestering swarms of flies. Out on the broad, grassy slopes, side-lined and watched by keen-eyed guards, the herds of cavalry horses are quietly grazing, forgetful of the wild excitement of yester-even. Every now and then some one of them lifts his head, pricks up his ears, and snorts and stamps suspiciously as he sniffs at the puffs of smoke that come drifting up the valley from the fires a mile away. The waking men, too, bestow an occasional comment on the odor which greets their nostrils. Down-stream where the fires are burning are the blackened remnants of a wagon-train: tires, bolts, and axles are lying about, but all wood-work is in smouldering ashes; so, too, is all that remains of several hundred-weight of stores and supplies destined originally to nourish the Indians, but, by them, diverted to feed the fire.

There is a big circle of seething flame and rolling smoke here, too, —a malodorous neighborhood, around which fatigue-parties are working with averted heads; and among them some surly and unwilling Indians, driven to labor at the muzzle of threatening revolver or carbine, aid in dragging to the flames carcass after carcass of horse and mule, and in gathering together and throwing on the pyre an array of miscellaneous soldier garments, blouses, shirts, and trousers, all more or less hacked and blood-stained,—all of no more use to mortal wearer.

Out on the southern slopes, just where a ravine crowded with wild-rose bushes opens into the valley, more than half the command is gathered, formed in rectangular lines about a number of shallow, elongated pits, in each of which there lies the stiffening form of a comrade who but yesterday joined in the battle-cheer that burst upon the valley with

the setting sun. Silent and reverent they stand in their rough campaign garb. The escort of infantry "rests on arms;" the others bow their uncovered heads, and it is the voice of the veteran colonel that, in accents trembling with sympathy and emotion, renders the last tribute to fallen comrades and lifts to heaven the prayers for the dead. Then see! The mourning groups break away from the southern side; the brown rifles of the escort are lifted in air; the listening rocks resound to the sudden ring of the flashing volley; the soft, low, wailing good-by of the trumpets goes floating up the vale, and soon the burial-parties are left alone to cover the once familiar faces with the earth to which the soldier must return, and the comrades who are left, foot and dragoon, come marching, silent, back to camp.

And when the old regiment begins its homeward journey, leaving the well-won field to the fast-arriving commands and bidding hearty soldier farewell to the cavalry comrades whose friendship they gained in the front of a savage foe, the company that was the first to land its fire in the fight goes back with diminished numbers and under command of its second lieutenant. Alas, poor Jerrold!

There is a solemn little group around the camp-fire the night before they go. Frank Armitage, flat on his back, with a rifle-bullet through his thigh, but taking things very coolly for all that, is having a quiet conference with his colonel. Such of the wounded of the entire command as are well enough to travel by easy stages to the railway go with Maynard and the regiment in the morning, and Sergeant McLeod, with his sabre-arm in a sling, is one of these. But the captain of Company B must wait until the surgeons can lift him along in an ambulance and all fear of fever has subsided. To the colonel and Chester he hands the note which is all that is left to comfort poor Nina Beaubien. To them he reads aloud the note addressed to himself:

"You are right in saying that the matter of my possession of that photograph should be explained. I seek no longer to palliate my action. In making that puppyish bet with Sloat I *did* believe that I could induce Miss Renwick or her mother to let me have a copy; but I was refused so positively that I knew it was useless. This simply added to my desire to have one. The photographer was the same that took the pictures and furnished the albums for our class at graduation, and I, more than any one, had been instrumental in getting the order for him against very active opposition. He had always professed the greatest gratitude to me and a willingness to do anything for me. I wrote to him in strict confidence, told him of the intimate and close relations existing between the colonel's family and me, told him I wanted it to enlarge and present to her mother on her approaching birthday, and promised him that I would never reveal how I came by the picture so long as I lived; and he sent me one,—just in time. Have I not paid heavily for my sin?"

No one spoke for a moment. Chester was the first to break the silence:

"Poor fellow! He kept his word to the photographer; but what was it worth to a woman?"

There had been a week of wild anxiety and excitement at Sibley.

It was known through the columns of the press that the regiment had hurried forward from the railway the instant it reached the Colorado trail, that it could not hope to get through to the valley of the Spirit Wolf without a fight, and that the moment it succeeded in joining hands with the cavalry already there a vigorous attack would be made on the Indians. The news of the rescue of the survivors of Thornton's command came first, and with it the tidings that Maynard and his regiment were met only thirty miles from the scene and were pushing forward. The next news came two days later, and a wail went up even while men were shaking hands and rejoicing over the gallant fight that had been made, and women were weeping for joy and thanking God that those whom they held dearest were safe. It was down among the wives of the sergeants and other veterans that the blow struck hardest at Sibley; for the stricken officers were unmarried men, while among the rank and file there were several who never came back to the little ones who bore their name. Company B had suffered most, for the Indians had charged fiercely on its deployed but steadfast line. Armitage almost choked and broke down when telling the colonel about it that night as he lay under the willows: "It was the first smile I had seen on his face since I got back,—that with which he looked up in my eyes and whispered good-by,—and died,—just after we drove them back. My turn came later." Old Sloat, too, "had his customary crack," as he expressed it,—a shot through the wrist that made him hop and swear savagely until some of the men got to laughing at the comical figure he cut, and then he turned and damned them with hearty good will, and seemed all oblivious of the bullets that went zipping past his frosting head. Young Rollins, to his inexpressible pride and comfort, had a bullet-hole through his scouting-hat and another through his shoulder-strap that raised a big welt on the white skin beneath, but, to the detriment of promotion, no captain was killed, and Jerrold gave the only file.

The one question at Sibley was, "What will Nina Beaubien do?"

She did nothing. She would see nobody from the instant the news came. She had hardly slept at night,—was always awake at dawn and out at the gate to get the earliest copy of the morning papers; but the news reached them at nightfall, and when some of the ladies from the fort drove in to offer their sympathy and condolence in the morning, and to make tender inquiry, the answer at the door was that Miss Nina saw nobody, that her mother alone was with her, and that "she was very still." And so it went for some days. Then there came the return of the command to Sibley; and hundreds of people went up from town to see the six companies of the fort garrison march up the winding road amid the thunder of welcome from the guns of the light battery and the exultant strains of the band. Mrs. Maynard and Alice were the only ladies of the circle who were not there: a son and brother had joined them, after long absence, at Aunt Grace's cottage at Sablon, was the explanation, and the colonel would bring them home in a few days, after he had attended to some important matters at the fort. In the first place, Chester had to see to it that the tongue of scandal was slit, so far as the colonel's household was concerned, and

all good people notified that no such thing had happened as was popularly supposed (and "everybody" received the announcement with the remark that she knew all along it couldn't be so), and that a grievous and absurd but most mortifying blunder had been made. It was a most unpleasant ghost to "down," the shadow of that scandal, for it would come up to the surface of garrison chat at all manner of confidential moments; but no man or woman could safely speak of it to Chester. It was gradually assumed that he was the man who had done all the blundering and that he was supersensitive on the subject.

There was another thing never satisfactorily explained to some of the garrison people, and that was Nina Beaubien's strange conduct. In less than a week she was seen on the street in colors,—brilliant colors,—when it was known she had ordered deep mourning, and then she suddenly disappeared and went with her silent old mother abroad. To this day no woman in society understands it, for when she came back, long, long afterwards, it was a subject on which she would never speak. There were one or two who ventured to ask, and the answer was, "For reasons that concern me alone." But it took no great power of mental vision to see that her heart wore black for him forever.

His letter explained it all. She had received it with a paroxysm of passionate grief and joy, kissed it, covered it with wildest caresses before she began to read, and then, little by little, as the words unfolded before her staring eyes, turned cold as stone:

"It is my last night of life, Nina, and I am glad 'tis so. Proud and sensitive as I am, the knowledge that every man in my regiment has turned from me,—that I have not a friend among them,—that there is no longer a place for me in their midst,—more than all, that I *deserve* their contempt,—has broken my heart. We will be in battle before the setting of another sun. Any man who seeks death in Indian fight can find it easily enough, and I can *compel* their respect in spite of themselves. They will not recognize me, living, as one of them; but dying on the field, they have to place me on their roll of honor.

"But now I turn to you. What have I been,—what am I,—to have won such love as yours? May God in heaven forgive me for my past! All too late I hate and despise the man I have been,—the man whom you loved. One last act of justice remains. If I died without it you would mourn me faithfully, tenderly, lovingly, for years, but if I tell the truth you will see the utter unworthiness of the man, and your love will turn to contempt. It is hard to do this, knowing that in doing it I kill the only genuine regret and dry the only tear that would bless my memory; but it is the one sacrifice I can make to complete my self-humiliation, and it is the one thing that is left me that will free you. It will sting at first, but, like the surgeon's knife, its cut is mercy. Nina, the very night I came to you on the bluffs, the very night you perilled your honor to have that parting interview, I went to you with a lie on my lips. I had told *her* we were nothing to each other,—you and I. More than that, I was seeking her love; I hoped I could win her; and had she loved me I would have turned from you to make her my wife. Nina, I loved Alice Renwick. Good-by. Don't mourn for me after this."

XX.

They were having a family conclave at Sablon. The furlough granted Sergeant McLeod on account of wound received in action with hostile Indians would soon expire, and the question was, should he ask an extension, apply for a discharge, or go back and rejoin his troop? It was a matter on which there was much diversity of opinion. Mrs. Maynard should naturally be permitted first choice, and to her wish there was every reason for according deep and tender consideration. No words can tell of the rapture of that reunion with her long-lost son. It was a scene over which the colonel could never ponder without deep emotion. The telegrams and letters by which he carefully prepared her for Frederick's coming were all insufficient. She knew well that her boy must have greatly changed and matured, but when this tall, bronzed, bearded, stalwart man sprang from the old red omnibus and threw his one serviceable arm around her trembling form, the mother was utterly overcome. Alice left them alone together a full hour before even she intruded, and little by little, as the days went by and Mrs. Maynard realized that it was really her Fred who was whistling about the cottage or booming trooper songs in his great basso profundo, and glorying in his regiment and the cavalry life he had led, a wonderful content and joy shone in her handsome face. It was not until the colonel announced that it was about time for them to think of going back to Sibley that the cloud came. Fred said *he* couldn't go.

In fact, the colonel himself had been worrying a little over it. As Fred Renwick, the tall distinguished young man in civilian costume, he would be welcome anywhere; but, though his garb was that of the sovereign citizen so long as his furlough lasted, there were but two weeks more of it left, and officially he was nothing more nor less than Sergeant McLeod, Troop B, ——th Cavalry, and there was no precedent for a colonel's entertaining as an honored guest and social equal one of the enlisted men of the army. He rather hoped that Fred would yield to his mother's entreaties and apply for a discharge. His wound and the latent trouble with his heart would probably render it an easy matter to obtain; and yet he was ashamed of himself for the feeling.

Then there was Alice. It was hardly to be supposed that so very high bred a young woman would relish the idea of being seen around Fort Sibley on the arm of her brother the sergeant; but, wonderful to relate, Miss Alice took a radically different view of the whole situation. So far from wishing Fred out of the army, she importuned him day after day until he got out his best uniform, with its resplendent chevrons and stripes of vivid yellow, and the yellow helmet-cords, though they were but humble worsted, and when he came forth in that dress, with the bronze medal on his left breast and the sharpshooter's silver cross, his tall athletic figure showing to such advantage, his dark, Southern, manly features so enhanced by contrast with his yellow facings, she clapped her hands with a cry of delight and sprang into his one available arm and threw her own about his neck and kissed him again and again. Even mamma had to admit he looked astonishingly well; but Alice declared she would never thereafter be reconciled to seeing him in

anything but a cavalry uniform. The colonel found her not at all of her mother's way of thinking. She saw no reason why Fred should leave the service. Other sergeants had won their commissions every year: why not he? Even if it were some time in coming, was there shame or degradation in being a cavalry sergeant? Not a bit of it! Fred himself was loath to quit. He was getting a little homesick, too, —homesick for the boundless life and space and air of the broad frontier,—homesick for the rapid movement and vigorous hours in the saddle and on the scout. His arm was healing, and such a delight of a letter had come from his captain, telling him that the adjutant had just been to see him about the new staff of the regiment. The gallant sergeant-major, a young Prussian of marked ability, had been killed early in the campaign; the vacancy must soon be filled, and the colonel and the adjutant both thought at once of Sergeant McLeod. "I won't stand in your way, sergeant," wrote his troop commander, "but you know that old Ryan is to be discharged at the end of his sixth enlistment the 10th of next month; there is no man I would sooner see in his place as first sergeant of my troop than yourself, and I hate to lose you; but, as it will be for the gain and the good of the whole regiment, you ought to accept the adjutant's offer. All the men rejoice to hear you are recovering so fast, and all will be glad to see Sergeant McLeod back again."

Even Mrs. Maynard could not but see the pride and comfort this letter gave her son. Her own longing was to have him established in some business in the East; but he said frankly he had no taste for it, and would only pine for the old life in the saddle. There were other reasons, too, said he, why he felt that he could not go back to New York, and his voice trembled, and Mrs. Maynard said no more. It was the sole allusion he had made to the old, old sorrow, but it was plain that the recovery was incomplete. The colonel and the doctor at Sibley believed that Fred could be carried past the medical board by a little management, and everything began to look as though he would have his way. All they were waiting for, said the colonel, was to hear from Armitage. He was still at Fort Russell with the head-quarters and several troops of the ——th Cavalry: his wound was too severe for him to travel farther for weeks to come, but he could write, and he had been consulted. They were sitting under the broad piazza at Sablon, looking out at the lovely, placid lake, and talking it over among themselves.

"I have always leaned on Armitage ever since I first came to the regiment and found him adjutant," said the colonel. "I always found his judgment clear; but since our last experience I have begun to look upon him as infallible."

Alice Renwick's face took on a flood of crimson as she sat there by her brother's side, silent and attentive. Only within the week that followed their return—the colonel's and her brother's—had the story of the strange complication been revealed to them. Twice had she heard from Fred's lips the story of Frank Armitage's greeting that frosty morning at the springs. Time and again had she made her mother go over the colonel's account of the confidence and faith he had expressed

in there being a simple explanation of the whole mystery, and of his indignant refusal to attach one moment's suspicion to her. Shocked, stunned, outraged as she felt at the mere fact that such a story had gained an instant's credence in garrison circles, she was overwhelmed by the weight of circumstantial evidence that had been arrayed against her. Only little by little did her mother reveal it to her. Only after several days did Fred repeat the story of his night adventure and his theft of her picture, of his narrow escape, and of his subsequent visit to the cottage. Only gradually had her mother revealed to her the circumstances of Jerrold's wager with Sloat, and the direful consequences; of his double absences the very nights on which Fred had made his visits; of the suspicions that resulted, the accusations, and his refusal to explain and clear her name. Mrs. Maynard felt vaguely relieved to see how slight an impression the young man had made on her daughter's heart. Alice seemed but little surprised to hear of the engagement to Nina Beaubien, of her rush to his rescue, and their romantic parting. The tragedy of his death hushed all further talk on that subject. There was one on which she could not hear enough, and that was about the man who had been most instrumental in the rescue of her name and honor. Alice had only tender sorrow and no reproach for her step-father when, after her mother told her the story of his sad experience twenty years before, she related his distress of mind and suspicion when he read Jerrold's letter. It was then that Alice said, "And against that piece of evidence no man, I suppose, would hold me guiltless."

"You are wrong, dear," was her mother's answer. "It was powerless to move Captain Armitage. He scouted the idea of your guilt from the moment he set eyes on you, and never rested until he had overturned the last atom of evidence. Even I had to explain," said her mother, "simply to confirm his theory of the light Captain Chester had seen, and the shadows and the form at the window. It was just exactly as Armitage reasoned it out. I was wretched and wakeful, sleeping but fitfully, that night. I arose and took some bromide about three o'clock, and soon afterwards heard a fall, or a noise like one. I thought of you, and got up and went in your room, and all was quiet there, but it seemed close and warm: so I raised your shade, and then left both your door and mine open and went back to bed. I dozed away presently, and then woke feeling all startled again,—don't you know?—the sensation one experiences when aroused from sleep, certain that there has been a strange and startling noise, and yet unable to tell what it was? I lay still a moment, but the colonel slept through it all, and I wondered at it. I knew there had been a shot, or something, but could not bear to disturb him. At last I got up again and went to your room to be sure you were all right, and you were sleeping soundly still; but a breeze was beginning to blow and flap your shade to and fro, so I drew it and went out, taking my lamp with me this time and softly closing your door behind me. See how it all seemed to fit in with everything else that had happened. It took a man with a will of his own and an unshaken faith in woman to stand firm against such evidence."

And, though Alice Renwick was silent, she appreciated the fact none the less. Day after day she clung to her stalwart brother's side.

She had ceased to ask questions about Captain Armitage and that strange greeting after the first day or two, but, oddly enough, she could never let him talk long of any subject but that campaign, of his ride with the captain to the front, of the long talk they had had, and then the stirring fight and the magnificent way in which Armitage had handled his long skirmish-line. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the tall Saxon captain. He soon noted how silent and absorbed she sat when he was the theme of discourse; he incidentally mentioned little things "he" had said about "her" that morning, and marked how her color rose and her eyes flashed quick, joyful, questioning glance at his face, then fell in maiden shyness. He had speedily gauged the cause of that strange excitement displayed by Armitage at seeing him the morning he rode in with the scout. Now he was gauging, with infinite delight, the other side of the question. Then, brother-like, he began to twit and tease her; and that was the last of the confidences.

All the same it was an eager group that surrounded the colonel the evening he came down with the captain's letter. "It settles the thing in my mind. We'll go back to Sibley to-morrow; and as for you, Sergeant-Major Fred, your name has gone in for a commission, and I've no doubt a very deserving sergeant will be spoiled in making a very good-for-nothing second lieutenant. Get you back to your regiment, sir, and call on Captain Armitage as soon as you reach Fort Russell, and tell him you are much obliged. He has been blowing your trumpet for you there; and, as some of those cavalrymen have sense enough to appreciate the opinion of such a soldier as my ex-adjutant,—some of them, mind you: I don't admit that all cavalrymen have sense enough to keep them out of perpetual trouble,—you came in for a hearty endorsement, and you'll probably be up before the next board for examination. Go and bone your Constitution, and the Rule of Three, and who was the father of Zebedee's children, and the order of the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ, and other such things that they'll be sure to ask you as indispensable to the mental outfit of an Indian-fighter." It was evident that the colonel was in joyous mood. But Alice was silent. She wanted to hear the letter. He would have handed it to Frederick, but both Mrs. Maynard and Aunt Grace clamored to hear it read aloud: so he cleared his throat and began:

"My dear Colonel,—

"Fred's chances for a commission are good, as the enclosed papers will show you; but even were this not the case I would have but one thing to say in answer to your letter: he should go back to his troop.

"Whatever our friends and fellow-citizens may think on the subject, I hold that the profession of the soldier is to the full as honorable as any in civil life; and it is liable at any moment to be more useful. I do not mean the officer alone. I say, and mean, the soldier. As for me, I would rather be first sergeant of my troop or company, or sergeant-major of my regiment, than any lieutenant in it except the adjutant. Hope of promotion is all that can make a subaltern's life endurable, but the staff-sergeant or the first sergeant, honored and

respected by his officers, decorated for bravery by Congress, and looked up to by his comrades, is a king among men. The pay has nothing to do with it. I say to Renwick, 'Come back as soon as your wound will let you,' and I envy him the welcome that will be his.

"As for me, I am even more eager to get back to you all; but things look very dubious. The doctors shake their heads at anything under a month, and say I'll be lucky if I eat my Thanksgiving dinner with you. If trying to get well is going to help, October shall not be done with before B Company will report me present again.

"I need not tell you, my dear old friend, how I rejoice with you in your—hum and haw and this is all about something else," goes on the colonel, in malignant disregard of the longing looks in the eyes of three women, all of whom are eager to hear the rest of it, and one of whom wouldn't say so for worlds. "Write to me often. Remember me warmly to the ladies of your household. I fear Miss Alice would despise this wild, open prairie-country; there is no golden-rod here, and I so often see her as—hum and hum and all that sort of talk of no interest to anybody," says he, with a quizzical look over his "bows" at the lovely face and form bending forward with forgetful eagerness to hear how "he so often sees her." And there is a great bunch of golden-rod in her lap now, and a vivid blush on her cheek. The colonel is waxing as frivolous as Fred, and quite as great a tease.

And then October comes, and Fred has gone, and the colonel and his household are back at Sibley, where the garrison is enraptured at seeing them, and where the women precipitate themselves upon them in tumultuous welcome. If Alice cannot quite make up her mind to return the kisses, and shrinks slightly from the rapturous embrace of some of the younger and more impulsive of the sisterhood,—if Mrs. Maynard is a trifle more distant and stately than was the case before they went away,—the garrison does not resent it. The ladies don't wonder they feel indignant at the way people behaved and talked; and each lady is sure that the behavior and the talk were all somebody else's; not by any possible chance could it be laid at the door of the speaker. And Alice is the reigning belle beyond dispute, though there is only subdued gayety at the fort, for the memory of their losses at the Spirit Wolf is still fresh in the minds of the regiment. But no man alludes to the events of the black August night, no woman is permitted to address either Mrs. Maynard or her daughter on the subject. There are some who seek to be confidential and who cautiously feel their way for an opening, but the mental sparring is vain: there is an indefinable something that tells the intruder, "Thus far, and no farther." Mrs. Maynard is courteous, cordial, and hospitable, Alice sweet and gracious and sympathetic, even, but confidential never.

And then Captain Armitage, late in the month, comes home on crutches, and his men give him a welcome that makes the rafters ring, and he rejoices in it and thanks them from his heart; but there is a welcome his eyes plead for that would mean to him far more than any other. How wistfully he studies her face! How unmistakable is the love and worship in every tone! How quickly the garrison sees it all, and how mad the garrison is to see whether or not 'tis welcome to her!

But Alice Renwick is no maiden to be lightly won. The very thought that the garrison had so easily given her over to Jerrold is enough to mantle her cheek with indignant protest. She accepts his attentions, as she does those of the younger officers, with consummate grace. She shows no preference, will grant no favors. She makes fair distribution of her dances at the hops at the fort and the parties in town. There are young civilians who begin to be devoted in society and to come out to the fort on every possible opportunity, and these, too, she welcomes with laughing grace and cordiality. She is a glowing, radiant, gorgeous beauty this cool autumn, and she rides and drives and dances, and, the women say, flirts, and looks handsomer every day, and poor Armitage is beginning to look very grave and depressed. "He wooes and wins not," is the cry. His wound has almost healed, so far as the thigh is concerned, and his crutches are discarded, but his heart is bleeding, and it tells on his general condition. The doctors say he ought to be getting well faster, and so they tell Miss Renwick,—at least somebody does; but still she relents not, and it is something beyond the garrison's power of conjecture to decide what the result will be. Into her pretty white-and-yellow room no one penetrates except at her invitation, even when the garrison ladies are spending the day at the colonel's; and even if they did there would be no visible sign by which they could judge whether his flowers were treasured or his picture honored above others. Into her brave and beautiful nature none can gaze and say with any confidence either "she loves" or "she loves not." Winter comes, with biting cold and blinding snow, and still there is no sign. The joyous holidays, the glad New Year, are almost at hand, and still there is no symptom of surrender. No one dreams of the depth and reverence and gratitude and loyalty and strength of the love that is burning in her heart until, all of a sudden, in the most unexpected and astonishing way, it bursts forth in sight of all.

They had been down skating on the slough, a number of the youngsters and the daughters of the garrison. Rollins was there, doing the devoted to Mamie Gray, and already there were gossips whispering that she would soon forget she ever knew such a beau as Jerrold in the new-found happiness of another one; Hall was there with the doctor's pretty daughter, and Mrs. Hoyt was matronizing the party, which would, of course, have been incomplete without Alice. She had been skating hand in hand with a devoted young subaltern in the artillery, and poor Armitage, whose leg was unequal to skating, had been ruefully admiring the scene. He had persuaded Sloat to go out and walk with him, and Sloat went; but the hollow mockery of the whole thing became apparent to him after they had been watching the skaters awhile, and he got chilled and wanted Armitage to push ahead. The captain said he believed his leg was too stiff for further tramping and would be the better for a rest; and Sloat left him.

Heavens! how beautiful she was, with her sparkling eyes and radiant color, glowing with the graceful exercise! He sat there on an old log, watching the skaters as they flew by him, and striving to keep up an impartial interest, or an appearance of it, for the other girls.

But the red sun was going down, and twilight was on them all of a sudden, and he could see nothing but that face and form. He closed his eyes a moment to shut out the too eager glare of the glowing disk taking its last fierce peep at them over the western bluffs, and as he closed them the same vision came back,—the picture that had haunted his every living, dreaming moment since the beautiful August Sunday in the woodland lane at Sablon. With undying love, with changeless passion, his life was given over to the fair, slender maiden he had seen in all the glory of the sunshine and the golden-rod, standing with uplifted head, with all her soul shining in her beautiful eyes and thrilling in her voice. Both worshipping and worshipped was Alice Renwick as she sang her hymn of praise in unison with the swelling chorus that floated through the trees from the little brown church upon the hill. From that day she was Queen Alice in every thought, and he her loyal, faithful knight for weal or woe.

Boom went the sunset gun far up on the parade above them. 'Twas dinner-time, and the skaters were compelled to give up their pastime. Armitage set his teeth at the entirely too devotional attitude of the artilleryman as he slowly and lingeringly removed her skates, and turned away in that utterly helpless frame of mind which will overtake the strongest men on similar occasions. He had been sitting too long in the cold, and was chilled through and stiff, and his wounded leg seemed numb. Leaning heavily on his stout stick, he began slowly and painfully the ascent to the railway, and chose for the purpose a winding path that was far less steep, though considerably longer, than the sharp climb the girls and their escorts made so light of. One after another the glowing faces of the fair skaters appeared above the embankment, and their gallants carefully convoyed them across the icy and slippery track to the wooden platform beyond. Armitage, toiling slowly up his pathway, heard their blithe laughter, and thought with no little bitterness that it was a case of "out of sight out of mind" with him, as with better men. What sense was there in his long devotion to her? Why stand between her and the far more natural choice of a lover nearer her years? "Like unto like" was Nature's law. It was flying in the face of Providence to expect to win the love of one so young and fair, when others so young and comely craved it. The sweat was beaded on his forehead as he neared the top and came in sight of the platform. Yes, they had no thought for him. Already Mrs. Hoyt was half-way up the wooden stairs, and the others were scattered more or less between that point and the platform at the station. Far down at the south end paced the fur-clad sentry. There it was an easy step from the track to the boards, and there, with much laughter but no difficulty, the young officers had lifted their fair charges to the walk. All were chatting gayly as they turned away to take the wooden causeway from the station to the stairs, and Miss Renwick was among the foremost at the point where it left the platform. Here, however, she glanced back and then about her, and then, bending down, began fumbling at the buttons of her boot.

"Oh, permit me, Miss Renwick," said her eager escort. "I will button it."

"Thanks, no. Please don't wait, good people. I'll be with you in an instant."

And so the other girls, absorbed in talk with their respective gallants, passed her by, and then Alice Renwick again stood erect and looked anxiously but quickly back.

"Captain Armitage is not in sight, and we ought not to leave him. He may not find it easy to climb to that platform," she said.

"Armitage? Oh, he'll come on all right," answered the battery-man, with easy assurance. "Maybe he has gone round by the road. Even if he hasn't, I've seen him make that in one jump many a time. He's an active old buffer for his years."

"But his wound may prove too much for that jump now. Ah! there he comes," she answered, with evident relief; and just at the moment, too, the forage-cap of the tall soldier rose slowly into view some distance up the track, and he came walking slowly down on the sharp curve towards the platform, the same sharp curve continuing on out of sight behind him,—behind the high and rocky bluff.

"He's taken the long way up," said the gunner. "Well, shall we go on?"

"Not yet," she said, with eyes that were glowing strangely and a voice that trembled. Her cheeks, too, were paling. "Mr. Stuart, I'm sure I heard the roar of a train echoed back from the other side."

"Nonsense, Miss Renwick! There's no train either way for two hours yet."

But she had begun to edge her way back toward the platform, and he could not but follow. Looking across the intervening space,—a rocky hollow twenty feet in depth,—he could see that the captain had reached the platform and was seeking for a good place to step up; then that he lifted his right foot and placed it on the planking and with his cane and the stiff and wounded left leg strove to push himself on. Had there been a hand to help him, all would have been easy enough; but there was none, and the plan would not work. Absorbed in his efforts, he could not see Stuart; he did not see that Miss Renwick had left her companions and was retracing her steps to get back to the platform. He heard a sudden dull roar from the rocks across the stream; then a sharp, shrill whistle just around the bluff. My God! a train, and that man there, alone, helpless, deserted! Stuart gave a shout of agony: "Back! Roll back over the bank!" Armitage glanced around; determined; gave one mighty effort; the iron-ferruled stick slipped on the icy track, and down he went, prone between the glistening rails, even as the black vomiting monster came thundering round the bend. He had struck his head upon the iron, and was stunned, not senseless, but scrambled to his hands and knees and strove to crawl away. Even as he did so he heard a shriek of anguish in his ears, and with one wild leap Alice Renwick came flying from the platform in the very face of advancing death, and the next instant, her arm clasped about his neck, his strong arms tightly clasping *her*, they were lying side by side, bruised, stunned, but safe, in a welcoming snow-drift half-way down the hither bank.

When Stuart reached the scene, as soon as the engine and some

wrecking-cars had thundered by, he looked down upon a picture that dispelled any lingering doubt in his mind. Armitage, clasping Queen Alice to his heart, was half rising from the blessed mantlet of the snow, and she, her head upon his broad shoulder, was smiling faintly up into his face: then the glorious eyes closed in a death-like swoon.

Fort Sibley had its share of sensations that eventful year. Its crowning triumph in the one that followed was the wedding in the early spring. Of all the lovely women there assembled, the bride by common consent stood unrivalled,—Queen Alice indeed. There was some difference of opinion among authorities as to who was really the finest-looking and most soldierly among the throng of officers in the conventional full-dress uniform: many there were who gave the palm to the tall, dark, slender lieutenant of cavalry who wore his shoulder-knots for the first time on this occasion, and who, for a man from the ranks, seemed consummately at home in the manifold and trying duties of a groomsman. Mrs. Maynard, leaning on his arm at a later hour and looking up rapturously in his bronzed features, had no divided opinion. While others had by no means so readily forgotten or forgiven the mad freak that so nearly involved them all in wretched misunderstanding, she had nothing but rejoicing in his whole career. Proud of the gallant officer who had won the daughter whom she loved so tenderly, she still believes, in the depths of the boundless mother-love, that no man can quite surpass her soldier son.

THE END.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE.

ONE bright October morning, between five and six years ago, I started in search of the stage door of the Grand Opera-House in New York. The necessity of earning my own daily bread had arisen. As my voice was the most available resource at my command, I determined to turn it at once into money.

I went alone, for two reasons. In the first place, if I failed in my attempt no one would be the wiser. If, on the other hand, my mission met with success, I felt a pride in standing upon my own merits and ability to perform the work I had chosen in preference to taking advantage of the glamour of social influence that might have been thrown around the *début* of one who stepped, as it were, directly from the drawing-room to the stage. My own knowledge of theatrical life had been gained entirely audience-side of the footlights; and of its requirements in detail I was absolutely ignorant.

A lucky chance had obtained for me a letter of introduction to the manager. Armed with this sesame to that delightfully mysterious place "behind the scenes," and filled with my orchestra-stall views, I presented myself at the stage entrance. The old man in charge of the door, having taken my letter and bidden me "wait here," disappeared into the gloom, whence he emerged a few minutes later with the message that I was to come and wait on the stage; they were rehearsing, and the manager could not see me until they had finished.

I followed him down the long dark passage with a mingled feeling of suppressed excitement, awe, and a strong desire to turn and run away. But before I could put the latter into action the old man had placed a chair for me in a remote corner of the stage and left me to my fate.

When my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, my first impressions were of the vastness of the stage, only half occupied by the people rehearsing, the chill gloom of its bare high brick walls, and the unattractiveness of the scenery and stage "seats" piled up against them. The only familiar thing in the whole scene was the musty, gassy odor which is sometimes wafted to the audience at the raising of the curtain.

The company were having a final rehearsal of the opera to be produced that evening. As I watched its progress from my distant seat, I got some insight into "stage business" and the management of a real rehearsal, a bewildering revelation to one of my merely amateur experience.

Occasionally some member of the chorus when off the scene glanced at me askance. Others came up and inquired for whom I was waiting. Their curiosity gratified, they returned to their work and left me unnoticed; but I was seized with such an overwhelming loneliness that even the novelty of my surroundings hardly overcame my sense of being a sort of forbidden guest among people whose lives and interests were entirely apart from mine.

At the end of the hour the rehearsal was over and the company dismissed. "Now," I said to myself, "my time has come;" and with this thought my heart beat wildly. But my presence seemed to have been entirely forgotten by every one. The chorus rushed out of the theatre like a set of school-children dismissed, while a few principals who remained laughed and chatted among themselves.

Presently some one noticed me, and said something to the musical conductor, who approached and "gently but firmly" told me that he regretted I had not made application earlier; the cast was all filled, and the opera was to be produced that night: so I could readily understand that I was too late. My first impulse was to say, "Thank you, sir," and flee before my nervousness and disappointment resolved themselves to tears. But the next instant I had somehow gained courage to ask him to hear me sing.

"I know you are very tired," I said, "but if you will *only* hear me perhaps you will remember me in case there is a change made in the cast."

I don't know what prompted him to accede to my request, but with no very good grace he yielded. In another moment I was standing in the middle of that big stage, where he had an upright piano wheeled. The half-dozen members of the company who had lingered behind stared at me with unconcealed curiosity; I saw the shrug of the shoulders and expressive glance given them by Mr. Z. as he seated himself at the piano, and the allegretto style in which he dashed off the opening bars of my song, that should have been a sympathetic andante, was not very encouraging. The dimly-lighted theatre was being swept and dusted by three or four women, who banged the seats up and down, while in the middle stood poor I, frightened beyond words to express, trying to force back the tears that were fast getting beyond my control. With a despairing glance at the immense space before, around, and above me which my voice was expected to fill, and with a firm determination to succeed, I began my solo. When I had finished I felt like a prisoner waiting for sentence to be pronounced. To my great joy, the verdict was in my favor.

After a few moments' private conversation with the stage manager, Mr. Z. introduced me to the latter, who expressed his satisfaction with my vocal abilities and then inquired what experience I had had. I instinctively felt that any amateur effort in the past would have very little weight with a real stage manager, and, after what I had seen that morning, would be of little use to me in the future: so I frankly confessed that all I had to offer was my voice, an ardent love for the art I wished to make my profession, and the determination to do my very best for both the public and my employer if given the opportunity.

"It is true that the cast is filled," said Mr. H., "but not altogether satisfactorily. You had better come to the performance to-night and see the part of Beatrice, and, if you don't think it too small a solo, you can have it. My advice to you, as an old actor, is to take it; for there is a great deal of stage detail—getting accustomed to the lights, stage positions, and such things—that you can learn, and you can best do it when not overweighted by an important part, in which you would

probably fail if you attempted it with no experience." Thanking him for his friendly counsel, I left the theatre with a light heart, and with two good seats for that night's performance.

Accompanied by a friend who was my sole confidant in the affair, I attended the performance; and never before did I listen so eagerly to an opera. The part offered was what is professionally known as a short one, but the situations were good and telling. The music was pleasing, and comprised a solo, a duet, and several concerted numbers.

The following morning, which was a Tuesday, I had another interview with the stage manager, Mr. H., in which I told him I would take his advice and accept the part offered.

"Will you be ready to go on next Monday?"

I said, "Yes," unhesitatingly, fearing to lose the engagement if I answered otherwise.

He then went in search of a score, but returned in a moment saying that he would have to trouble me to call again the next day, as none of the scores had been "turned in." This I did, only to receive the same answer, to "call again next day." Finally, on Thursday, just four days before I was expected to "go on," the music was given me, and I went home to study, after arranging that I was to be at the theatre on the following Monday morning for rehearsal.

I worked diligently, and when Monday came, undaunted by a severe storm, presented myself on the stage at the appointed hour. It was entirely empty! So far as I could ascertain, the door-keeper and I had the theatre to ourselves. For one half-hour I sat there, wondering if anything had happened to make the manager change his mind about letting me have the part: perhaps he had forgotten all about me, and I should never see him again! I was reassured, however, by the appearance of the musical conductor, followed quickly by the stage manager. The piano was wheeled from its place behind the scenes down to the front of the stage, and near by the gas-man lighted a brush light, which seemed only to heighten the funereal gloom of the stage by throwing most of it into deep shadow.

In what seemed to me a very hurried manner my music was gone over, and, finding I was letter-perfect, Mr. Z. rose from the piano, saying, "She's all right." No one else appeared, and I wondered if *this* was all the rehearsal I was to have. My ignorance of what I had a right to demand kept me silent, but no words can express what I felt. I knew my music; but what did it all mean?—to whom was I to sing?—where stand?—when come on, and from where? Was it possible that they expected me to remember all these things from what I had seen the first night? I was relieved, therefore, when Mr. H. said to me,—

"Your first entrance is from a house that will stand about here," indicating a spot on the stage. "There is a trio just before you come on; your entrance-music immediately follows, and you must give a shriek about two measures before you sing."

"Perhaps she had better try it," suggested the conductor. I thought decidedly I had better; for all these details, so simple to them, were utterly confusing to me. The manager agreed, and I was placed on the spot where the house was to stand that night. Mr. Z. played a few

bars preceding my shriek, and I attempted to scream on the proper measure. For five or ten minutes he played, and I gave faint exclamations, until at last I succeeded in making some kind of a sound on the required beat.

"Of course," said Mr. H., "you'll make more noise than that to-night, I hope: that scream wouldn't be heard over the footlights. As soon as you have screamed, rush out of the house. I am your father, who meets you, and I'll tell you what to do next; and just keep your eye on the conductor."

"If you'll only watch me you can't go wrong," said Mr. Z. "I'll give you every word. You can open the door a crack without the audience seeing it, and watch me, and when I look at you you'll know you're to scream."

"After your first entrance you always come on with some one, and whoever it is will pull you through. And now about your costume."

I listened to all the advice and instruction given me, in a half-dazed condition, wondering what the result of that night's work would be, and feeling thankful that my first effort was to be on a small part. At a summons from Mr. H., a pretty, fair-haired woman joined us, to whom I was introduced as the new Beatrice. She, I found, was the wardrobe-woman.

"She goes on to-night, Mrs. D., and you must see that she has a costume," said Mr. H.

"Come with me, dear," said Mrs. D. I followed her down a dark stairway at the back of the stage to what seemed like the cellar but was in reality the way to the music- and wardrobe-rooms. Everything seemed dismal and stuffy as we groped our way among discarded or unused scenery towards a light that shone from a small room. Through the open door I could see on shelves and in half-open drawers a heterogeneous mass of silk and satin dresses, stage ornaments, gold and silver fringe lace and ribbons, and rows of curious-looking shoes.

Mrs. D. pulled these over, and finally drew forth a pale-green satin court costume of "Florentine Fourteenth Century" style. This was tried on, and Mrs. D. declared that with a few alterations I would "look lovely in it."

"Is it not rather soiled?" I ventured to remark.

"Lord, no, my dear," replied Mrs. D.; and then, as she pinned up the proposed alteration, she kept up a half-confidential absent-minded sort of conversation:

"You see, in this bright light it will look all right; that's the blessing of all the lights on the stage: things that look dingy and ugly in daylight look as bright as new before the footlights, and there's everything in the way an artist puts on her clothes." Her tone as she said this was evidently intended as a hint to me that it would be my own fault if I did not look well. "Why, Miss A., who took this part last year with us, had the knack of taking a costume that didn't look like *any*thing, and just by putting a *bow here* and a *flower there* she could make a *perfect picture* of herself! Of course, dear, these little things you'll have to learn by experience. Mr. H. tells me you never were on the stage before, but that you're a *real* artist, and *that's* just what we

want for the part,—some one, you know, who can take the prima donna's part if she gets sick. There, that will be all right for the last act; but you will have to have a new dress for the first act."

"Can you make a dress for me by this evening?" I echoed, in surprise.

"I *must*. You see, Mr. H. could not tell until this morning whether you'd be all right for to-night, and now I'll have to work my fingers off to get you ready. But don't you worry about your costume: I'll see to that, and bring it to your room and show you how to put it on."

My measure was taken for the new costume, and I was then brought back to the stage and reported to Mr. H. I found that I was to furnish my own slippers and stockings, extra finishings for the dress, and wig.

"Do you know anything about making up?" asked Mr. H.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Well, there's no society powdering about it: it's regular kalsomining."

"I'll make her up, Jack," said a voice beside us, and, turning, I saw a very handsome young woman in a rich fur dolman who must have come in during my absence in the wardrobe-room. Mr. H. introduced us, and in the young good-looking Miss L. I found it hard to recognize the comic old woman of "Beatrice."

"Come to my dressing-room this evening," she said,—"it's No. 5, —and I'll make you up. I suppose you have nothing to do it with?"

"No," I said.

"Well, you go to Myers's store and tell them you want a box of make-up, and he'll know just what you need. You can get your wig there also."

She then gave me the address, and we left the theatre together. After making my other necessary purchases, I went to the number given to me by Miss L., and, in as easy a manner as possible, asked Mr. Myers to "put me up a box of make-up."

I had not calculated upon the avalanche of questions the famous wig-maker would unload on me. He wanted to know if I desired this, that, and the other thing put in the box, articles the names and uses of which I was utterly ignorant of. I had to confess that I did not know what I needed; and when he discovered that I was about to make my first appearance, nothing could have exceeded his good-natured interest. He showed me all sorts of paints, powders, pencils, green paint, etc., telling me their uses, and giving me many valuable hints. In showing me how to use these articles, he made up one of his eyes, colored his lips, and smeared the back of his hand with every tint of grease, paint, and powder, to show me the different effects from which I was to change my complexion.

When the box was filled, I was taken into a gaslit room, where Mr. Myers showed me how to coil my own hair flat on the top of my head and adjust the wig he had selected to be "dressed" and sent to the theatre.

When all my preparations were completed, I could hardly realize that in a few hours I would be standing behind real footlights, under-

going the criticisms of a real stage manager, whose opinion of my merits was to seal my fate. The thought of it all was far too exciting to let me rest or eat, and I waited with feverish impatience for the hour to come when I could go to the theatre.

As a matter of necessity, one of my family was told my secret, and as soon as it was dark I left the house, comforted by her words of encouragement and her promise to be in the audience that night.

The front of the theatre was shrouded in complete darkness as I passed it on my way to the stage entrance, where a single gas-jet was burning. The regular door-keeper had gone to his supper, and a small boy occupied his place. To my inquiry as to where I could find my dressing-room, the boy looked up from the *Fireside Companion* he was reading and replied he "didn't know, but I'd find some one inside who could tell me."

It was so early that the gas was only dimly lighted everywhere, and it was with difficulty that I groped my way among the scenery on to the stage, already set for the first act. A solitary youth was engaged in lighting up, but I found he was as ignorant as the boy at the door as to the locality of my dressing-room. He suggested that I might find some one in the greenroom.

This was a large square room at the back of the stage, having a long mirror at one end of it and a leather-covered bench going around the sides; above was a gallery, off from which were about a dozen rooms, whose doors were numbered. It reminded me in its arrangement very much of the saloon and upper state-rooms of a Fall River steamboat.

Here I found one of the chorus-girls busily engaged in sewing a portion of my costume.

"Can you please tell me where I am to dress?" I asked.

"Are you the new Beatrice? I suppose you'll dress where the other one did; but I'll go and see." Going out into the corridor, she presently appeared in the gallery above, where she consulted a piece of paper fastened to one of the doors, and, leaning over the balustrade, called down to me:

"Yes, here you are. Go and ask the door-keeper to give you the key to No. 9."

I was saved the trouble of going by the entrance of the boy from the door, carrying a paper box. "Edmondson in here?" he called out.

"That's all right," the girl replied, and as I took the box from the boy she came flying down the stairs to see what had arrived for me.

"Flowers?" she asked, eagerly, then, reading Myers's name, added, "Oh, only your wig."

"Do you know whether my costume is finished?" I asked.

"Lord, no! Mrs. D. has been busy on it all day, and I have been helping her: we're nearly dead. She's at work on your ballet-skirt now. And this is your cap," she said, holding up the black velvet head-gear, into which she had been sewing some gay-colored ribbons.

I expressed my thanks for her assistance, and regrets that she was so tired.

"Oh, that's all right," she returned, good-naturedly, and then added, with a laugh, that she guessed I'd find there was more work than fun in this business before I got through.

By this time the boy had returned with my key. I left the green-room to find No. 9, ascended a narrow stairway that looked as if it had at some time seen a broom, but never a scrubbing-brush, and then went along a gallery until I reached my room. On opening the door I was overcome for a moment by the mingled odor of grease, paint, gas, perfume, and close air. Turning up the gas, which was already lighted, I took a survey of the premises. It was a room about six feet square, the partitions not reaching entirely to the ceiling. Around the sides a number of hooks were arranged; two wooden chairs constituted its sole furniture, with the exception of a not-too-clean standing basin in one corner. I afterwards discovered that the accommodations at this theatre were exceptionally good; but that night they impressed me as wofully lacking in comfort and cleanliness. I hung up my hat and cloak and proceeded to make myself as much at home in my new quarters as possible. By the time I had dressed myself in such portions of my stage attire as I had brought to the theatre, the unlocking and banging-to of doors and the sound of voices told me that the company were arriving.

As I stood before the glass, trying to follow Myers's instructions about the arrangement of my wig, the door of my room opened, and a tall girl entered.

"Halloo! are you the new Beatrice?"

On finding that I was, she informed me that she played one of the small parts.

"Look here! you've taken my hooks," she exclaimed, removing my clothes from off the pegs where I had hung them. "Them there hooks is mine, and you can have the other two. And this is your glass," she continued, pushing her "make-up" from under a glass that had only *one* gas-jet towards one that had two.

"Half-hour!" roared a masculine voice from below.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It means that it's half-past seven, and if I don't hurry I won't be on. I've a run in my tights."

A few minutes later, when drawing on a pair of those articles, she exclaimed, "Thank your stars you don't have to wear these things; they're dreadful."

I watched the operation, and did not wonder at her complaint. Having drawn in her corsets as far as possible, she then tightened a belt around her waist; the tights were drawn through this belt and fastened over it until not a wrinkle could be seen anywhere.

Looking at my watch, I found it was the hour Miss L. had mentioned for me to go to her room to be "made up." Accordingly, I presented myself at No. 5. It was a room similar to mine, only larger. Three of the small-part pupils shared it with Miss L., and as I stood in the door-way in my skirt and dressing-sacque they suspended their work of dressing to scrutinize me curiously.

"Miss L. told me to come here: she's going to make me up," I

explained. "She's not come yet," "I shouldn't wonder if she's forgotten all about it," "That's just like Rose," came from different parts of the room. What was I to do? Suppose she *had* forgotten, as they said? I could never do it myself; and no one present seemed inclined to take the office upon herself. The time was going *so* fast, everybody would soon be going down to the stage, and I should be left alone with neither making-up nor costume, and yet no one but myself seemed in the least concerned about my being late, or whether I was there at all. With a dreadful sense of the loneliness of my position, I turned to leave the room, and, to my great delight, met Miss L. face to face. It was like meeting a friend on a desert island; and her cheery manner soon restored me to a comparatively calm state of mind.

"Quarter-hour!" roared the voice again, as Miss L. hastily threw her cloak and hat aside and bade me take a seat before a long glass and under a very strong light. While apologizing for her tardiness, she rummaged among a confusion of grease, paint, and powder, and, dipping her fingers into a pot of cold cream, smeared my face all over with it. I had all my life detested the odor and touch of grease, and I suppose my expression betrayed my dislike of this proceeding, for Miss L. laughed and said, "My lady, you'll have to get bravely over that finicism; for grease is the foundation of all our good looks on the stage."

She then, with a few master-touches of rouge and india-ink and a generous supply of powder, transformed me so that I never should have recognized my own face.

"I say, girls, doesn't she make up jolly well?" said Miss L., viewing her work with pride; whereupon they all commented on and criticised my appearance exactly as if I had neither sense nor understanding. After murmuring my thanks, which in my embarrassment were not so earnestly spoken, I fear, as they were sincere, I returned to my room. My room-mate was quite enthusiastic over my appearance, qualifying her praises with the opinion, "You'll *look* well, anyhow,"—as if that would make up for any other lack.

"Orchestra in; all down to begin!"

At this summons there was a general stampede that left me alone. Where in the world was Mrs. D. with my costume? My suspense was not long, however. Mrs. D. appeared, but to my dismay we found on putting on the dress that one or two alterations were absolutely necessary. The collar would not meet within two inches; off it had to come; but, with hands that seemed to work like magic, Mrs. D. readjusted it, while I stood in abject terror of being late. At last I was ready to go on, and Mrs. D. hurried me down and put me on the stage before I could fully realize that my time had come.

"Where am I to go, please?" I asked, nervously, of some of the chorus who were standing in the wings. They piloted me into a little boxed corner, where I found myself behind a canvas door.

Remembering Mr. Z.'s instruction of the morning, I opened this a crack, in order to watch him. I might as well have looked out into the blackest night. The mysterious and dazzling glare of the foot-lights seemed to swallow up everything else beyond them.

I could see quite near me the gayly-dressed grocer, cooper, and

barber singing the trio that preceded my entrance-music, but audience, orchestra, and stage-conductor were absolutely invisible.

Stage-fright would but faintly describe my feelings at that moment. A frozen terror seized me from head to foot. I knew that at the end of that trio I was to begin my work. I had never sung with an orchestra before. Suppose I could not get my cue? or, worse still, suppose in my nervousness I took the wrong one, or sang a wrong note that would lead me utterly astray?

I saw the three men dance up the stage at the conclusion of their number, and, listening intently for my cue,—for I could not *see* the promised signal,—I managed to make a faint sound at the right time. Fortunately for me, it was lost in a demand for an *encore*, and before the critical moment was again reached one of the girls who played a student part was standing beside me.

"Shall I scream for you?" she asked, smiling. "Yours would never be heard."

"Oh, please do!" I replied.

Taking my place near the door, she gave what seemed to me a terrific yell, and the next instant she had opened the door and pushed me upon the stage. Mr. H., who in the garb of the barber was watching for me, led me down to the foot-lights, whispering, "Don't be frightened; you're all right; the orchestra will wait for you," and such-like words of encouragement. There was no acting required for the character I was to portray, and during the few seconds it took me to recover somewhat of self-possession Mr. H. filled up the wait with apparent fatherly solicitude. The scene was finished without my making a single mistake, and the hearty applause of the audience was very reassuring, but nevertheless I was thankful when I again entered the door of my house and shut out the brilliantly-lighted stage. My next entrance was with a stage friend, who as we came up the scene whispered, "There's your lover; go to him," at the same time giving me a nudge of the elbow towards a handsome youth. As I crossed to meet him, a sudden dizziness and sick feeling came over me.

"I believe I am going to faint," I said, in a low tone.

He quickly put his arm around my waist, saying, "You are doing splendidly. Don't be nervous."

In this fashion I was "pulled through," as Mr. H. had promised. All during the evening whoever was near me told me the "business" of my part,—"cross here," "go there," "do this,"—and I obeyed, moving hither and thither as directed, like one in a trance. When the curtain fell on the last act I could as readily have revealed the mysteries of heaven as have told what had taken place on the stage. Everything had been a confused mingling of color, costume, lights, music, and incessant action. Through it all I felt a sudden appreciation of the responsibilities of the life I had entered, wondered at the calmness with which every one did their work, and speculated as to the possibility of my ever feeling at home on the stage. Of my own performance I had the comfort of knowing that at least I had not disgraced myself; for the next morning's papers gave me the most generous notices, although no line on the programme had told the critics that it

was my first effort. Their praise, if undeserved, was certainly well earned, for no one could have worked more earnestly or suffered more in the attempt to please.

I feel that I owe much to the sympathy and good will of the company who took part in my first appearance; and I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude not only to them, but also to my professional friends generally, for the uniform kindness I have met at their hands.

Janet Edmondson.

HER HEART.

"SHE has no heart," they said. "If ever
One throbbed within her woman's breast,
Its beating long since ceased forever;
It troubles not her spirit's rest.

"But fair and charmful as the ocean,
A hundred changes play and go
Across her face, but no emotion
Touches the depths that lie below."

So lovers came in vain. She pondered
Their tender words, and smiled at first,
Then sighed, "I have no heart," and wondered,
Was she of women blest or curst?

But suddenly a day of waking
Came like a blinding flash of light:
Her heart arose, and, bowed and shaking,
Her whole soul trembled at the sight.

Her heart arose: like that blind giant,
It held within its powerful clasp
The pillars of her life, and pliant
As reeds they seemed within its grasp.

It drew the mighty pillars over;
They groaned and shuddered in their fall,
And many a friend, and many a lover,
Was hurt beneath the shattered wall.

The temple of her life lay broken,
And when the ruins were cleared away,
Bleeding and dead, with words unspoken,
She and her heart together lay.

Bessie Chandler.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW.*

NO. I.—PROFESSOR CADMUS'S GREAT CASE.

I HAVE been with Gauge & Swallow half a lifetime. Every year I think I will go when the next begins; and each year's end finds me still at my desk. I entered the profession by the strait gate. Graduating at the University, where, I may say, I stood well in my class, I took a course at the Law School, and then entered the office as an articled clerk, working two years for nothing beyond the mere opportunity that might come afterwards. It is a hard road, but about the only one by which a man gets a practice in the metropolis, unless he has money or friends enough to make his opportunity instead of waiting for it.

Nobody need be told, I suppose, that Gauge & Swallow is the "name and style" of one of the most famous law firms of the country. Their offices fill the second floor of a block which occupies perhaps the most valuable corner in the world, overlooking as it does the great arena where wild beasts fight out the battles of fortune and men are hourly broken on the wheels of chance. Here where promises to pay are uttered by the million, so rapidly that the best trained stenographers can only keep the barest skeleton memoranda of purchases and sales,—where human genius has devised and put in operation a contract-machine so perfect that every hour of every day, between ten and three o'clock, it makes and records more contracts than the whole world made in a week a hundred years ago,—here the great lawyers have spread their toils, and look calmly down upon their prey. Of course where so many contracts are made some must be broken; and these make the lawyer's opportunity. A broken promise is to our profession what a broken leg is to a doctor; only broken promises are more abundant than broken legs, and are sometimes patched up without the aid of splints.

There is something very romantic to my mind about this granite tower of refuge which bears the name of the great attorneys above the main entrance. Men come to them for aid whose shoulders sustain the commerce of the world. There are rows of tin boxes on the shelves of the fireproof vault that bear names which represent more millions of value than a whole State could show upon its assessment-rolls half a century ago. These are not filled with title-deeds and cumbrous instruments of lease and release alone, but contain magic slips of paper,—some hardly big enough to hide a lady's palm, which yet represent sums it makes one's head swim to contemplate. Of course I have seen strange things here in my time. Such an office as ours is the very place where the crookedest things in the world are made plain, even if they are not always made straight.

A short time after I came here, an incident occurred which I have

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always regarded as one of the most remarkable in the authentic annals of judicature. By some chance the office was vacant one day, except for myself and the office-boy, when Mr. Gauge came in from a reference which had occupied his attention all the morning, and sent the boy to the restaurant to bring in his lunch. I was sitting in the little room which served as an antechamber to the offices, trimming my nails and dreaming of the time when I should be a partner in some great firm paying more thousands a year for their office-rent than a third-year clerk gets hundreds for his services. I was only in my first year then; and, although I was a regularly-licensed attorney and counsellor-at-law and entitled to write LL.B. after my name by virtue of my degree from the Law School, it would be yet a year and a half before I could expect to see the color of the firm's money, and my third year's salary would hardly be sufficient to pay for my modest lodgings and the exceedingly plain fare of the boarding-house I then patronized. I was hungry, and waited impatiently for the return of the boy, that I might go out for my own lunch, thinking in turn how I could get the most enjoyment out of the fifteen cents I allowed myself for the mid-day meal, and what a luxury it would be to come rushing into such palatial quarters, with a thousand or perhaps a five-thousand dollar fee in hand for my morning's work, and send over to Delmonico's for a lunch with liquid accompaniments whose cost alone would have supplied my wants for a week. I lived modestly then, you see,—partly from necessity and partly because I thought it better to economize at the outset of my career than afterwards when others might be dependent upon my efforts; for even then I was looking forward to those domestic pleasures which have since been the solace of my life, as well as to the professional honors which I still hope to achieve.

It was only by the utmost persistency that I obtained a place in the office of Gauge & Swallow at all. In fact, Mr. Swallow said, with one of his noted chuckles, that he guessed they would have to take me in, in order to keep me out. Neat compliment, that. I have always been noted for my persistency; and that is not the only time it has been rewarded. Persistency, neatness, and diligence are great virtues. To the first I owe the fact that I got a place in our offices; to the second, that I was engaged in Professor Cadmus's great case; and to the third, that I am now chief clerk and not without hope of being a partner. I hardly know to which I should attribute the rest of my good fortune.

As I said, I was paring my nails in the outer room. I was always careful of my hands, and it requires a good deal of attention to keep them in proper condition in the dust and grime of the city while doing the miscellaneous work that devolves on a junior clerk in a great law-office. I never forgot myself, however, and fancy that, though I was the youngest, there was not a more presentable man in the whole force. I suppose it was on account of my universally neat appearance that I was for a long time employed almost entirely to represent the firm in communicating with other lawyers, especially where verbal messages had to be transmitted. Of course I would rather have done other work,—work somewhat better suited to the preparation I had made and the rank I had acquired in the university. However, I made no complaint,

always went cheerfully, and performed these humble tasks as conscientiously as I have since discharged the most important duties intrusted to my hands.

As I sat there trimming my nails, it occurred to me that Mr. Gauge had ordered lunch for two. I wondered why he had done so. Mr. Swallow, I knew, was in Washington, attending to an important matter before the Supreme Court of the United States; and I had learned from a despatch sent him the day before that he was not expected home for some time. Whom could Mr. Gauge expect to lunch with him? There was not a soul in the office except myself. Would he invite me to share his symposium? I actually laughed at the absurdity of the notion. It was a pleasant fancy, though, and it flashed upon my mind that he had greeted me, upon entering, with unusual cordiality. Could it be? It was altogether unlikely; but, after all, I was a gentleman and a member of the profession. There was no good reason why I should not be asked to lunch or even dine with him. I was in his employ, it is true, but I had the same right to sit within the bar as he, —at least in the State courts; the rule regulating admission to the Federal courts of this district still excluded me from them. Just then the boy entered, with a waiter from the restaurant at his heels. I sniffed the air after they passed through, wondering what dishes the silver covers concealed, and if I really would be asked to taste their contents.

So absorbed was I in this revery that I did not hear the door open, or perceive that any one had entered, until a voice beside me exclaimed,—

"Well, young man, when you get through contemplating your nails will you be kind enough to pay some attention to me?"

I looked up with a start, and saw a tall man, with broad square shoulders, bent slightly forward, a heavy beard—reddish brown, streaked with gray—falling over his breast, the moustache cut squarely across, showing a firm under-lip, a pair of gold-bowed spectacles upon his nose, and wearing a silk hat of a style remote enough to be unrecognizable by me, though I am inclined to notice such things with some care. He was looking at me over his glasses, and I could see a twinkle in the gray eyes that hid away under the tawny brows which stretched with curious continuity along the edge of the high forehead his carelessly-worn hat exposed.

I was so startled by his rudeness that I forgot for a moment both the duties of my position and the instincts of a gentleman. I thought I saw traces of a smile about his mouth as he looked down upon me. I was not large, as you may imagine, being then several pounds below my present weight. The assumption of superiority based on altitude and circumference, however, always galled me, and I said, very coolly, as I rose and brushed the nail-parings off my vest,—

"Will you be seated, sir?"

The stranger did not answer, but, thrusting a white hand into his vest-pocket, pulled out a silver watch, glanced at its open face, and said,—

"Is Mr. Gauge in?—or Mr. Swallow?"

"Excuse me, sir," I said, affably. "Pray be seated. The chief clerk is out. If there is anything I can do for you——"

"You!" interrupted the stranger, with an amused look that was very irritating. "Young man, I did not ask for the chief clerk, but for your employers. Will you be kind enough to let me know whether they are in or not?"

"Have you any business with them?" I asked, gravely.

"Never mind about my business, my little man. You will have your hands full, I judge, if you attend to your own."

"If you will give me your card, sir——" I said, stiffly, extending my hand for his pasteboard.

"Card! I haven't any. Tell Gauge—— No—hold on."

He seized a pen lying upon the rack, and, taking a blank card from a pocket at the end of my desk, he laid it on the narrow upright top and with a rapid and easy movement covered it with the most intricate mass of light and shaded curves I had ever seen. When he had finished, the card was checked all over its face almost as evenly as if done by lathe-work, but across the middle was traceable, in unmistakable shading, the word

"*Cadmus!*"

The same appeared in a dozen other places, running up and down, into the corners and across the angles, the letters formed by all sorts of unexpected and inexplicable combinations. I have always prided myself upon my penmanship; but I looked upon that triumph of chirographic wizardry in amazement when he asked me to give it to Mr. Gauge.

"Can't you read it?" he asked, as I hesitated.

"Read it, sir! It is the most wonderful thing I ever saw!" I answered, heartily.

"Well, take it in, then," he said, evidently placated by my admiration.

No sooner did I place this card before Mr. Gauge than he snatched it from me and ran out of the room, paying no more heed to my presence than if I had been an automaton. I followed him, and found him shaking the stranger's hand while he held up the unique card and said,—

"See here, old fellow, do you scatter such things around everywhere you go?"

"Had to do it," said the other, laughing, "to get by your young man here. He's as sharp as a watch-dog. Good man to have around. Stows away easy, you see, and will be worth his weight in gold,—if you keep him long enough and he don't take to growing."

Laughing at his own jest, he disappeared with Mr. Gauge. A moment later the waiter brought me out an elegant lunch, which I considerately shared with the office-boy. This was my first introduction to Professor Cadmus and the great case with which his name is connected.

An hour afterwards the chief clerk came and informed me that Mr. Gauge wished to see me. He had always sent the office-boy for me before.

"Have you any idea what the old man wants?" he asked.

"Hasn't Burrill told you?" I replied, evasively.

"Oh, it is some of Burrill's business, is it?" said the head clerk, with a sneer. "I wish the 'old man' would stop doing business in that way. It seems as if he would never get used to modern methods. It isn't fair. Here I am held responsible for the business of this office; I am expected to know where everybody is, what everybody is doing, and what there is to be done, every mortal hour of every day and in every case; and here are the 'old man' and Burrill, and now, it seems, you too, working at matters I know nothing of. I vow, it is too bad!"

"No doubt Mr. Gauge would tell you if you should ask him," I responded, sympathetically.

"Ask him!" exclaimed Bronson, in amazement. "Ask the 'old man' what he is doing? I declare, Mr. Fountain, one would think you were born yesterday. Not much! But I am glad you suggested it, all the same. I will ask him to what account I am to charge the money for your expenses."

I went with him into Mr. Gauge's room. Professor Cadmus was sitting by the window, gazing out upon the street. Now that I looked at him closely, he seemed to have a sort of rustic air. His clothes were well enough, but they had evidently seen wear. Any man who received an hour of Theophilus Gauge's time was worthy of attention, however, and I nodded pleasantly to him as I caught his eye. Bronson approached Mr. Gauge's desk, and I heard him ask the question he had determined upon.

"Ah, yes," said the Senior, blandly. "Very right, Mr. Bronson, very right. You will please charge it—to my personal account."

Bronson turned away with evident disappointment, and Mr. Gauge watched him until he had left the room. It occurred to me that the senior partner did not altogether like his chief clerk; and I made a note of the fact for future use. Calling me to his desk, Mr. Gauge pointed to a chair, and I sat down. It was the first time I had ever been asked to do so by one of the partners.

"Mr. Fountain," said he, "I want you to accompany Professor Cadmus, assist him, and take notes of all he does while you are with him. He will give you directions which you will of course obey; but I want to know what he may not think of asking you to record. He is an expert in handwriting. The papers he is to examine are in this box, of which Mr. Burrill will give you the key. You will find a list of its contents made out by him, and each paper is numbered in red ink to correspond with the list. You will keep these always in your possession, under no circumstances allowing any of them to go out of your control, and you will note carefully what the professor does with each, being especially careful that no acids or liquids of any kind are applied to any part of the written portions. You will enter your observations each day in this book."

He handed me a small blank-book, on the cover of which he had written

"H. *vs.* O."

"Here are one hundred dollars in small bills, which you will use

for necessary expenses, rendering an itemized account to me. If you need more, let me know."

He paused a moment, and then continued:

"I suppose I need not tell you that the matter is not to be spoken of to any one but myself. You will leave the office alone, cross to Jersey City and buy a ticket to Philadelphia, board the train, but get off at the first station, return to the city, and go to this address," handing me a card. "Professor Cadmus will meet you there. I do not know that such precaution is necessary; but the matter is important. Cadmus is a striking figure, and may be followed. You will remain with him until he dismisses you."

I counted the bills and signified my readiness.

"Very well," said Mr. Gauge, meditatively, adding in a low voice, "Mr. Fountain, Professor Cadmus is an old friend. He thinks he can help us in this matter; and he may be correct. I am willing to try the experiment, as much for his own sake as for ours. I have not much faith in expert testimony myself,—especially the modern refinements that have been introduced. To my mind it is usually 'the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.'"

I testified approval of his jest, though I well knew it was cribbed from a recent work on Evidence. He continued:

"He might as well earn a fee in the case as any one. He has had bad luck in his time, and needs all he can get, I doubt not. By the way, Mr. Fountain, you will supply him with whatever he requires for the investigation, and you may as well take a little pains to make it pleasant for him. I know nothing about his circumstances just now; but do not hesitate at a little expense for entertainment, only keep an accurate account. If he is not through with you in a couple of weeks, you may report to me, and I will decide what shall be done. Remember, now, be watchful and accurate, but do not be too careful of money. Good-by."

I shook hands with the "old man" for the first time, and took my leave. The Senior was not an "old man," though he had borne that title for twenty years. I was much elated at being selected by him for his special work, but managed, with the aid of gravity, to keep myself on the earth while I doubled on my track according to his directions.

On reaching the address given, which was an up-town hotel, a man accosted me whom I did not at first recognize. It was Professor Cadmus, without his beard, moustache, or spectacles, and with his hair cut short.

"Come," he said; and we left the hotel by a side-entrance, where a cab in waiting took us to another dépôt.

"I haven't had a bare face in twenty-five years before," he said, jocosely. "I was a 'Forty-niner,' you know, and no more thought of shaving than of decapitation; but I saw how anxious Gauge was to prevent our being trailed, and so bought a razor and took it off. Then of course the hair had to come too, to preserve the fitness of things. Zounds!" he exclaimed, "I realize how a sheep must feel after being shorn."

We bought tickets for New Haven, but left the train before reaching that city. Nobody else alighted at the station where we stopped.

"Well, thank God, we are off, and no one following us," said the professor, noting this fact. "Now I hope Gauge will rest in peace. I don't see what makes him so suspicious. I don't believe he trusts me, nor you, nor any one else,—unless it is Swallow; and I doubt if one ever saw them together long enough to know how they feel towards each other."

I laughed, for this was exactly the estimate the office put on the two men; only the office knew that Mr. Swallow had the sense to let his partner pull in his own way, well knowing that it meant the joint welfare, whether he was consulted at each step or not. We used to say that Mr. Gauge managed the cases and Mr. Swallow managed the clients.

"There is no sense in his suspicions,—not a whit," continued the professor, in an aggrieved tone, feeling his purple chin as he spoke. "Here I have sacrificed a beard and moustache I wouldn't have taken a fortune for, just to humor his whimsicality. I don't suppose my wife will let me in, and I'll bet a dollar my dog will bark at me."

Sure enough, the dog did bark at him when we reached the gate of a comfortable-looking house standing a little back from the street and half hidden by overhanging elms; but the wife, who met us in the hall, only put her arms akimbo on her ample hips and exclaimed, amid her laughter,—

"Why, Cadmus! What—have—you been doing?"

"Don't say a word, my dear," said the professor, blandly. "This is Mr. Fountain. Don't let him know I've been a fool, please."

The good lady composed her face and gave me a welcome which did not lose its heartiness while I remained in her house. I thought with a smile that night, as we sat at the supper-table,—the professor, his wife, and their one child, a daughter just entering womanhood,—what would be Mr. Gauge's surprise if he could see us. I learned afterwards that the professor had once been a man of considerable wealth, which he had lost in an unfortunate speculation, and, having ceased to be opulent, the Senior evidently came to the conclusion that he was in actual want.

"After all," said the professor, when we were at work the next day, "it was kind of Gauge to give me a chance at this. He knows I've always wanted a fair hack at a tough case; and I vow I guess I've got it. You know the case, I suppose?"

"Not a word," I responded, frankly.

"So! Another instance of Gauge's silly over-caution. I wonder how long it will be before it grows out," he added, ruefully stroking his chin, the Senior's caution suggesting the loss of his beard. "Well, I suppose if he wanted you to know he would have told you,—about the case, I mean," he continued, absently, for his eyes were wandering over a curious array, and he was beginning a singular investigation.

The contents of the tin box I had brought proved to be a note for a large amount of money, signed, in a curiously uncertain hand, "James M. Oliver," with several hundred cancelled checks, and a few letters, mostly addressed to our firm, bearing the same name, written

with a boldness that would have done credit to the celebrated President of the first Continental Congress. These we had taken out one by one, I checking each upon the list as we did so. The note was carefully pinned on a little stand having an inclined top like a reading-desk, and covered with dark neutral-tinted paper, through which a small hole was cut exposing the signature to view. The same was done with the others, except that they were pinned on an inclined blackboard, one above the other, and covered in like manner except the signatures. The blackboard was then placed along one side of a window having a northern exposure, the end towards it and a little way from it, facing the reading-desk on the other side. The lower half of the shutter being closed, a flood of clear calm light fell upon both from above. I assisted in making these arrangements with great interest, wondering what would next be done. When they were completed the professor began to walk back and forth between desk and blackboard, glancing carelessly first upon one side and then upon the other, talking about everything except the signatures, and apparently paying little heed to my replies. Now and then, indeed, he would recall what I had said some time before, and proceed to discourse upon it as if I had uttered nothing since.

I sat and watched him. The other shutters were closed, so that the great front chamber of the old country house was in shadow save where the light fell upon the dark neutral expanse dotted with oval apertures through which showed the glaring signatures. Sometimes he would turn the one upon the right or those upon the left more or less to the light. Again he would entirely cover the one and continue his ceaseless walk with bent-down head before the others. I noticed that he never paused more than an instant,—never used a glass or made what I should call a careful scrutiny or comparison. When we first took them from the box, he had, it is true, carefully examined the note with a lens, and had applied the same rapidly to some of the others, choosing, I noted afterwards, signatures of different dates.

By and by my task began to grow tedious.

"Have you any objection to telling me why you do this?" I asked.

"None in the world. I am getting acquainted with them."

"I should think you would make better progress to study each one separately and deliberately."

"You would, eh? Is your mother alive?"

"Yes; at least she was a few days ago."

"Think you would know her if you should see her?"

"Why, certainly."

"Even if you should meet her unexpectedly?"

"Of course, and as far off as I could see her, too."

"No doubt. Did you ever study her face?"

"Not that I remember."

"Ever observe her figure carefully?"

"Do not think I ever did."

"Nor her gait?"

"Not that I recollect."

"Does she toe in?"

"No, sir," positively.

"Certain of it?"

"Of course," very emphatically.

"Swear to it?"

"Any time, sir," almost angrily.

"How did you gain this knowledge?"

"Well, really, I don't know."

"I do: it was by glances,—viewing her at every possible angle, while you thought of something else, day after day, and year after year. That is the way I am acquainting myself with these signatures; and that is why I want somebody here to talk with,—just to keep me from analyzing and comparing one with another at this stage of my investigation. When I know them thoroughly, it will be time enough for that."

"Have you any objection to my looking at them a little closer?"

"Not in the least, if you do not talk to me about them. I must make up my own mind, you see."

I went and stood a moment by the little stand, gazing at the weak straggling signature upon it, and then glanced over the array of firm, bold autographs on the great blackboard.

The contrast was so striking that I could not help exclaiming,—

"I should think you would have no difficulty in deciding this to be a forgery: it is evident at a glance."

"Suppose the problem was to *prove* it *not* a forgery?"

"What?"

"That is exactly what I am to do—if I can. You see, I am not an expert in the proper sense of the term. I am what ought to be termed a technical advocate. If I make up my mind that this is not a forgery, I am to give reasons that will incline other minds the same way. If I do not make up my mind that way, I am to keep still. I suppose that is the reason Gauge is anxious that no one should know the matter has been submitted to me."

I began to see the *rationale* of some of my instructions. This continued for some days, two or three hours at a time in the morning and as many more in the afternoon. The rest of the time I spent with the professor or his daughter rambling about the hills back of the village, and in the evening we played whist. But for these recreations I should have wearied of the monotony of my task.

The paraphernalia of the examination was in the room assigned me as a bedchamber, which included the whole front half of the house on the second floor. Whenever we went out, at the professor's suggestion, I covered all the signatures with fresh sheets of what was then termed envelope-paper,—a strong buff paper which came in large sheets very convenient for such use,—sealing them at the edges with my private seal, a quaint cornelian intaglio which I have worn for many years. I also locked the room and put my seal on the door. I did the same, too, on retiring.

Upon the morning of the fifth day the professor said,—

"Well, I guess I am acquainted with them now. I don't believe I should miss them anywhere. Look here!"

He drew a chair to the table beside me, and, taking a pen, ran down a sheet of paper, writing without hesitation one after the other,—first the weak signature and then the strong,—so accurately that when I took the page and compared it with the originals standing between them I could not detect the slightest difference, and so stated.

"Yet you are a fair penman," said the professor, complacently, "and as good a judge of the matter as most of those who are usually termed experts. Now, I could point out in five minutes a dozen things which should prove conclusively not only that the same man did not write them but could not have written them. Indeed, that is the basis of the science of chirographic comparison. There really is no such thing as counterfeiting another's signature. Every man puts himself into his handwriting; and the business of the scientific expert is to get at his identity from the traces he leaves. It can always be done, and done with absolute certainty, too, if skill and time and brain enough are applied to the task."

"I suppose a man is always the best judge of his own handwriting," I remarked.

"Not at all. Indeed, the most skilful man may easily forget his own work. I remember once finding a stanza written in an album that lay upon the centre-table at a country inn. I thought it exceedingly well done, and, after copying it once or twice, took it to the landlord and asked him who did it. He told me a young man on his way West had stopped at his house, then in another State, and written the stanza at his daughter's request. He had a queer name, which the landlord had forgotten. He would call his wife, he said; perhaps she would remember. There was no need, I told him: the name was Cadmus,—as indeed it was, but a Cadmus of twenty-five years before, whom I could only have recreated by study of his work if the landlord had not helped me by the suggestion of time and place. I recognized, no doubt, a familiar hand, but could not locate it. It's so with this, too. I seem to have known it before somewhere and at some time."

He gazed with a perplexed look at the contrasted signatures.

"Did you ever have a face follow you around for days, claiming recognition—location? That is the way with this—I mean these signatures. They are written all over space to me now. If I close my eyes the whole orb of which I am the centre seems covered with those intermingled forms, all appealing to my memory for some associated idea. But I can't get hold of it. That is what has been troubling me so long.

"But now we will get on to the next stage. It is needless to examine ink or paper. The contested signature is in the same ink as the bulk of the admitted ones." He glanced over them with the lens as he spoke, as if to make sure of his conclusion. He stood silent for a time with knotted brows, and then exclaimed, "I wish I knew the man that answers to that name; and yet I am glad I do not. I believe I *can almost* see him."

"You think they are all written by one person, then?"

"I am going to find out," he said, with a smile. "Now we will go and photograph them."

This was not so simple a matter as it is now when amateur photography is a disease common to so many; but I found the professor prepared for it. I myself carried the note in question to the room he had fitted up for such purposes, and he made me measure carefully the angles at which the views were taken, "because," he said, "a photograph may be made to lie almost as easily as a fool."

After that he took views of some of the others which I chose at random, taking care that they were made at the same angles and under the same conditions. On the next day they were finished and mounted, and I returned to the city with copies in my possession. I had been absent from the office just a week when I made my report to Mr. Gauge, and rendered an itemized account of expenses amounting to less than ten dollars. I flatter myself this made a good impression on the "old man," but he said nothing about it, at the time.

The case of Haskell *vs.* Oliver came on for trial before a referee a few weeks afterwards. It was based on a note for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, purporting to have been given by James M. Oliver to Martin Hodge, and by him assigned for value before maturity, to Charles Haskell. The execution of the note was denied. The reference was held in the luxurious offices of Hyde & Tanner, the senior partner of which firm was the referee. I was subpœnaed for the plaintiff, and attended Mr. Swallow, carrying the same tin box I had watched over at the professor's.

The plaintiff was a blonde young man from Michigan, a lumber-dealer, who testified that he received the note in due course of business. He did not know Mr. Hodge, except by correspondence. Had heard that he was dead. The note being protested, he had paid it and come on and presented it personally to the defendant, who refused to pay it. He had seen Mr. Oliver's signature, and believed this to be his,—had no doubt of it, in fact. On cross-examination he stated carelessly that his business amounted to several hundred thousand dollars a year, and he judged Mr. Oliver's signature as he would that of any other man he had seen write and had correspondence with. Did not remember that he had ever seen Mr. Oliver until his refusal to pay the note. Had seen his writing several times before. Did not pretend to be expert enough to tell why he believed the signature genuine.

This was our case. Mr. Swallow chuckled complacently as he announced that we would rest, thus throwing the *onus* entirely upon the defendant, who had to sustain his affirmative plea. It was evidently a surprise to the defence. So it was to me; for I did not think any man would have sworn so positively to the essential fact.

Mr. Oliver was the first witness for the defence. He denied the signature and all knowledge of the note. There was a squabble as to whether he could testify that he had never given a note to Hodge, under the celebrated section in regard to "transactions with, or declarations of, a deceased party," of our code: Mr. Swallow contending that if the witness had a right to deny any transactions with a deceased person he had a right to describe any he might have had, which the statute plainly forbids. The referee admitted the testimony, and Mr. Swallow took an

exception. Mr. Oliver said he had never known Mr. Hodge, who he understood had been a master-builder, and never had any occasion to give him a note, and never had given him one.

The defendant was a large, positive man, with gray side-whiskers, full-faced, with sharp thin lips. He was a man of the highest character in business and society, worth more than a million, it was said, and was evidently angry at the idea that he would deny his own act for such a paltry sum as that named in the note. He was not going to be imposed on, he said, by any rascal, dead or alive. Mr. Swallow took no exception either to his language or his manner, but rose with a smile to cross-examine.

Professor Cadmus, sprucely dressed and clean-shaven, sat carelessly looking on a few feet away. I hardly knew him, even after our week's association. Mr. Swallow asked me to hand the witness the contents of the box, in the order in which they were numbered in the list; while he smilingly asked if each signature was genuine. There was some bickering as to this method of proceeding, but the referee allowed it, and the defence excepted. Other witnesses, cashiers, tellers, and parties familiar by daily observation with the defendant's signature, declared the note an obvious forgery. My heart sank. Nothing could hurt me worse then than to have Gauge & Swallow beaten,—especially in that case. Still Mr. Swallow smiled and Professor Cadmus seemed profoundly indifferent to all that was going on. Finally the defence closed, and the case was adjourned until the next day.

The next morning the office was crowded with legal luminaries and men eminent in business-circles. A slip professing to show a fac-simile of the admitted and disputed signatures had gotten into circulation. The evidence had been published in the morning papers. It was considered remarkable that Gauge & Swallow should press for judgment in the face of such discrepancy, since it was not deemed possible that they intended to attack the testimony of one who stood so high in business, the church, and society as Mr. Oliver, with such odds of probability against them.

As soon as the referee had taken his seat and the case was called, a large portfolio which looked like a set of maps was brought in, and a light rod, with numerous hooks upon it, stretched across the side of the office back of the referee. Then Mr. Swallow, in his blandest accents, called Professor Cadmus, and every one in the room craned his neck about to get sight of the witness. Who he was nobody seemed to know. The defendant's counsel scanned him closely as he was sworn and took his seat. One of them leaned towards their client with a whispered interrogatory. He shook his head, but did not remove his eyes from the witness's face. Mr. Swallow read his questions from a memorandum,—a thing I have hardly ever known him to do since that time. The answers were like light electric shocks, sending little thrills through everybody in the room. At first the witness kept his eyes on the defendant; then they wandered from his face to the work he was explaining, as if seeking to make clear the demonstration to him alone.

"Are you acquainted with James M. Oliver?"

"The defendant, you mean?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Swallow, with perceptible surprise.

I thought the defendant's lips set a little closer together and his gray eyes took on a harder look.

"I am," said the witness, smiling quietly.

"How long have you known him?"

"About thirty-five years."

The lips grew a little whiter, but the set face did not show the quiver of a muscle. The answer stirred a buzz of inquiry about the room. It was evident that not many there had known the defendant so long.

"Are you acquainted with his handwriting?"

"I am."

"Do you think you would know his signature?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"On what is your knowledge of his handwriting based?"

"On having examined several hundred of his admitted signatures——"

Here an objection was raised. There was a little wrangling. I was called to the stand to identify the signatures admitted by the defendant the day before. Still there was objection.

"Have you any other knowledge of his signature?" asked Mr. Swallow, not looking at his memorandum, and in evident perplexity. The question as to the admissibility of such expert knowledge was not as fully settled then as now.

"I was about to add," said the witness, "that I have often seen him write, and have learned to know his signature in the ordinary course of business."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a teacher of penmanship and a student of chirography."

A titter passed through the audience, and the hint of a smile curved the set lips of the defendant. The doubt and uncertainty in his gray eyes increased, however.

"I suppose you taught him to write?" interrupted the counsel for the defendant.

"On the contrary, he taught me—*a great many things*," said the professor, with deliberate emphasis.

"Don't interrupt, gentlemen. You will have a chance to cross-examine," said the referee.

"I don't think we shall need it," answered one of them, with a yawn, which was a professional trick.

"In that case," said Swallow, with his usual chuckle, "my brother will have all the more time for a nap when we are through."

"Proceed, proceed," said the referee, impatiently.

"Will you examine that?" said Mr. Swallow, handing the witness the contested note. Professor Cadmus put on his glasses and glanced at it sharply.

"I have already done so, very thoroughly."

"Will you please state the opinion at which you have arrived as to its authenticity?"

"It is unquestionably—*genuine*."

The answer was given in a quiet voice, with a little pause before the last word, making it especially emphatic.

"And now, Professor Cadmus, will you please explain to the court your method of examination and the reasons you have for believing this to be the genuine signature of the defendant?"

"With the permission of the court," said the professor, rising, "I will hang up here some charts I have prepared, and then proceed to show their application to the matter in hand."

Without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to arrange a set of charts, nearly a yard square, upon which exact fac-similes of the acknowledged and contested signatures appeared in white upon a dark background. On some of them there were lines and figures showing slopes and distances. Up to that time it was the most elaborate display of the kind ever made. It was, I believe, the first time photography was used for this purpose. After explaining how these were made, and naming the precise distances and angles at which they were taken, the professor proceeded:

"Handwriting is just as distinctive as the countenance of the individual who makes it. It may be disguised or imitated, but if closely enough scrutinized the essential features can always be detected. Certain elements are essential to every man's chirography. These are fixed by habit or temperament. They may be modified by time and circumstances, but never wholly disappear. Others, like the expression of one's features, are almost entirely under the control of the will. That no two men's handwriting is exactly alike is a trite saying, but I have discovered and will show the court that, while the signature in question differs very greatly from the one which the defendant is accustomed to make, the variations are of a non-essential or accidental character.

"I dismiss the theory of forgery, because this is not a case of apparent imitation. The contested signature has not been traced nor patched nor any effort used to make it resemble the admitted originals. That is, in smoothness, strength, and shading—the expression, so to speak, of the signature—it is entirely unlike the admitted genuine ones. As you will see by this enlargement, however,"—pointing to his charts,—"the slope and distance of the letters from each other, and the distances between the words, are very nearly the same in both.

"The imitation of handwriting, like chirography itself, proceeds on purely natural principles. The counterfeiter's object is to deceive. He therefore makes an imitation that to the unpractised eye looks like the genuine. Now, there are certain things that every one notices about handwriting. Shade, curve, and general expression are among these. If I write my own name, as on this card, shading heavily the bottoms of the short letters, most people will insist that it is entirely dissimilar to this, where only the upper horizontal strokes are shaded. Yet they are, with this single exception, identical, or as nearly so as I can make them. Slope, distance, and character remain; and these are essentials of my handwriting.

"The fact is, we *see* shade, curve, and, if it is very pronounced, slope. They make what may be termed the external aspect—the expression—of handwriting. But we *learn* only by study, test, and com-

parison, distance, ordinary slope, and the character of stroke,—the motions of which it is composed, how much of it comes from the wrist and how much from the fingers and thumb. This never changes except when the pen is held in some peculiar position, as between the fingers.

"You will see at once that the signature in question was made at one effort; that it was written from beginning to end by one impulse of the writer's will. There is no change of direction, slope, or character. You will also see that all the important curves are identical. I have eliminated them from each, and you have them side by side in this chart. It is made by covering the other parts of each and photographing those I wish to call to your attention. I have treated the slopes in the same manner, as you will see in this plate. From these investigations I conclude that the contested signature differs from the ordinary signature of the defendant very noticeably in its *apparent* characteristics, and agrees with it very strikingly in all the essentials which are least likely to be noticed or imitated.

"I suppose these would pass as very good imitations of the defendant's admitted signature."

The professor handed to the referee and the counsel a number of cards, which were quickly passed about the room. The resemblance was wonderful.

"Yet here is an enlargement of this imitation, and of the curves, slopes, and distances which constitute its skeleton and determine its real character. One can easily perceive, by these, how little relation it really bears to the genuine."

"What is your opinion as to the cause of this difference between two originals?" asked Mr. Swallow.

"It is hard to say," responded the professor. "The physical or mental condition of the writer; the character of the pen, ink, or paper used; the slope or unsteadiness of the desk,—any or all of these combined might produce such or similar results. I do not know," he said, with a keen glance at the defendant, "anything about the habits of the defendant,—at least of late years,—but I am inclined to the belief that when he wrote this signature he was in a recumbent position, that the surface of the paper sloped sharply towards him, that the desk or supporting surface was not entirely stable, and that he was under some unusual mental disturbance,—such as intoxication, or the like."

He went on to give his reasons for this belief with a lucidity and readiness that carried conviction to every hearer. The audience was breathless. The counsel for the defence had long since ceased to take notes, and only looked on in amazement. Even Mr. Swallow forgot to chuckle at the indications of success, and watched his witness with a curious puzzled look upon his face.

Only the defendant was unmoved. The gray eyes burned steadily. The left hand held the right glove placidly between the first and second finger. There was not a quaver about the firm, straight mouth. He was a noted temperance man; but the allusion to his mental condition did not bring a smile. I was watching him, admiring his self-control, and had even begun to doubt the professor's theories, when I saw an in-

describable spasm pass over his face. At the same time, his eyes swept swiftly around the room, as if seeking a means of escape, while his hand tightened its grasp on the heavy ebony cane, as if he felt impelled to use it as a weapon.

Turning to see what had caused this transformation, I perceived that the professor had spread out two charts which contained enlarged representations of the concluding parts of a will. Both were signed "James Manderson." Only the final letters of the witnesses' names were visible.

"I present these plates," the professor was saying, "merely to show how the condition of mind and body may affect the appearance of handwriting without destroying its character. Witnesses of the very highest character testified that the same hand wrote both of these within a month of each other. I have eliminated the structural elements in these, as in the hypothetical case, and you will see how closely they resemble each other in essential character."

I thought there was something like a threat in his concluding words. Every one could see a striking resemblance between one of the signatures to that of the contested bond and between the other and the admitted signatures of the defendant. His counsel sprang instantly to their feet with an objection. Mr. Swallow conceded after a little that the concluding portion of the witness's testimony was inadmissible. There was a fire in the professor's eye as he folded up his charts and took his seat that I had never seen before. It was no wonder. He had won a great triumph. He could charge what he chose as an expert on penmanship henceforth.

While the lawyers were wrangling, the defendant, with flushed face and trembling hands, had thrown down his cane, and, after groping hurriedly in his pocket, drew forth a small russia-leather-covered memorandum-book, which he hastily consulted, and then sprang to his feet, extending his ungloved right hand towards his counsel, as if to command silence.

"Will the court allow me to look at that note again?"

Mr. Swallow passed it over to him, and watched him keenly as he read it.

"The witness is correct, sir," he said, after a moment's scrutiny and in a tone of positive relief. "It *is* my note. I recall all the circumstances of it now. On the 18th of November, when it is dated, I came home from business early, and was lying on the lounge in my private room, feeling very unwell,—so unwell, in fact, that I was unable to leave my house for a fortnight afterwards. I now recall that an architect who had been doing some work for me came and said he was hard pushed for a considerable sum,—I forget how much. I did not have the money on hand, and he said a note would do as well, as he could use it with some of his creditors. I think there was something said about making it payable to some one else,—perhaps Mr. Hodge. At least he filled out a note,—I must have read it, as I always do,—and brought it to me as I lay upon the couch, with pen and ink, and held a large book—I think an atlas—before me while I signed it lying on my back. I have no doubt this is my note. I am sorry I have made you all this

trouble, gentlemen, and am greatly obliged to Professor Cadmus *for refreshing my memory.*"

There was a peculiar emphasis on the last words,—a touch of bitterness, I thought. There was a moment's silence, and then the crowd burst forth into spontaneous applause. I thought it was intended in part at least for the professor; but the defendant bowed to the right and left with the utmost composure, taking it all to himself.

The professor folded his charts, and disappeared while the details of the judgment were being adjusted. Mr. Oliver drew his check for the face of the note, and also took his departure. The crowd dispersed silently. So far as I saw, nobody approached to commend or congratulate the defendant. On the contrary, a sort of uncomfortable feeling seemed to have been aroused in regard to him, despite his frank acknowledgment. Perhaps it is because in the business world a mistake is worse than a crime.

We did not tarry longer than was necessary. The impression produced by what we had heard was too deep to comport with the chatty mood that usually attends the close of a trial and transforms the fiercest of opposing counsel into the most affable companions. I walked back to the office with Mr. Swallow. For once, success seemed to produce no elation with him. He neither spoke nor chuckled during the walk. The door of the Senior's room was open, and he beckoned us to enter, —that is, he beckoned to his partner, and, as I was carrying the papers, I followed, naturally.

"Well," said Gauge, almost in a whisper, as he closed the door, "how did you get on with Cadmus?"

"Well enough," answered Mr. Swallow, but without his accustomed smile. "There is the result."

He handed Mr. Gauge the check as he spoke. The Senior put on the glasses he had been twirling nervously in his hand, and gave it a momentary glance.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, in amazement. "No rebuttal?"

"Not a word; squealed outright," answered Swallow.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" repeated Mr. Gauge, turning the check over and over in his hands incredulously. "I wish I had been there."

"I wish to heaven you had!" responded his partner, angrily; "and I tell you what, old man, if you put up any more of your confounded mysteries on me, I'll quit the job: blessed if I don't!"

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Swallow?" said the Senior, in the grieved tone a schoolmaster uses to a favorite scholar.

"Didn't you tell me Cadmus had no acquaintance with Oliver?"

"Of course: that was what he said," was the reply. "I asked him particularly. He said he had often heard his name, but never saw him nor his handwriting."

"Well, he went on the stand and swore everything blue. Of course I followed, or tried to follow, the line of examination you gave me; but, bless your soul, he took the bits in his teeth and went off, trampling over court and rules and everything. I never saw such a witness,—never! Lord, how I wished you were there to look after your own *protégé!*"

"I could never have managed him as well as you," said Mr. Gauge, blandly.

"Manage him! *I* manage *him?* I'd rather try to manage a wild bull!" exclaimed the Junior, walking up and down the room in excitement.

"Why, what did he do?"

"Do? You'd better ask what he didn't do. Why, he papered the whole side of the office with a lot of charts and photographs, all done up in the very best style, mind you, but which I had never seen nor heard of, and knew no more about than—than he does about giving expert testimony. How was I to examine him on those?"

"Sure enough!' said the other, commiseratingly.

"Then he whips out his rattan, and reads the court, counsel, and especially the defendant, a lesson on handwriting and the comparison of signatures that left nothing for anybody else to say, while I sat there in a perfect swither, wondering what he'd do next."

"And you say he said he knew Oliver?"

"Knew him! Why, he swore he knew him like a book,—inside and out, backward and forward,—had known him thirty-five years, seen him write, and knew his signature!"

"Knew Oliver's writing! That beats me!" exclaimed Mr. Gauge, sitting down and knotting his brows perplexedly.

"Hold on!" said Swallow. "There's another curious thing. He didn't call him Oliver,—not once! I couldn't make him. He would say 'the defendant' all the time. But the most surprising thing—and it's what cooked Oliver's goose, too, strange as it may seem—was that he introduced the signature of a will——"

"A will!"

"Yes,—two wills, in fact,—an enlarged copy, you know, of the signature and the last few lines."

"And they made no objection?"

"Objection! Why, man, it was over in a flash! But there it was, just as clear as lightning,—one of the signatures the very counterpart of Oliver's, and the other an exact duplicate of the contested one, —and the professor's eyes flashing at Oliver like a basilisk's. Oliver sat behind me; but I just *felt* him give way then. Of course Sweet objected as soon as anybody could; but the mischief was done. Oliver suddenly recollected that it was *his note.* Now, I want to know who this Professor Cadmus is?"

"Oh, he's all right," said the Senior, thoughtfully. "I've known him ever since we were boys. What *I* want to know is, *who is Jim Oliver?*"

"Oliver! Why, there hasn't been a better known man in the city for years!"

"Yes; but before that? What did you say was the name signed to the will?—Oliver?"

"No: it was——" Mr. Swallow hesitated.

"Manderson," I suggested, not sorry to show how attentive I had been.

"That was it," said Mr. Swallow: "James Manderson."

The effect on Mr. Gauge was electrical. Snatching the pen from behind his ear, he endorsed the check like a flash:

"Call a cab, Mr. Swallow! Take that to the bank and cash it yourself! Quick!"

Almost before he had ceased speaking I had tumbled down-stairs and hailed a cab. Mr. Swallow was there by the time it reached the curb-stone. He shouted the name of the bank, and jumped in, dragging me after him. The driver understood, and we tore through the streets like mad. Mr. Swallow presented his check, and it was cashed. While he was counting the bills I heard the teller say to a young man at his window,—

"Tell Mr. Oliver we have just cashed a check for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, leaving his account about that much less than the amount of the check you have."

The papers were full of the case next day. For a while the professor's name was in everybody's mouth, and he was in great demand as an expert; but I have never heard of his appearing in any case since the trial of Haskell *vs.* Oliver. Mr. Gauge informed all inquirers that he had gone abroad. Oliver disappeared too. Singularly enough, the man who bought his splendid up-town house is named Manderson. Gauge & Swallow have his business,—or Mr. Gauge, rather. He has never been to the office, so far as I know, but Gauge goes and takes his orders, just as the butcher does yours. Rich? Of course; something in the railroad line, I believe. I was sorry the professor vanished,—or his daughter, rather. I was much interested in her, and felt bad enough, for a time, but—— well, I was finally consoled.

Albion W. Tourgée.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

WHEN Sleep drops down beside my Love and me,
  Although she wears the countenance of a friend,
  A jealous foe we prove her in the end.
In separate barks, far out on Dream-land's sea
She lures our wedded souls. Wild winds blow free
  And drift us wide apart, by tides that tend
  Tow'rd unknown worlds. Not once our strange ways blend
Through the long night, while Sleep looks on in glee.

O Death, be kinder than thy sister seems!
  When at thy call we journey forth some day
  Through that mysterious and unatlased strait
To lands more distant than the land of Dreams,
  Close, close together let our spirits stay,
Or else, with one swift stroke, annihilate!

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.

EARTHWORMS AND SOCIETY.

IF there were no analogy between the visible and invisible worlds, what would become of the poet? How many airy creations of his brain would be left to us if this fruitful source of inspiration did not exist? Indeed, without such analogy, we can scarcely imagine a literature at all, or call by that name the dry bones and dust which would remain upon our library shelves.

Since, then, Poetry has so fully occupied this field, is it strange that she has considered it her own exclusive possession, and only grudgingly given to Philosophy the small share she has modestly claimed in it?

But a new claimant has appeared, who is not in the least modest; one who has, on the contrary, with characteristic irreverence, rushed in upon many scenes where angels have at least been accustomed to tread lightly.

This inquisitive, prying young maiden, who is indeed the terrible infant of modern times, has found some wonderful keys, which she claims will open combination locks hitherto considered perfectly safe. The custodians of Nature's great secrets are dismayed, and ask, Are there to be no more mysteries? The Universality of Law, which is one of these keys, has given a vast expansion to our little knowledge, and has synthesized what was before only a detached and fragmentary understanding of things. It makes every discovery in the natural world an added step on the ladder by which we may climb to a clearer understanding of life and its meanings. It enables us to see that the analogy to which we have alluded is not mystical, nor accidental, nor yet arbitrary, but exists simply because the seen and the unseen are alike acting under the same universal laws. Or—to state the case more simply—Nature has one mode of dealing with things, be they material atoms, which may be seen, felt, and weighed, or immaterial forces, such as faith, hope, truth, love, justice, which are appreciable only to our inner consciousness. The resemblance never fails. There is invariably the same mode of procedure in ethics and in manners as in the natural world which is their stage.

Now, this is very instructive. But sometimes it is so much more pleasant to dream than to know, and we ask ourselves, are we to be driven out of our paradise of imagination because we have tasted of this prim little tree of knowledge? Does it not seem as if the poetry of life would in time be converted into dull prose, with this analogy brought down from the cloud-land of mystics and dream-land of poets to the region of sober scientific reality?

The world has not been entirely agreed upon many subjects, but hitherto there has been only one opinion upon the merits of the earthworm. That it was despicable and worthless, all have agreed. To call a person a worm has been the climax of insult. Yet the concluding act of Mr. Darwin's life was the uplifting of this creature into a position of singular distinction,—proving him, in fact, to be actually indis-

pensable to life on our planet. Now, this is startling even when viewed through the material lens, but when seen through the spiritual as well it becomes wonderfully rounded and suggestive; for if the universality of law be a fact, if the analogy between the seen and the unseen be not a poetic delusion, this discovery is a message of hope for the meanest, a gospel of light for the most obscure. And is not the elevation of the worm in itself a striking illustration of the material analogue we are about to describe?

By clearest statement and by irresistible force of reasoning, Mr. Darwin has placed the whole burden of humanity, "with all its hopes and fears," upon the head—we should prefer to say shoulders, but how can we?—of this soft, wriggling creature, whose sole occupation in his subterranean abode seems to be the filling of his silly little body with earth, which he then conveys to the surface and deposits in a casting that reproduces his own structureless form. Quite indifferent to the fact that he is aiding in the solution of a vast economic problem, the slimy creature is probably impelled by some eager, slimy little appetite which one must be an earthworm in order to understand. But, be the motive what it may, this industry, seemingly so foolish and unimportant, becomes, in the aggregate, an immense factor in the economy of Nature, without which, Mr. Darwin confidently asserts, the earth's surface would become arid and baked, unchanged in its constituent atoms as stone; would be, in fact, practically dead. It is a startling statement, but one which he amply verifies, that the entire surface of the globe passes in this way every few years through the bodies of these animals, and is through their insignificant agency not alone renewed, but kept soft and arable; in fact, in condition to make life possible to vegetation,—and hence to man.

Interesting as is this material fact, it is not the one we wish to note, but an analogous one, which runs parallel with it in the social world. We are all familiar with it, and, gracious and beneficent though it may be in its general workings, we are not always well pleased with its immediate methods and effects. In fact, so finite is our vision, we would sometimes be willing to take the chances of getting along without it. But Nature does not consult us, and the process goes on, the aristocratic families of one period giving way to those who have worked their way up to the top,—unwelcome, it may be, but none the less new social atoms, whose mission it is to restore healthfulness to a surface which is becoming worthless.

The way has been long, and, in the gladness of their hearts at reaching the top, they suppose they have come to stay. Not so, indeed. They are in the mighty grasp of a law of Nature, which cares naught for atoms nor for individuals. The forces which are to displace them are already at work. They lie not alone in the degeneration which will follow their own elevation, but still more in the upward pressing of those invisible, though none the less real and inevitable, beings who are on *their* way to the top, and who will just as surely arrive there with their little burden of fresh energies and displace them as they who are now sunning themselves so complacently crowded out their predecessors. Nature believes in the theory of rotation in office. It

is hard upon the individual in office,—or at the top,—but how stimulating to the mass, which, without such interchange, would become adamantine and terrible as the field without the earthworm!

In her lighter moments Nature is a cheerful companion, but when she gets into the swing of one of her great movements and is in dead earnest she is not always so pleasant to observe. The process we have described, for instance, is a saddening one to some of us. We have all seen it,—the dear old honored names which to us express all that is highest and best going gradually down—down into obscurity, and the new and unknown usurping their places. We struggled against them for a time, recalled their insignificance in the past, and, in stubborn loyalty to an aristocratic age now behind us, refused allegiance to the new. But of what use? Those at the top are the powers that be. We may as well submit to them, for they are a *fact*.

Wealth will purchase all this world contains, except a pedigree. Refinements in living, culture, foreign travel, and familiarity with the best in everything may be bought, and in time will produce perfect taste, perfect manners, and the law of heredity be defied. But, though great is its purchasing power, money, nevertheless, has limitations. It cannot hasten the purchase. These things are not found ready-made; their acquisition must be gradual. Hence the one who achieves the victory gets the least comfort from it, as, without these graceful draperies, he sits on the bald heights to which he has climbed in painful consciousness that he does not seem to belong there. But his children, with boundless opportunity for culture, must be dull indeed if they do not shine under such polishing as may be bought for a million or more of good American gold!

So, with the father's millions, plus the fine culture and training of the children, have we not a very splendid top-dressing for our social field? We begin to forget the time when the atom was being patiently borne upward by the worm. The new-comers are really such very nice people after all, so accomplished, and give such brilliant lustre to our social life. The father's English, which, although forcible, was certainly not a model of correctness, has been replaced by two or three European tongues spoken with faultless accent; and those pregnant verbs *savoir-faire* and *savoir-vivre*, the English version of which was a source of such torture to "papa," have been completely mastered by his children.

We did not like the name at first,—in fact, thought it vulgar. But it conveys quite a different impression now: upon a visiting-card we know no other that looks to us more interesting, especially if brought to us upon a little silver tray by our own servant. That is the way it is seen to most advantage. Lying upon your friend's table it recalls the past; you think of his grandfather, of yours, and look at it dubiously. But, as we said before, on your own tray you forget if he *had* a grandfather, and it is altogether radiant and delightful. And, then, what else will so adorn an invitation-list? And we have yet to learn what our best people will *not* do or be in order to approach nearer to its golden effulgence.

How beaming our friend Lucullus looks as he reads that "Mr.

Crœsus accepts with pleasure," etc.! In the olden time Lucullus's grandfather was not in the habit of asking Crœsus's grandfather to dine; in fact, such a suggestion would have surprised that fastidious gentleman very much, as 'twixt those two a wide social gulf yawned in those old-fashioned days, the other side of which was to the elder Lucullus a *terra incognita*. Now, however, the logic of events has changed all that.

Although they do not think so, the power of the family we have been observing was at its maximum when that strong old man got his first hard grip on the surface. There was a heroism in his triumph. He embodied a force,—the splendid force which is represented in a being who has compacted all his faculties and then with the energy of a tremendous will impelled them solidly, like a sledge-hammer, upon an objective point. His mind moved with swiftness and precision. He divined cause and effect on the instant, though he knew not how. The native hue of resolution was not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and action followed swift upon conviction.

He was in effect a human machine in splendid working order. But the desire accomplished is sweet, the goal long sought a pleasant place wherein to rest. The fires began to burn low, and finally went out. "Of what use to struggle longer? Now we will live." It would have been truer had they said, "Now we will begin to die." For, without the goading of unsatisfied desire, the prodding of anxiety lest we should fail, Nature becomes indolent, faculty grows dull, the fibre of will softens, the tissue of character loses its beauty and firmness; in other words, decay begins,—death in life. Cover it over as we may with gold and silver and tapestries and dilettantism, it is still only that, when character in its integrity begins to fall apart.

This is the beginning of the end, which may be delayed, but not averted. The dropping off like bark or any other dead surface from the living mass which no longer needs it becomes merely a question of time. In society or in molecule, in man or in tree, in planet or in systems of planets, there is ever the same pitiless law,—contribute or perish; and when the atom has ceased to enrich the life of the mass of which it forms a part, the vital union between them is at an end; then comes elimination.

So, however you may cover the effete social surface with gildings, it is loosening, ever loosening, from beneath. It is no longer a growth, but remains by adhesion and by sufferance, as does the useless bark of a tree, but will not long withstand the fresh and uncontaminated energies which are pressing up from beneath. So they in their turn will give place to the new and obscure, just as they once compelled their predecessors to do for them, making it, as Mr. Beecher forcibly expresses it, "about three generations from shirt to shirt-sleeve."

And so it goes on. And so it should do,—for movement is life. And it is our hope and salvation in this great expanding country of ours that effete forces, be they in society or in ideas, cannot hold us, cannot long stand their ground against the energies which are ever pressing upward from the bottom of the mass.

In this, as in all else, the worm or the man is of little consequence

in fact. Each and both are simply atoms, straws, caught in the great movement and whirl of eternal forces, in contemplating which our tiny struggles for place and power, our toilsome scaling of social heights, our ignominious clambering over the walls of society's several enclosures, our humiliating scramble over social hedges, hiding our scratches and bruises with a heroism worthy a better cause, how does it all look? *To get in*, no matter how,—that seems to be the mad impulse; some, like their prototype, which Mr. Darwin has befriended, crawling under the defences, and showing no aversion whatever to the peculiar diet of that animal, others slipping around to the side-entrances, of which there are a few,—the artistic gate, the literary gate, the gate for genius (little used), and—how can I say it?—the religious gate. If there be a class for whom vials of wrath are especially reserved, it must be—but we will not forestall the indignation of heaven.

We wonder if some superior race of beings is looking down upon us with contemptuous curiosity. If so, we hope there may be a Darwin among them, who has discovered that we are accomplishing something after all, and are not as foolish and absurd as we appear. Across the distance of time and space the stone palace, with its picture-galleries and conservatories, does not seem so very different from the earth casting. Each, the man and the worm, has left his little impress, his small contribution, upon the sands of time, and then disappeared from view. But the force, the impelling force, lives on. What is it? Whence does it come? Whither does it tend? The burden of the mystery presses heavily as we ask ourselves these questions. Its mission seems to be the uplifting of not the individual, nor the family, nor yet the nation, but the race. This, to our view, is a great end—the uplifting of a race. And yet can we not imagine it enclosed within some vastly larger uplifting, to which it is relatively as small as is the individual relatively to the race, and this again enfolded within another, and so on, through the ever-widening circles of an infinite development, of which we can know little more than that its direction is ever upward and onward?

Mary Parmele.

NOW.

MY life slips out its past and is-to-be
And hugs the present tight:
Though pain and darkness fill futurity,
What matters it to-night?

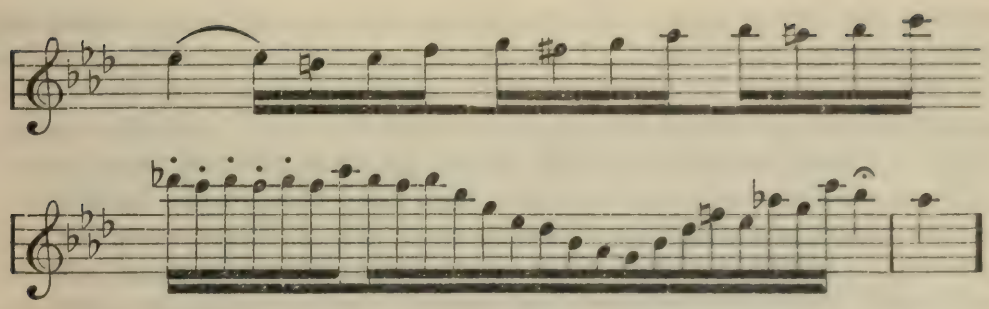
My life and heart were dreary yesterday;
I lived—scarce caring how!
Smiling, I cast the memory away,
Pressing the lips of Now!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

ABOUT thirty-seven years ago a little girl was being dressed one day for what she considered the most important occasion of her life. Jenny Lind, the famous cantatrice, was to spend an afternoon with the child's mother, to sing, and to be sung to by the child in question. The little girl had a phenomenal voice at twelve years of age, and could execute the famous passages in Jenny Lind's "Bird Song," and the Swedish Nightingale had expressed a strong desire to hear the child's performance. Years later, grown to womanhood, the child used to relate the wonders of that afternoon, how Mademoiselle Lind sang and played, how lovely and gracious and fascinating she was. It formed an epoch in the life of one who lived to entrance many by her music, and after knowing all the great singers of her day she still clung to the first impression of Jenny Lind's unequalled breadth and capacity of voice. The occasion to which I refer was during Jenny Lind's visit to the United States, when Barnum "managed" the concert tour and the price of seats for her first performances in each city went up to what was then considered a fabulous sum. Genin, the hatter in New York, made a tremendous advertisement out of his paying five hundred dollars for a single seat; others who paid smaller sums trumpeted the fact abroad, drawing the attention of the public to their places of business; while the world of fashion and all music-loving people crowded the concert-room night after night, spell-bound by the songstress who could not only sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in the most solemnly beautiful manner, but could also give "*Ah, non giunge*" from "Sonnambula" with a cadenza of her own which has been preserved by one who listened to it as the most remarkable bravura passage executed by any human voice.

Accustomed as we are nowadays to everything that is sensational and exciting, it is difficult to realize what the furor over Jenny Lind meant to the people of 1850, who had no precedent for anything of the kind. She had carried Europe by storm, in spite of the fact that Grisi, Persiani, Tamburini, and Lablache were among public singers of the day. In London, ladies of the highest rank had been content to sit patiently for hours waiting their turn to purchase tickets for her concerts. Moscheles records as an event in his life that she had "spared him an hour" out of her many pressing engagements; and when we reflect that she was Mendelssohn's inspiration for the exquisite soprano music of the "Elijah," and that Persiani, who was the darling of the English public, cheerfully gave way before the vocalization of Mademoiselle Lind, we are bound to admit that her intrinsic merits must have been very great. Certain feats of voice she accomplished which no one in the present century before or since has excelled. There stand on record cadenzas which are utterly impossible to imitate. Take for instance the most famous of these,—



or that in "Beatrice di Tenda," in which there is a chromatic cadence ascending to E in alt and descending to the note whence it had risen.

Early in this century—1820—there was born to a poor Swedish couple a delicate, insignificant-looking child. She was christened Jenny, the family name of Lind being added in the register almost as an after-thought, since it seemed hardly possible that the child would outlive its day of baptism. Months passed; the little one lived, but could not be said to thrive. Herr Lind, the father, had a small school in Stockholm. He was assisted by his wife, who seems to have taken almost no interest in her little daughter, for as the baby grew into capacity for walking and moving about, the mother left her entirely to the care of an ignorant woman, who locked the child in a room while she went out to work. But in the tiny delicate frame of this baby was something which showed itself even then as a spark of the divine fire. Before she could speak plainly the child could sing,—not merely catching a tune and carrying on the melody, but singing so that passers-by in the street beneath the window of the room where the child was kept under lock and key would pause to listen to the remarkable bird-like notes. Presently, when the little girl had grown to her ninth year, some one heard this marvellous trilling and vocalization, and entered the house to find out who was the songstress. There she sat, perched up in the window, cold, hungry, and pinched-looking, with a tiny kitten in her arms, to whom—baby that she was—she was singing in a voice like a thrush, taking every note with a hint of that dramatic finish which made her in later years magnetic to the dullest soul.

This chance inquiry may be said to have decided Jenny Lind's future. I remember her saying to me one day that she regarded all the "accidents of her childhood as peculiar and dramatic." Certainly this one was such, for the casual passer-by was Madame Lundberg, a well-known actress in Stockholm, and a woman of sufficient penetration to see that something should be done at once for and *with* this neglected but inspired child. Forthwith Madame Lundberg went for Croelius, then the most advanced singing-master in Europe, and, taking him to the attic which held the little Nightingale, bade him prepare to be electrified. But it appears that Croelius, with one glance at the child, almost laughed aloud. Poverty, delicate health, and loneliness had combined to make her so unattractive that as she stood before him he could not realize that any voice could redeem the awkward form and thin sallow face, in which the eyes alone seemed luminous, from the first impression which they had produced. But when little Jenny sang, the first phrase sent Croelius's doubts to the winds. He could not

restrain his enthusiasm. Where did this voice come from? How had it been so long unnoticed? Like the flower in "Picciola" blooming on the window of the poor prisoner unheard and uncared for, the soul of this child had lived and developed through her voice. All the pent-up ardor, the loneliness and griefs, of her little heart had been poured forth in solitary singing day after day, and the simple ballads and hymns which she sang for Croelius that first meeting were, he said, himself, no better rendered when, years later, disappointment, anxiety, and finally triumphant success had given to her womanhood experience, self-control, and passion.

It was clear to Croelius that but one thing must be done. Jenny must enter the Opera School of Stockholm, there to be well taught and apprenticed to the stage in small chorus parts. Here arose a difficulty. The child was badly clad; her parents took no interest in what they generalized as "theatre-work," and Croelius had no money of his own to invest in her education. However, an opportunity was made for Count Pücke, the director of the Opera School, to hear her. Irritated as he was at first by her plain looks and poverty-stricken appearance, he decided to put her in the way of good instruction. A simple black costume was provided for the now enthusiastic little girl, and within a year we find her drawing crowded houses at the opera-house in vaudevilles written especially for her, and personally a universal favorite among her companions in the opera chorus.

Night after night the child's genius and versatility carried everything before it, and the opera-house was filled to hear this phenomenal voice and feel the power of the child's magnetic acting. But suddenly an interruption occurred.

It is supposed that the young throat had been overtaxed, and that she had not been properly nourished and cared for, during the period of hard study and work between her ninth and her twelfth year. At all events, before she had attained her thirteenth birthday the marvellous voice was gone. Not a note could she sing, to the consternation of her teacher and to her own grief. Every one considered that she was one of those musical prodigies whose success begins and ends in one flash during childhood. For the next two or three years Jenny Lind was nearly forgotten, though she still remained in the chorus of the opera, filling small dramatic parts, and endearing herself to all her companions by her unfailing sweetness and gayety of disposition. Complete rest had, however, been working a cure in this temporary paralysis of her vocal organs. Had she attempted to strain her voice, there is no doubt that she would have lost it permanently; but, believing it a hopeless case, she made no attempt to sing for nearly three years.

An important production of "Robert le Diable" was advertised at the Stockholm Opera-House with a well-known singer in the *rôle* of Alice. Although she had not attempted to sing, Jenny Lind had been studying hard during this voiceless period of her life, and knew theoretically many parts. When it was rumored in the opera-house that the prima donna of this important occasion had been taken ill, Jenny remarked laughingly to one of the pupils of the school, "I wish they would give me a chance to sing it." The girl's speech was reported to

Albert Berg. Having discovered that the prima donna would not be able to appear, he thought it worth while to see whether by any chance his former pupil's voice had returned. He sent for her and bade her try what she could do. But for some time Jenny dared not even make the attempt, so afraid was she of failure and fresh disappointment. However, Berg impatiently struck the first notes of Alice's great solo, and the young girl began tremulously to sing them. Before the aria was ended, master and pupil felt as if a great deliverance had come. The voice had returned. There was no doubt whatever. The score was put into her hands and rehearsals begun. Slight intimation had been given to the public of Jenny's reappearance. When the evening in question arrived, her name on the bills was received with some disapproval. Many in the audience recalled the marvellous child who had been a favorite three years before, but the story of her lost voice was known, and they considered themselves ill treated by having her put into Mademoiselle ——'s position. But the first phrases of Alice's solo were not finished before the audience realized that they were listening to the greatest singer of the day; and a tumult of applause and excitement greeted her. Stockholm was in a furor. For eighteen months she continued to hold the place of prima donna, displaying not only wonderful vocal art but a dramatic genius that vitalized every part she undertook. At the end of this time the young girl had decided that she must avail herself of the best musical instruction to be procured. Gathering together all her resources,—and very slight they were,—she started alone for Paris, where she promptly called upon Garcia, then the most renowned singing-teacher in Europe. She had begun to dread another failure in her voice, for on several occasions she had been obliged to omit certain passages requiring flexibility or strength, and, naturally enough, feared that a fresh disappointment awaited her. Years later she used to tell with what sickening apprehensions she crossed the threshold of Garcia's house. He received her very kindly, and, after listening to what she had to say, requested to hear her. She sang, and waited anxiously the master's verdict. It was simply heart-rending. "You might have had a voice," said Garcia, "but it is either fast going or gone. Go home, and do not sing a note for three months. Then come back, and I will see what can be done."

Jenny was residing with friends in Paris, who, not altogether cheerfully, offered her a home for this time of probation. She used to say, "I lived on my tears and the agony of homesickness; but I was determined to bide my time and see what could be done." Meanwhile, visitors to her friends' house used to come and go, remarking on the "odd-looking girl who so seldom had anything to say," and shrugging their shoulders when they were told that it was Jenny Lind, the "child singer" of the Stockholm Opera-House. But, the time of waiting over, Jenny returned to Garcia, who decided to attempt instructing her. Meanwhile, he was giving lessons to Mademoiselle Nissen, later a public singer of note, who discovered before Garcia did the peculiar genius of her fellow-student. Nissen declared that she would never equal this young Swedish girl in dramatic ability, and Garcia at last recognized the fact that he had a genius in training, but saw also that flexibility

would come to her voice only by patient study and the most careful instruction. Luckily, the young girl had a large bump of common sense, and was not offended by any plain speaking from a teacher. She profited by every criticism Garcia made, studied diligently, and before the year had gone by attracted the attention of no less a master than Meyerbeer, who wished at once to make an engagement with her for Berlin. But she had promised to return to Stockholm in case her Paris visit proved successful, and no temptation could induce her to swerve from her purpose. She reappeared in Stockholm in 1841.

So evident was her vocal and dramatic capacity that before ten months of work in the Stockholm Opera-House had elapsed, all Europe was open to her as a field for work. Accustomed as we are to regarding reminiscent enthusiasm as overdrawn, it may be well to consider the intrinsic merits of this young Swede in 1840–50, the period of her European fame and her first American appearance. For myself, I listened to her singing only after her retirement from public life, and when the voice so ill used in infancy was paying its penalty for overwork; but even then, with the flute-like bravura quality gone, with none of that marvellous soprano richness which held thousands spell-bound in 1850, there lingered an undying cadence which belongs to those rare voices impelled by pure artistic feeling; the same that made Brignoli's last concert days acceptable; the peculiar note or vibration which in Pauline Lucca's voice defies all the nervous temper or tendency to laryngitis with which that most capricious of all public singers suffers. Speaking to Sir Julius Benedict of Jenny Lind's early triumphs, I asked him on one occasion whether her voice really merited all the mad enthusiasm it created in those by-gone days. "There never was anything like her voice," he answered, promptly, qualifying this sweeping statement, however, by saying that she was incomparable only in certain parts or solos. Adalgisa, for example, in "Norma," suited her very badly, while in the title *rôle* she was simply divine. Certain melodies written for her on special occasions, to quote Sir Julius's own words, "put her voice all out;" yet he said that in the same concert her rendering of "Auld Lang Syne" or one of Lindblad's ballads or "I know that my Redeemer liveth" would bring the audience *en masse* to their feet, and after a tense silence produce an uproar of applause which lasted very frequently until the favorite was recalled half a dozen times. Frequently she was carried home in triumph, the horses being taken from her carriage and a multitude of people following those who considered themselves honored by dragging it to her hotel.

The story of Jenny Lind's struggle with poverty ends here. Henceforward she was courted by managers who vied with one another in offers for concerts or opera, and who were only incensed by her persistent charity work. Innumerable instances have been told me by her friends, in that delightful musical circle of London, of her lavish generosity in singing for any charitable enterprise at the very time when managers would have paid her twice what was in her contract to silence her save during the specified nights of her engagement with them. But Mademoiselle Lind steadily refused to be so bound: she declared that she would use her voice for beneficent purposes when and how she liked.

A story is told of her arrival in some small provincial town where she had expected to rest for a day or two before proceeding to a larger city, and finding to her dismay that she was announced everywhere for a "monster concert." Tickets had been printed and sold, and a hall taken, without consulting her. Jenny sent for the managers, and, as sternly as possible, demanded of them how they dared attempt such an infringement upon her rights. Knowing that the case lay entirely in her hands, they begged of her not to put them to the mortification of withdrawing the tickets and losing all the money invested; but, seeing that their prayers had no effect upon her, one of the gentlemen added, "Just consider, Miss Lind, crowds of people who never will have a chance of hearing you again bought up all the cheap seats; think of the disappointment to them." Jenny Lind, so said the gentleman who related this story to me, was standing in the window of her hotel parlor. She turned swiftly on hearing these words, looking with silent severity at the speaker before answering. "How much have you expended?" she asked, icily. Memoranda, etc., were produced, and the manager showed an estimate of something under a thousand dollars.

Miss Lind promptly wrote her check for the amount and dismissed the gentlemen. Within an hour she had ordered a carriage and driven about to find out what charitable institution was most in need of money. A certain hospital for incurables was discovered to be in a bad way. Acting with her usual impetuosity, Jenny caused announcements to be made for a charity concert the next night, promising to sing herself, as Malibran said, "jusqu'à l'extinction de la voix," and readily enlisting the services of the company. The managers were furious; but nothing could be done. Miss Lind had the time at her own disposal. The result was a crowded house, in which the larger number of seats were placed at a merely nominal price for the benefit of the "disappointed people." Not only were several hundreds added to the treasury of the hospital, but this act of the most popular woman of the day called attention to the institution, and a year later she was gratified to hear that it had been placed beyond all need of private donation.

On another occasion, while at the very height of a personal popularity which has never been reached by any other human being in this century, when worn out with social attentions, correspondence, and all sorts of applications, she chanced in a hotel to overhear one of the servants talking to his comrade and lamenting the fact that they could not "afford to hear Jenny Lind sing." The next afternoon she desired the proprietor of the hotel to allow all the servants and employees to assemble in one of the public parlors, when, mingling with them in the sweetest and most unceremonious fashion, she sang song after song, giving Swedish, Scotch, English, and German ballads that reached every heart. The impromptu concert ended, her listeners crowded around her, wild with enthusiasm and delight, and Jenny Lind was obliged to tear to pieces every bit of lace finery or ribbon she was wearing in order to distribute some souvenir of herself and the day among the enraptured company.

It was after innumerable triumphs in England and on the Continent that Jenny Lind's famous American tour began. The London

Athenæum of that day wrote, "The Americans do everything on a grand scale, even their enthusiasm. The whole people of New York are now reeling to and fro under the Lind intoxication." Crowds swarmed to the wharf when the vessel bearing the songstress landed, and the whole State of New York was in a furor of excitement. Barnum, Jenny's manager, of course made the most of this enthusiasm. The first concert in Castle Garden is described by Mr. Dwight, one of the best critics of the day, as "an era in the history of art." Thousands of people gathered about her hotel when she returned, and when Dodworth's band serenaded her Jenny stepped forth upon the balcony and the air was rent with cheers. One who described the scene to me writes, "Wave upon wave of sound seemed to roll across the moonlit city, and all in honor of the singer, who must have felt that her day of triumph had come at last and that of disappointment forever ended."

To attempt a description of the famous tour, with all its excitement, social and public, would be impossible in this space; but any one turning over the leaves of journals of that day will find that the "Lind mania" was infectious from city to city and State to State. At every concert fresh successes were recorded. Every one agreed that the Swedish singer, with her modest, unassuming deportment and sweet if not actually beautiful countenance, had a magnetism of manner which drew all hearts towards her. Had she so chosen, Jenny Lind could have married one of the most famous Americans of the day. But it was generally supposed that she had decided to devote herself wholly to her art. Lovers had sued in vain, and the one engagement into which she had entered in Europe had been broken off, to her own complete satisfaction. Therefore it was matter of no small surprise when, in Boston, February 5, 1852, the famous Diva married Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who had succeeded Mr. Julius Benedict as conductor of Mademoiselle Lind's concerts.

Moscheles, writing at the same time to a friend, says, "Otto Goldschmidt has had the good fortune to marry our great artist Jenny Lind. He has won a great prize, and she has given her hand to a man of honor: he is a thorough musician, and aspires to all that is best and purest in art." Dr. Goldschmidt had studied at the Leipsic Conservatory with Joachim and Von Bülow, and later with Chopin. He made his first appearance in England in 1848 at the old-established and critical "Musical Union" (now, alas! a thing of the past), where Mendelssohn had made his bow as a child, and where Joachim himself was first brought into notice during his precocious boyhood. Dr. Goldschmidt was nearly nine years younger than his bride, but of a serious turn of mind, and far more mature in appearance than Jenny.

It seems to me that this is a fitting time to speak of something which the Goldschmidts told me grieved them very much, feeling as they did so affectionately towards their American friends. Through some bit of malice on the part of a disappointed musician, a rumor got abroad that Jenny Lind's marriage was a disastrous failure, that her husband ill treated and neglected her, and that from time to time she was left by him in almost a starving condition. American newspapers caught up this bit of scandal, the so-called facts accumulated, and one

may readily imagine all the variations and exaggerations which belong to any gossip and malicious story. That unpleasant newspaper paragraphs had appeared would not have annoyed the Goldschmidts so much if many people whom they respected in America had not believed every word of the scandal to be true. I am sure Dr. Goldschmidt would not consider it officious on my part to mention that he told me it seemed at one time almost impossible to forgive the American public for what they had credited.

The change of conductors from Sir (then Mr.) Julius Benedict to Dr. Goldschmidt was through no breach in a friendship which, as I well know, the Goldschmidts valued to the last days of Sir Julius's life. Imperative engagements obliged his return to England, and he warmly recommended his successor. No small amount of the credit due the first series of American concerts belongs to Sir Julius's skill as a leader and orchestral manager. He had a musical prestige which made him as acceptable to the public and society as the Diva herself. He belonged to the first generation of the century, had studied and lived with Weber as a son, and was a pet *protégé* of Beethoven. My own acquaintance with him, beginning when a very young girl, had its most interesting period in 1877–78, when he was rehearsing the "Norwich Festival," a traditional week of music which every three years crowds the old city and brings forth not only the familiar oratorio music, but new productions,—initial performances of works which not unfrequently are destined to immortality. He was a small but energetic man, keen, bright-eyed even in his old age, with a friendly smile and a touch of quaint humor in the lines about his eyes. Coming across a square one day in Norwich, I remember encountering him unexpectedly, and, although deep in thought over work ahead of him, he looked up, smiled in his shrewd kind way, entered at once into some purely exterior question, and then said, as though it was of slight importance, "I must rehearse the chorus for Albani now. But come in; I want to show you how that chorus [in "The Messiah"] ought to be sung. Then we can talk again!" In I went, gladly enough, to the old Guild-Hall, where a huge chorus were assembled, waiting the master. Instantly the friendly discursive manner vanished. It was as though by the lifting of his bâton a new spirit entered into the man. He was now wholly the musician,—the leader,—and the voices rose and fell in that unison which only a perfectly sympathetic leader can inspire.

As a conductor for Jenny Lind, we can easily fancy his assistance was invaluable. In private life his offices were frequently most necessary; for during the first months in America she was besieged by composers of positively "unsingable" ballads, to most of whom, in spite of the advice of friends, she sent or gave money, always disliking to offend or pain any one. Queer enough stories might be told of the capacity of perfect strangers to beg from her and of her inability to refuse any one. While courageous enough to insist that she must often close her door upon merely social visits, yet she could not do so when an application of charity was made. A lady intimately associated with her told me that she has seen her try for two hours to get her light breakfast eaten, one caller after another summoning her from the

table, and to those whose objects were charitable she would not refuse either time or money. Naturally enough, this impulsive generosity was abused in nine instances out of ten; and Jenny's friends, while admiring the goodness of heart which prompted it, deplored her lack of discrimination in giving on all sides, whether it was with her voice or her purse, not a few believing that the failure of that glorious organ so early in life was the result first of the misery of her childhood and then of the strain upon her health by overwork of the kind I have mentioned during her successful years.

The American triumphs complete, Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, as she was now called, returned to an even richer harvest in Europe, where, as Madame Moscheles (the widow of the composer) told me, she and her husband were welcomed with delight. A charmed circle was there in those days of musicians, artists, and music-loving people, and I think I can testify that as the links have dropped away others have come in, to keep unbroken the magic spell which makes musical England especially so delightful. Into this circle the Goldschmidts were received with enthusiasm; and while royalty and the fashionable world were at Jenny's feet, she preferred slipping away for quiet days among this happy fraternity.

This was in 1855, and Jenny's voice seems then to have been at its best. But the curious failure which had occurred when she was much younger visited her again. Her retirement from public life was not, as has been so frequently reported, caused by this, but by the increasing demands of domestic life. She also ardently desired to devote her musical life to oratorio and purely classical music; while her husband, who had risen to the rank of one of the first classical leaders of the day, as well as an authority on oratorio music, was exceedingly anxious to introduce to English audiences by means of some well-managed choral society the works of Handel and Bach.

But for the necessary limitations of space, I would gladly linger over these years of Madame Goldschmidt's life in which her glorious voice was at its best and her generous heart prompted her to use it constantly for the public welfare. One day a friend remonstrated with her upon her readiness to sing for every charity. The lady was one of the royal princesses, well known for her desire to serve the public whenever called upon to promote by her sympathy or presence a deserving object. Jenny regarded the lady for a moment in smiling silence; then, "Princess A——," she said, quizzically, "we must make use of our royalty, however it is conferred, as much for the public good as possible. The fact of your royal birth enables you to do more for others than money could. My royalty comes with my voice, and I feel that I have no more right to withhold the exercise of it than you feel to refuse to grace a flower-show, or open a school, or even stand by some hospital patient a few moments to give her the satisfaction of knowing that her queen's daughter was at her side." Years later, in telling the story to my informant, the princess, who certainly used her rank as a power for all that is useful and humane, said that no sermon ever meant more to her than this quiet argument of Jenny Lind's in favor of considering one's advantages or talents as so many moral responsibilities.

The voice failed,—how, or why, no one could be sure; but the certainty of its upper notes, the *fioraturе* power, was unexpectedly clouded, then silenced, then half restored, but its integrity was forever lost. To me there has always seemed the same element of tragedy in this failure that existed in Beethoven's deafness coming on at the very hour when harmony was all that could have consoled him. For Jenny Lind was not merely a vocalist. She was passionate in her love for exercising her art. She would have sung simply for the joy of singing had she never seen an audience or been exhilarated by the tumults of their applause,—just as the little neglected child in the Stockholm garret had been happy singing to herself with her kitten in her arms. Only one touched with the divine fire can fully appreciate what the loss of an art entails to the worker. The painter who feels his vision clouding, the writer whose mind begins to fail, the actor who finds his magic on the wane, the musician who sees his technique slipping from him,—all these battle with a tragedy whereof the outer world guesses nothing. Jean François Millet ate his heart out in silent pain because he could not sell his work, and yet had months of exhilarating joy simply in the work itself. Tietjens, dying of the same disease that attacked Charlotte Cushman, said, "When I can sing I forget my pain;" and among some memories of my very young days comes the final farewell of Charlotte Cushman, and the sort of awe I felt sitting with her the next day and knowing that through all that wonderful rendering of Lady Macbeth she had been in mortal suffering from her cancer, and yet she said several times, "In my worst agony I feel I could forget it all in my art." Therefore to such souls what a blotting out of all personal joy must seem the failure in the power itself! And what wonder if for a time Jenny Lind's sweetness of manner, her spontaneous hospitality, seemed clouded! Many must have been that woman's hours of silent battling with sorrow. But the cheerfulness came back. Family ties engrossed her. The forming of the Bach Choir gave her life a new musical interest. In 1858 the Goldschmidts took up their residence permanently in London, where Jenny sang for a short time as brilliantly as ever and had a *salon* which became one of the most noted in the Belgravian and musical world. The royal family were among her most intimate friends, and at that time began a close friendship with one of the queen's daughters. Princess Christian, then Helena, had less executive musical ability than some of the family, but inherited her father's genius for harmony and counterpoint and his love of what was classical in music. When Jenny Lind began to visit at Windsor, Princess Helena was strongly attracted towards her and felt that they had sympathies in common. The artist recognized precisely what the young princess could do for music and art, and on this basis began a friendship which proved one of Princess Christian's greatest pleasures. Years passed. The Bach Choir was designed and established by the Goldschmidts, who found in Princess Christian not only an enthusiastic supporter but a docile member, ready by her unfailing attendance, attention to rules, and docility under criticism to give an example to the fledglings in music who joined the Chorale Society. Of the Bach rehearsals and Princess Christian thereat, I will speak later.

To return to the first years of happy London life, we find the Goldschmidts in "Argyll Lodge" entertaining their friends with that delightful English intimacy which means an interchange in one's circle of whatever is interesting. Friends like the Nassau Seniors, Thackerays, Brookfields, Moscheles, etc., came constantly, and, in spite of a slight prejudice Jenny felt against the American press and public, some Americans were cordially received. From a letter written in 1862 I quote: "Such an enjoyable afternoon at the Goldschmidts'. Papa was invited to dine, and requested to bring his *eldest* daughter in the afternoon from 4 to 6 P.M., just as it suited her. It suited her, let me tell you, to be on the tiptoe of expectation and delight from ten to four, and to come home entirely unreconciled to the commonplaces of a big London hotel and simmering sort of small talk about Élise's and Cravani's bonnets. It seemed to me that everything goodly in music and art and society was assembled there; and if Madame Goldschmidt *is* reported to have been an ugly child, I can only say she is one of the most attractive-looking women I have ever seen; *not* beautiful, strictly speaking, but charming. Blue eyes with softness and yet fire in them, flaxen hair, and a nice way of smiling and looking at you. I enjoyed it all more than 'Claremont' and the princess, which is saying '*heaps*,' to quote Lady B——'s favorite expression. Madame Moscheles was there. Such a beautiful woman, and with something in her manner to make one understand the German use of 'gnädige frau,' she is so *gnädige* always." A short time before, Moscheles himself had written of one of the Argyll Lodge afternoons, "From Mazzini's rooms [Felix Moscheles was doing a portrait of the Italian agitator] to Argyll Lodge, where the Goldschmidts reside, is rather a leap. Elegance and comfort rule here; there is no oppressive luxury, and one feels quite at home. And then the music! With Otto Goldschmidt I played my 'Hommage à Handel,' and that, too, without having in any way to sacrifice my artistic convictions; on the contrary, I felt that I was understood and joined by him in my conceptions. We also played the Bach Preludes, and he warmly expressed his approval of the idea and its execution. Madame Goldschmidt's voice is as fine as ever; if anything could enhance the pleasure her singing gives me, it would be to hear her, as I did the other day, in her own drawing-room. I reminded her of her last appearance at the Gewandhaus Concert, when she electrified us with a certain cadenza which occurs three times in one of Chopin's mazurkas."

The Bach Choir was established in 1875, the best amateur singers in England joining it, while the social "patronage" was very high. At the first concert Bach's Mass in B minor, with accompaniments by Dr. Goldschmidt, was performed for the first time in England; and since then on stated occasions the choir perform Bach's music in public at St. James's Hall. The weekly meetings are the most interesting I have ever attended. It was at a rehearsal to which I chanced to be invited that I saw Madame Goldschmidt for the first time. She and the Princess Christian had come in together, and were chatting informally, the princess taking her place among the members with no special formality, and, when the rehearsal began, showing the greatest attention

to all Dr. Goldschmidt's movements and singing in a fine true voice. As I looked at Jenny Lind, there flashed across my mind the remembrance of a picture which used to delight our childhood. In it the Swedish Nightingale was depicted wearing an evening dress and a wreath of roses and resting one hand upon a table. I believe in the days of her American triumph that picture was as popular as the portraits of Mrs. Cleveland to-day. As I looked at the tall, dignified lady, I tried to fancy her the Jenny Lind of that captivating time. The eyes, with their bright, sympathetic glance, were unchanged, I imagine, and increasing years had brought a softness to the features that were considered too irregular in early life. There was not the slightest touch of anything "professional" or theatrical about her. She looked like some elderly lady of fashion, opulent, prosperous, and content with all things around her; but, as I learned to know later, the impulsiveness of her character lingered. She was quick to see and to feel, perhaps too strong in some of her prejudices, and apt to be sensitive about her loss of voice and to resent any allusion to the fact. But good taste prevented her ever attempting any solos after the occasion on which she sang for some charity to an almost silent audience, who could not but feel that the old favorite had made a mistake in reappearing. Soon after this I paid my first visit to the beautiful house in Kensington where the Goldschmidts have resided for years. It is one of those like Jean Ingelow's, set back from the street, with a garden wall and as much bloom and verdure about it as if it were in the "old Kensington" of Thackeray's young days in London. Entering the decorative hall-way of the house, you see to the right a curving staircase, to the left portières which lead into a charming drawing-room full of pictures, fine bric-à-brac, and easy-chairs, and, in the usual English fashion, a variety of tables are devoted to special purposes; books and magazines are strewn upon one, etchings and photographs upon another. Flowers are in profusion everywhere, and, although the music-room proper is up-stairs, a fine Erard piano occupies a prominent place in the drawing-room and is constantly in use. Hanging above the mantel is the portrait from which the old engravings were made,—the happy-looking young woman of 1850, whose smiling eyes and lips seem to tell you how beautiful life and art appear to her. Mementos, souvenirs of various musicians, artists, and royal people, are scattered here and there, and the room altogether has that combination of luxury and comfort which characterizes English drawing-rooms. Here, as in former days, the most delightful people in London society assembled, entertained by the Goldschmidts with frank ease and the most cordial hospitality. I like to recall the sunshine and fragrance of the spring morning when I stood there for the first time. Everything seemed happy and home-like, full of domestic prosperity, although but a short time before Madame Goldschmidt's daughter had married and gone away, leaving a vacant place in the family circle. Somebody was singing and playing up in the music-room. There was a carriage at the door, sent by the Princess Christian to convey her friend to Frogmore, where half a dozen people of the same circle were to spend a few days. Presently Madame Goldschmidt had to depart, for royal invitations are

commands, and punctuality is one of the Princess Christian's prominent virtues. How kindly and how happy she looked as she drove away, nodding and smiling from the carriage window! The old days of poverty and struggle, of unkindness and need of forbearance, must have seemed very far away to the Jenny Lind of our decade; but she used to say she was never sorry for the discipline of her early years. Out of her suffering and patience came much of the self-control and deep sympathy for others which made her in prosperous times so true a woman.

Lucy C. Lillie.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

GRAY towers make me think of thee,
Thou girl of olden minstrelsy,
Young as the sunlight of to-day,
Silent as tasselled boughs in May.

A wind-flower in a world of harm,
A harebell on a turret's arm,
A pearl upon the hilt of fame,
Thou wert, fair child of some high name.

The velvet page, the deep-eyed knight,
The heartless falcon, poised for flight,
The dainty steed and graceful hound,
In thee their keenest rapture found.

But for old ballads, and the rhyme
And writ of genius o'er the time
When keeps had newly reared their towers,
The winning scene had not been ours.

O Chivalry, thy age was fair,
When even knaves set out to dare
Their heads for any barbarous crime,
And hate was brave, and love sublime.

The bugle-note I send so far
Across time's moors to thee, sweet star,
Where stands thy castle in its mist,
Hear, if the wandering breezes list!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE DRUM-MAJOR.

DURING a certain Centennial celebration of a victorious episode in the national history which enlivened a city not a thousand miles from the Atlantic coast, and sent a thrill of patriotism through the insignificant, outlying dependencies which some newspapers are fond of describing as the "provinces," the writer found himself wedged at a street-corner into a solid mass of humanity, whose component parts were trampling, pushing, elbowing, and craning the neck, as one man, to get the first and best view of a procession which was coming up a long lane paved with cobble-stones and lined with rows upon rows of American citizens, whose liveliest emotion on such a day, one would have thought, would have been gratitude to the vanquished enemy who left his umbrella as well as his language and laws behind him when he turned his back on the land of the free. After a cycle of impatient waiting and fruitless watching, and a half-dozen groundless alarms, a murmur ran through the crowd. An Irishwoman in the front rank swooped down on a small son of Erin by her side, and, gathering him up in her motherly embrace, lifted him up on her shoulder, saying, "It's Moike as'd be afther seein' the illigant show! An' it's hoigher he is now than the hoighest av ye." Cries of "Down with that brat!" "Get out of the way, Biddy!" went up. The blue eyes that had beamed love flashed out anger, and a Niagara of vituperative eloquence would have been unbound, but at that moment shouts of "Here they are! Hurrah!" were drowned in a sudden blast from a military band, and all eyes and ears were riveted upon the procession, which had been as long in coming as spring in New England, or Christmas holidays to boys at school, but was now come. The display, as all who saw it will vouch, was an interesting and creditable one, but it is only of one feature of it that I wish to speak, an invariable feature of such spectacles, as it is the most attractive and impressive. A feature, do I say? *The* feature would be nearer the mark. I allude to the figure of a man, gigantic in stature, with "Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest empires," an eye to threaten and command, a front more awful than that of Jove, and a back that inspires more respect and maintains higher discipline than Cæsar's or Napoleon's. His official trappings are gorgeous. He wears a smart uniform, and his head-gear is extremely imposing, but these alone are not sufficient to account for the impression he creates. He owes nothing to the curvetings and caracolings and side-play of a fractious thoroughbred, for he is on foot. In his hand there is neither sword nor pistol, but only a simple bâton. Yet Mars was not a more splendid incarnation of war. He is a Pomp and Circumstance, a whole army with infantry, cavalry, artillery, banners, pontoon-bridges, battering-rams, mortars, catapults, and mangonels. He is a Drum-Major. When just opposite, he wheels suddenly upon an innocent-looking group of Teutons behind him, who with staring eyeballs and cheeks puffed out like Raphael's cherubs are blowing, drum-

ming, fifing away with a spirit undiluted by the water which an unsympathetic weather-bureau at Washington has supplied. In response to a glance of awful ferocity, they quicken their pace and close up their straggling ranks uneasily.

"There he is!" "That's him!" "Ain't he splendid!" the people cry, and surge forward, only to surge back again in obedience to a threatening repressive wave of the great personage's stick, who seems, like Canute, to be saying by this mute gesture to the waves of the sea, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Can this be the people, who, like the infusoria in the soil around Berlin, have only to agree to turn over at the same moment and thrones topple, cities are levelled, dynasties drowned in blood, and the whole fabric of society falls into ruins,—the nightmare and ever-present dread of the Czar of all the Russias, the despair of political economists, the buffalo who, growing tired of any fly, shakes it off and gallops madly forward over a prostrate world,—this great, good-natured assemblage of beings subdued by a single motion of that magic wand? The crowd not only submits, but cheers the great personage, who does not by so much as one quivering eyelash show that he has heard, but swells out as immediately and visibly as a kitten before a saucer of milk, squares his elbows, and contrives somehow to look twelve feet high as he does his goose-step for a moment to give the adoring multitude full benefit of his martial charms, and then prances forward. For he cannot be said to walk. His gait is to locomotion what oratory is to ordinary speech,—a glorified, ideal movement of which most mortals are incapable. Many of the lookers-on have an idea that he is the commander-in-chief of the army, and the interest awakened by those who follow is of the languid order that children feel at a pantomime when Harlequin is off the stage. Among them is a distinguished soldier, the hero of innumerable battles, whose cool eye (with a kind of "Ready! Aim! Fire!" expression about it that marks the veteran), resolute lower jaw, and quiet manner say nothing to the masses, so that he passes by almost unnoticed, leaving the drum-major, like the *pater patriæ*, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, though in time of war he is relegated to the ambulance corps by envious general officers, who doubtless fear that their lustre will pale and their laurels fade before the prodigious deeds of these heroes. The crowd even begins to thin a little in places. Women with babies in their arms go home. Newsboys fall to playing tricks upon elderly gentlemen. Thieves remember their professional engagements, and set to work to redeem the time they have innocently wasted. Little "Moike" has slipped down from his perch and is lying on Mistress Biddy's shoulder fast asleep, so gracefully posed by the great artist Nature, with such long, curling eyelashes, such a fascinating curve to the one baby-cheek visible, and such charming, disorderly rings of fair hair lying about his forehead, that if he could be transferred to one of Édouard Frère's canvases and labelled "Tired," the chemical critic would pronounce him "a delightful *morceau*, full of the tender beauty and simplicity of childhood," fine ladies would rave over him, rival millionaires would bid for him, and he would be lauded in a dear picture as he can never hope to be while he remains a cheap bit of

flesh and blood. Perhaps he is dreaming of the drum-major, who is now entrancing other groups of citizens a mile away. Certainly the glory of the glorious day has passed away with him, and the drop-curtain (of rain) falls, leaving at least one person to speculate on the significance of what he has seen.

The subject proved a fascinating one and opened out in fresh directions every moment, so that it became a question from what point of view the drum-major ought to be first considered, so much food for research and speculation was at once presented in the origin, growth, rise, fall, and influence of the institution. The alpha of investigation revealed his claim to this distinction, and showed that he was not as other men, as Brown or Smith, Jones or Robinson, but came of a peculiar people, —call it clan, race, tribe, if you will,—set apart, like the Levites, to be drum-majors forever, with distinctive marks, gifts, graces, and functions, well-preserved traditions, whose effects alone we see (transmitted we know not how,—indeed, recorded, for aught we know, in their Vedas), a clearly-marked official character and an historical continuity which not only cannot be disputed, but which is almost without a parallel in human affairs. This is a bold statement, but it can be sustained by an appeal to history, which shows us no other figure that has made as much noise in the world. In every age and country of which we have any record this splendid official plays a prominent and honorable part. With tom-tom, gong, tambour, tabor, tambourine, timbrel, trommel, drum, and nobody knows how many other varieties of the same instrument, he is seen everywhere and always rallying the human race around its altars and its hearths, either as patriot or as priest. It was to be expected that in the infancy of mankind, when superstition was universally enthroned and natural superiority was apt to claim implicit obedience on supernatural grounds, beings possessed of such matchless dignity and superb physique would be assigned the first place in the administration of public affairs; and we accordingly find that in Lapland the head of every family was a drum-major, and that collectively they formed a priesthood and worshipped the sun, managed all the affairs of the state as well as of the church, and were all-powerful. Even their drums were regarded as objects of religious veneration, and no one was allowed, on pain of death, to touch them, while they were an essential part of the furniture of every house. A priesthood which has nothing besides trances and revelations to rely on, except magical incantations performed with a section of a birch-tree having a skin stretched over one end and a reindeer's horn, can't be too particular. The drum-head court-martial no doubt originated at this time and was defended as a political necessity. Indeed, it is to be feared that hosts of women perished in this way merely because they yielded in some moment of peculiar weakness or temptation to a passion which this writer, with bared head and profound respect, hastens to characterize as a legitimate thirst for truth.

But to return: we see now why the modern successors of these great rulers—for my position, which is that of drum-majoreal succession, can no longer be concealed—should seem authority embodied, and that in venerating them we are probably only obeying an inherited instinct.

We can no more help being dazzled by the effulgence doubtless bestowed on them by their god in return for much pious and perfectly disinterested devotion than we can shut our ears against Patti shaking out a shower of dew-drops on G sharp. We do ourselves honor, as well as them, in yielding to transcendent merit the tribute of respectful admiration.

Pursuing the historical inquiry, we find the drum-major giving *the signal* for war among the savage Parthians. Observe how early he discovered that the true art of war consists in letting other people do the fighting. An American politician on either side of Mason and Dixon's line could not more clearly have grasped the situation in the year of our Lord 1861.

We see him taking part in religious festivals of all kinds, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman; a prominent figure in the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles; encompassing the sanctuary seven times at Mecca with the faithful; lending lustre to Chinese and Buddhist processions, and striking terror into the bosoms of the wretched creatures destined to be crushed beneath the wheels of the car of Juggernaut or offered up to African deities.

Introduced into Western Europe by the Crusaders, he at once begins to figure in Italian *fiestas* and German pilgrimages, where he plays his part so well that the French monks "secure" him, as operatic managers do a new tenor nowadays, to swell the chorus in praise of Saint Denis, and North Britons import him to trumpet or rather drum out the fame of Saint Bobbio or Saint Jingo of holy memory. His prestige in England as a factor in religious, political, and social pageants grew ever greater, until we actually come upon a drum-major-general one of the officers of the royal household. He held his own in the court, as he had done in the camp for centuries, and must have been a very awful person, of inconceivable size and splendor. Unhappily, when Charles I. came to the throne he abolished the office, either because he was jealous of the royal prerogative or dreaded the plots of his too powerful subject. Perhaps he felt that the time had come to crush a party which had the ear of the nation and might end by crushing him, and so seized upon the head and front of this offending. This, of course, was the destruction of the institution, as an institution; but there can be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced student of history that the dissatisfaction arising from this harsh and ill-considered measure was really the leaven which fermented more and more actively until the people rose and the king fell. The drum-majors had their revenge. True to their traditions, they had with their usual astuteness made other Adullamites fight their battles, and were content to reap the rewards of victory without incurring its risks.

Deprived of their official status to a great extent, allowed no representation except the meagre one of a single officer in every British regiment, they must have been gradually absorbed in the great body of the people, but abated no jot or tittle of their haughty pretensions.

Up to a certain period they may be said to have been drum-minors, for the greatest men among them did not disdain the drum-stick; but at the zenith of their power they came to the conclusion that it was as

undignified to beat their drums as their enemies, except by proxy, and none of the high-priests of the profession have ever touched one since. The beadle is the only ecclesiastical survival of this ancient priesthood in England, but we get a hint of them now and then in other walks of life,—in the Belgravian flunky, an occasional guardsman, or the Brummagem commercial traveller. Mr. Turveydrop was doubtless a reduced drum-major, as we know by two unmistakable signs, port and presence; and so was that pillar of the English Church, Mr. Bumble. On this side of the Atlantic we see the same thing in church-wardens when taking up collections, in the lordly hotel clerk consulting the signs of the zodiac, apparently, and deaf to the interlocutor, the "floor-walker" who smiles us into or out of large shops, and the newly-elected member of Congress walking down Pennsylvania Avenue for the first time; but it is only as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine, a vague, elusive, unsatisfactory *something* which we feel to be suggestive of the great original, while it falls painfully short of that high ideal. It would be interesting to inquire which nation produces the finest drum-majors, if indeed any one country can lay claim to such distinction. The English might carry off the palm for physique and manly beauty, the Germans for gorgeous uniform and wealth of whisker, the Spanish for majesty of bearing, dignity, and sonorous utterance, the Italians for ferocity, and the French for gallantry and good-humor, if one may judge from what Thackeray says of one that came under his notice at the second funeral of Napoleon: "Then came a superb drum-major, a handsome, smiling, good-natured giant of a man, his breeches astonishingly embroidered with silver lace. Him a dozen little drummer-boys followed. 'The little darlings!' all the ladies cried out in a breath. They were, indeed, pretty little fellows, and came and stood close under us. The huge drum-major smiled over his little red-capped flock, and for many hours in the most perfect contentment twiddled his moustaches and played with the tassels of his cane."

What is a Turkish drum-major like? and do voluminous trousers and a jacket like Mr. Tupman's with "a two-inch tail" veil or only heighten his splendor? Does he wear that three-story bear-skin cap whose nodding crest is more awful than any helmet that ever glanced in the sun, or does he weakly make concessions to Eastern prejudices and sport a simple fez? It would puzzle Paris to make a decision, for there may be other lands where he is greater than any of these, more supercilious, more dandified, more pompous, more useless.

It may be that some cynic will quarrel with the *nascitur non fit* theory and scoff at the idea of putting this striking figure so high on the roll of honor and insisting that he is older than Free-Masons, Guelphs or Ghibellines, kings or kaisers. If so, perhaps he will tell us at what age a drum-major is caught; on what fed to produce such muscle and inches; from what professor he learns that wonderful stride, that peculiarly impressive roll of the eyes, and that faculty of swelling out the chest until it has the appearance of having at least one feather pillow concealed by an ingenious tailor. Pooh! As well say that a pouter-pigeon is like a turtle-dove, that the peacock's mincing gait or the gobbler's strut is a mere matter of practice and can be

acquired by any dignified fowl with an eye for deportment. Do you, my dear sir, who read this, fancy that *you* could be a drum-major? Can you fancy anything more exquisitely foolish than you would look in that dress? No. Preposterous as our conceit is in most directions, we know that a limit is set to all human achievement. You could no more march in review for miles before thousands of people and flourish your rattan in their faces with the debonair grace or easy insolence of a drum-major than you could fly. You would certainly suck it, and probably drop it, and possibly run somebody through with it. You would look positively purple in your hideous embarrassment, and sigh for an earthquake to swallow you or the spectators up as you shambled awkwardly along in utter wretchedness, but, unlike Alice Ben Bolt of ballad fame, you would not make the multitude weep with delight by your smile or tremble with fear at your frown, and not for all the gold of Arabia and the gems of Samarcand would you put yourself in such a position. Have you, *par hasard*, has anybody, ever seen a dead drum-major? Can you lay your hands on a living one? What is he like in private life? Is he as good as he is great? Has he any occupation except "to exist beautifully," a dwelling-place, associates? Like a king, he can have no friends, for he has no equals, but he may have a family, though to imagine him a Benedict smoking his pipe on the back steps of a tenement-house in his shirt-sleeves while a half-dozen dirty drum-majorkins swarm about him is quite impossible, and to fancy him *déshabillé*, in a red-flannel night-cap, his face swelled up (instead of his chest) with toothache, warming the baby's food at twenty minutes of two A.M., gives the mind a shock from which there is no recovery. It is a question, of course, whether he inspires anything like the terror at home that he does abroad. I opine that Mrs. Drum-Major is a small, a very small woman, who has that blustering braggart of a husband, before whom we tremble, completely under her thumb. She has got the length of his foot long since. She stamps on it persistently and makes him take it away. She knows who is afraid, and who can be made to roar as gently as any sucking dove. Are, then, the wives of drum-majors the real rulers of the world? This is a most alarming idea; for who rules them? Their priests? Their physicians? A baby? A lapdog? Gracious powers! What is the use of Magna Charta, Trial by Jury, or the Declaration of Independence, if what politicians (with a reporter behind the platform, taking notes) call "the sacred liberties of the People" are at the mercy of such obscure and irresponsible parties as those last named? Shades of our Revolutionary forefathers, was it for this that ye bled and died?

Such as they are, however, we have got to accept them. The barbarian in us loves glitter and show, and as long as a single procession winds along the path of glory the drum-major will be found entrancing and dragooning the hydra-headed monster as we see him in Detaille's great picture: so

> Here's a health to all gentlemen-drummers
> That ever have thumped on a skin!

F. C. Baylor.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK-CRAIK.

"A little while, and then we too shall soar
Like white-winged sea-birds into the infinite Deep."

WE knew her not, save as for us she wrought
Models of excellence, whereby to raise
Life's liliputian standards of dispraise
Skyward, above tradition. In her thought
Men moved as godlike souls and taught
By every common deed the regal ways
Of gentle-manhood. Never does one gaze
Entranced into these living souls for naught.

So, though we knew her not, she was our friend;
And as our friend her death we do deplore,—
Earth levelled insomuch it claims no more
Her busy hand and brain and laurelled brow;
Yet, as our friend, the heights seem nearer now
To which such reverent spirits do ascend.

Mary B. Dodge.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE first thing to be said about the feminine *nom de plume*, usually, is that it is not feminine. Why is it that the woman writer, when she takes a pen in her hand to address the public, so commonly wishes it to be forgotten that she is a woman? She does not seem to care for this deceit or illusion when she addresses the public orally from a platform. No woman that I ever heard of ever assumed a masculine garb for the sole purpose of being an orator. Why should she affect, then, the habit of the man when she steps forth as a writer?

As an orator or public speaker she assumes, in fact, a position which no grace of manner, or softness of voice, or beauty of face, or bewitching mystery of dress can quite demasculinize (if I may coin a word for this occasion). For the performance, however well it is done, has that element of commanding power and psychological sway of a multitude by direct physical influence that no amount of habit or familiarity with it can make much different from masculine effort. The function cannot seem otherwise than a man's function. The act of writing, on the contrary, is one of very slight assumption. It does not bring your person into view. You jostle among no rough crowds as a writer, but simply sit in a seclusion as complete as that which hedges in the women of the Orient. It is a fact that some of the veiled women of Persia today are writers of literary productions, and this exercise violates no law of their

stern social code. But if one of them was to address a mixed public audience from a stage or platform, she would be at least socially beheaded.

Now, why is it that women when they follow the pursuit of a writer—which is as modest as crochetting, or knitting, in its exercise—struggle so often to play the part of some unknown man, while they follow the coarser, bolder, and more pronounced business of public speaking with no concealment whatever? We confess it seems to be one of those feminine mysteries or foibles whose solution no masculine brain is quite equal to. It is a foible which I believe Mr. Howells has not yet undertaken to treat.

The only argument I have ever heard advanced for a masculine *nom de plume* for a woman is this (but it was not advanced by a woman, it was simply a man's guess in the matter): The argument is that in the early days of modern literature even a good book, and no matter how good a one it was, would not have received proper attention if it came out as the work of a woman. There was a prejudice against learned women, and it was not then supposed, to use Mr. Higginson's way of stating it, that women needed the accomplishment of "knowing the alphabet." To know it so well as to pick up its twenty-six characters on the end of a pen and throw them at the public in the form of octavos or twelvemos, would have secured contempt rather than attention. It was therefore necessary, if a woman's book was to be read, that it should come out in a man's name. As in Shakespeare's time the parts representing women on the stage were taken by smooth-faced youths, so books and other writings by women must be borne on the shoulders of the masculine sex.

This has a certain air of superficial plausibility, but it fails, I am certain, just where it ought not to fail, since it does not explain the facts in the case. We very much doubt that a book by a woman would have been neglected, if it had merit, in Shakespeare's time, or long before that, on account of its feminine authorship. Aspasia and Sappho were not underrated intellectually in their distant age, nor would they have been morally if they had simply been known to the public as purveyors, the one of spoken conversations and the other of verse, in book-form.

It is true Madame D'Arblay (Fanny Burney), who was the pioneer among women novelists, did use an assumed name in bringing forth her famous story of "Evelina;" but, whether a masculine one or not,—which, I do not at this moment remember,—it could not have been used for fear that the success of the book would be possible only in that way. Known as she was by Johnson and Garrick and in the limited literary circles of her time, there could have been then no effective concealment by that method. Nor, in her case, were the manners and taste of the author of a kind that would make her covet seclusion and concealment.

In the case of "George Sand" it is understood that she did not begin her journalistic work for *Figaro* with that pseudonyme, and that when she wrote her first book it was in conjunction with Jules Sandeau, who was a man. The joint literary name in this case was Sandeau's full name, lacking the last syllable. Already, however, Madame Dudevant had been in the habit of donning masculine attire on the simple ground of economy and for more successful visiting of theatres, galleries, and libraries *incognito*. It was quite natural to her, therefore, to use a man's name after using a man's garments, and so, when she put forth her novel of "Indiana," which was wholly her own, she employed "George Sand" as an authorial name instead of the "Jules Sand" to which she had only a half right. But the name did not conceal the authorship effectively at all. In fact, the well-

understood circumstance that its author was a woman added immensely to the success and sale of the book.

But probably it is largely owing to George Sand's example (so far as example has to do with it at all) that women of the modern era use a masculine *nom de plume.* After her we have had any number of them doing so, from "George Eliot" down to "Charles Egbert Craddock." "Henry Greville" is one of the other famous modern names of this description. George and Henry are apparent favorites for the Christian half of this sort of appellation, though it takes all of the unmistakably masculine forms. Only the other day we discovered for the first time that the English writer known as "Michael Field" is a woman, who assumes not only masculinity by it, but Irish nativity also. In "Gail Hamilton" a masculine name is secured by properly beheading the feminine name of Abigail.

Can anybody conceive, much as men admire women, that a man would ever on any account habitually appear in a literary way before the public with a feminine pseudonyme? Why, then, should women, and young women too, so often wish to pose in a similar way as if they were men? The time has certainly long passed, if it ever existed, when it was necessary for a woman to assume a masculine authorship to make a book popular; for the book ("Uncle Tom's Cabin") which has circulated more copies and in more languages than any other in the world—the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps, excepted—was written by a woman. In fact, a pseudonyme of any kind, by man or woman, is more or less an affectation always, now that the freedom of the press is so great. When "Junius" wrote, the case was different. To assume one in journalism for a special and temporary purpose may be well enough; but what conceivable benefit can come from making the affectation permanent? The human memory has names enough to exert itself over, and they daily increase. Why should its task be doubled in this way, as it must be, if the genuine authorship of celebrated authors is to be kept in mind? The author of the "Saxe-Holm" stories took the names of two masculine authors, while the author of "The Bread-Winners" (supposing it to be a woman) has succeeded as well without any name. In fact, a no-name feature is less objectionable than a name having a disagreeable association. And after a very short period a pseudonyme of any sort does not conceal. It is soon found out.

It is true Charles Lamb has made the name of "Elia" dear to us; but he only applied it to a part of his writings, and took it up by accident. Talfourd says he attached it to his first contribution to the *London Magazine*, and "bade it farewell in his 'Last Letter of Elia.'" His first contribution "was a description of the Old South Sea House, where Lamb had passed a few years' novitiate as a clerk thirty years before, and of its inmates, who had long passed away; and, remembering the name of a gay, light-hearted foreigner who fluttered here at that time, he subscribed *his* name to the essay," and it followed on with subsequent contributions. No *nom de plume* has ever been, or ever will be, probably, more affectionately remembered.

In the hetero-sex pseudonyme, however, other and not agreeable considerations are to be noted. Much as one may admire a woman's genius, it suggests a very unpleasant flavor to have it connected with a masculine name. There may be those who can endure this habit, but I never can extinguish a sense of repulsion at the women "Georges" and "Michaels" and "Henrys" and so on. I always think of them as having on a tall hat, and coat and boots. The subtle

law of association which you cannot separate from the unfeminine appellation destroys the charm of what is offered. In spite of Shakespeare's suggestion, the rose if it should suddenly take on the name of the turnip or the potato would not smell quite so sweet. I am fully of the mind of Sir Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor:"

"I like not when a 'ooman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler." *Joel Benton.*

"CAN you tell us where Miss Mulock lives?" we asked eagerly of the kindly English friend who was always ready to give the "American cousins" his counsel and advice as to their wanderings. Shrined deep in our hearts lay the tender memory of an early reading of "John Halifax," and, with no thought of intruding into the author's private life, we still counted it a pleasure to look at least at the outside of her home.

He laughed good-humoredly, and remarked that he had seen Americans standing or leaning against the wall opposite Carlyle's house for hours in the usually vain hope of catching a glimpse of him.

"Tell us where it is," we persisted: "we should at least like to walk by it, though we have no intention of standing for hours."

"I don't know that I could get you an introduction," he said, doubtfully. But we protested, truthfully, that we had never thought of such a thing. Finding that Mrs. Craik lived some distance out of London, the matter was dropped.

Ah, where shall we find one kinder or more interested than that English friend! Happy the travellers who fall into such good hands! A few days only had elapsed when there came a note saying that he hoped to get us an introduction. Later we received a note which we enclosed in a few lines of our own expressive of our great interest in the author of "John Halifax," and anxiously awaited the result.

In reply came a card, briefly but courteously expressed, saying that it was contrary to her rule to receive strangers, and that she hardly thought we would feel repaid for taking the journey, but if we desired to come she would be happy to see us on a certain specified afternoon.

Fortune favored in the matter of weather. As we asked directions and lingered along the green lanes which led to the "corner house," evidently well known to all of whom we inquired, we took a last look at the ideal portrait of Dinah Mulock Craik,—an ideal portrait of our own creation, but which from being long contemplated had become very real,—that of a tall, slight, pale, and gray-eyed woman, with a face so interesting and yet so sad.

Our destination reached, the open gate bade us enter, and a short distance within stood a tall, rather stout lady, in a long black coat, a worsted shawl around her neck, her hat tied down, and a stick in her hand. Vanish, vision of a pale, gray-eyed authoress, to be replaced by a very English-looking and blooming reality, with light and somewhat gray hair, a well-shaped nose, blue eyes, and a thoroughly benevolent, happy expression. Seeing her, we realized that she might have written all that she has which is pathetic and moving and yet be none the less practical and interested in home matters.

The kindly blue eyes and pleasant smile were very reassuring as we advanced and said, interrogatively, "Mrs. Craik?" To which she answered, "Yes," and held out her hand. We readily assented to her suggestion that we should walk with her round the garden, which she said was looking badly: she was having

some of the trees cut, though she could not bear to do it, but there had been so much rain that the foliage was over-luxuriant. The house was of brick and tiles, pretty and picturesque, with a large lawn at one side, which gave it an open, spacious look, and a border of trees and flowers along the fence. She said they had built the house themselves, and seen every tree and flower grow. Then, pointing out an American shrub which had been sent her, she remarked that Americans had been very kind to her, and, presenting us each with a rose-bud, which now lies pressed among our most cherished souvenirs, led the way into the house.

We entered through a square vestibule tiled with black and white. Engravings hung on the wall, among them one of Charles the First. A statuette stood in the low window-seat. We proceeded into an inner hall, and thence into two large adjoining rooms that on one side seemed to be nearly entirely composed of windows. The walls were lined with book-cases or hung with ornaments and engravings. The air of refinement and cultivation that seemed to pervade the apartment made it a fit home for her gentle genius.

Laying aside her hat, our hostess proceeded to offer us the usual afternoon tea from the low wicker table beside her, and made us acquainted with the one or two members of her family and other guests present. Mrs. Craik said she had led, as she wished, a retired, private life, was very busy, and did not write much in these days. She had been little on the Continent, but was a quiet body and stayed at home. She loved the country, and did not often go to London, especially disliking to stay there at night; but it was pleasant to be near enough to go and return the same day. Speaking of her coming to America, she replied that she would like it, but was too bad a sailor, feeling the sea-sickness even after landing. Her husband had been there, and, though but for a short time, had seen a good deal,—New York, Boston, Canada, and some of the wilds of the West,—and had been much delighted. Indeed, he had talked of buying an island (laughing, "That sounds so magnificent!"), as one of his friends had done, but she had not heard much of it lately, and imagined the purchase had not been consummated. As she again wished to superintend the workmen, over whom she thought it better the mistress should keep an eye, we returned to the garden, and by another path shaded with trees we came to a bit of real wild-wood, which she had left just as she found it, and where blue hyacinths grew in the spring. Our word "fall" she thought pretty and picturesque as applied to autumn.

She was making preparations for a quiet little party in the evening, such, she said, as she was fond of having, where the guests came at eight and left at eleven.

Knowing and loving her books so well, we said that it would hardly have surprised us in coming to see her to meet some of the characters, and asked if she took them from real people. Not generally, was the answer: somehow real people did not do for books; but she was very much amused at times with letters she had received on the subject. An eccentric individual had once enclosed her a letter for "Dr. Max Urquhart" in "A Life for a Life," as he *knew* he must be a real person, and for a moment she had felt quite bewildered and as if she were responsible for the delivery of it. Her characters did seem real to her, and she did care about them, while writing, but afterwards she forgot them, and believed she could almost read some of her earlier books now and find them quite new to her. In reply to the query whether her poem "Douglas,

Douglas, tender and true," referred to Mary Queen of Scots, as had been reported, she said no, it was just a little ballad that came into her head, and she had used the name Douglas because it seemed convenient. People often imagined things about her writings that she had never thought of.

As it was not yet time for the train, we once more returned to the house. Of a statuette of Carlyle on the table she said, "Yes, that is Carlyle; it is very good;" she did not know Ruskin, whose name some talk on art introduced, except from reading of him in the papers. In reference to a writer of the same name, she said she was a very bright and clever woman, but that as she (Mrs. Craik) always signed hers "By the Author of John Halifax," they need not be confounded. She had told this lady it was better to write to "the Saturday" and disclaim the authorship of her last book (probably "Mrs. Jardine," though she did not mention it by name), as they always cut her up. She spoke also with interest of another female novelist. Then, after some general remarks on both sides about Americans as travellers, we rose to leave. She accompanied us to the gate, shook hands, and bade us good-by. And so ended an afternoon with one of the purest, kindliest, and best-beloved of modern English novelists,—an afternoon which in the light of memory seems one of the pleasantest we spent during that two months' sojourn in England.

Looking afterwards at a marble bust of Queen Victoria, with its finely-set head, taken while something of youthful beauty and delicacy of features still lingered about her face, we were struck with its likeness to Mrs. Craik.

Leigh Nath.

I HAVE just finished reading "Our Monthly Gossip" in the September *Lippincott's*, and I have been much interested and amused. But none of the writers have solved the problem, though Robert Waters's call for a book made up of "Rejected Contributions" is good. Such a book might be a financial success. He says he would like to see what stuff these articles are made of. Now, if Mr. Waters is in earnest, and really wishes to read some "Rejected Contributions," I think I can accommodate him. If he will pay the postage *both ways* I will send him a bushel of "Rejected Contributions," and he may read and return them at his leisure. I can assure him that they are the real "Rejected,"—that they have been rejected by all the leading magazines in the United States. As to why we poor authors keep on writing, that is easily answered. We cannot help it. We feel restless and uneasy; great thoughts, or humorous thoughts, come to us, and stay with us—haunt us, as it were—until we write them down. But, says the objector, "Why do we send them to the magazines?" Because in every breast there is always a grain of hope that "this" or "that" story will be accepted.

A year or two ago I read in *Harper's Bazar* an account of the woman who writes under the *nom de plume* of "John Strange Winter." She, it seems, was an unsuccessful writer at first, and when she wrote the story called "Bootles's Baby" she sent it all around before she could find an editor that would buy it. One day she was walking in the street with a companion, when she saw a horse cast a shoe. She picked it up, saying, "It is a sign of good luck," and carried it home, when she found a note from a leading editor telling her that "Bootles's Baby" was accepted. From that day on she has been rich and prosperous. Now, my dear four thousand eight hundred friends, here is what we must do in order that our stories may be accepted and our pockets filled with dollars. We must find a horseshoe.

Mahala B. Chaddock.

BOOK-TALK.

LAST month we remarked upon the spirit in which thoughtful men look out upon what theologians call "the world" (ranking with it the flesh and the devil as among the enemies of the soul) and what metaphysicians call the relative, the conditioned, the Non-Ego, and many fine names beside,—the little stage of human action upon which men play their brief parts, with all the little aims, the little triumphs, the little failures, the little joys, the little sorrows, that seem so great to little men. We grouped thoughtful men into two classes,—those who are appalled by the emptiness and vanity of life, and those who are amused by it. Of course it was merely a rough classification; these two main groups are subject to infinite subdivision. Not all who renounce the world renounce it in the same temper, not all who accept it accept it in the same way. Few studies are more interesting than to mark the attitudes which men of various shades of opinions present to the world. Some, as the ascetics of all ages and faiths, deny it, and flee to cloister, hermitage, or some spiritual isolation. Others believe with Mrs. Browning that

> God hath anointed us with holy oil
> To wrestle, not to reign,

and that to refuse to enter the lists is an error. "I cannot," says Milton, in a well-known passage, "praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust or heat." Pascal wondered at the folly of those who "pass their life without reflecting on its issue. The carelessness which they betray in an affair where their person, their interest, their whole eternity, is embarked, strikes me with amazement and astonishment: it is a monster to my apprehension." Heine, on the contrary, laughed at the folly of men like Pascal who puzzle their brains over the unknowable:

> By the sea, by the dreary, darkening sea,
> Stands a youth,
> His heart all sorrowing, his head all doubting,
> And with gloomiest accent he questions the billows:
>
> "Oh, solve me life's riddle, I pray ye,
> The torturing ancient enigma
> O'er which full many a brain hath long puzzled,
> Old heads in hieroglyph-marked mitres,
> Heads in turbans and caps mediæval,
> Wig-covered pates, and a thousand others,
> Sweating, wearying heads of mortals,—
> Tell me, what meaneth Man?
> Whence came he hither? Where goes he hence?
> Who dwells there on high in the radiant planets?"

The billows are murmuring their murmurs unceasing,
Wild blows the wind, the dark clouds are fleeting,
The stars are still gleaming, so calmly and cold,
And a fool awaits an answer.

Horace and the Epicureans would have agreed with Heine. The great gods recline in Olympus careless of mankind. Immortality is at best a great Perhaps. All we know for certain is the brief space between the cradle and the grave. *Carpe diem.* Extract all the pleasure you can from the fleeting moment. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die." But mere Epicureanism has been difficult of attainment, save to mental sluggards, since the advent of Christianity.

A vast hope has traversed the earth, and our eyes,
In spite of ourselves, we must raise to the skies:

so sings Owen Meredith in the splendid lines which he has stolen without acknowledgment from Musset. Here is how a modern sceptic—a sceptic who would fain lift his eyes heavenward—has in one of his bitterest moments translated the doctrines of Epicurus:

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss:
There is no heaven but this.
There is no hell
Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,
Seeing it visits still
With equalest apportionment of ill
Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same dust
The unjust and the just
With Christ who is not risen.

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide scope,
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
And most beliefless, that had most belief.

Clough's attitude, like that of Schopenhauer, Tolstoï, Mallock, is one of personal grief and sorrow at the loss of the beliefs or the illusions which glorify life. George Eliot, and in a lesser degree Tourgenief, seem to brood with large-hearted, all-embracing, tender pity over the great mass of humanity, dancing as it were upon a false bottom projected into chaos, with infinite gulfs yawning below them, with infinite possibilities of pain environing them. Carlyle recoils with wrath and scorn from the spectacle. Swift, Heine, and Voltaire jeer at it. Hugo's intense egotism rejoices simply in finding an arena where he can exhibit his superiority; he is a god addressing beings of a lower order, and glad to find that they are lower. Men whose egotism is milder than Hugo's, whose imagination is blunter or less morbid, if you will, than that of Carlyle, Swift, or Tolstoï, but whose organization is too fine to tempt them into the chase after mere material comfort, look on with more or less of scientific, artistic, or sociological curiosity. Balzac is one of these; so are Mérimée, Daudet, Henry James.

The humorist occupies a somewhat anomalous position. Last month we defined him as one who is struck by the contrast between the inner and the outer man, the subjective and the objective, the ideal and the real, or whatever awkward metaphysical terminology you may prefer to use, but is struck by the

oddity rather than the sadness of the contrast. We might have gone further. He is the connecting link between the poet, the thinker, the child of the idea, and the practical man,—the man of the world, the Philistine. By instinct he belongs to the former class, but his reason is broad and sane enough to recognize the logic of the Philistine's position. We are all of us half men at best, and the deeper, the more intense, we are, the narrower we are likely to be. We may be narrow and intense as children of the idea, narrow and intense as Philistines. The humorist dimly sees that the whole truth can only be reached by union of two half truths. Material progress is as potent a factor in the evolution of the race as intellectual progress. Food must be raised, clothes must be had, houses must be built, printing-presses must be invented, railroads must be laid down, or the philosopher would starve and freeze, the idea would never be disseminated. If the Philistine were not so deaf to the claims of the idea, if thoughts of the future interfered with his work in the present, he would not be so strenuous a Philistine, and the material progress of the world would suffer. In a very thoughtful essay George Eliot has pointed out the dangers of what she ingeniously calls other-worldliness. Worldliness and other-worldliness may both be pushed to lamentable extremes. It is the humorist who preserves the balance between the two. The humorist does not undervalue the deeper side of human existence, he is keenly alive to the claims of the mystical and the supernatural; but he cleaves, also, to practical life, to the enjoyments of the world, to all that is genial and good-humored, useful and honorable. Goethe enforces this truth in "Faust," where he gives Mephistopheles to his hero as a constant companion from the very moment when the latter abandons the extravagant idealism of his youth and recognizes "the need of a world of men" for him.

It is this idea, especially, which Mr. William S. Walsh has sought to expound in his monograph on "Faust, the Legend and the Poem," which the Messrs. Lippincott have kindly laid upon the Reviewer's desk. Were not the paternity of this department revealed on the cover of *Lippincott's Magazine*, the Reviewer might find it in his heart to say for this booklet the good word which mayhap it doesn't deserve. (It was Howells—was it not?—who suggested that an author would make the best critic of his own books.) As this solace is denied him, he may be allowed to mention that the binding is handsome and the printing excellent, and that the six etchings with which the book is adorned have been a labor of love with the artist, Mr. Herman Faber,—one of them in particular, the "Faust in his Study," not only being, in advertising parlance, "worth the price of the book," but actually leaving a margin of profit in the hands of the investing capitalist. This, however, is a digression.

The gentlest-hearted and the broadest-minded of all modern humorists was William M. Thackeray. Some one has said that he was as good a poet as could be made out of brains. In truth, he had just too much brains to be a poet. A keen sense of the thin partitions between the sublime and the ridiculous may debar a man from attempting the sublime, yet a sense of the ridiculous is an addition to the mental equipment. "The saints were all a little cracked," says one of the characters in Henry James's "The Madonna of the Future." And so, it may be added, are the poets. Poet and saint often insist on closing one eye and seeing only out of the other. Thackeray kept both open, and he had all the breadth of mind, the generosity, the tolerance, the irresolution, the lack of intense conviction,

which characterize one whose vision is not sufficiently restricted. If he had shut one eye he might have been more single-minded, more zealous, more confident, more saint-like, more poetic. His recently-published "Letters" (Charles Scribner's Sons) constitute one of the most valuable books of the year. The more one knows of Thackeray the more one loves him; and these letters bring us more intimately into his confidence than we have ever been brought before. Here is a beautiful passage, which comes in so aptly after the discussion with which this Book-Talk began, that to resist quoting would be impossible: "I was thinking about Joseph Bullar's doctrine after I went to bed, founded on what I cannot but think a blasphemous asceticism, which has obtained in the world ever so long, and which is disposed to curse, hate, and undervalue the world altogether. Why should we? What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak,—a beautiful earth and sky and sea, beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creation, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear. And who is to say that we are to ignore all this, or not value them and love them, because there is another unknown world yet to come? Why, that unknown future world is but a manifestation of God Almighty's will, and a development of Nature, neither more nor less than this in which we are, and an angel glorified or a sparrow on a gutter are equally part of His creation. The light upon all the saints in Heaven is just as much and no more God's work, as the sun which shall shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal speck of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest Lady and friend. About my future state I don't know; I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father,—but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder and others besides are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I have a right to rejoice and believe in our little part and to trust in to-day as in to-morrow."

The danger of too much breadth is exemplified in such a book as "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," by Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. (Putnams.) Abstractly speaking, breadth is a virtue; but it is better to be deep as a lake than broad as a marsh. Now, this book is a sort of intellectual marsh-land inhabited by those unpleasant imps known as blue devils. To read it is to lose your appetite and your cheerfulness for the day. It has a certain kind of strength, of course, or it would not affect you so, but the strength is a feverish and not a healthy strength. The author sees all sides of a question and sees into none. He is helplessly unable to make up his mind on any mooted point of conduct, morals, or politics. He has lost not only faith, but hope and even charity. There is not a lovable character in his book, save a poor little girl who is despised by her prig of a husband for not being as solemnly and stupidly "intellectual" as himself. The narrative drifts along without art or method,—rudderless, chartless as the author himself.

With the exception of the French, Americans are at present the best writers of short stories. Here are three volumes of such stories published almost simultaneously, "In Ole Virginia," by Thomas Nelson Page, "The Beeman of Orr,

and Other Fanciful Tales," by Frank R. Stockton (Scribners), and "Knitters in the Sun," by Octave Thanet (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), each of which is good in its way. The latter volume affords some excellent examples of the higher type of American magazine stories. Mr. Page's tales celebrate the glories of the old régime in Virginia just before and during the war, which is now receding far enough into history to bring out all its romantic, tender, and chivalrous side, and, oddly enough, the celebrant is in most cases the negro slave whose emancipation was effected by the war. After you have got through the preliminary difficulties of the dialect, which are by no means inconsiderable, you find that Mr. Page has command of both pathos and humor, and can paint the high-souled, impetuous, generous Southerner as well as any one who has ever tried his hand on the character; indeed, he once more makes a living and breathing man out of a person who in less competent hands has degenerated into a mere lay-figure. But as yet Mr. Page has evinced no very striking originality. Perhaps his best story is "Polly," which is not in dialect: his worst, and the only poor one in the book, is undoubtedly "No Haid Pawn," which also is not in dialect. A want of originality can never be urged against Frank R. Stockton. He has a delicious twist in his vision that causes him to see everything queer and crooked. He seems to accept in good faith the grotesque and whimsical topsy-turvy land which his vision reveals to him, and he is usually able to make his reader join him. If the reader is refractory he loses a great deal. Stories like "The Fruit of the Fragile Palm" and "The Griffin and the Minor Canon" are delightful extravaganzas if you bend yourself to the writer's mood, and sheer blank nonsense if you don't. But it is something of a strain to continue too long at Mr. Stockton's beck and call. His extreme cleverness wearies you. He is like a firework, brilliant and dazzling to the eye, but affording no enduring light or heat. That is why his longer stories are comparative failures. "The Hundredth Man" (The Century Company), with all its extraordinary wit and fancy, is undeniably tiresome.

We all remember Stockton's amusing story "His Wife's Deceased Sister," in which an author nearly ruins himself by producing a story so good that neither editors nor public will tolerate any inferior fiction from his pen. One cannot help thinking of this in reading W. E. Norris's "Major and Minor." It is a good novel undoubtedly, one of the best novels of the year; but, then, it is by the author of "Matrimony" and "No New Thing." Those two novels, following each other so closely as they did,—coming from an author whose first effort was "Heaps of Money," a clever book, and whose second was "Mademoiselle de Mersac," a still cleverer one, but who now had so distinctly outstripped all his former work,—seemed to give promise that a new writer had arisen who only needed to shake off the natural imitativeness of youth to become a great novelist. These fair hopes have not been realized. Norris's succeeding books have been a disappointment to his admirers. Even "A Bachelor's Blunder," the best of them all, was a decline from "No New Thing." Still, if we cease comparing Norris with himself, we can find much to enjoy in "Major and Minor." The English is as good as ever, the conversations are brilliant and natural, the story is entertaining. The best thing in the book is the heroine. Her wilfulness, her vivacity, her impulsiveness, are strongly set before the reader, and the implacable feminine vindictiveness with which she pursues the Jacob of the book who has deprived Esau of his inheritance (she herself being, without acknowledging it, in love

with Esau) makes a very amusing study. A good deal of care is expended upon the wrong-doer himself, but somehow he does not materialize very vividly to the reader's consciousness. The hero, the child of genius who is unable to cope with practical life, his honest, irascible, unstable father, who is by turns violent and unreasonable, humble and generous, the good-humored Miss Joy, the wise Ritualistic clergyman,—in fact, all the other characters,—are well-worn types in fiction.

John Habberton's "Country Luck" (J. B. Lippincott Company) is a pleasantly-told story of how a young fellow comes up from his native village of Haynton to New York City, surprises and rather embarrasses the family of a New York merchant who had been boarding at his father's house during the preceding summer by taking in good faith the invitations they had extended to him at parting (of course he had previously fallen in love with the merchant's daughter), overcomes by sheer pluck, good sense, good manners, and good morals the obstacles which ill-fitting clothes and some solecisms of behavior had at first raised up in his path, ingratiates himself with the merchant's family and their circle of acquaintances, or at least with all save the rival lover and the scheming and very conventional mamma, becomes the merchant's confidential clerk, and at last wins even mamma's consent by first saving the fortunes of the family and finally becoming the secretary of the Haynton Bay Improvement Company, which insures him a brilliant future.

The Honorable Samuel S. Cox has earned some reputation as a humorist in the halls of Congress. He has not justified this reputation in "The Isles of the Princes, or the Pleasures of Prinkipo" (Putnams). Either the spoken jest is a different thing from the written one, or else our Congressmen, with all their wide culture, their exquisite taste, have a very, very rudimentary sense of humor. The book is simply irritating. Even if the humor were genuine, one could not help feeling victimized by an author who seems to expect us to exclaim, "How good!" at the end of every sentence. But it is strained, forced, and unnatural,—a ghastly reflex of Mark Twain. Where Mr. Cox drops humor to parade his learning, he becomes remarkable only for garrulous ignorance and glib inaccuracy. The pictures interspersed through the text are no worse than the text itself.

Another example of the difference between the spoken and the written jest is afforded by Eleanor Kirk's little compilation, "Beecher as a Humorist: Selections from the Published Works of Henry Ward Beecher" (Fords, Howard, and Hulbert). Here is nothing offensive, however; the humor seems a little thin, that is all; but you often come across a bit of sturdy, honest good sense put into homely and vigorous English.

What a blessed thing it is that our writers are beginning to lose what used to be called the finer literary conscience,—that they are willing to degrade their pens to Grub-Street hack-work! Here is Edward Everett Hale, who has written excellent things that will live in our literature, putting his name as editor to a compilation entitled "Lights of Two Centuries," being biographies of the master-minds of the last two centuries in the world's progress, and comprising artists and sculptors, prose writers, composers, poets, inventors. Consequently the book is a good one, the selection of the subjects for biographies is made with intelligence, the English can be read with pleasure.

The republication of W. S. Mayo's "Kaloolah" (Putnams) in a handsome illustrated edition has no doubt been prompted by the success of "Allan Quatermain," which in the general outlines of its plot bears a strong likeness to the earlier book. "Kaloolah" is, on the whole, better than "Allan Quatermain,"—more plausible, more direct and manly and simple,—but both are ephemeral, and "Kaloolah" is now a little antiquated, while "Allan Quatermain" has the advantage of being in the latest fashion. The illustrations which Mr. Frederick has added to this edition are in the main very good, and they serve to stimulate the curiosity of the prospective purchaser.

Sir John Lubbock, in the preface to his little book on "The Pleasures of Life" (Appleton), tells us that the thoughts and quotations which he has gathered here have been a solace to himself when suffering under low spirits, and he trusts they may prove of similar use to others. It is to be feared he is mistaken. The most that can be said for the book is that it is no perceptible addition to the sum of human misery. Like a homœopathic remedy, it is so diluted as to be utterly harmless. Perhaps one exception might be made,—the chapter on "The Choice of Books," which started the controversy on the hundred best books that for a time added a new horror to life.

"Underwoods" (Scribners) is the second volume of verse which Robert Louis Stevenson has issued. So consummate a literary artist could not fail to give us liquid numbers, delicate fancy, dainty epithets, clever rhymes, and brilliant thoughts. All these excellent things, in fact, are to be found in "Underwood," yet somehow, somewhere,—how, you could not explain, where, you could not indicate,—these verses lack the authentic sign-manual of the poet.

Paul Heyse writes the most delightful short stories of any European author now living, but his hand loses most of its cunning when he attempts a novel. "The Romance of a Canoness" (Appletons) is a fairly good novel of the cumbrous German order, but is entirely unworthy of the author of "L'Arrabbiata," "The Maiden of Treppi," and so many other exquisite little tales.

A really excellent book of its sort is "The American Girl's Handy Book: How to Amuse Yourself and Others," by Lena Beard and Adelia B. Beard (Scribners). The title sufficiently explains its purpose. Many books of a similar kind have already appeared, suggesting ways and means by which the average girl might spend her leisure hours in a way that would be pleasant, instructive, or otherwise profitable to herself or others, but this is far superior to the ordinary catchpenny publication, and can be placed with safety in the hands of the little people for whom it is designed.

A very entertaining book is the "Life Notes, or Fifty Years' Outlook," by William Hague, D.D., entertaining in spite of the ponderous style natural in a theologian of the old school. A pathetic interest attaches to the volume from the fact that Dr. Hague died just after reading the final page of proof (July 30, 1887), in the eightieth year of his age. In the course of his long, useful, and honorable career he was thrown into personal contact with many important characters,—Aaron Burr, who was his schoolmate, Dr. Lyman Beecher, William

Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Margaret Fuller, John Foster; and, though he was not gifted with any considerable insight into character, his accounts of these people have a certain value. But the most interesting portion of the book is that which relates the author's own share in the Abolitionist and other political movements, and in the establishment of the Vassar and Holloway colleges for women.

Rev. Robert B. Fairbairn, who is doubly a doctor, being a D.D. and a LL.D., has published a book "Of the Doctrine of Morality in its Relation to the Grace of Redemption" (Whittaker), which is made up of "lectures that have been read to classes in Moral Philosophy." "They were intended," says the author, "to show the relation of a system of morality, such as moral science deduces from the nature of man, to the redemption by the Son of God, and to the grace which comes from that redemption." Many other useful moral lessons may have been gained by the young men who listened to these lectures if they only succeeded in keeping awake, and now that they are collected in book-form their effect upon the general public may be equally edifying and soporific.

"Letters from Heaven" (Funk & Wagnalls) has no author's name on the title-page, but is announced as being "translated from the Fourth German edition." Is it by the author of "Letters from Hell" which Mr. George Macdonald translated a couple of years ago and which had a considerable popular success? The internal evidence seems to point that way. "The Letters from Hell" were morbid, mawkish, unpleasant. "The Letters from Heaven" are morbid, mawkish, unpleasant.

The series of neatly-bound and well-printed little books, "English History from Contemporary Authors," of which F. York Powell is the editor and the Putnams are the American publishers, are well conceived, and in the two volumes already published the plan is well carried out. These are "Edward III. and his Wars, 1327–1360," by W. J. Ashley, M.A., and "The Misrule of Henry III.," by Rev. W. H. Hutton, M.A. The authorities laid under contribution in the first book are Froissart, Jehan le Bel, Knighton, Adam of Murimuth, Robert of Avesbury, The Chronicle of Lanercost, the State Papers, etc., and in the second, Matthew Paris, Robert Grossteste, and Adam of Marsh, together with political songs, the Royal Letters, and other contemporary records. The respective editors have done their work intelligently, not only in the character of their extracts, but also in their notes and Appendices.

Among other books on the Reviewer's desk, he may briefly mention "Elocutionary Studies and New Recitations," by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl (Edgar S. Werner), a book of fairly good selections, with sensible instructions on the art of elocution; "A New Graded Method of English Grammar," by M. D. Mugan (H. I. Ingerson & Co.), embodying a new method of teaching language which has been tried successfully in St. Louis, but seems a little too intricate for the enfeebled intelligence of Eastern children; "The New Honduras: its Situation, Resources, Opportunities, and Prospects, concisely stated from Recent Personal Observations," by Thomas R. Lombard (Brentano's); and "The Margin of Profits, How it is now Divided, what Part of the Present Hours of Labor can now be spared," by Edward Atkinson (Putnams), a sensible little book.

CURRENT NOTES.

WITH the January number of *Lippincott's Magazine* a change will be made in the character of the Monthly Gossip. It will henceforth become an editorial department in which information will be volunteered upon any literary, scientific, or miscellaneous topic of general interest, and queries on such topics will be answered. Queries from all sources are invited, and every effort will be made to answer them fully and entertainingly. But it is requested that all correspondents will refrain from sending queries to which sufficient answers may already be found in such familiar books of reference as Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," Brewer's "Phrase and Fable," Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," Wheeler's "Noted Names of Fiction," Lippincott's "Biographical Dictionary," Chambers's and other Encyclopædias, Classical Dictionaries, etc. All queries received before the 24th of November will be answered in the January number, and so on.

ABOUT ten years ago Pyle's Pearline first came to the relief of overworked women. It had many prejudices to live down; but to-day it stands prominently among the American labor-saving inventions. Many millions of packages of pearline are consumed annually by an economical class of women who have found by experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. Our readers will do well to give this article a fair trial.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE GIVES SATISFACTION.—Dr. S. Nichols, Bellows Falls, Vermont, says, "I have used it, and it gives good satisfaction."

AMONG the most important literary events of the season is the arrangement by the Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, of Edinburgh, and J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, for the issue of a new edition of the well-known Chambers's Encyclopædia. The work is to be thoroughly revised, entirely rewritten, and printed from new stereotyped plates. Active collaborators in both countries are busily engaged on the revision, and the first volume is announced for publication early next spring. The work will be copyrighted in both countries, and the publishers express their intention of making it a thoroughly international encyclopædia.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.—Dr. R. S. McCombs, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says, "I have used it in nervous dyspepsia with success. It is a good nervous tonic."

MANY queries have from time to time been made in regard to the origin of the familiar saying "Pouring oil on the troubled waters." While no answer has been entirely satisfactory, the following, so far as known, is the earliest historical reference to the use of oil for the purpose of allaying storms at sea. The Venerable Bede in his "Ecclesiastical History" (731 A.D.) tells of a priest called Vtta who was sent into Kent to fetch Eanflede, King Edwine's daughter, who

was to be married to King Oswirra. He was to go by land, but to return by water. Before his departure Vtta visited Bishop Aidan, who had the reputation of performing miracles, and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The bishop blessed him, and, predicting for his return a great tempest and a contrary wind that should rise suddenly, gave him a pot of oil, saying, "Remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I give you, and anon, the winds being laied, comfortable fayer weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you againe with as pleasaunt a passage as you have wished."

The tempest came as predicted. The sailors essayed to cast anchor, but in vain: the water began to fill the ship, and "no thing but present death was looked for." At the near approach of death came the thought of the bishop and the pot of oil. Taking it in his hand, the priest cast of the oil into the sea, when, as if by magic, it became quiet and calm, and the ship was delivered.

"Bede declares that he had it from 'a very creditable man, a priest of our church, Cymmund by name, who saied that he had hearde it of Vtta, the priest in whom the miracle was wrought.' Modern experiments show that it was no miracle, and the scene no doubt occurred precisely as described. "Pouring oil on the troubled waters" is now a common metaphor, used of all efforts to allay commotion of any kind by smooth words of counsel in the interests of peace.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in General Nervous Prostration.—Dr. A. G. Bissell, Detroit, Michigan, says, "I have used it in a severe case of general nervous prostration, and am very much pleased with the result. I shall prescribe it hereafter in similar cases with a great deal of confidence."

The series of novels which are announced elsewhere as to appear in *Lippincott's Magazine* for 1888 will be of great literary value and interest. Miss Amélie Rives has excited universal admiration by the short stories and poems that she has contributed to current magazines, and a novel from her pen will be eagerly welcomed by a wide circle. Edgar Saltus, a brilliant young author, whose "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" was excellent in itself and gave promise of still more brilliant performance in the future, is another rising name. William H. Bishop and Brander Matthews have an established position among contemporary novelists, and the new novels from their pen will be equal to any of their former work. Mrs. A. L. Wister's translations are known to all readers of American fiction. Miss Julia Magruder, whose "Across the Chasm" and "At Anchor" (in *Lippincott's Magazine*) were hailed as among the most charming of modern Southern novels, is another writer with an audience already created. Miss M. Eliott Seawell is the author of "Maid Marian," a delightful little extravaganza in the December, 1886, number of *Lippincott's*, and the novel which she has written for this magazine will add another star to the galaxy of Southern novelists.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Weak Stomach and Dyspepsia.—Dr. J. C. Winans, Madison, Ohio, says, "I have used it in atony of the stomach, dyspepsia, and vomiting in pregnancy, and found it an admirable remedy; also in atonic conditions where phosphorus is required."

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